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DEATH OF MR. THACKERAY.

SUDDENLY one of our greatest literary men has departed. Never more shall the fine head of Mr. Thackeray, with its mass of silvery hair, be seen towering among us. It was but two days ago, that he might be met with at his club, radiant and buoyant with glee. On Thursday morning he was found dead in his bed. With all his high spirits he did not seem well; he complained of illness; but he was often ill, and laughed off his present attack. He said he was about to undergo some treatment which would work a perfect cure in his system; and so made light of his malady. He was suffering from two distinct complaints, one of which has now wrought his death. More than a dozen years ago, while engaged on *Pendennis*, the publication of that work was arrested by serious illness. Brought to death's door, Mr. Thackeray was saved from death by Dr. Elliotson, to whom, in gratitude, he dedicated the novel when finished. But since that ailment he has been subject every month or six weeks to attacks of sickness, attended with violent retching. Congratulating himself the other day on the failure of his old enemy to return, he stopped short, as if he ought not to be too sure of a release. On Wednesday morning the complaint reappeared, and he was in great suffering all day. He was no better in the evening, and his servant, about leaving for the night, proposed to sit up with him. This Mr. Thackeray declined. He was heard moving about midnight, and must have died between two and three in the morning of Thursday. His medical attendants attribute death to effusion on the brain. They add that he had a very large brain, weighing no less than 58½ oz. Thus he died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him least. He died full of strength and rejoicing, full of plans and hopes. On Monday last he was speaking with satisfaction of having finished four numbers of a new novel. He had the manuscript in his pocket, and with boyish frankness showed the last pages to a friend, asking him to read them and see what he could make of them. When four numbers more were completed, he said, he would subject himself to the skill of a very clever surgeon, and be no more an invalid. In the fulness of his powers he has fallen before a malady which gave him no alarm.

The prominent incidents of a literary man's life are not numerous; and so many memoirs of Mr. Thackeray have been published in biographical dictionaries and other works, that we need not have recourse to much detail in recording dates. He belonged to a Yorkshire family, and was descended from that Dr. Thackeray who, for some time Head Master at Harrow, was the first to introduce the Etonian system. His father—in the Civil Service of the East India Company—was born at Calcutta in 1811. Mr. Thackeray himself was educated at the Charterhouse, which he loved to describe in his novels. Thence he went to Cambridge, but left the University without taking a degree, and repaired to the Continent with a view of studying art. He might in those days be seen at Rome, Weimar, and Paris, enjoying every kind of society, but chiefly that of artists. He has described this sort of life abundantly in his tales. It was some years after that he turned his attention to literature. He had begun life with what might be considered a good fortune, but losing his money he was obliged to work. He began as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, in the days when Maginn was its ruling spirit, and, under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, wrote scores of essays, reviews, tales, sketches, poems, of unequal merit, which brought him little renown and not much emolument. He contributed to other periodicals, wrote various books of travel, and worked for publishers—any that came to him, as a barrister takes his brief from any respectable attorney. The mass of work which he got through in this way was very great, but much of it is chiefly interesting as the early practice of one who before long rose to be a master of English. The very high opinion which his friends entertained of him must have been due more to personal intercourse than to his published works. It was not until 1846 that Mr. Thackeray fairly showed the world what was in him, Then began to be published, in monthly numbers, the story of *Vanity Fair*. It took London by surprise—the picture was so true, the satire so trenchant, the style so finished. It is difficult to say which of his three great works is best—*Vanity Fair*, *Henry Esmond*, or *The Newcomes*. Men of letters may give their preference to the second of these, which is indeed the most finished of all his writings. But there is a vigour in the first-named, and a matured beauty in the last, which to the throng of readers will be more attractive. At first reading, *Vanity Fair* has given too many the impression that its author is cynical. There was no man less ill-natured than Mr. Thackeray, and, if anybody doubts this, we may point to *The Newcomes*, and ask whether that book could have been written by a cynic. One of the greatest miseries Mr. Thackeray had to endure grew out of the sense that he, one of the kindest of men, was regarded in this light.

He produced many works besides those we have mentioned, and among them, perhaps, *Pendennis* ought to be cited as standing on a nearly equal level. Some of his minor works are perfect in their way. There is, moreover, a prose tale—*Barry Lyndon*,—which ardent lovers of Thackeray's writing regard as his master-piece. We have mentioned enough, however, to justify the opinion that no modern English novelist ranks higher than William Makepeace Thackeray. As studies of human nature, and as specimens of pure idiomatic English, nothing better has been written than that which we have under his name. There is rich humour, too, in his writing; and, for play of fancy what can be better than his poems? They are, indeed, among the cleverest things in the language. Highly polished as was his style, he composed, at least in his latter days, with infinite ease. He wrote like print, and made very few corrections. What he had to say came naturally; he never made an effort in writing; and rather despised writing which is the result of effort. This naturalness he carried into daily life. He had in him the simplicity of the child with the experience of the man. It was curious to see how warmly his friends loved, and how fervently his enemies hated him. The hate which he excited among those who but half knew him will soon be forgotten; the warmth of affection by which he was endeared to many friends will long be remembered. He had foibles, and so have we all. Some of these, such as sensitiveness to criticism, always excited the good-humoured mirth of his friends. But his foibles were as nothing beside the true greatness and goodness of the man. It was impossible to be long with Thackeray without noting his truthfulness, his gentleness, his humility, his sympathy with all suffering, his tender sense of honour; and one felt these moral qualities all the more on coming to know how clear was his insight into human nature, how wide his experience of life, how large his acquaintance with books, how well he had thought upon all he had seen, and how clearly and gracefully he expressed himself. A man in all the qualities of intellect, he was a child in all the qualities of heart; and when his life comes to be laid before the public in a biography, whatever intellectual rank may be assigned to him, no man of letters with anything like the same power of mind will be regarded as nobler, purer, better, kinder than he.—*Times*, Dec. 25, 1863.

THE FUNERAL.

On Wednesday at noon Mr. Thackeray was buried in the cemetery of Kensal-green. The day was so fine that, notwithstanding the distance from town, a vast concourse of his friends were enabled to surround his grave, and to pay him the last honor. Many hundreds must have been present of almost every rank and class. Mr. Thackeray had the gift of associating with a wonderful variety of persons; to be in his company was in the case of most persons to be entirely at ease with him; and it was impossible not to pass from easy intercourse to affection and regard. Among the great throng of mourners were noticeable nearly all the foremost men of letters and artists of the day, some of them having travelled far to be present on the sad occasion. It may be enough to state this in general terms, and we forbear to mention names, because in so large and promiscuous a crowd in which there were no signs of arrangement or precedence it is difficult not to overlook some eminent men who might be entitled to mention. Only a very few of Mr. Thackeray's most intimate friends were expressly invited to the funeral. The hundreds on hundreds who attended came of their own accord to bear witness to the worth of a dear friend and a much admired man; and of all these we venture to refer to but one name—that of Mr. Charles Dickens. We do so because he is the author most frequently remembered in connexion with Mr. Thackeray, and because he has sometimes been regarded as a rival. In point of fact, there can be no rivalry between these two great novelists, and any special comparison between them must proceed on superficial grounds. No one had a greater admiration for Mr. Dickens than Mr. Thackeray himself, or more unaffectedly rejoiced in his exceeding popularity. On the other hand, to no one could all thought of rivalry with Mr. Thackeray be more distasteful than to Mr. Dickens, who always recognized Thackeray's genius, and came a long journey to testify to the love and the esteem which he felt for his great literary brother.

For one so distinguished it has been suggested that Westminster Abbey is the only fit resting-place. It must be remembered however, that Mr. Thackeray desired to be interred in the simplest manner at Kensal-green. He has been laid in a brick-built grave beside one of his children; and his family affections were so strong

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nervous anxiety good news from him, Weber, without departing from the actual truth, often affectionately made matters appear in a more pleasing light than that which, now and then, they really emitted.

"With regard now to the outward form of representing the life-picture to be produced from this mass of materials, it appeared to me that an artist's ought to be narrated in a different tone, and described in a different style, to that of a hero or a scholar. I have endeavoured to impart to my narrative the local tone of the period of life described, though letting the whole stream on in that *tempo* in which Weber's short life, eagerly, hurriedly, and restlessly, wore itself out. In consequence of this endeavour on my part, combined with the fact of my having availed myself of the unusual mass of separate particulars at my disposal, the narrative, as I do not conceal from myself, has, here and there, assumed a peculiar character, as though the gaps in the course of the historically authenticated facts had been filled up by fictitious details, and thus that this or that portion had been rounded off into a romance-like story. *But such is, in no instance, the case!* Even in details I have never consciously swerved from the facts, and though I have not given any of my authorities, I am most ready, in answer to any reasonable questions which may be addressed me, to mention the authorities from which I took each fact, or, as is allowable, cautiously drew my inferences.

"To carry out consistently the principle of my narrative, it was requisite that—and I shall, perhaps, be blamed by prudish and fanatic admirers of discretion—I should cast a stronger and clearer light than it has hitherto been the fashion to cast upon that sphere of the life of Weber's soul, which, as *primum mobile* comprised his world, the working of his heart, and the objects of it. But it struck me, although most biographers, with a misconceived feeling of delicacy, have only dared to give in the way of hints timid and pale reflections of this sunshine in the world of an artist's soul, that such a course was equivalent to painting a panorama without a sky.

"I, therefore, hazarded the experiment, as I think I was entitled to do, for as great men always grow after their death, while little ones disappear like will-o'-the-wisps, the feeling which in the case of human nonentities is called sentimental enthusiasm and youthful folly, becomes in that of great men, mighty, creative, and plastic power. Besides, it was no part of my intention to write a panegyric on my father."

'Finally, Herr von Weber, with the same impartiality, and irrespective of the persons concerned, promises to give an acoount, also, of his father's official relations in Dresden. Weber's position there was a painful one; he was not able to gain, either in an artistic or political sense, the confidence of those placed above him. Count Vitzthum excepted. His importance as an artist was so little valued there, "that, on one occasion his last official chief, observing, as he travelled with him, the manifestations of high esteem which were offered him on all sides, exclaimed, in deep astonishment: 'Weber, are you really then a celebrated man?'"

(*To be continued.*)

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Brunswick.—The new society called the Association for Concert Music lately gave its fifth concert. The primary object of the society was to give twelve concerts—four with a full band (Sinfonie-Soirées), and eight for chamber-music. The following artists have already appeared:—Herr Hans von Bülow, Madame Clara Schumann, Joachim and Madame Joachim, Herr Carl Reinecke, Herr Ferdinand David, and Herr Lubeck. Herr A. Franz Abt is the conductor. At the fifth concert the proceedings commenced with Schubert's D minor quartet, executed by Herren Blumenstengel, Sommer, Eygeling, and Kindermann. In the course of the evening Madlle. Sara Magnus, from Stockholm, performed Chopin's "fantaisie-impromptu," Jensen's "Stille Nacht" and Liszt's "*Rigoletto* fantasia."

Brussels.—The manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been exceedingly unfortunate this season, owing to the frequent indisposition of the leading members of his company. At present, Madame Mayer-Boulard is again laid up, and, had it not been for the kind offer of Madame Meillet to sing the part of Rezia, at a very short notice, Weber's *Oberon*, which was drawing money, would, of necessity, have been taken out of the bills. The third concert given by the "Grande Harmonie" took place on the 26th ult., when Madlle. Marie Sax sang three airs; Madame Graever-Johnson performed Litolff's fourth concerto and a capriccio, by Mendelssohn; and M. Léonard executed two fantasias of his own composition.

Hamburgh.—Mdlle. Tietjens has left. As she resolutely refused to accept any pecuniary recompence for singing in St. Michael's Church, the building committee of the St. Nicholas Church have presented her with a bracelet worth a hundred louis d'or, and a view of the church for which she so nobly gave her services.

MUSIC IN COLOGNE.*

The fifth Gesellschafts-Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, took place on Tuesday, the 29th ult., when the following was the programme:—Part I.—Symphony, No. 6, Niels W. Gade; Soprano air from *Saul*, Ferdinand Hiller (sung by Mdlle. Pauline Wiesemann); Concerto in C minor Mozart, (Mad. Clara Schumann). Part II. Overture to *Lodoiska*, Cherubini; Pianoforte solo, R. Schumann and Ferdinand Hiller (Mad. Schumann); Eichendorff's "Flucht der heiligen Familie," for chorus and orchestra, Max Bruch; Songs, Schumann (Mdlle. P. Wiesemann); Fantasia for Pianoforte, chorus and orchestra, Op. 80, Beethoven (pianoforte, Mad. Schumann).

Gade's symphony was exceedingly well played, but only the third movement and the conclusion succeeded in eliciting signs of approbation from the audience. Nor does this work of the celebrated composer quite satisfy ourselves. The third movement produces an imposing effect by its rhythm, and the last contains a few brilliant passages; but on the whole we miss decided melodic design in palpable outlines that that can be firmly retained, and even the coloring, usually Gade's forte, compared to his previous tone-pictures, strikes us as being far less attractive than usual. Cherubini's overture, admirably performed by the orchestra, was warmly applauded. Mad. Schumann played Mozart's Concerto, remarkable for the prominent employment of the wind instruments, in capital style, but it strikes us that this kind of music is not exactly that in which she surpasses other pianists. In the beautiful Canon in A flat major, on the contrary, from the Studies for the Pedal-Grand, by R. Schumann, in the sparkling and difficult Impromptu in D minor, Op 30, and in the charming little picture: "Zur Guitarre," by Ferdinand Hiller, her playing was, in every respect, so perfect that, for characteristic expression, whether the latter required complete independence of the fingers in the melodic strain; a magic stream of costly tone-pearls gushing, rapidly as a bird's flight, over the animated key-board; or the most delicate grace and feeling, no one, perhaps, could equal her. We are not fond, as is well-known, of using extravagant terms, but to designate the effect of such playing we are fully justified in employing the word "entrancing." Mdlle. Pauline Wiesemann, who is indebted for her professional education to Professor Böhme, teacher of singing at the Conservatory here, took part for the first time at these concerts, and experienced a very kind reception, of which her singing proved her to be deserving. To an extremely pleasing personal appearance she unites a voice exceedingly rich in the upper notes, though not so full in the middle ones. By her management of it she has succeeded in rendering herself more and more capable of satisfying unusually high expectations, as she showed by the way in which she gave Schumann's song, "Die Nonne." Her execution of this was finely graduated, and distinguished by deep feeling of expression. It was justly rewarded by the most hearty applause, which, by the way, was not wanting, either, after the air from *Saul*, or Schumann's second song, "Du, meine Seele."

A new composition, by Max Bruch, of Eichendorff's pleasing poem, "Die Flucht der heiligen Familie," is worked out with the same happy talent which the gifted composer of the opera of *Lorelei* has already exhibited most satisfactorily in several smaller vocal pieces for chorus and orchestra. The work consists of only two movements in E flat major, an Andante, 6-8 time, which modulates into an Adagio, 4-4 time, at the words "Und das Kindlein hob die Hand." It is a charming picture of feeling, an Idyll, in which the tones stream fragrantly forth, and a profound sentiment of devotion is gently cradled upon soft pinions. No rhythmical jerk, no harsh modulation, in fact, no trace of affectation of any kind disturbs the pure, quiet flow of the melody, which is supported by agreeable harmony and charming instrumentation. The young composer met with a most friendly reception on making his appearance, and was honored at the conclusion of his work with long continued applause. A very good performance of Beethoven's well-known, but always effective, Fantasia, brought the concert to an end.

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Florence.—Sig. Basevi has offered two prizes, the first of 400, and the second of 200 francs, for the best string quartet, to consist of four separate movements. The prizes are open to musicians of all nations. Candidates can address their compositions to the Secretary of the Royal Institute of Music here up to the 16th August next. No composition must bear the name of its composer, but each one must be distinguished by a motto. The latter must be repeated on a sealed envelope containing the full name and address of the sender. Only the envelopes of the successful candidates will be opened.

Rotterdam.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's opera, *Die Katakomben*, has been produced with great success. The singers were repeatedly called on. The same compliment was paid the composer at the conclusion of each act.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

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MUSIC IN AMSTERDAM.*

The "Popular Concerts" have recommenced under the direction of Herr Verhülst. At the first, we had Gade's Symphony, No. IV.; Beethoven's *Eroica*: Mendelssohn's overture, "Meeres-Stille und glückliche Fahrt;" and Méhul's overture of *La Chasse du jeune Henri IV.* The orchestra, thanks to its excellent conductor, was animated by the best spirit, but its playing did not seem to us so free from reproach as at last year's concerts. Méhul's overture—which had to be repeated—was taken too rapidly, while the delicate beauties of Beethoven's masterpiece were not brought out with the same care as usual. Mdlle. Schreck, from Bonn, achieved a flattering success, as she could not fail to do, after singing some airs of Handel and Rossi in a style formed entirely on the true principles of Art.

At the second "Popular Concert" the public were presented with a new Symphony by Fétis, written by the worthy master at the age of 78, and performed, two years ago, with great success, at the Conservatory of Brussells. It bears the character of French music; the form is pure and clear, while the whole production exhibits a degree of freshness almost incomprehensible in a composer of nearly eighty, a proof that even old age can be fertile in mental creations. Although there is not always sufficient originality of invention for the Symphony to mark an epoch in the musical annals of the present day, the elegant style, the melodic charm, and the genuine perfume of youth, permeating it, captivate the hearer. The work must be regarded as a most interesting one. The *Allegro* and the *Adagio* seem to us the weakest portions. The *Intermezzo* and the *Rondo* were very well executed; they afforded general satisfaction, and were applauded by a very severe public, who, as a rule, never deny their predilection for German music, and listen only with prejudice to the music of a French composer.

At the same concert, Beethoven's Symphony, No. V.; the overture: "Im Hochland," by Gade, and that to *Ferdinand Cortez*, by Spontini, were executed with great precision.

The most attractive features of the concerts given by the "Felix Meritis" Institution are generally the solo performances. Mad. Madeleine Gräver and Herr Ernst Lübeck, both children of Holland, as well as Bazzini, have exhibited their talent there. Herr Ernest Lübeck achieved an immense success by his masterly rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto, while Madame Gräver, also, proved herself an excellent pianist, though she did not move the audience to enthusiasm. Bazzini played a new concerto, of his own composition, for violin and orchestra; it was most favourably received by the public.

The annual concert of the St. Cecilia Association attracted a very numerous audience, so that the room was inconveniently full. Schubert's grand—but very long—symphony, and Beethoven's magnificent overture to *Egmont* carried off the honours of the evening.

On the 5th January, the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art will give its first festival concert, when Handel's oratorio of *Joshua* will be performed, under the direction of Herr Verhülst, and with the co-operation of Madlle. Shreck, from Bonn; Madlle. Rothenberger, from Cologne; Dr. Gunz, from Hanover; and Herr Behr, from Bremen.

Signor Merelli's Italian Operatic Company have commenced their performances. The famous Désiree Artôt, who left behind her such flattering reminiscences in Germany, has been very successful in Holland also. She is a great artist, but here she was so badly supported by the mediocrity of those around her, and by a chorus to whom no one could listen, that the public did not precisely flock in shoals to admire her.

Madlle. Carlotta Patti is awaited. Herr Ullman, a master in his way, has inundated every hole and corner with announcements in the American fashion. Well, we shall hear the lady, and judge for ourselves.

The programme of the next "Popular Concert" will consist of Beethoven's Symphony, No. VII.; Mozart's smaller D major Symphony; Weber's overture to *Oberon*, and Edward de Hartog's overture of *Pompejus*. The little violinist De Graan, a Dutch infant phenomenon, eleven years old, and a pupil of Herr Coenen, will play on the occasion.

MATINO.

PRAGUE.—The Arion Vocal and Instrumental Association lately got up a Commemoration Concert in honor of Beethoven. The rooms, tastily decorated with flowers, and with the bust of the great composer, were scarcely spacious enough to contain the numerous audience. The proceedings were opened with a poetical prologue, written by Herr Ad. Frank, a lawyer of this city, and recited by Herr Oberländer. Among the instrumental works selected for performance were Beethoven's C minor trio, and the adagio from his C sharp minor sonata.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

JOTTINGS FROM VIENNA.

There were 326 performances at the Imperial Opera House during the year just passed. The repertoire, which was pretty well the same as usual, consisted of: *Die Zauberflöte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan* and *Weibertreue* (Mozart); *Fidelio* (Beethoven); *Les Huguenots*, *Robert*, and *L'Etoile du nord* (Meyerbeer); *La Juive* and *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* (Halevy); *Jessonda* (Spohr); *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* (Adam); *La Dame Blanche* (Boïeldieu); *Norma* (Bellini); *Les deux Journées* (Cherubini); *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Lucia*, *Don Sebastian*, and *Belisario* (Donizetti); *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Der Fliegen de Holländer* (Wagner); *Faust* (Gounod); *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto* (Verdi); *Martha*, *Stradella* (Flotow); *Hans Heiling*, and *Templer und Jüdin* (Marschner); *Wanda* (Doppler); *Lalla Rookh* (David); *Der Freischutz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* (Weber); *The Bohemian Girl* (Balfe); *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); *Die lustigen Weiber* (Nicolai); and *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (Kreutzer). This list contains the names of twenty-three composers and thirty-eight operas. To render it complete we have still to hear the best works of Auber, Boïeldieu, Bellini, Donizetti, Gluck, Lortzing, Rossini, Spontini and Schubert. In the rather long period of an entire twelvemonth *Lalla Rookh* was produced for the first time, while *Weibertreue*, *Templer und Jüdin*, and *Les Mousquitaires de la Reine*, were revived. There was also a new ballet entitled *Jotta*. Of a truth the good Viennese are perfectly right in asserting that neither the manager nor the artists shall kill themselves by over-work. Indeed the public are not at all satisfied with the mode in which things are conducted. For instance, Herr Ander, who was unable to appear during more than six months last year, is again laid up with an affection of the throat. It is really high time that he should retire, for his continuance on the list of the effective members of the company causes only frequent disappointment and confusion. Much dissatisfaction is manifested, also, by the press with other artists connected with the same establishment. It is said that when three singers, to wit: Mad. Dustmann, Herr Beck, and Herr Walter, receive respectively an annual salary of 14,000, 18,000, and 10,000 florins, they ought to possess some power of attraction. This, it is pretty evident, they do not possess, for, at the last performance of *Hans Heiling*, in which they sustained the leading characters, the house was absolutely deserted.

In the way of concerts, I beg to state that Herr Ernst Pauer, from London, will give a concert on the 10th inst. He will shortly be admitted to an audience of the Emperor, to thank the latter for the Order of Francis-Joseph recently bestowed on him by that august personage.—Leopold de Meyer has announced a concert for the 10th inst.—On New Year's Eve, the members of the Männergesang-Verein executed a comic quartet entitled the "Markthallen-Quartet" (the "Market-Quartet"), the singers, or rather actors, being dressed as four market-women. The performance was greeted with shouts of laughter and elicited continuous applause.—Herr Laub has brought his series of Quartet-Evenings to a termination for the present, by an admirable performance of Haydn's F minor quartet, Bach's difficult Violin solo, and Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor. His farewell concert took place on the 3rd inst. The next day he set out for Brussells for the purpose of playing at a concert there on the 7th.

The results obtained at the examination of the pupils belonging to the Imperial Operatic School are not very encouraging. Some people object to the method of teaching employed by Mad. Bochkolz-Falconi, while others lay the blame on her pupils. Some day, the true state of the case will be known. Meanwhile, let Mad. Bochkolz-Falconi look to her laurels and her position, for Mad. Palm-Spatzer, who enjoys a great reputation, has also settled here as a teacher of singing.

Herr Schmid of the Imperial Opera House has been about as severely tried lately as a man well can be. After he had received intelligence, not long since, that his father had become blind, he learned, within a short period subsequently, that his sister was for ever stretched on her bed, in consequence of an incurable affection of the spine, and at the last rehearsal of *La Muette*, he had a telegraphic message to announce the death of his mother. To render the measure of his woe complete, his wife is now lying dangerously ill, and is not expected to recover.

The well-known Brothers Strauss have applied for permission to establish a music-publishing house. According to all appearance, however, they do not intend to carry it on themselves, as they are engaged in negotiations with Herr Spina, music-publisher to the Emperor.

MILAN.—The grand Carnival season at the Scala began with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*.—The opera of *The New Figaro*, by Ricci, has been highly successful at the Santa Radagonda.

GENOA.—Sig. Novaro has established a singing-school for the people. It already numbers fifty pupils.

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THE LEEDS ORGAN.

We quoted, last week, an extract from a York paper respecting the merits of the grand organ in the Leeds Town Hall; and we now refer to it for the purpose of noticing an assertion to the effect that latterly the *tone* of the instrument has greatly improved. Were this an isolated statement, we should let it pass for what it is worth, as a mere expression of the writer's opinion. But we hear, from a variety of sources, that the same idea is very prevalent in Leeds and its neighbourhood. It has become quite a fashion, indeed, to give extraordinaay praise to the Town Hall organ, with the subsidiary caution that "its tone has been greatly improved and mellowed." Now, this either is, or is not, a prejudice. Doubtless, there is something in the York critic's suggestion, that Dr. Spark is now more completely master of the resources of his instrument than he could have been at the outset of his appointment. But all this has nothing to do with *tone;* the most skilful performancc can have no effect in "improving" an originally harsh style of voicing. Again, we may state as a fact that not a pipe in the organ has been changed or altered in any way (save by tuning) since the day of its completion; consequently, the builders can have done nothing to "improve" the tone of their work. Eliminating, then, these first chances in favor of the opinion referred to, it remains to enquire as to the *fact* asserted; and next, as to the probable reasons for it.

We all know how much some kinds of musical instruments are said to gain by age. Very specially is this kind of improvement attributed to instrumentr of the violin tribe. And it is not difficult to understand that such improvement may really take place. The action of time in desiccating the thin wood of which these instruments are formed may, and probably does, greatly increase their power of lending brilliancy and sonority to the vibration of their strings. One thing, at least, is certain. No modern copy of a fine old violin, however scrupulously accurate in following the kind, proportions, and dimensions of its materials, has ever been found to approach the excellence of its original. In this case, certainly, age seems to govern the entire difference. Next to the violin, according to general opinion, the organ seems to come in for the largest share of time's benevolence. Everyone has heard of the inimitable qualities imputed to some old organs. Everyone must be familiar with the *dilletante* talk about the "sweet cathedral tone" of diapasons of a certain date (say from Father Smith down to Greene), and of how much they are indebted to the "mellowing hand of time." Now, without either admitting or denying the fact here implied, it may be as well to state certain difficulties in the way of its acceptance. No doubt, *wood pipes* may be affected by time in the same manner as are violins, but, owing to their proportionably greater thickness of material, in a far slighter degree. But wood pipes do not constitute a sixth part of the stops of an ordinary English organ; and in what way, then, are the remainder, the *metal* stops, influenced? We can see no ready answer to the question. Time can have no power to decompose the alloy of which metal pipes are made. We believe that an analysis of one of Father Smith's pipes would yield precisely the proportions of lead and tin used by the maker. The pores of even the least dense metals are much too close and rigid in their arrangement to permit of further contraction by mere agency of time. Nothing short of mechanical force could effect this. The only conceivable operation of age on metal pipes is the deposition of small patches of corrosion about the lips and inner surfaces of the tubes; and this, if acting at all to check vibration, must be counted rather a serious defect than an improvement. Difficult, however, as the thing may be to explain there *may* yet be some slight and imperceptible action going on, in the case of old organs, to justify the ordinary opinion. Meanwhile, be it observed that this action, if really existing, is so slow of progress that, as universally admitted, nothing short of such periods as eighty or a hundred years will suffice for its exhibition. But in what way can such an operation be imagined to apply to the Leeds organ? If, as we have shown, the player *can* do nothing, and the builders *have* done nothing to alter it, how can *time* have worked such wonders in "mellowing" the tone of an instrument just six years old? The truth of the matter is that time has done nothing, since nothing has been done. There has been no change—no "improvement." We can vouch, at least, for our own impressions, very lately and carefully gathered, that th Leeds organ retains precisely the same rich, grand tone it had the first day it was heard.

The reason for the alleged alteration must, we conclude, be sought for, not in the instrument, but in its auditors. The "improvement" is in the ears of its critics, rather than in the thing criticised. In fact, the Leeds people *are beginning to understand and appreciate the tone of their organ.* It is just one of those cases in which the education of taste comes prominently into notice. For many years past the people of the West Riding have been so nearly exclusively accustomed to the poor, feeble, and timid voicing of the Booths and Greenwoods of the district, as to have grown up, perhaps, in the belief that this was the only admissable kind of organ-tone. And especially would this be the case with the older-fashioned members of the community. No doubt there are hundreds of people still living in most resolute faith that such an instrument as that in Brunswick Chapel represents the perfection of organ-building. It is no matter for surprise if an audience thus educated should, on a first introduction to the Town Hall organ, be rather taken aback—not to say alarmed—by the out-spoken style of their new acquaintance. Here was everything to which they had *not* been accustomed: an organ saying what it had to say with the most unequivocal freedom of speech; with every stop accurately scaled for its work, every pipe proportionately winded to its scale, and each taught to bear its allotted pressure without flinching; and, lastly, reeds having a knack of asserting their presence with as much decisive individuality as do the trombones of an orchestra. All this was strange, and no wonder, then, it was not at first either generally understood or liked. But time, though it has not altered the organ, has doubtless done much towards teaching its hearers that feebleness is not beauty, any more than is the grand musical tone they are now accustomed to hear in the Victoria Hall the harsh noise they at first thought it. Meanwhile, critics of all kinds must be allowed the usual difficulty in altering their opinions. They must be let down easily. Some salve must be provided for wounded vanity,—so the organ is "greatly improved."

There remains another class of objectors to whom we desire to allude as tenderly as possible. Leeds, though a very large, is still a *provincial* town; and there are few places in England in which party warfare is more bitterly waged. If we now recur to the fact that the Town Hall organ made its appearance in the midst of the deadliest hostility between two rival musical factions, and that this circumstance was eagerly converted by one side into an additional *casus belli*, it is only for the purpose of remarking that, though, happily, most of this strife has ceased, there still remains something for our old friend "time" to do in removing the last leaven of discord. No doubt, most of the fiercest calumniators of the organ begin to discover that they went too far; and that, in spite of all their detraction, it is quite capable of standing its ground as not an atom less than it professed to be. But this, in the nature of men, cannot be at once confessed. Some *locus penitentiæ*, some place of shelter during the "turning" process must be found,—so, once again, the organ is "greatly improved."

But the organ is *not* "improved," nevertheless;—though, creditably to their honesty and discernment, there is a great change for the better in the tastes and feelings of its hearers.

MUSIC AT "THE LIZARD."—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A most successful concert was lately given by the members of "The Grade and Ruan Minor Choral Society," in the school-room, tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. The part-songs and glees were admirably sung, especially "All among the barley," "The month of maying," and "Foresters sound the cheerful horn." Two duets were prettily rendered by the Misses Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. Nunn from Penzance also assisted. After the concert the whole choir repaired to the rectory, where a most elegant supper was given by the Reverend Mr. Jackson, rich and poor mingling together and perfect good feeling prevailing. The best thanks are due to Mrs. Jackson for her great exertions in instructing the choir. The management devolved entirely upon her, and it is hoped that another concert will soon be given at "The Lizard."

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—On Christmas day and the Sunday following, a Mass by Dr. A. Holloway, (of Salisbury), was performed, with the accompaniment of certain orchestral instruments, at St. Marie's Catholic Church.

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LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From our own Stenograms).

Liverpool, January 12th.

Monday afternoon, annual meeting of Philharmonic Society held in Cotton Sale-room, Exchange Buildings. A. G. Kurtz presided. Numerous attendance. Report of committee, taken as read, was as follows:—

"From statement of accounts (audited, as usual, by Harwood, Banner and Son), it will be seen that, although ordinary receipts of past year have not sufficed to meet expenditure, affairs of society continue to improve—fact not less gratifying to committee than to proprietors. Whilst repute of society's concerts is undiminished, committee has been enabled, by increase of resources, to produce several works of first-rate excellence in style hitherto unattainable, to which may be attributed increased encouragement of local public, evidenced by large attendances at concerts, and continued demand for stalls at advanced prices. Number of stalls held by society reduced from 205 to 124; boxes now all disposed of. In accordance with suggestion made at last annual meeting, committee applied proceeds of sales of stalls, during last two years, to formation of reserve fund, credit balance in which amounts to £2,315 5s. 3d. This fund, committee proposes to increase, as further sales take place, to meet incidental expenses required for repair or decoration of hall, or for renewal of lease. Committee recommends resolution, embodying thanks of society to practical members for services rendered during past year; also to express to Mr. Henry Sudlow approval of zeal and efficiency with which he has performed duties as secretary and treasurer. Committee recommends that twelve full dress concerts be given during present year, and that subscription be:—Proprietors: Boxes and stalls, £3 3s. each seat. Annual subscription to non-proprietors: Stalls, £5 5s.; gallery stalls, £2 2s.; gallery, £1 1s. Also recommended that proprietors shall be allowed to transfer right of *entrée* for season to resident gentlemen on payment of 5s. as before; and that resident gentlemen, approved by committee, and not in business for self, should be allowed privilege of purchasing ticket, or making use of member's ticket at subscription concerts, on payment of 10s. 6d., for year, in accordance with resolution of annual meeting, January 1856. Members of committee who retire by rotation, but re-eligible:—C. J. Forget, Louis Grüning, James Holmes, Ben. Heywood Jones, H. W. Meade King, A. G. Kurtz, James Lister, John Moore and C. W. Neumann: but as practical members, in accordance with privilege, have nominated Mr. Moore to represent them on committee, only eight other gentleman can be elected."

General balance sheet showed, on debit side,—Bank of Liverpool, £504; dock bonds, £1,900; cash balance, £2 4s. 5d; on credit side,—to credit of profit and loss account, £694 10s.; less transferred to reserve fund, £529 4s.;—leaving £165 6s.; deducted £96 12s. 2d., debit of profit and loss account,—giving £68 12s. 10d.; reserve fund account, £2,315 5s. 3d.; subscriptions for present year in advance, £28 2s.; total £2,407. There are now 479 proprietors, holding 1,226 seats.

Chairman said most present had been put in possession of report of society; but at desire of any gentleman, he would propose it be read. It must be gratifying to all to notice progress made this year in society; they had been enabled to invest considerable sum, in accordance with suggestion made at last general meeting; and all would agree that concerts had not fallen off, but rather improved during past year. True they had not managed to keep within working expenses, but exceeded income by something under £100 a-year; but it would be seen by engagements that they had more than compensated for deficiency in pecuniary affairs. If they looked at brilliancy of talent, and character of concerts, it would be seen that deficiency was more than made up by bill of fare. Committee proposed to raise price of stalls to non-proprietors; this, after consideration, had been decided necessary, in consequence of very great advance in price of stalls; otherwise, it would be more profitable not to be proprietors, for then they would be able to come in with advantage over proprietors. He proposed, "That report of committee and accounts as audited be adopted and passed."

Rennie seconded motion, which was carried. Chairman next proposed, "That best thanks of meeting be presented to practical members for very valuable services during past season." Cunliffe seconded proposition, which was adopted.

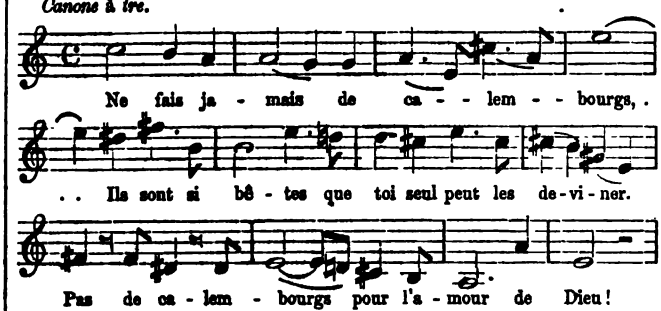
(To be continued in our next).

MUTTONIANA.

[Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton invites contributions to this department of the *Musical World*, henceforth placed under his sole direction, and which he has with becoming modesty christened *Muttoniana*. No subject connected with the Art and its Professors is excluded,—and all queries inserted one week will be answered not later than the week following, either by Mr. Ap' Mutton, or, when his knowledge fails, by some more competent authority.]

Reproach to a Punster.

Mr. Ap' Mutton.—Sir,—A singer, who was sadly given to puns, used to pester sadly a fiddler, also sadly given to puns, and who was sadly jealous of the talent of his rival punster. One day the singer wrote a letter in French to the fiddler, which letter was wholly composed of puns too subtle for the not over-quick apprehension of the fiddler, which latter, nevertheless, having a "poetical" turn, answered him in the lyrical composition subjoined:—

Canone à tre.

*** Given to find out where the first "answer" comes in, and then where the second "answer" comes in.

The singer being unable to reply in kind—that is, in canon—abandoned punning from that moment, and left the field of wit in undisputed possession of the "poetical fiddler." Groker Roores.

New Operas Represented in Italy in 1863.—*Rienzi*, composed by Lucilla, produced at Reggio. *Il Ferruccio*, by Maglioni, at Florence. *Cinzica Simondi*, by Brindangoli, at Assisi. *Zaira*, by Dei Corona, at Leghorn. *Piccarda Donati*, by Moscuzza at Florence. *Beatrice Cenci*, by Rota, at Parma. *Vittoria*, by Bona, at Genoa, *Ivanhoe*, author unknown, at Bastia. *Orio Soranza*, by Zescevich, at Trieste. *Il Giorno di S. Michele*, by Quarenghi, at Milan. *Rienzi*, by Kashperoff, at Florence. *Giovanna di Castiglia*, by Battista, at Naples. *La Fidanzata di Marco Botzari*, by Frontini, at Catania. *Eazelino da Romano*, by Noberasco, at Genoa. *Stradella*, by Sinico, at Lugo. *I Profughi Fiamminghi*, by Faccio, at Milan. *Aldina*, by Gandolfi, at Milan. *Il Rapimento*, by Picherle, at Perugia. *Ladislao*, by Pisani, at Florence (first at Constantinople); and *Il Castello Maledetto*, by Lamelet, at Corfu.—[*With compliments to* Ap' Mutton, Esq.—C. C.]

—o—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I beg to call your attention to the subjoined paragraph, which Mr. *Punch* has quoted, and commented on approvingly in his last issue:—

"It is utterly ignored that harmony is an exact science, that, a given note being sounded, it is a mere matter of trouble and time to produce every variety of chord or accompaniment of which it is capable. That the modulations, from one key to another, can be reduced to a table, like any other calculation, and that Verdi is a perfect master of this sort of thing, but neglects it occasionally for a strain of melody, which sometimes equals that of Mozart. And yet it is fancied often that Flotow, because he is a German, is profound, and Verdi uneducated as a musician! Flotow simply writes ballad operas, however. Meyerbeer has written more in the Italian melodic style than in the harmonic, so called German, and without his ravishing melodies all the harmony in the world could not have made him what he is. Melody is the sum of musical genius. This is quite uncontested amongst those who know anything of the subject. Beethoven's, Mozart's, Haydn's melodies are just as much Italian as they are German."

I trust that Mr. Dishley Peters, Mr. Groker Roores, Mr. J. V. Bridg(e)man, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. Rippington Pipe, or one of your numereus staff of comic writers, will see to this, and that speedily, and without fear or dread of *Punch*, or *Fun*, or any other serious serial. *En attendant*, I remain, Abel Grogg.

Five Ways Inn, Gloucester, Jan. 14.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTIETH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1864.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello . *Mendelssohn.*
M. M. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PAQUE.

SERENADE, "Quand tu chantes bercée"—Madame PAREPA . . *Gounod.*

SONG, "The Pilgrim" ("Juif Errant")—Mr. SANTLEY . . . *Schubert.*

SONATA, Appasionata (in F minor—Op 57) for Pianoforte alone—
Mr. CHARLES HALLE . . . . . *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in B flat major, for Violin and Pianoforte (dedicated to Mlle. Strinasacchi) . . . . . *Mozart.*
M. VIEUXTEMPS and Mr. Charles HALLE.

SONG, "What shall I sing?"—Madame PAREPA . . . . *Benedict.*

SONG, "The Stirrup-cup"—Mr. SANTLEY . . . . . *Arditi.*

QUARTET, in B flat, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello . *Haydn.*
M. M. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PAQUE.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Concerts will commence early in next season. The Prospectus for 1864 will shortly be issued.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILAN.—Yes.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

ILLNESS and other causes having prevented me from sending a detailed account of the principal musical events that were occurring in the various cities I have visited since my last letter, I must beg of your readers to accept a short résumé of what has passed during the last two months. At Genoa, at the Carlo Felice, I found a very excellent Opera Buffa Company—though, as is often the case, sadly deficient in the tenor department. Among the artists composing the Company were three who have already received the approbation of a London audience, Ciampi, Fioravanti, and Mlle. Fumagalli; the two latter having, it will be remembered, been the main props of the St. James's Theatre when Mr. Mitchell, some six years ago, endeavoured to make Opera Buffa acceptable to the English public. Although at that time some of the best works were produced, and many of the artists were, in their way, inimitable, I think the sequel proved that Opera Buffa is not adapted to the taste of us cold and phlegmatic Englishmen, though doubtless the non-success which attended its production in England may, in a great measure, be attributed to the ignorance of the language, to which the generality of my countrymen must plead guilty, not even excepting the majority of the many "Misses," who do not deign to exhibit their vocal qualifications in anything less than an Italian scena. I have been told—and, judging from the extreme frigidity of the audience, it is probably true—that in this respect the Genoese take after the English, and not only much prefer "Opera Seria," but are absolutely averse to "Opera Buffa," and will not support it. Personally I must beg to differ from my own countrymen and from the Genoese, for I acknowledge that "Opera Buffa" has, in its peculiar line, a great charm for me, and during my visit to Genoa I spent many a pleasant evening at the Carlo Felice. The autumn season began with *Don Pasquale* which, owing to the incapacity of the tenor, made a real "fiasco," and had but a short existence. Giorza's *Don Checco* followed, but notwithstanding the extreme prettiness of the music—to higher claims the Maestro, who writes the music of about a dozen ballets every year, does not aspire—and the unctuous humour of Fioravanti, who in the principal part proved himself to be an exceedingly clever actor, if not a very refined singer, it was received with but little better favour than its predecessor. This was followed by Petrella's *Le Precauzioni*, an opera I was very glad to have an opportunity of hearing, as Sig. Petrella is one—and by some considered the best—of the three only composers who have been able to establish a reputation throughout Italy since M. Verdi—the other two being Signors Peri and Pedrotti. Judging from this opera alone I am not prepared to say that Petrella's music bears the stamp of *unquestionable* originality, but I have no hesitation in affirming that the Maestro is possessed in a high degree of the great gift of melody, and that he is a more profound and skilled musician than the majority of the numberless Italians who write "pretty music." There is a charming freshness and elegance pervading the opera, and parts of it are exceedingly striking, particularly a serenade for the tenor, with an original and peculiarly graceful accompaniment. The *cabaletta* of the prima donna's air, and a magnificent chorus for male voices, give evidence that Petrella is as capable of writing in the serious as in the comic school. In this opera, as is the case in the greater part of Italian Opere Buffe, the onus of the piece falls on the buffo, the soprano being almost a nonentity, the tenor and the baritone quite so—indeed it is rather by their absence that these individuals are rendered conspicuous. In small provincial theatres this is often not to be regretted, as a good buffo is, at the present day, more easily obtainable than other singers. However, in the case under notice, where there are three Buffi, and these Buffi were Ciampi, Fioravanti and Borella, (the last the most celebrated Doctor Bartolo this side of the Alps—and the only one since Lablache whom the difficult public of La Scala has not hissed) perhaps the three best in Italy—notwithstanding the queer whimsicality and buffoonery which they infused into their performance, the audience would willingly have dispensed with their almost entire occupation of the stage, to

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have had an opportunity of hearing a little more of Mlle. Giovannoni and Sig. Brignoli, the baritone—the former of whom displayed a fresh well trained voice and considerable ability, particularly in the *cabaletta*, of which I have spoken before, and which deserved not only high praise, but some acknowledgment from the audience, who, however, perhaps from their dislike to Opera Buffa, withheld it. Of the tenor, Sig. Andreoli, who appeared in this opera, the less said the better.

The failure which inevitably attended every genuine production of the Opera Buffa school set the impresario thinking, and, remembering the great success which *Marta* obtained in the spring, he decided upon at once putting in rehearsal *Stradella*. Accordingly in the short space of something less than a month—in Italy an opera is often rehearsed one season in order to be performed during the next—*Stradella* was performed for the first time in Italy, in the presence of an immense concourse of "conoscienti" whose expectations were raised to the highest pitch. To say that these expectations were realised would be an untruth, for *Stradella* is inferior to and less interesting than *Marta*—and evidently the public was disappointed, and contented neither with the music nor the execution, which suffered not a little from an insufficiency of rehearsals. This opera has been so often promised by Mr. Gye, that I suppose some day, *Mario "volente possente,"* it will be heard in England, when its merits will be discussed by those capable of doing so. I shall confine myself to a very few remarks. Although M. Flotow cannot lay claim to much originality or individuality in his music, without doubt he is a learned musician and capable of treating any subject with a masterly hand; but, in this opera, compared with *Marta*, there is a less facile flow of melody, to atone for the absence of which the composer, in endeavoring to prove the excellence to which he has attained in the imitative branch of his art, has overloaded his instrumentation, and has produced a work which to the "*Oi Polloi*" doubtless appears heavy and unsatisfactory, and is never likely to become as popular as *Marta*, though it cannot be denied that in some of the concerted pieces, and particularly in the overture, the critic and the cultivated musician will find beauties of the highest order. The singers exerted themselves to the utmost, but failed to make any great impression, while Ciampi and Brignoli alone obtained applause, which, however, on the first night was somewhat scant. From accounts I have received since I left Genoa, I understand that after a few auditions the new work was better appreciated; but it entirely failed to make a *furore*, and sooh was withdrawn in favor of *Il Furioso*.

During the autumn season at Turin the rivalry which has for so long a time existed between the two principal lyric theatres has by no means subsided. The Carignan, the Government Theatre, which is in receipt of a large subvention from the State, has been so badly administered that usually very second-rate artists have been engaged at a very large salary, and the performances have been scarcely above mediocrity; whereas the Vittor Emmanuel, being in the hands of a private individual, who has had the good sense to secure first-rate artists and to produce the operas with a completeness to which the Italians are unaccustomed, has always been more liberally supported by the public. This year, however, from a change in the administration of the theatres, or from some other cause, things have changed "in toto." This season the Carignan has had the good fortune to have Mad. Spezia, her husband Aldighieri and Sig. Landi, a tenor of considerable ability, and consequently the season has been a succession of triumphs; if I except the production of Pacini's *Saffo*, in which Mdlle. Demi—whose name is so suggestive of the expression that Mr. Gye (according to *Punch*), is said to have used, when he witnessed her performance of *Martha* at Covent Garden some months since—appeared. At Turin this young lady was not so completely paralysed by fear as she was in London, and, though unable to make any decided impression, was able to do herself more justice, and succeeded in satisfying Sig. Pacini—it a letter from the *maestro* to the *prima donna* expressing his admiration for her "*bei mezzi*" (Anglice "splendid talents") which was published in many of the journals, is to be believed. At the Vittor Emmanuel the director, not having been fortunate in the choice of his *artisti di canto*, engaged the fascinating dancer Mdlle. Salvioni, and made ballet play first fiddle and opera second; although, in the principal musical theatre in the capital of a country eminently musical, such a proceeding must be highly injurious to Art and is to be strongly condemned. Had the director shown more judgment in the selection of his operas, the season might not perhaps have been so unfortunate as it was, but finding that *Norma*, *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto* at the Carignan were drawing the town, he most injudiciously produced his artists in the same operas; seemingly unconscious that his *prima donna*, a Mdlle. Stolz, and his baritone, Sig. Quinti-Leoni, could not bear comparison with Spezia and Aldighieri—the former of whom in *Norma* the Turinese declare to eclipse all her predecessors, and it should be remembered that they have seen both Mdlle. Titiens and Madame. Penco—while the latter (Aldighieri), as the Court Jester, proved that he is possessed of talents of a higher order than we gave him credit for when he was in England. Before taking leave of him I must not forget to mention that among the artists at the Carignan a tenor, Sig. Babacini, deserves a word of praise. He is still a very young man, and being possessed of a remarkably sweet voice, and what so many young singers are sadly deficient in, "*Brains*," he may study with advantage to himself in particular and to the musical world in general.

At Milan, at the Scala, during the past season, with the exception of Mdlle. Ronzi, (a young *prima donna* possessed of a good voice and unusually clear neat execution), and Signor Cotogni, a baritone, of whom I shall have to speak later, the artists were not worthy of the first theatre in the world; nor did the management show much energy in the production of something new which was worth hearing, for excepting *I Profughi Fiamminghi*—the first attempt of a Signor Faccio, on which great expectations were raised, which were not however realised—the *repertoire* consisted of the most worn out and the least interesting operas of Bellini and Donizetti. During the autumn the Scala never shines, for at that time usually the performances are not much above mediocrity, and are but badly attended; for the Milanese aristocracy (to whom the majority of the boxes belong) scarcely ever put in an appearance before Christmas, and they are far too particular to lend the keys to their friends; and the paying public of Milan is far too critical to go to the Scala, unless the performances are first-rate; wherefore, the hundreds of English who pass through Milan at that time of year can form no idea of the magnificent spectacle which the house presents during the Carnival, when artists of European reputation are engaged. The operas and ballets are produced on a scale of great splendour, and the six tiers of private boxes teem with youth and beauty, while bright eyes and lovely faces, sparkling jewellery and rich toilettes, with the accessories of light

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and music, combine to produce a *tout ensemble* which for brilliancy I have never seen surpassed in any other theatre in the world. The "musical event" of the last three months at Milan was the annual performance in aid of the funds of the "Mutuo Saccorso per gli artisti teatrali." In addition to the third act of *Maria di Rohan*, a selection from *I Puritani*, a ballet produced on that scale of magnificence for which the Scala is justly celebrated—in which (among others) Mdlle. Lamoureux, late of Her Majesty's Theatre, appeared—two very attractive, interesting and important novelties (*i.e.*, novelties for Milan) were produced—the overture to *Dinorah* and the march from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*. Judging from a single audition, or rather from two performances, as it was encored, of this splendid music, it struck me that although Gounod has not shown himself so thoroughly independent and unexceptionably new as he has done throughout *Faust*, the march is most poetically conceived, and proclaims him a master of his art, and is another proof (were one wanting) of the extraordinary genius of which he is possessed. It was magnificently played, and received with enthusiasm, as was the lovely overture to *Dinorah*, in which the "Ave Maria" chorus, so skilfully introduced, failed not to obtain a most flattering reception, which at the Scala is of more value than elsewhere; the audience being, as is well-known, hypercritical and always very careful in pronouncing their verdict of approval. In the selection from the *Puritani*, in which Mdlle. Ronzi sustained the part of Elvira, a hitherto unknown tenor, Signor Bertolini, appeared and displayed so charming a quality of voice, and so much tenderness and expression in his singing, that he made a perfect *furore*, and was at once engaged for the Carnival. However, the great *coup* of the evening was the third act of *Maria di Rohan*, in which Signor Cotogni sustained the principal part, which admirably displays his fine qualities both as an actor and as a singer. This gentleman—for whom, at the time of his *debût*, some years ago, at Turin, your readers may remember I prophecied a brilliant career—has steadily and conscientiously worked his way up to the top of the tree—overcoming the many obstacles which besiege the artist like him—without friends or money, and relying on his own merits and his determination alone, until now he is esteemed as holding the very first rank in the musical profession, equally distinguished for his profound knowledge of the theory of his art as for the powers he possesses of faithfully representing the various passions, as well as the tenderest emotions to which the human heart is sensible. In every way he is superior to any baritone I have heard in England for many a day, and it will be long before the impression his highly cultivated performance produced on me will be effaced from my memory. In my next letter, I shall have to speak of Signor Bignardi, a tenor quite *hors ligne*, and of a most *simpatica* Margherite, who has not a little contributed to the immense success which has attended the production of Gounod's *chef d'œuvre* at Florence.

A. S. C.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I presume that I am the individual alluded to as "your facetious correspondent" by Mr. French Flowers in his last letter. Well, I am glad to know, which I did not know before, that I am sometimes the cause of mirth in others; for it cannot be denied—as your readers must have long since found out, I fear to their cost—that I am of a naturally serious turn of mind, and by no means prone to merriment; and I invariably write, moreover, with a grave and settled purpose. If, in my remarks on Mr. French Flowers's "Chalk Poem on Muscular Vocalization," there be discovered any facetiousness, the facetiousness must belong to the subject, not to my expressions; for, as far as I know, I was endeavouring to expose a delusion, not to provoke a smile. I do not underrate Mr. Flowers's talents. Far from it. Without reference to the "opinions of Cherubini, Dr. Spohr, or Mendelssohn," I confidently believe that he is, as he himself expresses it, "a better musician than a poet," for I have read his poem, though I have not heard his music. Mr. Flowers hopes the public will excuse his first essay in rhyme. I will show him the means by which he can assure himself of an excuse; let him promise to write no more. This is a very serious matter—I trust Mr. Flowers will see nothing in it to excite his risibility. He is hurt, it seems, and irritated that I should have taken exceptions to his essay for "not being instinct with logic," and offers me, "or any other man, £20 *scientifically*," if he or I can disprove that his theory is not founded on the physical laws of Nature. Is that sentence "instinct with logic," Mr. Flowers? I am ready to stake "£20 *scientifically*" with you, or any other man, that it is not. Possibly I may have deviated from the strict line of criticism when asserting that the "Chalk Poem" was "not instinct with logic," not having, after carefully reading it, the most remote idea of what it meant. I should, indeed, have understood clearly before pronouncing judgment definitively. Now, upon reconsideration and wishing to mitigate what the author thinks excessive harshness, I withdraw the assertion, and merely affirm the "Poem on Chalk" to be matter without sense expressed in language without meaning. If Mr. Flowers will publish a key to his Chalk Essay—a key, be it understood, that requires no explanation—I may be further inclined to soften my censure; and indeed I would do much to uphold a man who exhibits such remarkable ability in playing a fugue with one hand on the pianoforte, which transcends by many degrees the vaunted performance on two instruments by Mr. Bridgman of Glasgow. "Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," shall be my motto; and Mr. French Flowers may rest satisfied that, however much I may underrate him as a poet and laugh at the silliness of his chalk theories, I will still stand by him for his matchless instrumental one-handed achievement. Few men are acquainted with their special powers, or know in what direction their greatness lies. Homer preferred the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, and Milton pronounced *Samson Agonistes* a grander work than *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Flowers tells us he has written an Essay on Fugue which obtained the approval of three of the greatest musicians of the epoch. No doubt, too, he has composed fugues, perhaps operas and oratorios. Upon these, in all probability, he sets a high value, and may hold in still greater estimation his "Chalk Poem" and his muscular theories. Haply in his longings for renown he ponders upon the efforts of his brain and never gives a thought to that loftier exhibition of genius—his single-handed display. Is not this another instance of man's weakness in judging of his own capabilities? Mr. French Flowers may write poems on Chalk until his fingers ache; he may fill his study shelves with MS. compositions, written undeniably after the manner of the classics; but with what result? Will any one be induced to read from his pen a second metrical attempt? Will anyone believe in Mr. Flowers' operas, oratorios or fugues? His theory indeed, had it been indited in prose, might have commanded some at-

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tention, quackery and its defenders being as much in vogue in our own times as they were in the days of St. John, or Logier. If, however, Mr. Flowers pants for glory he must pursue another course. Let him give a concert, play a fugue with one hand and challenge the world to competition. I am ready to stake my existence that he will not have a single answer to his challenge, and he may then proclaim himself the greatest artist living of his kind. The utility to art from this proceeding I can hardly estimate, as I must confess I do not clearly perceive the benefit to be derived from playing the pianoforte, never so well, with half the means within one's power. Mr. Flowers, of course, is aware of its immense advantage and utility, or he would never have expended so much time and pains in mastering the difficulty.

Mr. Flowers asserts that he never stated his "chalk" or "muscular" exercises—I really don't know which epithet to use, not understanding what either means—would cure consumption; but he strongly maintains that it will prevent it. Now, copying Mr. French Flower's offer, I will give "any man £20 *scientifically*" who can prove to me the logic of this. The cure of consumption is a fact; its prevention is a matter of supposition. Even though the hereditary taint were strong in a patient, and the disease kept under by a particular course of treatment, the knowledge of the prevention could not be immediate or instinctive, as it would take a long time to discover, with anything approaching to certainty, that it had been hindered from encroaching on the system. And yet, after a few weeks' consideration and a few fancied experiments, a musician, not profoundly skilled even in his own art, comes forward and loudly declares that his "chalk system" can effect that which the medical world, founded on the wisdom and experience of ages, has pronounced an impossibility.

I love an enthusiast—none indeed else could have dreamt of learning to play a fugue with one hand—and I make every allowance for Mr. French Flowers, who I believe to be a most humane gentleman, one who, even to support his theory, would not do Christian or Heathen wrong. I wish therefore to tender him an honest piece of advice. If he desire seriously to have his system succeed, let him refrain from writing in its behalf. Prose or poetry such as he indites and logic such as he employs would ruin the best cause that ever claimed attention from universal mankind. There may be a vast deal of good in "Chalk" or "Muscles," or both—I do not deny it for a moment. But the first thing necessary to a system is that it should be clearly understood. Mr. Flowers has attempted the expounding of his theory in prose and verse, and yet no one understands what he expounds. This would prove fatal to any speculation; and consequently the best thing he could do would be to begin *de novo*, and to entrust the elucidation of his chalk treatment to one who can write and reason without transgressing the rules of grammar, or violating the obligations of common sense.

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

CATHEDRAL ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—All honor to Dr. S. S. Wesley, who is indeed a great man. But is he really the only one who "honors his appointment much more than he is honored by it?" Decidedly he is not. Surely at our own St. Paul's Cathedral we have a great player in Mr. George Cooper, and a composer of no mean pretensions in Mr. Goss. I make no doubt, Sir, that at some of our country Cathedrals good players could be found, who, but for the well-known difficulty of *profitably* publishing musical works of a *solid* character, would be recognised as composers of genius. With your remarks upon Sir F. G. Ouseley I entirely agree. If any one man is to be set up as judge in matters of this sort, it should surely be a man who has *done something*. Now what Sir F. G. Ouseley has done beyond composing third-rate anthems is matter of wonderment to,

Sir,—Your obedient Servant,

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE only event of consequence since I wrote is the *reprise* of *Moïse*, on Monday 28th ult. at the Grand Opéra, which has been effected with extraordinary care and magnificence. The performance was received with enthusiasm. This enthusiasm, however, in my opinion, was chiefly for the music, as I failed to discover anything remarkable in the singers. Of one thing I am certain—the performance would not have altogether satisfied Covent Garden audiences, more especially those who remembered Tamberlik, Tamburini, Castellan, Zelger and others, when the Opera was brought out by Mr. Gye, in 1850, under the name of *Zora*. The band and chorus were, as you may suppose, good, and the ballet splendid. Mdlle. Battu sustained the character of Anais; M. Warot that of Amenophis; M. Faure, Pharaon; and M. Obin, Moise. Unfortunately, M. Warot, doubtless over-anxious about his music, was incapable of singing on the second night, and thus *Moïse* was laid aside until the tenor had recovered. Meanwhile, all the Parisian talk in musical circles was about Rossini's music, which is indeed in his grandest and most inspired manner, and only surpassed—if surpassed—by his *Guillaume Tell*. *Moïse*, as the majority of your readers are aware, is an adaptation of *Mose in Egitto*, which was produced in Naples in 1818. When, some twelve years afterwards, Rossini was at Paris he made great alterations in *Mosé* and numerous additions, in order to befit it for the French stage. Among the pieces newly written were the introduction—not excelled in beauty and variety by any similar piece from his pen; the chorus without accompaniment, "Dieu de la paix, dieu de la guerre," and another chorus in the first act (nearly the entire first act, indeed, was re-written); all the ballet music—how delicious, it is not for me to say; the splendid soprano air, "Quelle horrible destinée," and, far finer than all, the grand *finale* to the third act, which transcends even that to the first act of *Semiradmide*, and would be Rossini's most masterly achievement had he not composed the meeting of the Cantons in *Guillaume Tell*. This *finale*, when well executed, never fails to create an immense effect; and to give the "Academy" all the credit it deserves, it has put forth its whole strength to do the "composer of its idolatry" justice. But its strength scarcely suffices for Rossini's music. I missed those high vibrating tones which with Tamberlik had such an electric effect, and which seem to be necessary to the music. M. Warot exerted himself to the utmost, but he was either incompetent or unwell—possibly the latter.

Mdlle. Battu agreeably surprised those who had heard her at the Italiens. She sang the music of Anais extremely well, and may be said to have made a hit. M. Faure was excellent in Pharaon, except in the celebrated duet with Amenophis, "Parlar, Spiegar, non posso," in which his want of flexibility was even more apparent than in Fernando (*La Gazza Ladra*.) This duet, you may remember, was one of the unequalled achievements of Rubini and Tamburini in the old days of Her Majesty's Theatre, and was wont to bring down the whole house in a storm of applause. By the way it has just come back to me through a long vista of recollections, that the name given to *Moïse*, or *Mose in Egitto*, when it was first produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, was *Pietro L'Eremita*. No opera has gone so varied a baptismal round as this; *Mose in Egitto—Moïse—Pietro L'Eremita—Zora*—the last two for fear of your Lord Chamberlain. Should any musical Brough, Burnand, or Byron, take it into his head to burlesque Rossini's opera, I would recommend him to take for its title *Moses and Sons*. Mdlle.

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Fioretti, an Italian dancer of celebrity, made a highly successful *début* in the ballet, and was well supported by Mdlle. Fonta and Mdlle. Vernon. A *pas de trois* by the three artists was enthusiastically applauded. After—to the disappointment of all musical Paris—a suspension of a whole week, the performances of *Moïse* were resumed on Monday night, and I need hardly say that the attendance was one of the most numerous and brilliant ever seen at the Opera. I have been assured that every place in the house is secured up to the tenth representation. The singing of M. Warot, who had entirely recovered, and seemed, moreover, all the better for his rest, was quite another affair than that of the first night, and no doubt he will improve further still, after a few performances. I consider the success of *Moïse* a grand triumph for music, and hope, for the sake of you, poor Londoners, who are obliged to put up with so many indifferent works during the season at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, that Melpomene may inspire Mr. Mapleson or Mr. Gye to bring out Rossini's magnificent opera this year.

At the Théâtre Italien the last representations of Madame De La Grange (—De Lagrange—La Grange—or Lagrange—I wish the lady would signify to the public the correct mode of writing her name—) and Signor Fraschini have at length been given. The production of *Rigoletto* has sadly reflected on M. Bagier's management, and the subscribers are grievously offended. The public simply ignore the performance at the Italiens and go to hear the opera at the Théâtre-Lyrique, where it is much better done. It is ill for the theatre of which the manager has more money than brains.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti made her *rentreé* on Sunday in the *Sonnambula*, and had an uproarious reception. Her coming may tend to allay the indignation of the subscribers. Now, indeed, the real season of the Italiens may be said to have commenced.

PROVINCIAL.

Cork.—*The Cork Examiner* of the 31st ult. contains the following notice of a performance of the *Barbiere*, which was given on the 30th, at the Theatre Royal, by the Madame Tonnelier company:—

"Every production of the *Barber of Seville* in Cork must be regarded with the greatest delight, and that it was felt so the crowded house last night warmly testified. Every part of the building was filled to overflowing, and the audience seemed heartily to appreciate the merits of the performance. The manner in which the opera was produced was creditable to the company. The principal singers gave high satisfaction, and in many cases were loudly applauded. The Rosina of Madame Tonnelier displayed her powers as a vocalist in a school of music she had not this season tried—that of the most brilliant fioriturist who ever wrote. Her rendering of "*Una voce poco fa*" showed that her powers were fully equal to the task,—a proof still more fully given in the duet, "Dunque io son." The Figaro of Mr. Durand a Cork audience is well acquainted with, and it is needless to say more than that it was as lively and comic in acting and as excellent in singing as ever. The cavatina went well, while in the "All' idea," and the duet with Rosina, Mr. Durand was better than good. Mr. Bowler continues to give satisfaction. His Almaviva exhibited proofs of talent as an actor and ability as singer. The Bartolo of Mr. Summers was good, and Basil—unfortunately reduced to a nonentity—was personated by Mr. Connell. A great deal of the success of the opera was due to the orchestra, which assumes in the *Barber* an especial prominence. Under the able direction of Mr. Cooper, it gave satisfaction, from the first note of the overture to the end of the finale. The chorus too—who have, however, properly speaking, no existence in the opera—were all up in the incidental bits entrusted to them; and the curtain fell on a performance, taken altogether, satisfactory"

If *Examiner* examined more closely he would find that the chorus in the *Barbiere* have an existence, and a most important one—"properly speaking." His hearing must have been dull and his intelligence duller on the 30th ult., to have allowed him to overlook in the performance the opening chorus, the "Grazie" chorus, and the Grand Finale to the first act, in which the chorus is employed with Mozartean power. Let *Examiner* examine more closely the next time the *Barbiere* is played. He will find the chorus have an existence, properly speaking, even "in the *incidental bits* entrusted to them."

THE ASTLEY'S PANTOMIME.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Mr. E. T. Smith accomplishes every thing he undertakes with the magical alacrity of Harlequin. In a twinkle of his quick eye, and a shake of his big purse, things assume life which before existed *not*. Thus sprung up the famous music-hall in Leicester Square, the superb *restaurant* in Coventry Street, and other brilliant establishments too numerous to mention. Mr. Smith never does any thing slowly or deliberately. It is his idiosyncracy to be in a hurry, and so strong is this point of character, that he is never successful unless he dashes *at* an enterprise with apparently no time to carry it *out*. His new scheme—the management of Astley's—which he seems to have viewed as a diversion for the Christmas holidays—is no exception to this rule. Three weeks before Christmas Mr. Smith signed the lease, and in this short time the capital pantomime was written, the scenery painted, the dresses made, the large and excellent company engaged and drilled to produce a result that may favourably compare with all the other pantomimes conceived at Midsummer.

Friar Bacon owes its authorship, I believe, to the same unabashed pen that has served for Smith so often and so well at Drury Lane. Nothing can be gayer, nothing more exciting. The "*péripetie*" never flags. New scenes, new figures, succeed each other with giddy rapidity, the interest being so artfully sustained that the story can be understood by merely an occasional glance at the stage. The action is hindered by no small talk, there being just sufficient verse and song to uncover the plot. It is a pantomime proper of the genuine old cast, and the company are well trained to give effect to its author's imaginings. The dresses are as various as splendid. At one instant the tempting *corps de ballet* appear as a fairy array, and at the next surprise us in their natural costume, as "angels of the transparent realm of bliss," I cannot allow myself to speak of the ladies—they are all so unspeakably indescribable;* and I should hardly recommend any gentleman to visit the theatre whose matrimonial "proclivities" are not of a firm and uncompromising character. The principal parts in the pantomime are well filled. Miss Craven especially makes a capital Chaucer; but when I remember the representatives of Oberon, Robin Goodfellow and Imagination, I can merely refer my readers (with a sigh) to the playbills. It is with regret I saw those angels disappear in blue fire, and the "realms of bliss" hidden from view by the shutters of an advertising and detestable tradesman. Mr. Smith's Harlequinade quintet is as good as the rest of his company; but I must decline being enthusiastic about Clown and Pantaloon, after spending the evening with fairies, and so conclude with a round assertion that they knocked each other about with unperturbed and unrelenting vigor.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Chopperfield Coombe.

Nottingham—(*From a Correspondent, Jan. 5th*).—The 48th Concert of Chamber Music took place at the Assembly Rooms, when the subscribers were treated to an entire Spohr night. The following was the programme:—

Quartet—Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.—Op. 45, E minor; Duo—Piano and Violin, in E, Op. 112; Quintetto—Piano, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.

The executants in the quartet were Messrs. Henry Farmer, Kirkby, Myers and Selby; in the duo, Messrs. Shelmerdine and H. Farmer; and in the quintet, all five. The entire concert was a success, and the elaborate music of Spohr was exceedingly well rendered by the whole of the performers, and thoroughly enjoyed by the subscribers. It is a most charming as well as a masterly composition. We have had a "Mendelssohn," a "Beethoven" and a "Spohr" night during this season. The next will be a miscellaneous programme and include the names of Mendelssohn, Niels Gade and Marschner. These concerts are most interesting to musicians and are much appreciated by subscribers. It is to be hoped they will go on and prosper.

Pewsey.—Amateur Concert.—On Wednesday evening week, the members of the Pewsey Choral Association gave the first Concert of the season, in aid of various local charities. The attendance was excellent, the programme was most judiciously arranged, and the performance in every way most admirable. A performance and attendance so encouraging as this will, it is to be hoped, result in another Concert, at no very remote period.

* "Oh! Mr. Coombe!"—*Printer's Devil.*

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PATTI IN PARIS.

(*Au Rédacteur du* MUSICAL WORLD).

MONSIEUR.—Adelina Patti a fait dimanche sa rentrée aux Italiens dans la *Sonnambula*. En choisissant, à son retour au milieu de nous, le rôle d'Amina, Adelina Patti cédait en quelque sorte à la superstition du succès: elle fêtait un heureux anniversaire et semblait dire aux habitués de Ventadour: "C'est dans ce rôle que vous m'avez applaudie pour la première fois: en le reprenant, je me souviens." Et en effet, la fiancée d'Elvino n'avait eu qu'a se montrer l'an dernier au public parisien pour le conquérir et lui tourner la tête. Deux grands yeux étonnés, un sourire pétillant d'intelligence, les premiers accents d'une voix jeune comme le printemps, veloutée comme la pêche, pure comme le cristal, il n'en fallut pas davantage. Ce fut une surprise et ce fut un délire! Pour employer l'image d'un poète latin, "les flèches d'un enfant frappèrent au but sans dévier: *certas habuit puer ille sagittas.*" Enfant, et enfant gâté, Adelina Patti eut cette joie de l'être après avoir chanté la première cavatine d'Amina. A la vérité, les étourderies de vocalisation de la jeune cantatrice scandalisèrent quelques esprits trop sérieux ou trop exigeants. Ils trouvèrent que la turbulence de ses *points d'orgue* allait un peu loin, notamment dans le *Barbier de Séville*, où Rosine ne se bornait pas à jouer avec les vocalises de Rossini, mais les mettait en pièces: le public laissa ces trouble-fête hocher la tête et bouder dans leur coin; leur tournant le dos, il redoubla de sourires et d'applaudissements pour la chanteuse terrible. Quand bien même la critique, si difficile à satisfaire, aurait eu cent fois raison contre la Patti et contre le public, elle avait tort. A quoi bon, à l'instar des truites, remonter le courant d'un grand succès? Homme ou poisson, c'est fatiguer son esprit ou ses nageoires en pure perte. Cela n'empêche ni l'eau de couler, ni le courant de précipiter l'enthousiasme. Et puis, c'est un bien petit argument que celui qui consiste à venir dire aux gent ravis par les accents d'une voix jeune, chaude, sympathique: "Prenez garde! vous avez tort d'être ravis." Au fond, c'est puéril, car c'est jouer la scène du pédant du *Marriage forcé;* à l'exemple de Marphurius, c'est venir dire à Sganarelle, dont les oreilles tintent de plaisir: "Il m'apparaît que la Patti est là, il me semble qu'elle chante; mais il n'est pas assuré que sela soit." En même temps que cette portion de la critique dont je parle faisait une maladresse, elle commettait une injustice. Elle reprenait, chez une virtuose de vingt ans, des écarts contre le goût propuits par la fermentation de la jeunnesse, et affichant un dédain superbe pour les dons naturels, elle contemplait la pettite Patti du haut des quarante années de telle ou telle cantatrice, mûre au point de tomber! Parce que, rien qu'en faisant sonner sa voix au timbre irrésistible, Amina, Lucie ou Rosine trainait des foules après soi, comme si elle se fût appelée Malibran ou Sontag, et la critique se courrouçait fort qu'une jeune fille à ses débuts n'eût pas le mécanisme de Sontag et la passion de Malibran!—Eh! chère dame critique, ne soyez ni plus exigeante ni plus pressée que la nature, qui nous donne ses fleurs en Mai et ses fruits en Octobre: ne vous plaignez donc point de ce que les roses ne sont pas bonnes à manger!

Adelina Patti a retrouvé le public de l'an dernier fidèle à son engouement. Elle a été accueillie à son entrée en scène par cinq ou six salves d'applaudissements et rappelée quatre fois dans la soirée. Seuls les bouquets n'étaient point de la fête, et je l'en félicite, car les pluies de fleurs me sont suspectes. *Les cantatrices se chargent volontiers elles-mêmes de faire au théâtre la pluie et le beaux temps,*—et le beau temps, c'est la pluie des roses, des camelias et des lilas printaniers. On a jeté force bouquets à Mme. de la Grange,—*le soir de son départ,*—et, cette fois, je comprends et j'approuve la galanterie du public parisien. Les Madrilènes, sur ce point délicat, sont loin d'avoir notre politesse; quand le talent d'un chanteur leur agrée peu ou pas du tout: "A Paris, à Paris!" crient-ils de façon à être entendus de M. Bagier, leur directeur et le nôtre.

La Patti a chanté, avec l'élan juvénile que vous lui connaissez, sa cavatine et son *rondo* final. Outre le charme suave et pénétrant de sa voix, ce qui m'en plaît, c'est la justesse dans l'audace: je puis goûter mon plaisir en toute sûreté. Peut-être pourrait-on reprocher à la chanteuse de ne pas toujours finir un morceau aussi bien qu'elle l'a commencé; ce défaut m'a paru sensible dans la cabalette de son premier air. C'est dans l'art de dire l'andante et de finir un morceau que le Diable est incomparable. La Patti joue avec un naturel plein de finesse son rôle de villageoise On ne pourrait rendre avec plus de vérité qu'elle ne le fait la scène de somnambulisme qui amène le dénoûment, ni dire avec un charme plus poétique les phrases à demi-voix coupées par le dialogue de l'orchestre. Le gros du public ne sent pas ce qu'il y a dans cette scène de simplicité et de vérité; mais on sent grand artiste qu'à la condition de chanter un peu pour soi.

Paris, Jan. 12, 1864. UN FRANÇAIS A PARIS.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The rehearsals of M. Gounod's *Faust* have commenced. The opera will be produced in a week or ten days.

ADELINA PATTI AT MADRID.

[The following enthusiastic account of Adelina's farewell benefit at Madrid, forwarded to us by a correspondent, will read best as it stands—in pure Castilian.—ED. M. W.]

El miércoles se verificó el beneficio de la Senorita Patti en el teatro Real representándose, como habiamos anunciado, el primer y tercer acto de *Sonnámbula* y primero de *Traviata*. Esta funcion fué de lo mas brillante que ha tenido lugar en el régio Coliseo, y formará época gloriosa para la jóven y encantadora artista. Todas las clases de la corte, acudieron á tributarla homenage, y el vasto recinto completamente lleno, ostentando en los palcos las mas hermosas damas, presentaba un magnífico espectáculo. Cantó la beneficiada de un modo mas que nunca admirable los mencionados actos de la *Sonnámbula*, y en ambos la ovacion que recibió, fué estraordinaria é imponente. Aplausos y bravos atronadores que estallaban por todas partes; monstruosos ramos de riquísimas flores que continuamente caian en el escenario; palomas, pájaros, canarios hermosisimos que volaban en todas direcciones; composiciones poéticas de todas clases y colores que llovian de las altas regiones é inundaban la platea y el escenario; un júbilo, una alegría, una satisfaccion que se pintaba en el semblante de los espectadores, y el entusiasmo, en fin, que avasallaba á todo el mundo, formaban un todo tan bello y tan agradable, que bien se puede sentir, pero no espresar.

La Diva de la fiesta se escedió á sí misma; nunca cantó con mas dulzura y gusto, nunca con mayor sentimiento se hizo intérprete de las sublimes inspiraciones de Bellini. Pero lo que acabamos de decir y que no es mas que una pálida sombra de la realidad en lo que concierne á la *Sonnámbula*, es bien poca cosa aun, ne comparacion del triunfo que alcanzó la Adelina Patti en el primer acto de la *Traviata*. La jóven y candorosa *Amina*, se trasformó en la elegante y coqueta Dama de las Camelias, en la bella y seductora *Violetta;* la cual, aunque pudo dar oido á las lisonjas de sus adoradores, no pudo, sin embargo, barrar el candor de su rostro, espejo fiel de los nobles sentimientos que aun reinaban en su alma. Una *Violetta* como la Patti, bien se la puede ver, oir, admirar y aplaudir, en cualquier escena, sin asociar á ella idea alguna que pueda afear la hermosura del cuadro. En el famoso brindis, hizo portentos de agilidad esta sublime cantora, y en el ária final consiguió el mas gran triunfo á que puede aspirar cualquier artista por célebre que sea.

No tuvo límites el entusiasmo del público, que con palmadas, bravos y frenéticos gritos, victoreaba á la jóven artista y la cubria de flores y de poesías, renovándose con mas colosales proporciones el espectáculo descrito arriba. Varias coronas cayeron á sus pies, y otras, como antes, le fueron presentadas desde los palcos inmediatos al proscenio. Llamada no sabemos cuántas veces, tuvo que presentarse á recibir las mas vivas, las mas espontáneas y sinceras demostraciones de agrado, de cariño entusiasmo, del escogido y numerosísimo público. Honda impresion ha hecho esta fiesta en el corazon de todos los que asistieron a ella, y podemos asegurar, que no se borrará tan fácilmente de la artista á quien fué dedicada, pues quedó sumamente conmovida.

En el lugar correspondiente, reproducimos algunas de las composiciones poéticas, que se arrojaron á la Senorita Patti en la noche de que nos ocupamos. JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR.

Madrid, Jan, 12, 1864.

[The "*composiciones poeticas*" have been placed in the hands of Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton, who will doubtless make good use of them.—ED.]

PARIS.—Auber's new opera, *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, was produced at the Opéra Comique on Sunday evening with brilliant success.

THE SHAKESPEARE CHOIR.—Mr. G. W. Martin ie organizing a choir of one thousand voices for a grand performance of the *Macbeth* music, and other compositions connected with the writings of Shakespeare, on the 23d of April next, the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. Mr. Martin is also arranging for a performance of one of Handel's oratorios, in aid of the funds of the National Shakespeare Committee.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—Mr. Aguilar has been giving a series of *matinées* of pianoforte music at his residence, during the holidays. They have been fully and fashionably attended. On Monday week the following pieces were given:—

Sonata (Op. 7)—Beethoven; Le Désir—Aguilar; Tarantelle—Thalberg; "Un Rêve"—Ravina; L'Invitation Pour la danse—Weber; Sonata in G—Aguilar; 3 songs without words—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *Faust*—Aguilar; La Charité—Liszt; A Dream Dance and March—Aguilar.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AUGENER & Co.—"Thoughts of the past," song by W. Seymour Smith.

SEELY, JACKSON & HALLIDAY.—*The Church of England Temperance Magazine.*

ADDISON & LUCAS.—"Farewell, beloved," song by Alfred Read.

A TRIFLE FROM INDIA.

(*From "Punch."*)

Chanting to himself, *Mr. Punch* announceth his satisfaction with something.

"Over the sea, over the sea,
Cometh a bit of good sense to P.
Which he's been missing too long."

He has been reading, for a good while, a good many criticisms. as they are politely called, upon music. And it appears to him that the critics, as they are politely called, who write these things, have been driven, by the profound contempt which all decent people must feel for the music of the Music Hall, into an unwarranted dislike for everything that is simply pleasant. Now, no person will accuse *Mr. Punch* of wanting appreciation for really High Art. Nothing can be too high for him, except game. But he denies, in the face of certain critics, as they are politely called, that everything you Don't Like is high art, and he also denies that everything you Do Like is not high art. And having for sometime meditated a great kick at folks who cannot be content with applauding Haydn and Beethoven (whom no man can applaud so vociferously as *Mr. Punch*) but must abuse such men as write real music that appeals more easily to the sympathies, *Mr. Punch* finds something like what he meant to say, said over the sea.

In the *Bombay Saturday Review* there is a very clever article on Pseudo-Germanism, and this passage *Mr. Punch* inclines to pitch at the critics, as they are politely called:—

[We have sent the passage to Mr. Dishley Peters, as it relates to his department.—ED. M. W.]

Here be truths. And we should like to hear the *Musical World*, which, nevertheless, can sometimes say a thing which is not utterly and altogether away from the purpose, answer this before we hear anything more against *Il Trovatore*. We are doubly pleased to advance these views just now, because we are thoroughly enraged with the Germans. No people with harmony in their souls could have played the thorough bass part which is indicated by the tenor of German policy, and we are discontented with their Execution, with their Pretender's overture, and in fact with the whole German Band.

LAW.

LEADER *v.* RHYS.—(*Exchequer.*)—Action under Dramatic Copyright Act, for unauthorised representation of piece, of which plaintiff was proprietor, entitled *Roll of Drum*. Point was shortly—whether plaintiff, being assignee of piece, was entitled to recover, he not having been registered proprietor. Montagu Williams and Day argued for plaintiff; H. T. Cole, R. E. Turner, and Stephenson for defendant. Court decided in favour of plaintiff, as there had been assignment of right to represent, and action was for infraction of right, and not of literary copyright.

BROWN *v.* E. T. SMITH.—(*Exchequer.*)—Action tried before Baron Bramwell to recover price of dog sent for exhibition at Dog Show, Cremorne Gardens. Jury found verdict for plaintiff,—£15. Pearce moved for rule to set verdict aside on ground that verdict was perverse, and against evidence. Evidence went to prove that every possible precaution had been taken by defendant during show to protect dogs sent for exhibition. Entrances guarded by police, and men employed to watch dogs. Court, before granting or refusing rule, would consult learned judge who tried cause. After several motions new trial paper proceeded with.

GLASGOW.—M Méhul has given the first of a series of pianoforte recitals in the Queen's Rooms. He selected compositions from various well-known writers, arranged with a view to contrast. Without in any way detracting from M. Thalberg we may state that many present seemed fully as well pleased with M. Méhul as they had been some time previously with the Emperor of the "Arpeggios." M. Méhul throws a softness and expression into his playing which was especially noticeable in the *Feuille D'Album* of Gade. This he gave with a tenderness that enchanted his hearers and won him an encore. A rondo by Beethoven was performed with a lightness of touch that imparted a characteristic "lilt" to its melody; while in two other pieces M. Méhul showed a firm and decisive hand in passages requiring strength of expression.

FREEHOLD LAND IN HERTS AND EAST SURREY.—The Conservative Land Society has just acquired two new estates, the one at the increasing malting town of Bishop Stortford, 32 miles from London by the Great Eastern, and the other in Plough Lane, Battersea, close to the branches of the "all round the town railway" lines, and Wandsworth station on the South Western, within a short distance of Battersea Park, and the new Chelsea Bridge. The society has now 50 estates in 20 Counties, nearly half a million of money having been expended in land purchases, and public works, such as roads, ornamental gardens, sites for Churches, &c.

THE ROUND, CATCH AND CANON CLUB.—This society held its fifth meeting at Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday evening, under the presidency of Mr. Francis (gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal). About sixty members and visitors sat down to dinner. After grace, *Te Deum Laudate*, the following glees:—"Sweet is evening" (Horsley); "Now the storm begins to lower" (Horsley); "Come gentle zephyr" (Horsley); "Hark! heard ye not" (Goss); "T'other day as I sat" (Goss); "Marked you her eye" (Spofforth); the catch, "Poor Thomas Day," &c.; were sung by Messrs. Francis and Baxter (altos), Montem Smith, Gear, and Walker (tenors), Lawler, Bradbury, and Winn (basses). The management of this club devolves upon the professional members, each of whom in turn takes the chair, and is alone responsible for the entertainment. Since its establishment two old and well-known societies have ceased to exist—"The Melodists," of which the late Duke of Cambridge was president, and the "Glee Club." The exclusive noblemen and gentlemen's Catch Club, and the Round, Catch, and Canon Club are now the only institutions of the kind at which English glees can be heard well sung at a convivial board.

MUSIC AT SERVICE.—The Rev. Oriel Bland (who has come to perform the duty for an absent friend, at a small Country Church.) "I suppose a Hymn is sung in the usual simple manner." *Clerk.* "Oh dear no, Sir; we have a very efficient Choir of Singers, besides three Violins, three Flutes. a Clarinet, Accordion, Horn, and my Bass Fiddle; and we sing Four Hymns, besides Chaunting the Psalms and Litany; we know Mozart's Twelfth Service, and to-day we perform Purcell's "Te Deum and Jubilate," besides our usual Anthem; and, Sir, you need not trouble yourself to read the Belief, for we sing that too; and, Sir, would you prefer our tuning-up for the last piece during your Exordium, or at the Blessing, for my Bass Fiddle will drop half a note during Service, and——" [The Rev. O.B., turns pale and asks for a Glass of Water.]—*Punch.*

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Concerts have recently been given at these rooms by M. Aloof, and certain members of the musical profession, on behalf of Signor Doca, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, but now in very unflourishing circumstances. M. Aloof is a young violin player of promise. He was assisted by Miss Grace Lindo, Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Aptommas, and others. At Signor Doca's concert Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss C. Holmes, Mr. Fish, and Mr. Gordon Cleather sang, while there were several instrumental solos by experienced performers. The selection contained good things — among them, Beethoven's pianoforte quartet (op. 16). It is to be hoped that the benevolent friends of Signor Doca may not have been disappointed by the pecuniary results of their undertaking.

BLACKHEATH.—A concert was given on the 12th inst., on the occasion of the opening of the new Assembly Rooms. The artistes were Madame Rudersdorff, and Madame Helen Percy, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Lewis Thomas; Herr Otto Booth (violin), and Mr. Silney, (piano). "Il Bacio" by Madame Rudersdorff, and "Wapping old stairs," by Madame Percy, were encored, as well as Randegger's trio "I Naviganti," (the Mariners) sung by Madame Rudersdorff, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Lewis Thomas. Signor Randegger was the conductor.

DIE ROSE VON ERIN.—The production of Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, at Berlin, (under the above title), is postponed—in consequence of the indisposition of the *prima donna*—till the end of the present month.

TOULOUSE.—"Popular concerts" have found their way here as well as to other places,—thanks to the great success of the "Monday Populars" in London. At the first of the series, which came off the other day, in the Town Hall. the directors provided the public with the subjoined bill of fare:—A major symphony (Mendelssohn), Haydn's "Kaiser Franz Variations," Polonaise from *Struensee*, and the overtures to *Preciosa* and *Oberon*.

BARCELONA.—Madame Volpini has accepted a brilliant engagement at the Liceo.

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BORDEAUX.—Sig. Sivori performed at the first Philharmonic Concert, where he was most warmly received. The pieces selected by him were Paganini's concerto in B minor; the "Carnival of Venice" (which he had to repeat); and, with Madame Tardieu de Maleville, Thalberg and Beriot's duet on *Les Huguenots*. The lady played alone Beethoven's concerto in C minor with great expression.

LEIPSIC.—The programme of the eleventh Gewandhaus Concert was composed as follows:—Cantata for solos, chorus, and orchestra (J. Seb. Bach, first time): soloists, Madlle. Dora Narz, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Herr Julius Stockhausen; overture (Op. 124) Beethoven; New-Year's Song, for solos, chorus, and orchestra, by R. Schumann, first time: soloists, Madlle. Narz and Herr Stockhausen; and C major symphony, Franz Schubert.

MUNICH.—Baron von Perfall's new opera, *Das Conterfei*, words by M. Schleich, was produced for the first time on the 22nd ult., and achieved a tolerable success. The house was crowded to suffocation.

ROSTOCK.—Herr Joseph Tichatschek has just left, after having fulfilled a "star" engagement of a fortnight. Before his departure, he was serenaded by the artists belonging to the theatre.

TURIN.—According to the paper called the *Trovatore*, the number of new operas produced, during the past year, in Italy, amounted to twenty. They were mostly the works of young composers.

CARLSRUHE.—Shakespeare's *Tempest*, with Herr Taubert's music, was performed, for the first time here, a week or two ago.

NAPLES.—The season at the San Carlo opened with *Guillaume Tell*.

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VOL. 42—No. 3. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864. PRICE {4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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Mdlle. FLORENCE LANCIA.

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CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(*Continued from page* 36.)

Even his biographer has been unable to clear up the obscurity which hangs over C. M. von Weber's real birthday. The supposition that it is the 18th December, 1786, is based upon a written note of the composer's father, in which, however, the name of the month in Roman ciphers is not very plain. Besides, not much reliance is to be placed on Franz Anton, who, as is notorious, in public documents, frequently made his son a year younger. But in the family, the 18th December was always kept as Carl Maria's birthday. The other supposition is founded upon the parish register of Eutin. In this register, his baptism is stated to have taken place on the 20th November, according to which, as the Roman Catholic baptism is usually celebrated on the day of the birth or the next day, Carl Maria must have been born on the 18th (or 19th) November. The author states, moreover, that in after years Weber was fond of assuming this to be the true date, because then his own birthday and that of his wife, Caroline Brandt, fell together.

The principal fact, namely, that Weber was born in the year 1786, is certain, consequently, in his earliest childhood, as his father left Eutin as far back as 1787, to commence the irregular life of a theatrical manager, he scarcely ever had the benefit of any permanent place of abode where his mind could be properly educated and developed. He was taken with his father in the latter's wanderings, the course of which his biographer has very carefully traced, as far as it was possible to do so. They extended by way of Hamburgh, Vienna, Cassel, Meinigen, Nuremberg, Hildburghausen (1796), Salzburg (where Michael Haydn gave lessons to Carl Maria, who was then twelve years of age, and who lost his mother in that city), Munich (where he made the acquaintance of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, in which art he made such progress as to lithograph himself and publish "Six variations for the piano," of his own composition), &c., &c., to Freiberg in Saxony.

He here set to music *Das stumme Waldmädchen*, by the Baron von Steinsberg, who was stopping in the place with his company of actors. "The grand romantic, comic opera, music by a pupil of Haydn, C. M. von Weber, 13 years old," was played in October, 1800, at Chemintz, and, in November, at Freiberg. In the announcement making the composer a year younger than he was, and omitting the christian name "Michael" before "Haydn," we recognise Carl Maria's father. The opera had been well received at Chemintz. After it was performed at Freiberg, there appeared a short but mild and inoffensive criticism, in which it was stated that expectation had previously been excited to too high a pitch, &c. The young composer, of course in obedience to his father's order—answered this, and became involved, in consequence, in an exceedingly vexatious paper war. As a proof to what melancholy, nay, pernicious influences his mind and character might easily have succumbed, had not the inward power of genius at length awoke and triumphantly manifested itself, we will quote some passages from these first literary essays of Weber. Answer to the first criticism :—

"That my composition would not please, since a premeditated and base cabal, actuated by the most bitter envy and malevolence, gave the tone for its performance, and as an instrument out of tune can never sound well, was something I had to expect; why did the work please then at Chemnitz?—because—the instrument was in tune.—My own conscience and the testimony of great men and contrapuntists, who, by the way, must be somewhat rare here, put me at my ease, but my first blossoms were acknowledged as much as two years ago, and in the second volume of the celebrated Leipsic Musical Paper, as being already tolerably fine and ripe fruit: my original work, however, is open at all hours to the inspection of anyone, and I shall feel indescribably thankful to the person who will show me my faults and teach me something better. C. M. von W., Composer."

"Even if the style of this expectoration, as unpleasing as unwise, allowed of any doubt as to the boy's having only given his name to the effusion of Franz Anton's pen, it would be cleared up by a glance at the dispositions of the two persons. As was often subsequently the case, Franz Anton's hot temper, offensive vain-gloriousness and externality, already led his modest, simple son into differences which lay like dark shadows upon his life and disposition. With regard, however, to the praises which the celebrated Leipsic Musical Paper showered upon the boy's productions a year before (to say it was two years is not correct), we have already spoken of them, and shown they were very hypothetical."

Carl Maria's opponents were not silent, and so there appeared with his signature, in the supplement to No. 7 of the *Allgem-Freiberger Nachrichten*, two sharp replies. In the dry aggressive tone of these exercises in style there is a truly humorous audacity :—

"*Mein Herr Stadtmusicus*, you are very much mistaken if you believe I expected my work would be so very successful.—But every labourer is worthy of his hire, which by your performance has been infamously sacrificed; why did the grand rehearsal go so admirably? And why was the performance so wretched a one? It was not the worthy persons in the orchestra who were to blame, but your sleepy conductor,* who neglected his first duty, correct intonation; paid not the slightest attention to *forte* or *piano*, *crescendo* or *decrescendo*, and never marked the *tempo* according to the written directions; he thus deprived the picture of all light and shade, spoiling everything, and rendering it an impossibility for the work to succeed! Your envy and malevolence have consequently gained their end. In addition to this, it is not enough to find fault;—people must understand and be able to do the thing better than I myself. The composition of my opera is not an English dance.—That, according to your own confession, you are no theoretician in musical knowledge and counterpoint, I am very willing to believe, and hence your presumptuous censure contradicts itself; it is best for the shoemaker not to go beyond his last.—That I was born on the 18th December, 1787,† at half-past ten in the evening, my baptismal register testifies; therefore your favorite epithet: 'pretended' loses its force.—Oh, how deserving of pity is a composer who is compelled to see a work thus mangled! And now to answer your dear friend, whose aid you invoke in No. 5, etc."

"—I, too, could not help being surprised at your great audacity, *Herr Cantor*, in endeavovring to put down my opera *Das Waldmädchen*, merely in order to be praised and rewarded by your malevolent but truly devoted friend. Otherwise I know of no cause for your behaviour, as, *Herr Cantor*, I never offended you even by a look. How could you allow yourself to be induced to criticise a work, with which you have nothing in common? If I chose to discuss the matter *en détail* with you, the echo would not fail to sound rather rude; but this is contrary to my nature, and opposed to the principles of the education bestowed upon me. The point relating to the 'pretended' year of my birth has already been discussed in the answer above, but I may inform you further that my father married my mother in Vienna, on the 20th August, 1785. That I possess eminent intellectual gifts is a fact for which I thank my Creator; and that during my life, which at present has extended over only a short period, I have seen and heard more than many persons in fifty years is also a truth capable of being proved. That, moreover, I have been acknowledged by the greatest conductors of the first Courts and Royal Private Bands as one who has properly and fundamentally studied counterpoint, and consequently understands how to treat correctly the instruments, as well as words, harmony and rhythm, together with the vocal parts, serves to tranquillise me, thus it is only palpable envy and malevolence which find faults! Good Heaven! I do not wish to become a *Cantor* or a *Stadtmusicus*, and am fully aware that, for both these places, I am, on many accounts wanting in the necessary knowledge and skill, etc. I am very ready to allow myself to be put right, and thank any one who will do so modestly, but not a person who comes domineering over me with arrogant pride. You, however, *mein Herr Cantor*, are not at all competent to judge me, and I will no more learn anything from you than I will entertain the reprehensible notion of teaching you aught. Furthermore, I have not the slightest ill-feeling against the worthy individuals of the orchestra here, and will also believe that the *Stadtmusicus* can conduct for them, *if he only chooses*. Unfortunately, however, with this opera, he has proved the contrary, and thus robbed me of the applause of a public generally so kindly and noble-minded, too noble-minded, indeed, to feel any inclination to smother the germ of a rising plant. A clear proof of this is afforded by our unbounded respect and enthusiastic love for the public of Freiberg, my father having left a celebrated capital and undertaken an expensive journey, in order to enjoy the intercourse of so kindly, upright, and friendly a public, and to spend the few remaining days of his old age in this noble circle.—And if I really had committed errors, it would not be at all astonishing, since I was too much pressed by the manager, and wrote the second act in four days (?), &c. I care as much for those who hate me as I care for rain-water. It flows by very soon, and if they shrink from me they must suffer God to be my help, &c. I beg to inform the unknown gentleman from Chemnitz that I pay no attention to the barking of small dogs. C. M. VON WEBER."

* Such I suppose to be the proper rendering of *Anführer*.—TRANSLATOR.

† An evident error, as the date of his birth is thus made to fall an entire year later than it really did.—THE AUTHOR.

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The squabble elicited two more insipid letters, *pro* and *con*, in one of which the writer congratulates Weber "on being really only thirteen, because he still has time to learn modesty," and ends by saying that the Webers had lost their footing in society, and left Freiberg.

In his autobiographical sketch, Weber informs us that *Das Waldmädchen*, which he himself calls "a most immature production, and only here and there not entirely devoid of invention," was more generally performed "than could be pleasing to himself." He says it was given 14 times in Vienna, and favourably received at Prague (where it was translated into Bohemian), as well as at St. Petersburgh. Despite of diligent researches, says his biographer, it has been impossible to find accounts of these performances, except of those in Vienna, where the opera was given, under the title of *Das Mädchen im Spessartwalde*, eight times, during the month of December, 1804, in the Leopoldstadt Theatre.

(*To be continued.*)

Leipsic.—The programme of the Gewandhaus-Concert, on the 7th inst., consisted of: Part 1.—"Suite" (No. 2), Franz Lachner, conducted by the composer; Recitative and Aria from *Faust*, Spohr, sung by Madlle. Ongeni, from Baden-Baden; "Frühlingsode," concerto for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniment, Joachim Raff, played by Mad. Ingenborg von Bronsart (first time). Part II.—Overture to *Les Abencerrages*, Cherubini; Cavatina, from *Semiramide*, Rossini, sung by Madlle. Ongeni; Solos for Pianoforte, played by Madame von Bronsart; Gavetto, Bach; Notturne, Chopin; Novellette, R. Schuman; and Overture in A Major, Julius Rietz. The programme of the concert on the 12th inst. included: Part I.—Overture to *Jessonda*, Spohr; Concerto for violoncello, composed and played by Signor Alfred Piatti; soprano Aria, with-chorus from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (Madlle. Julie Rothenberger); Fantasia for violoncello, composed and played by Sig. Alfred Piatti; Trio, from *Medea*, Cherubini. Part II.—Symphony, No. ix., Beethoven (soloists, Madlle. Rothenberger, Madlle. Assmann, Herr ——, and Herr Bergstein.)

Munich.—From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, there were altogether 310 performances at the Theatres Royal, of which 247 were given in the Court and National Theatres, and 63 in the Residenz-Theater. In these 310 performances were included 130 operatic representations, and 31 ballet-representations. The operatic novelties consisted of *Die Foskari*, by Max Zenger; *Lalla Rookh*, by Félicien David; *Der Vetter auf Besuch*, by George Krempelsetzer; and *Das Conterfei*, by Carl von Perfall. The revivals were *Fra Diavolo* (not played since 1860); *Le Domino Noir* (not played since 1840); *La Muette de Portici* (not played since 1860); *Tito* (not played since 1859); *Iphigenia in Aulis* (not played since 1859); *Die Schwestern von Prag* (not played since 1860). The operas performed most frequently were *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* (four times); *Le Domino Noir* (four times); *Rothkäppchan* (five times); *Rübezahl* (three times); *Lalla Rookh* (six times); *Faust* (ten times); *Der Vetter auf Besuch* (four times); *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (three times); *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten* (five times); *Le Prophète* (five times); *Robert Le Diable* (three times); *Guillaume Tell* (four times); *Der Fhaüslich Krieg* (three times); *Der Freischütz* (four times); and *Oberon* (three times).

Turin.—Among the new operas produced in Italy during the past year were: *Rienzi*, by Peri, Milan; *Feruccio*, by Maglioni, Florence; *Cincica Sismondi*, by Bridangali, Assici; *Zaira*, by Corona, Leghorn; *Piccard Donati*. by Masenzza, Leghorn; *Beatrice Cenci*, by Rota, Parma; *Vittoria*, by Bona, Genoa; *Ivanhoe*, by an unknown composer, Bastia; *Orio Soranzo*, Zescevich, Trieste; *Il Dì di Micheli*, by Quarenghi, Milan; *Rienzi*, by Kaschperoff, Florence; *Giovanna di Castilia*, by Battista; *La Fidanzata di Marco Bozzari*, by Frontini, Catania; *Ezzelino da Romano*, by Naberasco, Genoa; *Profugghi Fiamminghi*, by Faccio, Milan; *Il Riaprimento*, by Pincherle, Peruggia; and *Ladislao*, by Pisano, Florence. How many works of merit are there among these operas, and how many will ever be heard beyond the limits of Italy?

Stuttgardt.—The works performed at the first three subscription concerts of the King's Private Band, under the direction of Herr Eckert, were: Symphonies by Haydn (Nos. 3, 8, and 9); the four *Leonora* overtures; Schumann's overture, Scherzo and Finale; overture to *Das Laben für den Czaar*, Glinka; and overture to *Der Vampyr*, Lindpaintner. Herr D. Pruckner performed Franz Liszt's concerto in E flat major; while Herr Sieger executed the first movement of Paganini's concerto in D major, and, on the Beethoven night, that composer's two Romances.

The Hague.—Madlle. Artôt sang at the concert given by the "Diligentia" Society. The King and the Prince of Orange were present.

Liege.—Benoit's Cantata, composed for King Leopold's birthday, will shortly be performed.

EL DESDEN CON EL DESDEN.

The decided success of *Donna Diana* is sufficient to show that it is possible to content a theatrical public without those violent concentrations of interest, heightened by pictorial illustration, on which the name "sensation" is commonly bestowed. The complexities of this Spanish play are of character, and not of plot, and while it is redolent of that romantic passion which belongs to the comedies of Shakespeare, there is a severe simplicity in its construction which borders on the antique. Fancy the loves of Beatrice and Benedick carried on without the relief of a Dogberry and a Verges, without the serious accompaniment of Hero's wrongs, and *Much Ado About Nothing* would become much such a play as *El desden con el desden*. The obstinacy of a stubborn young lady of high degree is to be conquered; the means by which the conquest is achieved constitute the action of the piece. There is no single situation towards which any one of the actors works as to a point, or which absorbs the attention of the spectator. It is on the progress of the fable, on the gradual triumph of perseverance over obstinacy, that the interest of the piece depends. *El desden con el desden* has not only been adapted, but in a great measure re-written, by Mr. Westland Marston. Indeed, available as the plots of the Spanish dramatists have been to the poets of England and France on divers occasions, the passage of their dialogue across the Pyrenees would always have been found a sheer impossibility. We English are apt to grumble when one of the heroes of Corneille or Racine spins out a long yarn with no other interruption than the "Oui" of a dull confidant; but these talkers of the French stage were Spartans in brevity compared with their Spanish predecessors. It is sufficient to observe that Don Carlos (the Don Cesar of Mr. Marston) tells his story in no less than 300 lines, which flow continuously from his lips, without so much as an interrupting monosyllable, and that those lines are written in a *rima asonante*, demanding a recurrence of two final syllables with the vowels i and a, upwards of 150 times. No doubt, these metrical exploits, which demanded a remarkable talent of a particular kind in the poet, afforded an amount of pleasure to the Spanish ear which more than counterbalanced any tedium that might be consequent on prolixity. Effects of verse—the *rima asonante* sometimes giving place to rhyme, strictly so—were generally among the expedients by which the Spanish dramatist sought to charm his audience. In this very play, for instance, the soliloquy in the third act, in which Donna Diana confesses her love, is—in the original—a complete sonnet. But, with exceptions rare enough to prove the rule, the English, French, and Germans have settled that verse-dramas should be written in only one sort of metre, and even when the plays of Terence are performed at Westminster School, the dialogue is treated as mere prose, and no attempt is made to render sensible that distinction between iambics and trochaics, which were, no doubt, recognised by the more refined portions of a Roman public. Hence the Spanish dramatists have furnished their neighbours, both Continental and insular, with plots only, while the Castilian tone remains the inalienable property of the Spanish nation. It may be added that even the most fervent passages of Spanish lovers abound with ingenious conceits that cause them to fall frigidly upon the foreigner, who cannot help thinking that he is rather witnessing the display of a brilliant fancy than listening to the outpourings of an impassioned heart. When the sympathies of the Princess's audience are strongly moved by utterances of any of the characters in *Donna Diana*, we may rest assured that it is not old Moreto, but Mr. Westland Marston, who is addressing them. An adaptation from the Spanish is not the same sort of thing as an adaptation from the French, and in this, his best work, Mr. Marston fairly earns the commendation due to an original poet.

Shakespeare in Germany.—Dr. Franz Dingelstedt, the indefatigable General Intendant of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar, has issued a circular, stating that the first four plays of the announced cyclus of Shakespeare's historical dramas (viz., *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, both parts, and *Henry the Fifth*) will be represented on the Weimar stage in the course of this month. The whole of the intending cyclus (embracing, besides the above mentioned plays, *Henry the Sixth*, both parts, and *Richard the Third*) will be acted, night after night, in the week following Easter, thus introducing to Germany, in a grand style, the jubilee of the English poet. Much is expected from these representations, on a stage which not only boasts of its old classical traditions, but may well be proud, too, of its present energetic and truly artistic management. Dr. Dingelstedt's last great success (in fact, the event of the German stage during the season) was the representation, on one day, of Schiller's trilogy of *Wallenstein*. It took place, in celebration of Schiller's birthday, on the 9th of November last, the *Lager* being acted from 11 to 12 o'clock in the morning: the *Piccolomini* from 2 to 4 in the afternoon; and the *Death of Wallenstein* from 6 to 10 in the evening. Notwithstanding this strange arrangement, the result appears to have been most satisfactory.—*Galignani*.

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PAER AND BERNADOTTE.

Portogallo's *La Donna di Genio Volubile* was about to be represented before a large number of officers under the command of Bernadotte, when suddenly it appeared impossible to continue the performance, owing to the very determined indisposition of the *primo basso*. This gentleman had gone to bed in the middle of the day, disguised as an invalid. He declared himself seriously unwell in the afternoon, and in the evening sent a message to the theatre to excuse himself from appearing in Portogallo's opera. Paer and his wife understood what this meant. The performance was for Madame Paer's benefit; and Olivieri, the perfidious *basso*, from private pique, had determined, if possible, to prevent it taking place. Paer's spirit was roused by the attitude of the *prima buffo*, which was still that of a man confined to his bed; and he resolved to frustrate his infamous scheme, which, though simple, appeared certain of success, as no other comic *basso* was to be found anywhere near Udine. The audience was impatient, Madame Paer in tears, the manager in despair, when Paer desired that the performance might begin; saying, that Providence would send them a *basso* who would at least know his part, and that in any case Madame Paer must get ready for the first scene. Madame Paer obeyed the marital injunction, but in a state of great trepidation, for she had no confidence in the capabilities of the promised *basso*, and was not by any means sure that he even existed. The curtain was about to rise, when the singer, who was to have fallen from the clouds, walked quietly on to the stage, perfectly dressed for the part he was about to undertake, and without any sign of hesitation on his countenance. The *prima donna* uttered a cry of surprise, burst into a fit of laughter, and then rushed weeping into the arms of her husband, for it was Paer himself who had undertaken to replace the treacherous Olivieri. "No," said Madame Paer; "this is impossible. It shall never be said that I allowed you, a great composer, who will one day be known throughout Europe, to act the buffoon. No. The performance must be stopped." At this moment the final chords of the overture were heard. Poor Madame Paer resigned herself to her fate, and went weeping on to the stage to begin a comic duet with her husband, who seemed in excellent spirits, and commenced his part with so much verve and humor that the audience rewarded his exertions with a storm of applause. Paer's gaiety soon communicated itself to his wife. If Paer was to perform at all, it was necessary that his performance should outshine that of all possible rivals, and especially that of the miscreant Olivieri, who was now laughing between his sheets at the success which he fancied must have already attended his masterly device. The *prima donna* had never sung so charmingly before, but the greatest triumph of the evening was gained by the new *basso*. Olivieri, who previously had been pronounced unapproachable in Portogallo's opera, was now looked upon as quite an inferior singer compared to the *buffo caricato* who had so unexpectedly presented himself before the Udine public. Paer, in addition to his great histrionic ability, knew every note of *La Donna*. Olivieri had studied only his own part. Paer, in directing the rehearsals, had made himself thoroughly acquainted with all, and gave a significance to some portions of the music which had never been expressed or apprehended by his now defeated, routed, utterly confounded rival. At present comes the dark side of the picture. Olivieri, dangerously ill the night before, was perfectly well the next morning, and quite ready to resume his part in *La Donna di Genio Volubile*. Paer, on the other hand, was quite willing to give it up to him; but both reckoned without the military connoisseurs of Udine, and, above all, without Bernandotte, who arrived the day after Paer's great success, when all the officers of the staff were talking of nothing else. Olivieri was announced to appear in his old character; but when the bill was shown to the General, he declared that the original representative might go back to bed, for that the only *buffo* he would listen to was the illustrious Paer. In vain the director explained that the composer was not engaged as a singer, and that nothing but the sudden indisposition of Olivieri would have induced him to appear on the stage at all. Bernadotte swore he would have Paer, and no one else; and as the unfortunate *impressario* continued his objections, he was ordered into arrest, and informed that he should remain in prison untill the *maestro* Paer undertook once more the part of Pippo in Portogallo's opera. The general then sent a company of grenadiers to sorround Paer's house; but the composer had heard of what had befallen the manager, and, forseeing his own probable fate if he remained openly in Udine, had concealed himself and spread a report that he was in the country. Lancers and hussars were despatched in search of him, but naturally without effect. In the supposed absence of Paer, the army was obliged to accept Olivieri; and when six or seven representations of the popular opera had taken place, and the military public had become accustomed to Olivieri's performance of the part of Pippo, Paer came forth from his hiding place, and suffered no more from the warlike dilletantism of Bernadotte.

BELFAST.—(*From a Correspondent, Jan.* 21.)—Our Theatre Royal had not witnessed such a scene of confusion and excitement for a long time as it did on Saturday the 16th inst., when Mr. G. V. Brooke was announced to perform the character of Richelieu in Bulwer's play. The audience felt annoyed at the long time that elapsed before the curtain rose; and when it did rise, to their utter surprise, they found Mr. Brooke in by no means a fit state to perform his part. At the end of the second act Mr. Brooke decided upon not appearing again that evening, after having been obliged to put up—as a natural consequence—with a great deal of annoyance in the shape of hisses, groans, &c. The consequence was that the engagement of the tragedian, which was to have continued till the 20th inst., was suddenly terminated, and on Monday evening Mr. Webb, the lessee, appeared before the curtain, apologizing for what had taken place, and stating that Mr. Brooke should not again appear at the theatre—at least, during the time of his management—unless he made an ample apology to the public. Mr. Webb, who is a great favourite here, was loudly applauded, and a few encouraging words were addressed to him in return by a representative of the gods. The following *Card* appeared in the local papers to-day:

A CARD.

MR. G. V. BROOKE considers it an imperative duty he owes the general public (which has through life been its truest friend) to endeavour to explain the extraordinary scene that occurred in the Theatre Royal, Belfast, on Saturday evening, 16th inst. Severe illness and annoyance were the cause of what took place; provoked by an open insult from some misguided individual in the audience. Mr. Brooke is now residing on the scene of his early triumphs, and has been constantly engaged in his professional career, without interval for fourteen years. He feels that he requires rest, and he thinks it would be very injudicious on his part, and an insult to the public, to appear in Belfast again; but with the most heartfelt gratitude for the favours hitherto heaped on him by a Belfast public, and with the truest and warmest wishes for the prosperity of this great commercial town, and with no small amount of deep regret, he therefore announces his farewell.

The second Concert of the Belfast Classical Harmonists Society took place last night (Wednesday) in the Ulster Hall, when the *Messiah* was performed. The attendance was exceedingly good, all the reserved seats being occupied and the lower part of the hall crowded. Madame Rudersdorff, who is well known here and a great favourite, sang the whole of her part with a spirit and fire which delighted every one, and the usual formality of no *da capos* in sacred oratorios was broken through and an enthusiastic encore demanded for "Rejoice greatly," which, however, Madame Rudersdorff declined. The alto part fell to the share of Miss Carrodus, who did ample justice to it and exhibited a carefully cultivated voice, but which, although pure and sweet, is hardly powerful enough for our large hall. Messrs. Topham (tenor) and Brandon (bass) executed their parts artistically, but both their voices lack volume and strength to fill a building of such large dimensions as the Ulster Hall. The band and chorus were good, but the absence of oboes, clarinets, and bassoons was greatly missed in the accompaniment of the solos, although in the chorusses Mr. Edeson, who presided at the organ, filled up the parts judiciously, so that the want of the instruments was scarcely felt. The gentleman who executed the flute *obbligato* parts was Mr. Robinson, an amateur, whose performance was most praiseworthy. Dr. Chipp ably officiated as Conductor, and may be proud of the success of his labour in getting the chorus and band into so efficient a state.

DEVONPORT.—(*From a correspondent.*)—A musical entertainment of a very attractive character was given on Tuesday evening (the 12th), by Mrs. John Macfarren, whose announcement of "An evening at the pianoforte" drew a large audience to the lecture hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The fair pianist was assisted by Miss Marian Walsh, whose pleasing voice and extreme simplicity of style elicited an encore for Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" and the old English "Maypole song." Mrs. John Macfarren, by her artistic and brilliant execution of some choice specimens of the great pianoforte composers, fully maintained her metropolitan reputation. She was enthusiastically applauded, and at the conclusion of her own *Caprice de concert*, Brissac's *Butterfly*, and a fantasia, was unanimously recalled.

PLYMOUTH MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mrs. John Macfarren gave a concert lecture at this institution on Wednesday: a crowded audience was present. The subject and musical illustrations were identical with those given at Devonport on the previous evening. The music selected was of a high character, and rendered in such a manner as to exhibit the rare proficiency of the pianist. Miss Marian Walsh gave the vocal illustrations in a pleasing manner.—*Western Morning News*, Jan. 14.

NEW ORGAN AT ALNWICK.—A very fine organ, built by Forster and Andrews, of Hull, has been erected in St. Michael's Church, Alnwick, at the sole cost of the Duke of Northumberland. It contains sixteen stops, two sets of keys, and a pedal organ. Mr. Ions, of Newcastle, presided at the opening, and was much complimented on his playing after the service by the Duchess of Northumberland. The local papers speak very highly of the various stops, and the general tone of the new instrument.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN IRONBRIDGE CRITICISM.

SIR,—Thinking the accompanying criticism upon an Ironbridge concert curious enough to be inserted in *Muttoniana*, I addressed it privately to Mr. Ap' Mutton. That gentleman, however, having declined to insert it in his "Column," I take the liberty to forward it to you for inspection. I am convinced that your readers will be amply repaid by the time and labor bestowed in its perusal. Pray (if you accept it) let it be reprinted *verbatim et literatim*. Any alteration would endanger its dropping from the peak of the sublime to the abyss of the "ridiculous."

Five Ways Inn, Gloucester. GROKER ROORES.

P.S.—I am staying here, for a week or two, with your worthy correspondent, Mr. A. Grogg. G. R.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS SACRED CONCERT,

AT THE SCHOOL-ROOM, IRONBRIDGE.

This concert, got up by the Pain's Lane Choral Society, for the benefit of distressed members of the choir, was well and respectably attended, the room being filled almost to an overflow, as there are few families of any note in the vicinity who withheld their patronage and presence. The conductor was F. B. Johnson; the leader and first violin Ball; the double bass, Mr. Moreton, from Birmingham; and the principal vocalist, Mrs. Johnson. The band consisted of six violins, two violoncellos, double bass, flute, trumpet, and from 20 to 30 vocalists. All the voices and instruments were in chord and time, and the whole performance, from the first touch to the close, was, in short, a two hours' harmony, in some points almost seraphic, if such an idea can be conceived by human capacity. The first overture, from Handel, showed at once the excellency of the instruments, and though some strings afterwards snapped from the heat of the room, the defect thereby occasioned was not perceptible to the audience. Johnson, with his baton, kept time with vivacious and masterly alacrity, and Moreton touched his enormous instrument with a delicate sensibility, which hummed forth some really astonishing notes. The overture was loudly applauded on its termination, which showed that the performers were not deficient in tact nor the hearers in taste.

Chorus from Haydn—"Hallelujah to the God of Israel."—Splendid from the start throughout. Every voice struck off in chord, and kept up its dignity and sentimentality to the end. This was really a rich treat, and especially to novices—such as we must really confess that we are in such a maze of harmony as this.

Solo, by Johnson, from Handel—"Thou art the King of Glory." The conductor at once turned round, made his bow, and began. There was a freedom of tone and a degree of self-possession, which gave ease to his undertaking, though totally unassuming, but decorous and chaste.

Chorus from Purcell—"Great and Marvellous." The high tenor notes were particularly conspicuous and clear. It was evident that the rehearsal had not been neglected, as the singers were decidedly learned and judicious.

Song, from the same author, by Briscoe—"Just and Righteous"—Voice a high tenor—sweet and plaintive, and on the sharps elegant. Nothing in profane music can equal this soft solo, which affords scope to versatility and design. Deservedly and rapturously applauded.

Chorus, from Purcell, "We shall not fear thee,"—very short but perfect. Struck off in a full magnificent swell, which was uncompromisingly sustained. We had not half enough of this.

Trio from Vernon, "Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name," by Fletcher, Jones, and Johnson, in a high key. Johnson's bass was beautiful, Fletcher's counter-tenor the same, violins tying well. While listening alternately to Fletcher and Johnson, we neglected Jones, and mean no disparagement to that gentleman; indeed some say his was the finest voice and best managed of the three, which is a point not easily decided by any but critics of first eminence; allowed by all to be the best piece yet.

Chorus, from Vernon, "Break forth into joy." As usual, but of course, better.

Air from Handel, "Angels ever bright and fair," by Mrs. Johnson. Rather disappointed at the outset, and there appeared a faintness in her "Take, oh take me," arising from no other cause than diffidence. She is certainly a sweet singer, and mistress of her subject, but why was she afraid? An Ironbridge audience will take liberties and the conscience must be steeled beforehand to withstand affronts which are never meant.

Chorus from Fawcett, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." A most excellent chorus, and applauded beyond any of the preceeding; here was nothing for ears to do but to listen and admire. Reynolds, the trumpeter, was heard to very great advantage in this piece.

Song from Handel, by Mrs. Johnson, "Holy, holy, Lord God"—voice, tone, judgment, and chastity clearly developed and freely exercised. Our notes say equal to Stephens, and superior to Catalani; at all events the lady is a first-rate performer, and whatever pain she or others might have suffered from her first song was here compensated by the reiterated plaudits of an over-enthusiastic assembly.

Chorus from Handel's *Te Deum*, "To thee cherubim and Seraphim." Some young tenors performed most efficiently in this chorus, and neighbor Wallet distinguished himself by a most brilliant exhibition of his powers *in alt*. This ended the first part of the performance, and was not, in our estimation, sufficiently well received, perhaps this was because people had stamped with applause either till their legs were tired, or till they were fearful of injuring the joists under the floor.

SECOND PART.—Overture from Handel. The tasteful manner in which Moreton handles his bow, reminds one of that lecturing genius from the Isle of Man, who played off his pranks among us a short time ago; only the one is completely in place, and the other was far out of it. The overture, which was a pretty light thing, scarcely sacred, was played with exquisite skill.

Chorus from Vernon, "O be joyful." Should like to hear the whole *Jubilate* thus performed; it is at once rousing and devout.

Song from Vernon, "For be ye sure," sung by Palmer, as substitute for Minor, a quite correct tenor singer, but his voice was hardly clear enough for the occasion.

Chorus from Vernon, "O be joyful in the Lord, fill his courts." In consequence of some accident, a pause was made in the middle of this composition, which afterwards proceeded with vigour, and terminated satisfactorily.

Air from Vernon, "Jesus, the friend of Sinners," by Mrs. Johnson, who began in good heart, and kept up well, though, perhaps, occasionally a little nervous. She certainly is a sweet songstress, and deserves very high commendation. The words "darkness" and "dying breath" in semitone, were truly delicious.

Chorus from Vernon, "He reigns, for ever reigns." Very cleverly run through.

Song, from the same composer, "But oh! we cannot faintly show," by Fletcher. Well done, Fletcher. Sweet and plaintive is his strain, and his appogiaturas are beautifully run.

Chorus, Vernon. "If every stone was far more bright." In the "Hallelujah" of the last verse, the trebles were particularly sweet and clear. One young woman in particular, named Rigby, was most feelingly melodious. The finish to this chorus was superb, and was most deservedly applauded.

Song, Vernon, "Thou shalt bring them in," by Briscoe, in a high counter-tenor, or rather what may not improperly be termed a demi-treble voice, not initially pleasing, but the song was well and musically sung, and he was very fine in his depths, especially where he trills upon "O Lord." Great applause followed his performance.

Chorus, Handel, "He gave them hailstones." A masterpiece, and, as was fully expected, furious, terrific, and sublime, shaking the very ceiling. It was loudly encored by the whole audience, and sung better than ever, tenor and bass giving full mouth and string, and the trumpet sounding majestically, the violins being in full theatrical play. One of the young tenors in front was so absorbed with his subject that he involuntarily beat time with his fingers, linked in Odd-fellow style, and evidently felt it all over him; not the fire and hailstone, but the pleasure of singing.

Trio, Handel, "Lead us, O Lord," by Fletcher, Davis, and Wallet. They had not much to do, but their voices were good and in good keeping. The old adage says, "Once well done is twice done," and so it was here.

Chorus, Vernon, "For the righteous shall inherit." A famous hold of trebles and counters, and afterwards a general one, told well in this, as did the warblings of the trebles in the "Hallelujah."

Recitative, King, "The archangel now to Paradise descended," excellently sung by Mrs. Johnson, but not so much admired as the following air, "Must I leave thee, paradise?" from the same author, which she also sang, and was repeatedly cheered, which at the conclusion increased. Her voice was full, clear, and rich, and she showed a delicacy of tone not to be surpassed. The words "native soil, happy walks and shades," were delivered with a pathos peculiarly elegant and striking, and the most rapturous applause, thrice repeated, followed her second exhibition.

Chorus, Vernon. "Holy, holy, holy," a gospel piece, excited universal admiration; and lastly,

Handel's Grand "Hallelujah" Chorus was given with a sublimity which it is not possible properly to describe, and the applause at the conclusion was tremendous. Many a loud encore was vociferated, but the majority of the audience felt that the whole choir had done their duty well and nobly already. Some person then called for a solo violin, from Ball, to which the company responded, and B., though not in character with the performances of the evening, promptly com-

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plied with "A rose tree in full bearing," with all his beautiful variations, on the conclusion of which a loud burst of spontaneous applause crowned his efforts.

[Mr. Roores has made our readers and ourselves his debtors by this unexpected contribution. We have seen nothing like it, and have perused it with rapture. Does Mr. Roores know the author? —Ed. M. W.]

NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

Sir,—The undersigned, feeling it incumbent upon them to withdraw from the National Shakspeare Committee, are desirous of stating their reason for doing so.

Their strong anxiety that a national tribute to our greatest poet should be worthy of its object, and their equally strong conviction that those who have assumed the direction of the movement do not comprehend, and therefore will not satisfy the expectations of the nation, compel them to take the unpleasant step of separating themselves from gentlemen with whom they have endeavoured to cooperate.

Without dwelling upon the irregular and unbusiness-like character of the proceedings of the executive body, the undersigned complain that more than half a year has been wasted in procuring a list of names which would have been given in without solicitation, had a practical and worthy scheme been laid before the public.

It was not until December last that the question of the site of the proposed memorial was referred to a sub-committee for consideration, and the all-important question of the nature of the memorial was not taken up until the present month.

At this moment, when little more than three months from the 23rd of April, the committee is as ignorant as the public where the memorial is to be placed, and what it is to be.

That a monument worthy of Shakespeare, and to be reared by the united energies of the three kingdoms and the fifty colonies, can be devised, discussed, and accepted by the country within a few weeks, is an idea too absurd to be entertained by a nation of practical men who hold Shakespeare in befitting reverence.

Had the executive a due appreciation of their task it might have been possible to arrange some pleasant celebration for the 23rd of April while taking time to consider the question of memorial with the care it demands; but the executive, having wasted so much time, are now endeavouring to hurry matters, and in order to do so have obtained leave to take a step which must deprive the memorial of a national character.

The general committee, after showing its estimate of its executive by rejecting a draft report prepared and improperly put into circulation by that body as the report of the committee, followed up what was in effect a vote of censure by appointing a sub-committee to prepare another document to be issued to the public. This sub-committee unanimously decided that it would be premature to address the public until the site and memorial committees should have reported. It was agreed that it would be absurd to make such an appeal in the absence of a definite object.

On Monday last this report was presented to a meeting of the general committee, and was approved by it.

The general committee, after it had thus decided that it was in no condition to address the nation, having no information to communicate, was induced to stultify that decision by voting that the public should be appealed to, and moreover that it should be asked for a definite sum. It had occured to somebody that the memorial ought to cost 30,000*l.*, and that this notion should be presented to the nation, which, however, was to be at liberty to give more if it pleased, and was to be assured that any surplus should be laid out philanthropically.

This final blunder, the conclusion of a series, appears to the undersigned to be fatal. They are therefore compelled to withdraw from co-operation in a scheme which, as at present managed, must end in discreditable failure, and draw down universal contempt upon English professions of reverence for Shakespeare.

Tom Taylor,	Theodore Martin,
Shirley Brooks,	J. S. Brewer,
T. Dufus Hardy,	Thomas Walker,
Robert Bell,	C. L. Grunneisen,
Hain Friswell.	

THE SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION.

Sir,—In a leading article of *The Standard* of Monday last there is an error with regard to the Stratford committee, which I should feel obliged to you to rectify. It is said "That even the Stratford committee, which wanted to make Stratford the centre of the celebration instead of London, has joined with provincial amiability in harmony with the majority." This might be interpreted to mean that the Stratford committee has joined the London committee; and as it is of the utmost importance to us that the public should not be misled in this matter, I should be much obliged to you if you would allow me to state in your columns that the Stratford committee is entirely independent of the London committee. After all the assistance and sympathy that we have received from so many parts of the country, it would be impossible now for our committee to discontinue its efforts to secure in Shakespeare's native town a memorial worthy of the nation's estimation of his genius, and to make the occasion of his three-hundredth birthday one which will long be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction by all who are interested in it.

Your obedient servant, E. F. Flower,

(Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, and Vice Chairman of the Stratford Committee). *Committee room, Town Hall, Stratford-upon-Avon, Jan.* 14.

FLOWERS *v.* FLOWERS.

"Provide things that are honest."

Sir,—It is fortunate for me that, with the exception of those who are too wedded to sciences built up by piecemeal, that my rhymes on muscular vocalisation are understood, and that no critic has ever yet quoted four consecutive lines which could invalidate the theories suggested throughout the plan. It is childish to give sweeping condemnation, and generally resorted to by men of inferior understanding. If the notion of chalk formations in the organs of voice be considered by teachers of singing to emanate from me, it is a pity they know so little of the best medical works upon the subject. All I have discovered is that gouty hard substances can be expelled by the muscles of voice. This fact was never known before I found it out, and I renew my offer of £40 to any one who can disprove this fact. This is plain English. If any musician had discovered so great a boon to society, how rejoiced I should be to take it up and help the cause. This is so plain a duty that I wonder any man can hesitate to perform it; but some may say, "We have only the discoverer's word to go by; we want to know the opinion of impartial scientific men before we examine the chalk subject." Fortunately for them, their want can be gratified by purchasing (for only 3s.) "Hints on Thoracic Consumption," by Dr. Hall. He says, page 6, "To render tubercles harmless, *to promote their expulsion is obviously the treatment which the disease requires.*" At page 46, a patient has coughed up something hard and white. Dr. T. Thompson says, "The coughing-up of calcareous matter denotes a favourable termination of the disease." At page 39, Dr. Watson remarks, in his 56th lecture, "Let me tell you that the expectoration of these chalk-like concretions, denoting as it does the existence of pulmonary consumption, marks at the same time the chronic character of the case. A gentleman coughed up at intervals little branching fragments like bits of white coral, consisting of carbonate and phosphate of lime, and *evidently moulded in the smaller bronchial tubes.*" Dr. Watson is an authority sufficient to settle any musician's belief in chalk formations, and as my exercises do really expel from the bronchial tubes and the respiratory apparatus these deadly and painful formations, which give freedom and ease to the muscles of the chest and bring out the voices of the delicate, what hardship can it be for professors to give in their adhesion to a principle which confers such a manifest blessing on pupils of weak respiratory power.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, S. F. Flowers.

P.S. I.—I never played a fugue with one hand, nor wrote one with one eye shut!

P.S. II.—Your wrong quotation from my letter made the bad grammar.

25, Avenue Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.

Brighton.—Herr Engel gave a harmonium recital recently in the Saloon at the Pavilion. He performed a variety of compositions from Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Haydn, Rossini, and some of his own, displaying the power as well as the capabilities of his instrument, whether in sacred or operatic music, with invariable success. All his performances were greatly applauded by an audience gathered from the *élite* of Brighthelmstone. Madlle. Linas Martorelli sang "Una voce," a song of Arditi, and some Spanish airs. At a recent concert given here, M. Ascher performed his new composition on Danish airs, entitled *Concordia*, besides his *Soirée Limpide* (so-called), *Chasse aux Papillons* (so-called), and *Sans souci galop*, and romance, entitled *Alice*. M. Ascher also played with M. Vieuxtemps a duet on *Don Giovanni*, by Wolff and Vieuxtemps.

Preston.—A Preston journal speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Fred. C. Ellerman, a promising young artist, formerly student of the South Kensington Museum, who has painted nearly all the scenery for the new pantomime, *Cinderella*. Mr. Ellerman, who commenced scenic painting at Astley's, for Mr. Batty, subsequently plied his brush at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, where he was engaged by Mr. Sefton. He assisted Messrs. Drew and Neville in preparing the splendid scenery for the *Duke's Motto*, and was nightly summoned before the curtain.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTIETH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1864.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello . *Mendelssohn.*
M. M. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, H. Webb and Paque.

SERENADE, "Quand tu chantes bercée"—Madame Parepa . . *Gounod.*
With Harmonium Obbligato, Herr Engel.

SONG, "The Pilgrim" ("Juif Errant")—Mr. Santley . . . *Schubert.*

SONATA, Appassionata (in F minor—Op 57) for Pianoforte alone—
Mr. Charles Halle . . . . . *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in B flat major, for Violin and Pianoforte (dedicated to Mlle. Strinasacchi) . . . . . *Mozart.*
M. Vieuxtemps and Mr. Charles Halle.

SONG, "What shall I sing?"—Madame Parepa . . . . *Benedict.*

SONG, "The Stirrup-cup"—Mr. Santley . . . . . *Arditi.*

QUARTET, in D major, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello . *Haydn.*
M. M. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, H. Webb and Paque.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Concerts will commence early in next season. The Prospectus for 1864 will shortly be issued.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W. S.—It must have been in each instance an unintentional oversight. Our correspondent may rest assured that in future care shall be taken to "give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

Mr. Shirley Brooks.—By no means. "Every citizen of this world has a right to do what he pleases with his own property. Herr Sfeomr, in spite of warning after warning, has chosen to abuse, to waste and destroy one of the most magnificent voices ever bestowed on a bass singer, and the consequences are now disastrously evident, not merely in his own performances, but in every concerted piece, *which is* transformed into discord by the admission of so noisy an organ, so fearfully out of tune." That was the sentence. How a voice that has been abused, wasted, and destroyed can be noisy, it is for future commentators to explain.

MARRIAGE.

On the 5th inst., at St. Luke's, Chelsea, by the Rev. W. W. Robinson, P. H. Diemer, Esq., R. A. M., to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of Francis Herbert, Esq., solicitor, Chelsea.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

OUR cotemporary *Punch* is not merely the emperor of jokers, though that would be a tolerably big title as times go. If his pleasure were simply to administer a weekly shaking to the midriffs of the thousands of Her Majesty's lieges to whom the bother and worry of life are anything but pastime,—to wake up laughter from its care-worn sleep, and make a sad world merry,—he would surely have betaken him to an honorable calling. But he does more than this. He is both "merry and wise." There is no earnest more earnest than his. Who more worthily honors the brave and good? Whose cudgel is so fitly dreaded by the knave and quack? In fact,—but lest we get entangled in some of that "bosh" which he so hates, we sum up his praises by saying that the *Times*, *Punch* and the *Musical World* (of course) are the only papers worth reading.

But the watchfullest eye must now and then have its "forty winks." Even *Punch* is not without his little weaknesses. One of these peeps out here and there in his dealings with music. Not that he openly attacks what musicians term greatness in their art; on the contrary, he professes to venerate the big men and their works, and even occasionally swallows the unfortunate word "classical" without much wry face. But in all this there is a timid and apologetic tone that ill assorts with a genuine expression of feeling. To be plain, we don't think he understands music—certainly not as we understand it. To him music seems purely a matter of natural emotion—a kind of sensuous and pleasurable tickling about the worth of which every one must be allowed to decide according to the irritability of his skin. And specially, let any luckless musician slip out a sentence about "art" or "science," and lo! *Punch* runs at him full tilt, like a bull at a scarlet cloak, and down they both go together, though which undermost it is not always very certain.

In his last number *Punch* quotes (and patronizes, too) an extract from the *Bombay Saturday Review*, on which he specially asks the *Musical World's* opinion. Premising that the article in question is written with all the strength of assertion and weakness of judgment usually found in amateur essays on the subject, we accept our cotemporary's challenge with pleasure. We are not, however, in an exhaustive mood, and so shall be content to give a very general answer to statements trite and worthless in themselves, and only made worth notice by their translation from Bombay to Fleet Street.

First of all, the Indian critic starts off in such a wonderfully loose style of English, that only by the context can we guess on which side he is pleading. He says, "It is utterly ignored that harmony is an exact science," &c. By whom "ignored?" Is this the language of complaint or assertion? If the writer means himself as the "ignorer," we are to this point, and only this, entirely at one with him. Music is certainly not "an exact science"; and few things have been more mischievous to its real claims than the habit of this flimsy use of terms by people who should better know the meaning of language. Nothing can be rightly called a "science" of which the results cannot be absolutely predicated to be either true or false. Science can have no concern with differences of taste, or feeling, or opinion. There can be no dispute about the properties of a right-angled triangle; but there are many things in Beethoven's posthumous quartets to which most of the ablest musicians cannot get

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reconciled. Mathematical reasoning has, indeed, been applied to illustrate what may be called the music of nature; and, to such as are fond of hard reading, we can safely recommend Dr. Smith's *Treatise on Harmonics*. But all this has nothing to do with *music* as we hear it and know it. It can no more help forward the living, breathing work of the composer than can a course of Scotch metaphysics secure the immortality of the soul. Music is, purely and simply, *an art*;—it certainly is no less, and it cannot well be more. Its forms and fashions are for ever changing with the ripening of practice. It has no finality, no consummation;—no absolute right and wrong of to-day that to-morrow may not reverse. Its laws are but a digest of all the labor and genius of its votaries; and, as they have been made by men, so by men they may and will be broken. Their language, even, is not that of science. A law of gravitation says, "A stone *will* fall to the ground";—and a law of music, "You *may not* move two parts parallelly in fifths";—the one *cannot* be broken, the other is infringed every day.

But, ceeding this much to the Bombay critic, our ways are thenceforth as divergent as they well can be. He will have it that the power of making music is wholly a natural gift; we reply that this is not a hundredth part of the truth. He allows nothing to art; while we answer that without art, most laboriously acquired, no great composer ever did or could exist. It is needless to follow him through his list of names and examples. The fallacy that underlies his entire case is best shown in two sentences:—"Melody is the sum of musical genius. This is quite uncontested among those who know anything of the subject." Begging our trenchant friend's pardon, this is by no means "quite uncontested." Truly, melody is a most precious gift; but does not all the world bear witness to the still more precious faculty of knowing how to use a gift when one has it? Beyond doubt, the men he names are most richly gifted as melodists, but would they have stood where even he places them had they not labored incessantly at the "art" of glorifying their gifts? Did it never strike him that the real difference between Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, &c., and all those men who have made the purely *national* songs of every country—deathless in their way though they be—is that these were simply Nature's warblers, while the others were great artist-musicians? that these had merely *received* the "sum" of their genius, while the others had baptized it to glory with the toil of their art?

But enough. Had *Punch* held his peace, the Bombay critic would have remained as unknown as he deserves to be. Meanwhile, will he trust, or can he understand, Göthe—a tolerably big man in his way? If so, let him read the sentence that perenially stands at the head of our columns, and which we here transcribe—"The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted: it is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses." This is merely a German view of the matter. Perhaps they know more about it in Bombay.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

LA Fiancée du Roi de Garbe, comic opera in three acts and six *tableaux*, the book by MM. Scribe and Saint-Georges, and the music by M. Auber, was produced, at the Opera-Comique, for the first time on the 11th instant.

What a godsend for a critic full of faith in his own knowledge and importance is a work furnishing him with an opportunity of simultaneously giving a lesson in music to M. Auber, the father of composers, the glorious chief of our school; a lesson in theatrical matters to M. Scribe, who is unfortunately no longer able to profit by it; and, of touching up, into the bargain, M. de Saint-Georges, his *collaborateur* in the *Ambassadrice*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and other *libretti*, which have been so much the vogue. But for the public, what hopes and what attractions are in that triple signature which success has so often honored! This very week, it again took care not to be wanting, and the public were not deceived in their expectations; they had what they calculated upon having, an amusing piece, full of incident, a mixture of the real and the fantastic, and a charming score; we know of no expression more appropriate to characterise a work that breath of melody animates from one end to the other, while based on all that is most ingenious, most pure, most elegant, and most deliciously classical in Art. There were also talented artists. Among them, two, Achard and Mdlle. Cico, deserve to be more especially mentioned. Add to all this a rich and brilliant *mise-en-scène*, one of the best at a theatre celebrated for excellence in this particular, and you will feel that, in getting up *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, the Opera-Comique was not accepting the work as a legacy of doubtful value, but as a grand and splendid donation, the advantages of which were evident. *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe!* Who is not acquainted with the scandalous stories connected with the young lady's conjugal adventures, as handed down to us by Bocaccio and La Fontaine? Who does not know that the King of Garbe is the type of that robust faith that nothing can affect or destroy in certain suitors and husbands? Bocaccio, at the end of his story, in which, according to the morals of the day, licentiousness is nearly always cruel, and in which the reader gets inebriated with blood and voluptuousness, winds up with this but very slightly moral moral, which we should not dare to translate exactly: "*Bocca basciata no perde ventura; anzi rinnuova comme la luna.*" This is about tantamount to saying, that a few kisses received or bestowed do not matter, and that they are sometimes a gain rather than a loss. You may imagine that the Opera-Comique is more severe, and does not admit such enormities. You shall judge.

The great King of Garbe, Babolin I., by virtue of the Moorish conquests, monarch of Spain and Portugal, or. if you prefer it, sovereign of Morocco, has entertained thoughts of taking unto himself a wife, but not without having previously consulted a certain godfather of his, who inhabits the moon, on the probable consequences of his resolution. Instead of replying, the godfather sends him, by one of his pages, an aeronaut without balloon, a case containing a necklace of thirteen pearls, from Visapore, possessing the following property: If the fair one who wears the necklace round her neck, or in her pocket, grants the slightest favor, or suffers any person to obtain one, at the very same instant a pearl falls from the necklace never to return. By this means the king will always know what to believe about the virtue of his noble spouse, the daughter of the Sultan of Egypt, and he sends his nephew, Don Alvar, to demand her hand and carry her the necklace.

Don Alvar is a very handsome young fellow personally, but, following the bent of his taste, has devoted himself to the study of the sciences and of astronomy. He does not, however, contemplate the heavens so assiduously as not to have perceived on earth an adorable portrait, with which he has fallen madly in love. He has picked up that lost by Babolin, for it is no other than that of the beautiful Alaciel, the daughter of his majesty's future father-in-law,

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the Sultan of Egypt. We must not forget to state that, in attendance upon Babolin, there is another young person, called Figarina, the mission of whose light hand is to pass the razor every morning over the royal chin. This is a custom formerly established by a certain prince who desired to talk incessantly, even while being shaved, and who found no hand but that of a woman capable of sparing him the inconvenience of having his face gashed. Hence the appointment of a barberess, who is a kind of favorite. Babolin finds her very agreeable, but discharges her, nevertheless, because he is about to get married.

The embassy dispatched by the King to the Sultan is headed by Don Alvar, escorted by Figarina. Don Alvar recognises in his uncle's betrothed the original of the portrait for which he raves. To return to Garbe, the travellers have to traverse a country full of wild beasts, and brigands scarcely less wild than the beasts. They inquire their way of some pretended hermits whose only thought is to deliver them up to the brigands. Terrified lest she should lose the precious necklace bestowed upon her by the King of Garbe, Alaciel replaces it in the case, and begs Figarina to be so kind as to take care of it. This causes all the mischief. From this time forth, a perfect hail-storm of kisses falls upon the poor girl, without her being able to prevent it, and for each kiss there is a pearl less! In the first place, it is Don Alvar who finds his way into the tent where Alaciel and Figarina are endeavouring to sleep, and where we have a new edition of the nocturnal scene in *Comte Ory*. Like the page Isolier, Figarina sacrifices herself for her mistress, and such acts of devotion cost a high price! Then it is the sham hermits who hypocritically kiss Figarina. "And yet these men are said to live a life of privation!" exclaims the barberess. A miscreant of a corsair arrives in his turn. He would not be contented with the kisses snatched from Figarina, but, having discovered that he holds in his clutches the daughter of the Sultan of Egypt, would push his audacity so far as to marry her, did not Don Alvar, by means acquired from science, prevent him. Like Christopher Columbus, Don Alvar has foreseen the eclipse which takes place, accompanied by terrible phenomena, thunder and lightning, darting through the gloom. The brigands, convinced that Don Alvar has dealings with heaven, oblige their chief to capitulate and allow the caravan to pursue its course in freedom.

On the frontiers of the kingdom of Garbe, fresh dangers await Figarina. The king, still on account of his approaching marriage, has exiled his pages, and the barberess, who, to travel more securely, has put on their uniform, falls among the joyous crew. The pages embrace her as their comrade, and then, when her sex is known, embrace her under another pretext. In short, when Rabelais' quarter of an hour comes, and it is necessary to count the pearls of the necklace, there are only three left, and very soon afterwards there is only one. It is in vain that Figarina fatigues herself in calculating over and over again; she cannot balance her accounts. Then the king, who is astonished at not seeing the necklace on his future wife's bosom, what does he say on learning the deficiency in the separate personal estate of the lady? Why, the illustrious sovereign loses his temper like an ordinary mortal, and resolves on sending the sultan his daughter back again; but Figarina judiciously observes that such an act would be followed by war. On hearing this, the illustrious sovereign calms down, and, still in conformity with the advice of Figarina, who, from being a barbaress, rises to the rank of a councilloress, unites the beautiful Alaciel and his nephew, Don Alvar. One step more, and the councilloress becomes actually the wife of the king, who will never know that, in marrying her, he takes upon himself the responsibility of the twelve pearls which have disappeared. At heart this Babolin is a very decent kind of fellow; but, for all that, we must repeat with La Fontaine, who is much more moral than Boccacio:—

Filles, maintenez-vous, l'affaire est d'importance,
Rois de Garbe ne sont oiseaux communs en France.*

Scribe's bold and fertile imagination is recognisable in twenty different portions of this work, which is nothing more than a joke through which is perceived only one serious sentiment—the love of Don Alvar for Alaciel. But this love has been sufficient to inspire the composer with two or three of those exquisite and entrancing pieces which seem to tremble with all the ardour belonging to a youth of twenty! It is in vain we would forget that M. Auber has long passed that age; we cannot help recollecting it when we hear him sing and sigh better than the youngest of the young. Shall we now give, in the form of an analysis, the thematic list of a score that everyone will go to hear? Such an act would truly be more than superfluous. The name of M. Auber relieves us from the necessity of offering comments or praise. M. Auber is one of that family of great musicians who took seriously a *naïf* but very sensible definition to be found in all old dictionaries:—"Music is the art of combining sounds in a manner agreeable to the ear." Consequently he has always endeavoured to be agreeable, and has always succeeded. It is thus he has produced forty masterpieces in forty years.

"In a case of this kind," we said, when speaking of the previous piece which he produced in 1860, and to which we much prefer *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, "in a case of this kind, is it not an act of allowable coquetry for a man to show the registrar of his birth? We will perform this service for M. Auber, and remind our readers of the fact, which none of them will feel inclined to believe, that he was born on the 29th January, 1782. Where shall we find in any country and in any age a composer endowed by nature with a privilege equal to his? M. Auber can be compared to no one except Voltaire and the Marshal de Richelieu. He composes youthful, clever, and light music at as advanced an age as that at which the great poet wrote tragedies, and the noble duke married. He has preserved all the elegant facility, and all the graceful clearness of his style; he continues as he began. Fancy a clever man, endowed with good taste, and speaking in simple and clear, though ingenious and pungent language, who should have passed through, without participating in, an epoch of exaggeration, neologism, and barbarism; with what pleasure we should listen to his discourse, original because natural, and what a sweet sensation of repose he would bring with him into company tired of laborious pretensions and vulgar emphasis!"

Well, such is the effect produced by the score of *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*. The audience were surprised and enchanted with music which takes so little trouble to be pretty, and requires so trifling an effort to be understood. They were delighted at once again meeting with an artist who quietly pursues his way, at a time when so many others are rushing to utter destruction, in the attempt to open up for themselves new paths.

Of all the artists who figure in this work, on which no outlay has been spared, those best suited are Achard and Mdlle. Cico. Achard renders the dreamy and passionate

* These lines may be rendered thus:—
How you behave yourselves, young girls, take care,
For kings of Garbe in France are birds most rare.

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part of his music in a charming manner. Mdlle. Cico is gay and clever in her part, which is almost entirely comic. She seems to be prettier than ever in her various dresses, which are all in the best taste. The same must be said of Mdlle. Tual and her queenlike costumes. Mdlle. Bélia appears to advantage under the habiliments of a page, which are not unbecoming, either, to the twelve fair pupils of the Conservatory, who have been enrolled to complete the flying squadron. Prilleux, who plays the part of Babolin, is very funny in the third act, when venting his dissatisfaction on the individual despatched by the council, and resolved to compliment him, come what may. Sainte-Foy has only a few sallies here and there, but he makes a good deal of them. Nathan, Duvernoy, and Bataille are also of the party, in which they move about costumed as the hermits and the Tunis pirate. There are, moreover, whole hosts of *danseuses*, and crowds of slaves and corsairs; there is an eclipse, perfectly visible without a telescope; with so much talent, such an outlay, and so great an amount of care, how is it possible to fail of success?

PAUL SMITH.

THE Marquis Salamanca and the Chevalier Delahante, in the name of the Society of Roman Railways, have presented to the town of Pesaro a magnificent statue in bronze of Rossini, designed and manufactured by the celebrated Marochetti. This statue will be erected in the square fronting the railway station, and it is intended to call this square the Piazza Rossini. As soon as the presentation was made known at Pesaro, an association was spontaneously formed to obtain subscriptions to defray the expenses of inaugurating the statue. The association, after the inauguration, will continue to act under the title of "*Societa Rossiniana Pesarese.*" M. Emanuel Marliani, Member of the Senate, has been charged by the donors to represent them. On the day of the inauguration he will deliver an oration, which cannot fail to be highly interesting from an artistic point of view.

At Bologna a commission has been formed for the purpose of co-operating in the fête at Pesaro. This commission is composed of five members—MM. Cesare Aria, Albini, Golonelli, Cesare dall' Olio and the director of the Lycée Musical, M. Beretta. The exact period for this grand manifestation of Italy in honor of the immortal *maestro* is not yet fixed on; but it is supposed that the anniversary day of his birth will be selected. The inauguration of the statue of Rossini, in this case, will take place on the 29th of February, when the great composer attains his seventy-second year. As regards the programme, it is intended to perform a cantata written by a contemporaneous master.

"AN Occasional Correspondent," who addressed us last week in reply to our article on cathedral organists, may be assured that we respect, as highly as he can, the ability of Mr. Goss as a musician, and of Mr. Cooper as an executant. But this duett-arrangement of people and powers did not enter into our views. We did not contemplate such an instance of "two single gentlemen rolled into one." As to who *might* "be recognized as composers of genius" *if*, &c.,—we have nothing to do with hypothetical cases. It is at least certain that Church music of some sort is being published in abundance, and we cling to the not unnatural belief that good would be preferred to bad, if it could be procured.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has returned to London.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

PARIS, *Jan.* 21.

The success of *Moïse* "marches," as we say at the Grand Opéra. Mdlle. Marie Battu, your little-prized singer at the Royal Italian Opera, London, and who, I dare affirm, has scarcely one remembrancer among the subscribers and *habitués* of that establishment, has come out really well in Rossini's opera, and sings the music of Anai with undeniable effect. I cannot make out clearly whether it is that her voice and singing are improved, or that the music suits her particularly. She has made a hit, which is a stepping-stone to fortune. M. Faure's friends proclaim loudly the excellence of his Pharaon. I cannot altogether agree with them. *A priori*, M. Faure's voice and style are entirely opposed to Rossini's music, except, indeed, in *Guillaume Tell*, which he sings finely. The other characters have made no hit at all. The *reprise*, no doubt, is a great success; but the opera-goers sigh for the days when *Moïse* was first produced with Nourrit, Levasseur, and Dabadie. The rehearsals of *Roland à Roncevaux* commenced on the 5th, and are being hurried on—M. Perrin being determined, if possible, to bring out the opera by the 5th of April. It would be an unprecedented event at the Opéra should a work be made ready at the end of only three months preparation; such a circumstance is quite unknown in the annals of the Academie Impériale de Danse et de Musique. The indisposition of Mdlle. Patti has proved a serious loss to the Italian theatre, which was closed one evening last week. Madame de Lagrange has not gone to Madrid; she was going, but was detained in consequence of the sudden illness of Madame Charton, and was induced, not greatly against her inclination, to play that lady's part, Leonora, in *Il Trovatore*. Talking of the *Trovatore*, I must inform you of a *débutante* who came out rather unexpectedly in Azucena. This was Miss, or Madame, Lumley, whose name has occasionally peeped out in the musical journals as a singer of great promise and of extraordinary personal attractions. The personal attractions were of course entirely concealed in the gipsy's make-up, and many, indeed, when she came forward for the first time, thought it was Madame Meric Lablache—for any body, as you know, looks like any body in Azucena, except possessed of such marked physical peculiarities as Alboni. As far as I was enabled to judge from that night's performance, Madame Lumley is a good actress, sings well, and has a very fine voice. Her success was undeniable, in spite of the absence of her friends, who did not expect she would appear. For the *débutante* the non-interference of interested partisans was pregnant with great results. Be sure so legitimate a success will not be lost on the public or the director. The "last representation" of Signor Fraschini was announced for the *twentieth time* one day last week. I believe Signor Fraschini has departed in reality, more particularly as I observe that Signor Naudin has arrived. Paris could not possibly maintain two such tremendous tenors in juxta-position.—I fear very much that the success of the *Fiancée du Roi de Garbes* at the Opera-Comique is not so eminent as the admirers of M. Auber would make out. I confess *I* like the music very much, but I cannot assert that it reveals the vigorous freshness of *La Muette*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Lestocq*, *Gustave*, or the *Domino Noir*. Far from it indeed. But still Auber, even when his invention fails him, is always the great artist, and his operas invariably interest the musician. The wonder is that he should have written an opera at all. At eighty years of age the intellect cannot be expected to display vigor and brightness of ideas. Wonderful, indeed, if the reflective powers remain, and that learning and skill take the place of fancy and imagination. I have heard the *Fiancée du Roi de Garbes* twice and shall go to hear it again, and even yet may have to alter the somewhat slight opinion I have formed of the music. The Emperor and Empress were present at the second representation.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique, *Rigoletto* and *Faust* alternate the performances. Just now, Signor Verdi is more attractive than M. Gounod. Novelty is a great matter. *Faust* has been given nearly 200 times; *Rigoletto* is in its nonage at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The engagement of Madame Charton-Demeur at the Italiens, I presume, necessitates the withdrawal of *Les Troyens*.—The first concert of the "Society of Concerts" of the Conservatoire took place on Sunday the 10th. The performance presented a double interest. It was, in fact, the day on which M. Georges Hainl made his first appearance at the desk

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of the Chef-d'orchestre. Many considered that the new conductor would be out of his element in Classic music, the greater part of his experience belonging to the theatre; but he soon dissipated all such timid considerations, and the impression in the minds of the oldest members was that the symphony in C minor had not been played for many years so perfectly. The enthusiasm at the end of the performance was unbounded.

HOLOGRAPH.—There has been found, in Public Record Office, a holograph on paper of the period, which is probably unique, and contains a song or melody by Doctor John Bull, reputed composer of our National Anthem. It may not be generally known that the origin of the words of "God save the King" is to be traced to the watchword and countersign given out in the Lord Admiral's orders on the 10th of August, 1545,—"The watch wourde in the night shall be thus, 'God save King Henrye;' th'other shall answer, 'And long to raign over us.'" Doctor John Bull was organist to the Queen's Chapel in the reign of Elizabeth, and on the establishment of Gresham College was elected its professor of music. The paper in the national repository, just discovered, is signed "John Bull." It preserves to us one of the most interesting examples of English musical notation, and will be as highly esteemed by musicians as by archæologists.

MADAME PUZZI'S SOIREES.—The first *soireé* of Madame Puzzi may be emphatically called the daybreak of the London fashionable musical season—the heliacal rising, rather, of the star before the sun bursts forth in full splendour. This interesting event took place on the evening of Tuesday week, at the Harley Street Rooms, need we say before a brilliant and crowded audience. The singers were Misses Louisa Pyne, Banks, Lascelles, and Susan Pyne; Mr. Swift, Signors Gentili and Ciabatta; the instrumentalists, Messrs. Francesco Berger and Cassius (piano), and Signor Pezze (violoncello). These ladies and gentlemen sang and played a varied and interesting selection, to the unqualified satisfaction of the visitors, who were evidently delighted with the whole performance. Perhaps on no former occasion did Madame Puzzi provide her distinguished patrons with a more elegant entertainment.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY.(—*From a Contemporary*).—Miss Florence De Courcy pleased us very much by the agreeable quality of her voice and the peculiar neatness and simplicity of her style. We had occasion previously to notice the singing of this young lady, when she made her first appearance at St. James's Hall last season, and then spoke in no reserved terms of her talents. Miss Florence De Courcy is new to the concert-room, but already promises to be an acquisition.

GRESHAM COLLEGE.—Professor Wylde will commence his series of lectures in Hilary Term, at Gresham College, on Thursday the 28th inst. The other evenings are Friday the 29th inst., and Monday, Feb. 1st. The lectures commence at 7 o'clock, and are open to the public gratis.

MR. MIRANDA, the clever pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, gave his first concert since his return from America, at Sussex Hall, which was literally crammed on the occasion. Among the principal vocalists were Mdlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Rose Hersee, (encored in "Cherry ripe") Miss Leffler, Miss Benson, (a young and promising singer) and Mons. Fontannier. Mr. Miranda, who had a warm reception, sang "Come into the garden Maud," and "Home of my youth," both of which were encored, and joined Miss Rose Hersee and Miss Leffler in the trio. "I'm not the queen," also singing in Mr. Costa's quartet, "Ecco fien instanto," and in Balfe's duet, "The Sailor sighs." After being encored in "Home of my youth" Mr. Miranda gave "The death of Nelson" with great effect. The instrumentalists were Miss Julia Woolff (pianist), encored in her own solo, "Auld Lang Syne," and Mr. Viotti Collins (violinist), whose performance of a solo, "Rule Britannia," and a duet with Miss Woolff on *Guillaume Tell* (Osborne and De Beriot) was greatly admired. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Mr. Frank Mori and Mr. Emile Berger.

MR. AGUILAR.—The following pieces were played by Mr. Aguilar at his *Matinée*, on Tuesday, at 17, Westbourne-square:—Sonata, Op. 29, No. 1. Beethoven; "Cujus Animam," Liszt; Tarentelle, Thalberg; Weber's last Waltz, Aguilar; Sonata, in A minor, Aguilar; *a*. Schlummerlied, *b*. piece (No. 6), R. Schumann; Fantasia on an air from *Fra Diavolo*, Aguilar; "Home, Sweet Home," Aguilar; Serenade, Aguilar. The performances of the above selections were greatly applauded; several of the pieces were redemanded.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

"The new operetta, *Fanchette*, has proved a decided success. A more agreeable "*lever de rideau*" could hardly be wished. One charge alone can be fairly preferred against the music, and this is its uniform and close adherence to the style of French comic opera—not so much, be it understood, the polished style of Auber as the more ordinary manner of the late Adolphe Adam, who, with all his vivacity, talent, and unquestionable dramatic feeling, too often came before the public as a sort of Auber *en robe de chambre*. Now, Mr. W. C. Levey just as frequently suggests the idea of Adolphe Adam *en robe de chambre*—to which, in a young English composer of more than average ability and promise, we must strongly object. True, we learn that his education is French, and that he has passed some years—the years of his preliminary artistic studies—in the intimate musical circles of Parisian life, which may account for a peculiarity otherwise strange in one thus early able to make some figure. It is, nevertheless, a pity, for despite its alluring fascinations, the French theatre-music has neither the solidity and poetic depth of the German nor the breadth and melodic flow of the Italian; and only such brilliant genius as that of Auber, who in modern times has literally engrossed the inventive faculty of musical France, or a mind as graceful and contemplative as that of the composer of *Faust*, who after all—witness his latest work, *La Reine de Saba*—is approaching more and more nearly to the form and spirit of modern Germany, can make us overlook a certain petty mannerism, born at the Opéra-Comique, and influencing in a greater or lesser degree the whole phenomenon of French lyrical productivity. Auber, moreover—though the presiding deity of the French, as Rossini of the Italian school—is one of the few gifted men who really belong to no country, inasmuch as his music appeals to the sympathies of the world at large; while M. Gounod betrays a certain tendency towards that mingling of various styles brought to perfection by Meyerbeer, whose *Huguenots* and *Dinorah*—to cite two examples having little else in common—are not French, nor German, nor Italian, but a compound of the three. The genius of the two most prominent French composers being thus, in differing measures, cosmopolitan, they cannot reasonably be adduced in such an argument; and even were a young composer like Mr. W. C. Levey to adopt their works as models and endeavor to imitate them, he would still be in the wrong path. Nor is it easy to understand, under any circumstances, why an Englishman should strive heart and soul to become a Frenchman. What Mr. Levey's inventive musical capacity may really be it is at present impossible to guess. His *Fanchette* is a French story, enacted by French personages; and he has dressed himself up so effectually in French costume as to look for all the world like a *bonâ fide* "mossoo." Of his *talent*, apart from his invention, we are glad in being able to speak favorably. He writes with apparent facility, seems to possess a good share of the *vis comica*, and, while as yet thoroughly inexperienced, handles the orchestra like one who sometime hence will, in all probability, acquire the skill to handle it as a master. Of his overture, beyond the admission that it is gay and dashing, we are unwilling to say much; but, with rare exceptions—among them a ballad ("Look! this is joy"), a feeble imitation of Mr. Balfe, and a *bravura finale* on the hacknied pattern, evidently dragged in "to order"—we find much to like and something to admire in all the vocal pieces, solo and concerted. The piece—Mr. Morton's *Trumpeter's Wedding*, readapted for the purpose by its author—has furnished what the French call a good "*charpente*," and the advantages it offers in a dramatic sense have by no means been thrown away upon Mr. Levey. The first song given to Fanchette (Miss Louisa Pyne) is pretty; the second, "How sad all nature" (flute *obbligato*, Mr. R. S. Pratten), still prettier. The first duet for the Marquis de Beaupré (Mr. Harrison) and Fanchette ("Home of our youth"), a kind of *notturno*, is melodious and charming; the second for the same couple ("Whatever may be our fate") includes a sparkling "*ensemble*" ("The good old time"); while the trio ("My uncle here"), in which the Marquis and Fanchette are joined by Mayor Gobemouche (Mr. H. Corri), besides being the most extended piece in the operetta, is also, perhaps, considered both from a musical and dramatic point of view, the best. The situation of this trio, which is humorous and diverting, could hardly, indeed, have been treated in a livelier manner—and this, too, it must be owned, in the absence of any markedly original feature. Among other pieces worth naming are a chorus ("May many years of wedded bliss"), a *buffo* song ("some silly folks") for Corporal Lacroix (Mr. Ainsley Cook), and a solo for Fanchette ("Before my very eyes, Sir"); the chorus is tuneful, the *buffo* song clever if not spontaneous, the solo light and catching. Hortense de Lavel (Miss Thirwall) and Pierre Poulot (Mr. J. Rouse)—Mr. Morton's original "Trumpeter"—have been rather indifferently snubbed by the composer, who, considering their importance to the plot, owed each of them at least a song. Enough has been said, however, of this little work, which contains so much that is promising that we shall be disappointed if the next from the same pen, be it opera or operetta, does not contain a great deal more—and that not merely good but less provokingly French.

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Fanchette is performed, on the whole, as cleverly as any piece that has been produced at the Royal English Opera. Extremely well acted and extremely well sung by all the characters, it goes off from one end to the other with never-flagging spirit and animation. Miss Louisa Pyne's execution of the music given to Fanchette is absolute perfection, and in her prettily characteristic and becoming costume, she looks the Royalist *blanchisseuse* as charmingly as she acts the part with natural vivacity. The orchestra, under Mr. Alfred Mellon, it need scarcely be added, is everything the young composer could desire."

The new Pantomime of *St. George and the Dragon* is now in thorough working order; the burlesque acting of the Messrs. Payne elicits roars of laughter, and the "transformation" of Mr. T. Grieve as much hearty admiration as on the occasion of its first being witnessed by the more readily excited audience of "Boxing Night."—*Times.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

W. Tweedie (Strand).—"Poetical Works of Cowper" (No. 1 of People,s Edition.) "Young England" (No. 1 of vol. iii.) "An Address on the Pneumoclime and the Pneumo-thalp Remedial Agents," by Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S.

ADELINA PATTI.

Es como actriz, un modelo;
es su voz.... dulce, divina....
¿Quién canta como Adelina?
Los ángeles en el cielo,
Ora aldeana sencilla,
ó infortunada princesa,
ora Rosina traviesa
del *Barbero de Sevilla*,
siempre asombra, siempre brilla,
cual bello sol su desvelo;
y con ese ardiente celo
que solo á natura copia,
escediéndose á sí propia,
es como actriz, un modelo.
Canta Adelina, y sonora
conmueve su voz las almas:
bate el entusiasmo palmas
ante la egregia cantora.
Con sus *ecos* enamora
como en la frondosa encina
lindo ruisenor que trina
cuando el rocio le bana;

eres gloria de la Espana
y es tu voz.... dulce, divina.
Si han brillado mil estrellas
de Euterpe en el firmamento,
tu donosura y talento
eclipsan á las mas bellas.
Tú resplandeces entre ellas
como *estrella matutina*,
que entre nubes peregrina
la luz celeste reparte;
y entre prodigios del arte,
¿quién canta como Adelina?
¡En tan juvenil candor
prendas tantas reunidas!
Los ojuelos homicidas
dulces nidos del amor...
el talento encantador
que dá á tu voz raudo vuelo
y acaso vierte el consuelo
sobre los tristes que lloran,
son las prendas que atesoran
los ángeles en el cielo.

Wenceslao Ayguals de Izco.

La del Eco angelical,
¿A quién tu voz no enamora
Con su canto celestial?
Si el ruisenor, Adelina,
Nos admira y nos encanta,
Hay en tu bella garganta
Una voz mas argentina
Que el ruisenor cuando canta.
¿Y esa música del cielo,

Como no se oyó ninguna,
Va á dejar ¡negra fortuna!
Por ir á un estrano suelo
La pátria que fué su cuna?
¡Parte!.... y en cada ovacion
Que te reserve la gloria,
No olvide tu corazon
Que aqui guarda una inscripcion
Cada pecho á tu memoria.

Madrid, 30 *de Diciembre de* 1863.

R. G. A.

The First Public Concert in Japan.—We regret that the unusual pressure on our space prevents us from doing more in our present issue than chronicling the complete success of the concert given in the Royal British Assembly Rooms on Monday last by Miss Amelia Bailey, assisted by Mr. Marquis Chisholm. The room was crowded. The audience included the ministers and consuls, and nearly the whole of the lady residents. Everybody was highly delighted. Miss Bailey gave a second concert on Wednesday evening, which went off with great *éclat*, and the talented cantatrice announces her last concert for Monday next, with an entire change of programme.—*Japan Commercial News, September* 9 (published in Yokohama).

THE SLESVIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION.

(*From a Dano-Anglo-Germanic point of view.*)

Prince Christian of Slesvig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, father of Princess of Wales, has fallen into troublesome succession. Ancient line of Oldenburgh, which reigned by various undisputed titles in Kingdom of Denmark and in Duchies of Slesvig, Holstein, and Lauenberg, has died out in person of late King Frederick VII. According to laws of different States, Duke of Slesvig-Holstein-Augustenberg would have inherited Duchies, while Royal Crown of Denmark would have passed to other branch of same German Family.

(*To be continued*).

LAW.

Peckwood *v.* Austin.—This was action to recover damages for refusing lady admission with bonnet to stalls—St. James's Hall. Defendant's plea was posters in hall, Regent Street and Piccadilly sides, on boards—"Bonnets not admitted in stalls at evening." Though evening performance (Christy's minstrels), Austin would have admitted lady to carry bonnet in hand, provided she would not put it on in stalls, which offer was rejected. Judge ruled—Had it been advertised in papers as well as on tickets, plaintiff would be non-suited, but as not judgment for plaintiff.—*County Court.*

Police.—*Marylebone.*—Lewis, sen., Ely-place, waited upon Yardley on behalf of Collard and Collard, pianoforte manufacturers, for summons against tradesman, Venn, Baker-street, under recent Act for suppression of fraudulent trade marks. Handbill placed in defendant's windows, in the heart of which was following:—"Collard and Collard model piano, 19 guineas, and seven years' warranty. Seven octaves, metallic plates, registered key board, extra bolts for extreme climates. Fine Italian walnut or elegant rose-wood case." This was inducement for persons to go to shop, believing they were buying genuine article, whereas, in fact, Collards had nothing to do with tradesman complained of. Evidence to show that pattern of pianos was *fac simile* of Collard's, and so closely that if any of firm were to go into shop they might at casual glance believe them their own manufacture. If, however, person examining them stooped down he would see over "Collard and Collard's improved,"—word *from* so placed as not to be observed unless upon very close inspection. Yardley wanted to know whether Lewis thought that issuing of these bills would suffice for case, and whether he could establish that persons were selling such pianos as alleged with false name. Lewis could prove that. Yardley.—"If you can, that will be sufficient." Thomas Williams, case maker at Collard and Collard's, sworn—"I saw some pianos at Venn's which are not made by us. They have labels to correspond with ours." Summons granted.

[Rolfe *v.* Kelly (Bow Street) next week].

Edinburgh.—Professor Hullah has been delivering a series of lectures on the secular works of Handel at the Philosophical Institution. A concert of chamber music was given on the evening of the 11th inst., by Mrs. Howard, in the Hopetoun Rooms. In addition to that lady, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Kirby, and a "select chorus" supplied the vocal music, the instrumentalists being Messrs. Howard, Thorne Harris, and Bridgman. The principal feature was a selection from Gounod's *Faust*, including two choruses, three solos, and a duet. Mrs. Howard contributed three solos, including "O mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*. Each part began with an instrumental trio for pianoforte, harmonium, and violin, played by Messrs. Bridgman, Harris, and Howard. The first was an adaptation by Gounod from Sebastian Bach, the other the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*. In both, the three instruments went capitally together. Mr. Harris also played two pianoforte pieces, Chopin's Polacca and Mendelssohn's Cappriccio, with decided success. Mr. Bridgman and Mr. Harris shared the duties of accompanist.—*From Edinburgh Evening Courant, Jan.* 22.

Sheffield.—Master Willie Pape, of Alabama, recently gave one of his pianoforte recitals in the Music Hall. Master Pape, only in his fourteenth year, has extraordinary gifts, as is shown by his brilliant execution, without book, of many of the best compositions of the best masters. His precocious talent has created a sensation in London, and his performance fully sustained the unanimous enconiums passed upon him. He has excellent taste, a remarkable memory, and extraordinary manipulative dexterity, and will no doubt speedily take rank with the foremost pianists. On this occasion he labored under disadvantage, having to play upon an instrument totally strange to him. His own piano (a "grand," by Kirkman) was delayed upon the railway. The audience, nevertheless, were enthusiastic, and at the end of every piece Master Pape was recalled.—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

Bolton.—The Ardwick Choral Society, assisted by Miss Armstrong and Mr. H. Russel Potter, and under the conductorship of Mr. Downs, organist of All Saints', lately gave a performance in the Concert Hall. Reay's glee, "The dawn of day," was very effectively given at the commencement. Miss Hill then gave "I wandered by the brookside," which, considering she is an amateur, was very creditably sung. The serenade "Sleep gentle lady," by the choir, was encored. Miss Armstrong, in "Dermot Astore," encored, being also substituted "The Bailiff's Daughter." Mr. Russel Potter, similarly complimented in "The Blacksmith's Son," gave "A wrinkled, crabbed man," anything but well. Mr. Manley, in "Dame Margery," being encored, substituted "Come lasses and lads," which occasioned mirth. The concert on the whole was a success. The glees were generally well sung, and Mr. Downs and Mr. Broadbent played solos on the pianoforte. The *finale* was "God Save the Queen."

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MUTTONIANA.

[Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton invites contributions to this department of the *Musical World*, henceforth placed under his sole direction, and which he has with becoming modesty christened *Muttoniana*. No subject connected with the Art and its Professors is excluded,—and all queries inserted one week will be answered not later than the week following, either by Mr. Ap' Mutton, or, when his knowledge fails, by some more competent authority.]

THE "BARBIERE" FROM A CORK POINT OF VIEW.—"*The Barber of Seville*," writes the *Cork Examiner*, "is one of the few operas in hearing which the mind of the listener is pretty evenly divided between wonder and delight. He must, indeed, have dull perceptive faculties who does not wonder at the genius of the man who produced the work, and must have a most unusual taste who does not delight in the exquisite beauty of what he has produced. To say that *The Barber* is the finest comic opera written since Mozart's time—perhaps ever written—conveys but little idea of its merit. The opera may, indeed, be taken in its department of art as corresponding to to what *Love's Labour Lost* or *The Midsummer's Night Dream* are in literature—the essential principles of poetry and comedy—the intangible essence of both—subdued to rules and bondage, and placed at the command of every man who can read words or can understand music. Throughout the opera the main idea which impresses the listener is as of a gigantic genius disporting itself—a Colossus gambolling—and yet with grace and beauty in every movement. At every turn one perceives the two extremes of art united—the most accurate scientific knowledge and the maddest fancy—the two, moreover, wedded together without a trace of incongruity. There is something in the exultance of the opera which suggests immediately the nature of the man who wrote it—he who has been guilty of one of the maddest freaks ever recorded of genius, in his utter retirement from the world of his successes thirty years ago, just when his fame had reached its apex, after the completion of his greatest work, and his absolute silence ever since. In *The Barber* one seems everywhere to perceive this wild independence of rule, and yet at the same time the utter absence of irregularity. Melody is imbedded in the opera as a fine mosaic is inlaid with gems—it is abounding, immeasurable, and always beautiful. And yet the genius of the man has redeemed his work from any display of the fault too generally found in works where detail is massed profusely—want of congruity in the whole. Every constituent particle of the work is good; but the work itself is better: and the author, while touching on a thousand subordinate ideas, never forgets the main one—the completeness of his opera."

["Every constituent particle" of the above is queer, but the article itself is queerer; "and the author, while touching on a thousand subordinate ideas, never forgets the main one—the completeness of his" mystification.—O. AP' MUTTON.]

—o—

DEAR AP' MUTTON,—As you did not reply to the questions I asked you, I conclude you did not receive my letter. Will you kindly inform me in your next number, who were the solo singers in *Elijah* on the occasion of its first production at Birmingham, in 1846? Also, at what theatre and in what year Signor Giuglini made his *début*? Has *Faust* been performed yet at St. Petersburgh?—Yours faithfully, C. A.

[Positively next week.—O. AP' M.]

—o—

MISS O'CHILCOTT begs to inquire of Mr. Ap' Mutton if in any number of the publication a memoir of Sir Henry Bishop has appeared, or a collection of his compositions? If so, she begs him to send it to her, or any other inexpensive memoir that may have been given to the public. She believes Sir H. Bishop died in 1855. She hopes to receive the sketch as soon as the editor can send it.

Truro, Jan., 1864.

—o—

MR. AP' MUTTON.—SIR,—You will greatly oblige me by answering the following questions in your next Saturday's *Musical World*:—1. What countryman is M. Thalberg? 2. Who is the publisher of Thalberg's "Study in repeated notes"? 3. Where can the best photograph of Thalberg be obtained?—I am, Mr. Ap' Mutton, Sir, your obedient servant, MUSICA.

[Positively the week after next.—O. AP' M.]

—o—

MR. AP' MUTTON will oblige "A Subscriber" by informing in what journal appeared the subjoined notice of *Bonnie Dundee*:—

"The new spectacular drama entitled *Bonnie Dundee, or the Gathering of the Clans*, requires much modification before any hope can be entertained of its permanent success. The scene painters, Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, and the ballet-master, Mr. Oscar Byrne, have done their best. Never was the appearance of a dense multitude more perfectly attained than in the last scene of the second act, in which the Highland clans are supposed to assemble round the Jacobite standard at the invitation of Graham of Claverhouse, a stream of humanity pouring from every side, and down various slopes, till the stage was completely crammed with a mass of armed warriors. Rarely has Mr. Telbin contrived a more beautiful set scene than the moonlit view of the Glen of Weeping, in which a known episode in the massacre of Glencoe is introduced. Still, the best 'effects' require something like an interesting story, dramatically arranged, to connect them; and this requisite is not to be found in *Bonnie Dundee*, in which Claverhouse and the Glencoe affair are brought closely together to exceedingly little purpose. At the fall of the curtain the expression of opinion by the audience by no means indicated general satisfaction."

[The article appeared in *The Times*.—O. AP' M.]

—o—

QUADRILLE.—Minuet was deposed by Quadrille or *Contre-danse*, so christened from English country-dance. This dance is said to have been introduced into France by English professor in 1710, but did not gain favor of Parisians till 1745, when Rameau inserted it in his ballet, "*Les Fêtes de Polymnie*," and it created *furore*. Origin of names of figures deserves quotation. Pantalon so called because danced to tune of favorite song:—

"Le Pantalon
De Tolnon
N'a pas de fond."

Contre-danse, very fashionable in 1800. *Pas d'Eté* was, however, soon given up, through its difficulty, though name of *L'Eté* was retained. In 1802, *contre-danse* was produced by Julien, second part of which began with imitation of cock-crow. Name of *La Poule* was retained, although original melody has long been forgotten. Trenise was celebrated dancer who, in 1800, invented figure that bears his name. Whenever he danced, everybody flocked to see and admire. *La Pastourelle* was so named on account of melody and accompaniment, which resembled *Vilanelles* or peasant dances. *Finale* requires no explanation.—(*To Mr. Ap' Mutton—from a History of Dance.—C. C.*)

—o—

Pigs from Punch.

NO. I.

O DID YOU TWIG HER ANCLE?

(*A Song to be Encored at any of the Music Halls*).

As I strolled down Piccadilly,
A scrumptious gal I met,
Her name was Jane Jemima,
And her hair was in a net:
Her cheeks were red as roses,
Her hat was a porkpie,
And just to show her petticoat
Her dress was held up high.

Chorus—(*in which the enlightened audience all join*).

O did you twig her ancle?
Too ral loo ral li do.
O wasn't it galopshus?
Too ral loo ral lay!

[*And so on for a score or so of silly, senseless verses, with shouts and shrieks of rapture at the end of every verse.*]

NO. II.

TUNING FORK.—We are obliged by your invitation to set your "comic" lines to music, and present you with the copyright, but we are unequal to the task of doing justice to melody like this:—

THE COVE THAT'S LOST HIS LATCH-KEY.

My spicy gents come list to me,
And I will tell you brief,
How a stunning swell as ever you see
Did come to awful grief.
For precious tight did he come home
And thought he was in Kamptschatky,
"O dear," says he, and gave a groan,
"I've been and lost my Latch-key."
Latch, patch, catch, scratch, match, hatch, batch.
"And I've been and lost my Latch-key."

It is very clever, as are the other nineteen verses, and we recommend you to take them to any of the Music Halls, at which they cannot fail to be acceptable, being exactly in the style of the great hits at those respectable establishments.

—o—

PARIS THEATRES, &c.—The receipts of theatres, concerts, balls, and other public places of amusement in Paris during December were 1,858,278f., an increase of 14,808f. over the previous month. The amount for 1863 was 18,761,030f. against 17,400,651f. in 1862.

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PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—In these "sensation" days it is refreshing to find a genuine success achieved by a piece that belongs to the highest class of the romantic school of comedy. One of the most celebrated productions of the old Spanish stage, Moreto's comedy *El Desden con el Desden*, long familiar to the Germans as *Donna Diana*, under which name it was played by the German company engaged by Mr. Mitchell at the St. James's, has been adapted by Mr. Westland Marston, and received at the Princess's with enthusiastic and well-deserved applause. The plot of the piece turns on the conquest of a disdainful princess by a prince who affects disdain for the sake of victory. The principal parts are sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin and Mr. George Vining. The piece is admirably put upon the stage.

M. OBERTHUR has been playing at the "Felix Meritis" concerts, in Amsterdam and Utrecht. M. Oberthur introduced a harp concerto of his own composition, which was much admired. He was admirably accompanied by the band. The *andante* was especially applauded, and the last movement encored. The same compliment was bestowed on his two solos, *Meditation* and *La Cascade*, M. Oberthur, however, substituting his *Fairy Legend*, which gave equal pleasure.

MR. SCOTSON CLARK lately gave a Harmonium "recital" at Mr. Carr's rooms, Cheapside. Mr. Clark played a chorus of Handel, a fugue of Bach, a *fanfare* by M. Lemmens, and some of his own compositions. All these performances showed his talent to advantage, and were deservedly applauded.

CHELTENHAM.—On Friday evening, the 15th inst., a concert was given at Hale's Music Room, by a number of popular favorites, among whom were Mrs. Merest (late Maria B. Hawes;) Madame Weiss; Mr. Henry Phillips; Mr. Carter; Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the harpist, Mr. Henry Baumer, solo pianist and accompanyist, and Miss Clark. A morning concert took place on Saturday morning, consisting of selections from the *Messiah* and *Elijah*.

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Christians, awake.
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CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(*Continued from page* 52.)

Concerning Weber's change of residence from one city to another, after he had left Fresberg with his father; concerning the many events, frequently more saddening than cheerful, of his life—events which have hitherto been for the most part totally unknown; concerning his gradual progress as an artist, &c., we must refer our readers to the book itself, which contains the most truthful and unvarnished account of all these particulars, and is, perhaps, for some persons, here and there, too minute, though it is everywhere deserving of praise for the strictest conscientiousness, and, even in the slightest details, possesses importance for every thoughtful individual who feels an interest in the education of man by actual *life*. Weber was now in one place and now in another; in Salzburg, in Entin, in Augsburg, in Vienna, in Breslau (where he was nearly killed from having swallowed a hearty draught of nitric acid, from a bottle which he mistook in the dark for one containing wine), in Carlsruhe (Silesia), at the Court of Prince Eugen Friedrich von Würtemberg; in Stuttgardt, as private secretary and managing man to the extravagant and debt-oppressed Duke Ludwig, where he was mixed up in the whirlpool of the Court life at the time, and in the affairs of the country, which were in a wretched state as far as regards right, honesty and morality. He became also involved in foolish acts, the sudden acknowledgment of which, however, produced a beneficial change in his character and mode of life. But happier days dawned for him in Mannheim, Heidelberg, Darmstadt and the neighbourhood, except Frankfort, where his old bad luck still pursued him, his very promising expectations of making a considerable sum by a concert being entirely annihilated, first by the ascent of the celebrated aeronaut, Madame Blanchard, and then by Napoleon's decree ordering a blockade of the continent and the burning of all English merchandise there.

We now accompany the young artist, whose appointment in Mannheim came to nothing, on his two more than usually long professional tours in the year 1811. On his first tour, he visited the South German towns of Aschaffenburg, Würzburg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Augsburg and Munich, where he stayed a considerable time; at the commencement of the second, he had to suffer from the after-pains of the Stuttgardt squabbles and the arbitrariness of the Royal Government, for he was again arrested and conveyed across the frontier. He then visited Switzerland, gave concerts in Schaffhausen, Winterthür, Zurich, Basle, and Berne, and freshened himself up by a trip into the mountains. His public performances were swayed by a strange fate, which only too frequently ruined all his hopes. When we recollect that the sum of 130 florins taken at a concert (as, for instance, at Basle) was considered something very extraordinary, we can scarcely comprehend how Weber could defray the expenses of his journeys. His three months' excursion in Switzerland contributed materially, however, to extend his reputation, and brought him into contact with a large number of distinguished men, original and liberal in their opinions. "The most important result of his journey," says his biographer, "was the enrichment of his inward world by the contemplation of the grandeur of nature, and, which is of equal weight, the shock given to the nation, which he had hitherto formerly entertained and often expressed, that the atmosphere illuminated by *princely* love for art was alone calculated to develop the latter, especially music. The warm pulsations of true republican hearts at the tones of good music nearly cured him of the prejudice that high refinement of manners was necessary to string human nature with sufficient fineness fully to appreciate music."

On his next journey he was accompanied by Bärmann, the admirable clarinettist, of Munich. They went by way of Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, and Weimar, to Berlin, where Weber remained from the 20th February to the 31st August, 1812. The thirteenth section comprises Weber's professional life as operatic conductor at Prague, from April 1, 1813, to September 30, 1816. To this period belongs his magnificent music to Körner's *Leyer und Schwert*. Some portions of the period were, however, passed by him at Berlin, where he was greatly honored, and at Munich. The last chapter of the book treats of his betrothal to Caroline Brundt, and his appointment as conductor of the king's private band in Dresden, on the 21st December, 1816. He received the official notification of the fact on Christmas day. He had kept the whole matter a secret from his future bride, and announced this piece of good fortune for both of them in a humorous manner, by writing the young lady a most unimportant letter, and putting at the bottom, "My address is: To Herr Carl Maria von Weber, Royal Saxony *Capellmeister*, Dresden."

From the above lengthend notice of the Biography, and the extracts we have given, the reader will clearly perceive that we recommend it as a valuable addition to the literature of music. We anxiously await the next volume, and have merely to add that we trust the book, which is otherwise admirably got up, will be more carefully corrected. The fact of the biography containing interesting information connected with many musical celebrities, with whom Weber was closely connected, heightens the charm of its perusal. We will, in conclusion, quote an instance of this kind. We will select what is said, in various passages, concerning the Abbé Vogler, so highly celebrated at the commencement of the present century.

"The mind of Vogler and that of Franz Anton (Carl Maria's father) were twins possessing remarkable similarity, only somewhat weakened by external circumstances affecting their development, and this similarity had even impressed a character of affinity on their features. In the joyous brilliancy of Carl Theodore's Court, and among the cavaliers of the Kurtrier Guard, Vogler would, probably, have been the jovial, reckless Franz Anton, while the latter, at the pedal-harpsichord of Master Wenzel Stantinger, and amongst the monks and prelates of the Würgburg chapter, who listened to the boy as he played the organ, would, probably, have been a very celebrated, and vain musician. Both were glowing with the love of art, for which they possessed eminent talent; both were fond of all kinds of splendour; both allowed, when it suited their purpose, pinchbeck to be passed off for gold, and both, therefore, even in art, valued form above matter, and effectiveness above depth; both took an equally lively delight in material ease; and both were led, with equal force, by vanity along roads which turned them from the employment of their talent in the interest of the highest aim of art. But Vogler enjoyed an advantage over Franz Anton: on his entrance into life he had immediately fallen among that middle class society in whose opinion a person of his disposition was of no account. In constant communication with the strictly disciplined priesthood, immovably conscious of their object, he gained, even from his youth, that feeling for order, discipline, and a decided bias of the will, which had made him a celebrated man, while the want of it condemned Franz Anton to remain a poor musician strolling about with his phenomenon of a boy. Deeply versed in everything to be gained in the world of tone by a strong memory, and a thoroughly critical judgment; conscious of the objects for which he had to strive; talented enough even to give animation to his views of works of art; skilled, as a pupil of the Jesuits, on every occasion to exhibit to the public that facet of his many-sided mind, from whose brilliancy he anticipated the greatest effect; weighty in his utterances; imposing and, at the same time, affable in his behaviour; purposely eccentric in his habits, in order to be able, without exciting astonishment, to adopt any form of life, yet, on the other hand, without any philosophical consistency of thought, and hence in his expressions, full of obscurity which he endeavoured to pass off as mystical profundity; conscious of the unsatisfactory scientific foundation of his systems and arrangements, which he attempted to mask by apodictics and assurance of enunciation; rising up and disappearing as a somewhat charlatanlike apostle of his musical gospel in all parts of the civilised world; everywhere patronised and supported by the priesthood; and everywhere opposed by the sturdy practice of art, Vogler was just the man to cause a large number of his brother artists and of the public to take an interest in him, but, at the same time, to divide them into two diametrically opposite parties, one of which swore by, while the other branded him as a heretic and opposed what he did. But he was, however, also, just the man, in virtue of the above mentioned positive and negative qualities, and of his spiritual discipline, to influence most profoundly young minds, and to appear in the eyes of beginners, as a prophet whose steps they had closely to follow, were he even to lead them to martyrdom. The form of his indisputable talent for teaching favored this influence amazingly, because he always understood how to appear before his disciples as a high-priest full of mildness and urbanity, but who, notwithstanding, dared to impart to them only a small portion of the irrefutable truths suggested to him by his God. His tone, his walk, his small tonsure, the holy water he himself brought from Rome for the Elector Carl Theodore, his order of the Golden Spur, and the sound of his voice, irresistible for Mad. von Coudenhove, together with his great talents, caused Vogler, in the year 1777, to be appointed Court Chaplain and Conductor of the Private Band to Carl Theodore, at Mannheim. His disposition had, however, too much of the artist and not enough

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of the Jesuit in it, for him to be able to look on coolly at Father Frank's infamous rule in Munich. He had such a violent misunderstanding with the Father, that he quitted Munich suddenly, in 1781, and set off upon a long course of travel, which took him to France, England, Italy, nay, even to Greece and North America, and during which he exerted himself strenuously to propagate his musical system. By this as well as by his masterly performances on the organ, he gained throughout Europe a great reputation as a learned musician, a teacher, and an organist. From these travels he brought back with him the principal elements of the old Greek music, which he asserted he had discovered in the traditions of southern climes.

"It is from this epoch that we must date Vogler's ardent passion for collecting national melodies, a passion to which he went on devoting more and more time and trouble. It was of great importance for everything connected with the romantic tendency in music, that on two of his pupils, Weber and Meyerbeer, who were destined subsequently to be the chief representatives of this tendency, he so succeeded in impressing his own high opinion of the worth and significance of popular and national melodies, that their works everywhere afford evidence thereof."

Vogler's reputation as a teacher of music induced Gustavus III, of Sweden, to invite him, in 1786, to Stockholm, and to confide to him, after giving him a brilliant appointment as *Chef de la Musique du Roi*, the charge of instructing the Crown Prince. In the far north, for thirteen years, did Vogler work, by word and deed, with indisputable advantage for art and artists. He did not go back to Germany till 1799, when, with the request that the modest living of Pleichach might be conferred on him, he turned towards Würgburg, where he desired to live entirely for music. On the same day that the refusal of his demand was sent from that town, he received an invitation to proceed as teacher of music to Prague. Vogler accepted the invitation, and, on the 9th of November, 1801, delivered his inaugural discourse, having a year previously produced with success, at Berlin, his opera, *Hermann von Unna*, and, in the spring, given concerts in Berlin, Brunswick, and Leipsic.

(*To be continued.*)

H. C. Allison.—This promising young pianist, of whose playing at the concerts of his former master, Mr. W. H. Holmes, and his own, we have on several occasions spoken in terms of praise, has been, we are informed, for the last eighteen months pursuing his musical education at the Conservatorium of Leipsic, where his talents, added to his earnest zeal and unremitting application, have won for him the esteem and unqualified approbation of the directorium generally, and more especially of his immediate instructors, *i.e.*, for the pianoforte—Professors Plaidy and Moscheles; for harmony and composition—Dr. Paperwitz; and for the organ—Dr. Richter. On the latter instrument, which he commenced only at Easter last, the young student's progress has been so rapid as to lead to his being appointed to the post of organist to the English church in Leipsic; while, on his principal instrument, the pianoforte, it has been no less satisfactory, as he has on several occasions distinguished himself by his performance of pianoforte solos at the Abendunterhaltungen of the Conservatorium. On the occasion of the grand concert given on the 12th ult., in celebration of the birthday of the King of Saxony (the patron of the institution), young Allison had the honour conferred upon him of being selected from the whole body of students to perform Mendelssohn's *Præludium und Fugue* in E minor, his execution of which, from memory, was rewarded not only by the hearty applause of the audience—themselves no mean critics, being composed of the *élite* of Leipsic amateurs—but subsequently by the congratulations and warmly-expressed approbation of artists and professors. Altogether, this young student seems to be in a fair way of realising at no distant date the hopes of future eminence which his precocious ability has led his friends to form, and which has been more than once prognosticated for him in these columns.

Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society.—The eighth general meeting of governors was held in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening; J. N. Harrison, Esq., president, in the chair. An able report of the past year's proceedings, embodying a sketch of the rise, progress, and utility of the institution, was read by Mr. J. F. Puttick, honorary secretary. From statistics submitted it appeared that nearly £700 had already been applied to charitable objects, and an invested fund had been accumulated to the extent of £2,300 Consols. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Bowley, Stewart, Hill, Sims, Black, Doggett, Nunn, Shaw, and other friends of the Society, by whom the claims of the charity were strongly urged upon the notice of the frequenters of Exeter Hall and the members of the musical profession.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson of Dublin is now in Paris, and has announced a concert for the 2nd February at Erard's Rooms, where she will be assisted by M. M. Jules Lefort and Armingaud.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Receipts. *Balance Sheet for the Year* 1863. *Expenditure.*

1863, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31.	£. s. d.
To Balance in hand	141 19 8
„ Subscriptions for 1863, as under:— 142 Fellows, 530 Associates, 566 Lady Associates, 53 Nominated Annual Subscribers & 5 Subscribers to Series of Concerts	1360 16 0
„ Sale of Concert Tickets	62 9 0
„ „ 510 Reserved Seats	267 15 0
„ „ 3 Duplicates	0 15 0
„ Donation to Library Fund, Captain Ottley	1 0 0
	£1834 14 8

We have examined the books of the Society and the vouchers, and we certify that this balance sheet agrees therewith, and that the same is correct. Dated this 19th day of January, 1864.

John T. Bedford, John R. Duggan. } Auditors.

1863, Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.	£. s. d.
By Payments	
„ Printing, Stationery, &c.	87 9 6
„ Miscellaneous Expenses	35 18 11
„ Messrs. W. Hodson, Medhurst, and F. A. Mori, jun., for assistance to the Honorary Secretary	37 6 4
„ Advertising	55 14 0
„ Ditto, for 1864	9 0 6
	64 14 6
„ Postage	35 15 2
„ Rent of Offices	50 0 0
„ Cramer & Co.	20 0 0
„ Four Orchestral Concerts	943 12 3
„ One Conversazioni	128 11 9
„ Choral Practice	52 11 6
„ Library Expenses	61 19 2
„ Two Orchestral Trials of New Compositions	203 8 0
„ Furniture, &c.	67 4 1
„ Insurance	1 6 3
	1789 17 5
„ Balance in hand of Treasurer for 1864	44 17 3
	£1834 14 8

Signed by Order of the Council in pursuance of General Law 38, January, 1864.

Edward James, Chairman.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Schott & Co.—Six Songs, dedicated to Her Royal Highness Sophia, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, by Salvatore C. Marchesi.

Truro.—The Spring session was opened on Friday evening, when our President, Mr. P. P. Smith, made some observations justifying the introduction of musical entertainments as portions of the *syllabus* of a Truro institution. He then introduced Mrs. John Macfarren, who proceeded to read, with distinct and refined elocution, a lecture in which sketches were given of the lives, and judicious criticisms passed on the works, of Handel, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. Mrs. Macfarren gave illustrative selections from the works of the composers referred to, and the finished style in which she performed them, justified her reputation as one of the first pianists of the day. Some vocal illustrations were also given, in a very pleasing manner, by Miss Marian Walsh, who was also greatly applauded, especially in "Ah! why do we love?" (from G. A. Macfarren's opera of *Don Quixote*). Both ladies were so kind as to respond to encores, and at the conclusion the President gave expression, on the part of the crowded audience, to the great pleasure all had derived from the entertainment.

Christchurch.—A pleasing entertainment was given on Tuesday evening, at the Town Hall, by Mr. Frederic Penna, under the name of "*Without a Title*," and consisting of a species of lecture or sketches in the conversational style, suggested and illustrated by popular English songs. The remarks were read and the songs sung by Mr. Penna, Madame Penna accompanying him on the piano. Mr. Penna has a baritone of compass, clearness, and volume. He manages his voice well, which cannot be said of every singer of pretensions. No better songs in their way can be found than the popular old English ones; sung with such taste and feeling as by Mr. Penna, they stir the heart. He not merely *performs* the music, but he interprets it. "The Return of the Admiral" and "The Old English Gentleman" were given with such feeling, expression, and pathos, as to elicit much applause, and a unanimous call for a repetition. Madame Penna's accompaniments and interludes of the latter showed her a pianist of no mean skill. We were sorry the attendance was not more numerous, but this was attributable, in a great measure, to the state of the weather.

Mr. J. E. Carpenter gave his musical entertainment, "Highdays and holidays," at the London Mechanics' Institution on Wednesday. The singers were the sisters Mascall, whose singing, in the duet "The merry New Year's bells," pleased very much. Miss Mascall was encored in a new ballad, "A mother's love." We have not space to enter into details of Mr. Carpenter's entertainment, which we must acknowledge, however, to be very interesting. A new song by Mr. Hatton, "Oh the plum pudding of England," sung by Mr. Carpenter as a *finale*, was deservedly encored. Miss M. Mascall was the accompanist at the pianoforte.

Signor Piatti has returned to Paris from Orleans, where he was engaged to play at the Philharmonic Society. Signor Piatti was announced to play for the second time at the Popular Concerts of the Cirque on Sunday last.

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MUTTONIANA.

[Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton invites contributions to this department of the *Musical World*, henceforth placed under his sole direction, and which he has with becoming modesty christened *Muttoniana*. No subject connected with the Art and its Professors is excluded,—and all queries inserted one week will be answered not later than the week following, either by Mr. Ap' Mutton, or, when his knowledge fails, by some more competent authority.]

Mr. Ap' Mutton.—Sir,—Any fool can ask a question which it may give a wise man trouble to answer. This seems to me your only excuse for encouraging correspondents (who are, for the most part, fools, if they are unpaid) to send you queries, to which your promise replies, instead of giving them. But if your reputation for wisdom stands upon no better basis than your talent for silence, I fear that you are no better than my relation, the Welshman's Owl, who "said nothing, but was a beggar at thinking." Consider this proposition, with ramifications (not rammekin) and divarications (and prevarications) and then proceed to the action. *Punch* says, very prettily, this week,

"A New Game.—The pleasantest game of forfeits is that at present played at the Adelphi theatre, where Miss Bateman 'cries' to you, and you forfeit all claim to intelligence if you don't 'guess' that she is the finest artist that ever came from America."

Now, having given your entire approval to the sentiment of this charming epigram, examine and analyse it, and show that though it is apparently only one of those graceful trifles which float, (like air-bells in champagne) in the inkstand of Mr. Percival Leigh, Mr. Shirley Brooks, or Mr. Henry Silver, not to say of Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Dishley Peters, or any other of the 29 writers in *Punch*, do you exercise your intellect in showing, scholastically, and exegetically (also energetically, if you will) that there is a profound truth lying (does truth lie?) in the words. Show that Miss Bateman has evidently stirred the depths of the writer's self-consciousness. Show the extreme happiness of the use of the word "guess," both as a word used in the English game of forfeits, and in American colloquial intercourse. Show how elegant is the ambidextrous employment of the word "cries," in reference to Miss Bateman's tears, and to the technicality of the game. Show that though the epigram was probably written in a minute and a quarter, there must have been a pre-adamite force, answered, as Faraday would say, for billions of centuries, which was brought to bear upon the subject, at that very moment in the history of the universe when alone it could have been wanted. For, had the epigram been written before Miss Bateman came to the Adelphi and played, it would have been premature. Had it been delayed until after the thousandth night of *Leah*, and the production of the comedy in which she will be equally successful, it would have been inapplicable. Enlarge upon all these hints, with some little grace of diction and profundity of thought, and show that you are not a Welshman's Owl. Whatever you are, I am, Mutton, yours,

Zamiels Owl.

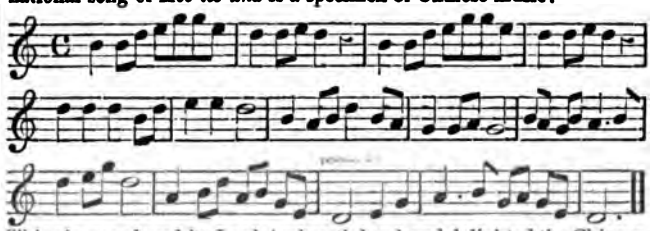
January 25th, 1864, *from Double Gloucester Crescent, Paddington.*

[Anon! anon! good Zamiels; anon! anon!—O. Ap' M.]

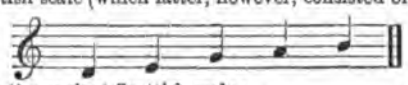
Sir,—On the contrary, milk has been so often analyzed that it would seem no furthur facts could be elicited regarding this important liquid. Professor Boedecker, however, has just completed a series of experiments conducted on quite a new principle. The question he proposed to himself was whether milk obtained at any hour of the day always presented the same chymical composition or not; and he has arrived at the result that the milk of the evening is richer, by 3 per cent., than that of the morning, the latter containing only 10 per cent. of solid matter, and the former 13 per cent. On the other hand, the water contained in milk diminishes by 3 per cent. in the course of the day; in the morning it contains 89 per cent. of water, and only 86 per cent. in the evening. The fatty particles increase gradually as the day wears on. In the morning they amount to 2·17 per cent.; at noon, to 2·63, and in the evening to 3·42 per cent. This circumstance, if true, would be very important in a practical point of view. Let us suppose a kilogramme of milk to yield only a sixth part of its weight of butter; then the milk of the evening may yield double that quantity. The caseous particles are also more abundant in the evening than in the morning—from 2·24 they increase to 2·70 per cent., but the quantity of albumen diminishes from 0·44 to 0·31. The serum is less abundant at midnight than at noon, being 4·19 per cent. in the former case and 4·72 in the last. I am, Sir, Abel Grogg.

To O. Ap' Mutton, Esq.

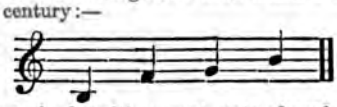
The Chinese and Scottish Scales.—Sir,—"Music," says Bacon, "feedeth that disposition which it findeth." Dr. Lind (who resided some considerable time in China) said that in all the specimens he had seen and heard of Chinese music, the melodies of that nation had a strong analogy to the old Scottish tunes; and that "the *Chinese scale* is very *Scottish*." The Chinese gamut consists of five natural notes, which are distinguished by five characters of their language; but they use no stave. They, however, write down in succession the notes in a column, as they are played, though it does not appear that they pay any attention in marking the time, the key, or the mode of expression, &c., but acquire their airs by dint of labour and imitation.* The following national song of *Moo-les-wha* is a specimen of Chinese music:—



This air was played by Lord Amherst's band, and delighted the Chinese more than any other. From the above melody I have taken the liberty to deduce the following scale, for the purpose of comparing it with the ancient Scottish scale (which latter, however, consisted of six notes):—



Subjoined is the ancient Scottish scale:—

The lower A was added to admit of the minor key in wind instruments. It does not appear that any improvement has taken place in the Chinese scale, therefore we will leave them to the enjoyment of their own monotonous music, and proceed to trace the improvements made in the Scottish scale. The following notes were added about the beginning of the fifteenth century:—

and when music arrived to its present state of perfection, the notes of the chromatic scale were further added. Although many of the Scotch airs have had the notes last mentioned introduced into them, to please modern taste, they can be played without them, and without altering the character of the melody. Should any of your readers feel so far interested in Chinese music as to wish for further information concerning it, I refer them to the very excellent article upon China in the third volume of the supplement to the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Euphonion.

To Owain Ap' Mutton, Esq.

Sir,—A local paper (Uxbridge), commenting on an amateur theatrical performance at the Town Hall, thus writes of the music introduced in the course of the evening:—

"A comic song was commendably rendered by Mr. H. Smart, entitled 'Courting in the kitchen,' and descriptive of certain unpleasant results of affection cemented in the culinary department. This was succeeded by a fantasia on the violin by Mr. J. E. Gunn, an instrumental performer of prominent, experienced, and masterly execution. The composition proved a nice discrimination on the part of the violinist, and the ease and dexterity with which he extracted the dulcet and refined strains of harmony held the assembly 'in listening silence rapt,' until the concluding rapid and stirring strokes called forth rapturous applause, which continued until the performer came forward to acknowledge the flattering indications of admiration. The piece rendered included the favorite airs 'I wish I had some one to love me,' and 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.' The 'Charming widow' was then given by Mr. A. Butler, and although somewhat too stenterophonic was signalized by a happy drollery, and met with an enthusiastic reception."

[Good. Some more of the "Ironbridge" school.—O. Ap' M.]

Moliere.—The 242d anniversary of Molière's birthday was celebrated at the Theatre Français and the Odéon by the performance at the former theatre of the *Misanthrope* and the *Malade Imaginaire*, and at the latter of the comedy just named and the *Tartuffe*.

Italian Opera in Egypt.—The Italian journals inform us that the Count Stefano Zizinia is about to erect a large and beautiful theatre at Alexandria, in Egypt. It is expected that the Viceroy will grant an annual subvention.

* The Chinese gamut for instrumental music is so imperfect, and the keys so inconsistent (wandering from flats to sharps, and *vice versa*), that they are under the necessity of being steadied and directed by a bell or cymbal.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

An English adaptation of *Faust* alone was wanted to complete the triumph of an opera which must in fairness be pronounced the most popular, as in its particular style it is unquestionably the best, since Meyerbeer gave his *Huguenots* to the world. This was produced, on Saturday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with brilliant and well-merited success. *Faust* has now gone the round of what may be termed musical Europe. The four most art-loving nations on the most civilized section of "the planet"—the French, the German, the Italian, and the English—can each now boast a version of its own, and each listen to M. Gounod's fascinating music married to words which, as they can be immediately understood, are calculated to render the ideas of the composer, and his peculiar use of the medium through which they are conveyed, more readily intelligible, and therefore the easier appreciated. The English translation of the *libretto* of MM. Barbier and Carré was originally, we believe, intended for the Royal English Opera. For reasons unknown, however, the work has never been brought out at our "national" lyric theatre; and but for the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Mapleson—also the first to present it to a London audience in Italian—it might still have remained until now in Mr. H. F. Chorley's portfolio. Doubtless Mr. Mapleson was encouraged by the extraordinary success of *Faust* with Italian singers, in the regular season, to make a fresh venture; but this merely proves that he knows how to follow up good fortune, and, in familiar phrase, to "make hay while the sun shines." Mr. Chorley's adaptation, though he has in few instances literally translated the words, is a tolerably effective imitation of the original. In occasional passages, as, for example, the opening soliloquy of *Faust*—which the philosopher, persuaded of the utter futility of life-long studies to help him to the goal of his desires, the *ultima Thule* of the heart's travels in its search after happiness, begins and ends with the emphatically suggestive ejaculation "foiled!"—it almost rises to poetry. Perhaps, on the whole, the *libretto* of *Faust* sounds better in English than in Italian, as it assuredly sounds better in German than in French. At all events, the audience of Saturday night was probably the first in this capital able thoroughly to comprehend every point of interest, and thus to estimate the consummate art—we had almost said genius—of M. Gounod at its proper worth. We own that the opera never before appeared to us so beautiful, so symmetrical, so consistent in all its parts, and, as an infallible consequence, so essentially and legitimately dramatic. Doubtless there are a vast number among us, honest and candid people in their way, who would prefer obtaining a faint glimpse of the meaning of a poetical composition, through the aid of a foreign language, to entirely apprehending its scope and intentions through the simple intervention of the 'mother tongue.' And this, perhaps, in works purely exotic, both in conception and execution, may be reasonably defended. But Goethe's *Faust* has much more in common with English feeling than with French or Italian; and, pale a reflex as the paraphrase by MM. Barbier and Carré of certain portions of that immortal masterpiece can pretend to be, it has still enough of the Goethan element to establish the truth of a generally undisputed axiom—viz., that the feeblest copy cannot wholly destroy the effect of a great picture. Something *must* be left to reveal the source whence the counterfeit was obtained; and thus much at least can be adduced on behalf of the French librettists whom Mr. Chorley, on his part, but without the ordinary deterioration, sedulously imitates. This indefatigable gentleman has provided us with an English *Faust* of more than average color, and has performed his task so conscientiously that—except Margaret's scene of despondency, at the commencement of Act IV., and the "Walpurgis night," at the commencement of Act V. (both of which we hope to see at some future time restored)—we have all M. Gounod's music, just as he composed it and just as it should invariably be performed. More than this, there are two additions—viz., a new air for Valentine—

"Even bravest hearts may swell
"In the moment of farewell"

—built chiefly upon the theme of the last movement of the orchestral introduction to the opera, and a new romance—("When all was young"—written originally for Madame Nantier Didiée) for Siebel. These could, we think, be spared, but that Mr. Santley sings the first in so absolutely faultless a manner, and Madame Lancia the last so neatly and expressively, that, once heard, their omission might provoke unfavorable remark.

The English performance of *Faust* is in few respects inferior and in some superior to the Italian, at the Haymarket or at Covent Garden. Although Sig. Giuglini and Tamberlik are Italians, the English representative of the hero is a far more practised musician than either; and as M. Gounod would naturally prefer having his music, solo or concerted, sung as he wrote it, without shirking or subterfuge, it is probable that on hearing the most recent version of his opera, whether he understands our language or not, he would give the palm to the English Faust, as the one who most perseveringly adheres to the text. Apart from this, however, Mr. Sims Reeves, who had already played Faust in Italian with eminent success, reveals a conception of the part in the highest degree poetical. The first act, which in the Italian adaptations has hitherto passed for nothing, gives him opportunities for vocal declamation of which he takes such excellent advantage that what was considered the weakest and driest portion of the opera now stands out as conspicuously as all the rest. There is no surer test of real artistic worth than the ability to give to every passage its intrinsic value. Even in the French *Faust*, the scene just before Mephistopheles appears to the bewildered and despairing investigator is one of the highest significance; and that M. Gounod saw this is evident, inasmuch as in no part of his opera does his music exhibit more intellectual power. It is to the credit of Mr. Reeves that to him the physically prostrate and mentally abused philospher appears in a light no less interesting than the Faust newly restored to youth, and once more, seemingly with a whole life in prospect. Nothing can surpass his delivery of the accompanied recitative in which Faust gives eloquent language to his weariness and despair. In the garden scene, though not the solitarily prominent figure he appears in the opening of the first act, Faust at least divides the sympathies of the audience with Margaret; and as in this occurs the apostrophe to the abode of the innocent and lovely girl ("Salve dimora"), it offers, of course, the chief occasion for exhibiting the singer's art. A more expressive and perfect reading of this truly exquisite soliloquy has not been heard. The duet with Margaret, in which occurs the familiar passage, "He loves me, loves me not," is worthy to match with this, the crowning point of the third and most poetical act of the opera. The Margaret—or rather "Margarita," as Mr. Chorley invariably styles her—of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington stands midway between the well-known impersonations of Madame Miolan-Carvalho and Mademoiselle Tietjens, being neither so coldly statue-like as the first, nor so warm and impassioned as the last; but in this very beautiful duet she unhappily rather follows the French than the German model, scarcely daring to look at her lover, even when she has unequivocally confessed her love. Elsewhere—premising that she sings many parts of the music too slowly, especially the reply to Faust, in the scene of the Kermesse (which, after all, is merely an admonition to the adventurous cavalier to mind his own business), and the ballad of the "King of Thule"—her execution of the music is as correct and artistic as it is charming. In the brilliant air where Margaret, finding the jewels of Faust, straightway neglects the modest flowers of her devoted Siebel, the shake which introduces the theme of the quick movement is for the first time as intended. Madame Carvalho could never execute it in tune, while the imposing voice of Mademoiselle Tietjens could never accommodate itself to its light and glib delivery; but Madame Sherrington does it to perfection—as may be said, indeed, of the air itself, from beginning to end. In the grand—really grand—scene at the doors of the church, and the prison scene of the last act, the singing of this accomplished lady offers no point for criticism; but in the first both she and Signor Marchesi—the very zealous if not very legitimate impersonator of Mephistopheles, whom he represents as a sort of pantomic buffoon—outrage all dramatic versimilitude. Instead of the contrite and prostrate Margaret we have the heroine in a *ballet* of action, walking to and fro, to avoid the encroachments of a persecuting gnome. Fancy, moreover, the staid, ironical, and sardonic Mephistopheles—the devil himself, incarnate in a wag—executing the melo-dramatic postures and evolutions of an ordinary Zamiel, or Demon of the Woods! The Mephistopheles of Signor Marchesi (of his singing we say nothing) is, from a dramatic point of view, a mistake. In the scene of the Kermesse, where Faust first sees Margaret, Signor Marchesi becomes a sort of Leporello in scarlet; and elsewhere—not to go into uninteresting details—he is equally un-Mephistophelian. Madame Florence Lancia is an engaging Siebel, singing the air in which the flowers wither as they are gathered for Margaret's bouquet with agreeable unobtrusiveness, and the new romance (already alluded to), not only in the original key (the part was written for a *soprano*), but as neatly and prettily as could be wished. This promising young lady is making undoubted progress, and fully merits the encouragement the public seems inclined to accord her. Of Mr. Santley's English Valentine we can only say what we have said more than once about his performance of the character in Italian—viz., that a comparatively small part was never made so much of in our remembrance. The death scene (just after the trio with Faust and Mephistopheles) is as finely acted as it is finely sung; while the new air, or *cavatina*, to which allusion has been made, has been given in such a manner that, notwithstanding its being an interpolation, we should be loth, while Mr. Santley is the Valentine, to dispense with it. The minor parts of Wagner and Martha were admirably sustained by Mr. Dussek (a descendant of the gifted composer of *Plus Ultra*, and intimate friend of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia?—) and Madame Taccani. The former will be remembered for his excellent impersonation of Corregan in Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Kill-*

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erney; the lady as the first (and best) representative of Martha when *Faust* was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The chorus is excellent; the band—under the vigilant superintendence of Signor Arditi, who has made himself a name among conductors—as perfect throughout as anything we have heard in operatic performance. The scenery and the stage appointments generally—precisely the same to which the public have been accustomed at the Italian performances of *Faust* in Her Majesty's Theatre—are hardly worth a new description.

The performance afforded intense gratification to a brilliant and crowded audience, the large majority of whom remained until the conclusion, although the opera did not finish until midnight. To the usual *encores* for the chorus of "Old Men" (in the Kermesse) and the chorus of soldiers (Act IV), was added another, for the new air given to Valentine. The principal performers were respectively called forward almost after every act.

Faust was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be played for the fourth time to-night. No other opera is to be given during the present series of performances.

Leeds.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—On Saturday evening, Jan. 23rd, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was given in the Victoria Hall, by the members of the Leeds Choral Union, a body recently formed by the amalgamation of the two previously existing Choral Societies, which had hitherto been antagonistic. It is very satisfactory to know that all matters in difference between them have now been happily adjusted, and that there is every prospect that the united body will continue to act in harmony, to the manifest advantage of the progress of good music in the town. The selection of *Elijah* as the medium of its first introduction to the public shows that the Association is animated by the right spirit, and under the circumstances, we should not wish to apply a very high standard of criticism to the performance, which, however, was on the whole very good. We should suggest to the managers, on another occasion to strengthen the band (otherwise excellent) in the stringed parts, which were decidedly weak, and it seemed to us that the soprano section of the chorus was rather over-weighted by the other parts. The orchestral character of the Town Hall organ was displayed to great advantage in combination with the band; never obtrusive, it lent a dignity and solidity to the performance, such as no other public organ with which we are acquainted could have attained, without taking undue prominence. The soloists were Miss Helena Walker, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Brandon; the part of the Youth being (as it always should be) supported by a boy, Master Jinkin of the Parish Church Choir. We have no sympathy with the feeling which will *encore* any part of an oratorio, or other work of continuous action, but if it *must* be done, the compliment was on this occasion well bestowed on the quartet "Cast thy burden," and the trio "Lift thine eyes" (second soprano, Miss Winder). Dr. Spark presided at the organ, and Mr. Burton was the conductor. The Society proposes to give three other concerts during the season.

The Town Hall Organ Concerts were resumed on the 26th instant, after the Christmas vacation, by Dr. Spark. The programme was entirely new, and comprised some excellent music, among which we may particularize an *offertoire* in C minor, by E. Batiste, being one of a series of this composer's works, edited by Dr. Spark, and just published by Messrs. Ashdown and Parry. This is thoroughly good organ music, of the French school, well adapted to display the capabilities of a fine organ and a good player, and fortunate in having both these advantages for its production. From the way in which this specimen was received, the audience are apparently learning better to appreciate true organ music, and it is to be hoped that operatic "recollections" will not long be necessary in order to attract the public. The attendance was good, and promises well for the future success of these concerts, of which Leeds has cause to be proud.

Harrefield.—The annual concert of the Harmonic society took place recently in the school-room. The choir executed several pieces in a satisfactory manner, in particular the madrigal from Mr. Wallace's opera of *Love's Triumph*, "Corin for Cleora dying." Mr. Brinley Richards' setting of "God bless the Prince of Wales" (solos by Mr. A. Homer) was also well given. Another capital performance was Edwards' madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed," sung by the Misses Sawyer and Collins, the Rev. Mr. Collins and Mr. Quickenden. Mr. Bradley played a solo on the Violoncello very cleverly, and a duet for flute and pianoforte by the Rev. R. C. Collins; and Mrs. Collins was very favourably received. Major Wieland, who has a very fine bass voice, sang Calcott's "Last man," and was encored, when he gave a ballad entitled "Some one to love me;" Major Wieland afterwards joined Miss C. Sawyer and Miss Collins in Bishops "Chough and the Crow," and sang "The Bay of Biscay." Mrs. Collins accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.—(*Communicated.*)

Preston.—(*From a correspondent.*)—The organ in Preston parish church was re-opened on the 24th, having been closed for two Sundays. Collections were made after each service towards defraying the expense incurred in completing the pedal part of the organ, and in making sundry improvements. This imposing and noble instrument now contains 44 stops, and three rows of keys, and is one of the finest church organs in the country. For the information of your readers I append a list of stops the organ now contains. Those marked * have been recently added:—

Great Organ.	ft.
1 Double Diapason Bass) metal	16
2 ditto Treble) through.	
3 Stopped	8
4 Great Open	8
5 Small Open	8
6 Gamba	8
7 Principal	4
8 Clear Flute (wood)	4
9 Twelfth	2⅔
10 Fifteenth	2
11 Piccolo (wood)	2
12 Sesquialtera—4 ranks	
13 Mixture—3, 4, and 5 ranks	
14 Trumpet	8
15 Clarion	4

Choir Organ.	
1 Stopped Diapason (Bass)	8
2 Clarabella (Treble)	8
3 Dulciana	8
*4 Viol de Gamba	8
5 Principal	4
6 Flute	4
*7 Flageolet	2
8 Cremona (to fidde G)	8

Swell Organ to Tenor C.	ft.
1 Bourdon (wood) ...tone	16
2 Stopped Diapason	8
3 Open	8
4 Keraulophan	8
5 Principal	4
6 Fifteenth	2
7 Echo-Cornet—3 ranks	
8 Cornopean	8
9 Oboe	8
*10 Clarion	4

Pedal Organ.	
*1 Sub-Bass ...tone	32
2 Double Open Diapason	16
3 Bourdon	16
4 Principal	8
5 Fifteenth	4
6 Sesquialtera—3 ranks	
7 Posaune	16

Couplers and Accessory Movements.
1 Swell to Great
2 Choir to Great
3 Great to Pedals
4 Choir to Pedals

The improvements have been carried out by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, organ-builders, of Manchester, by whom the organ was entirely re-built some five years ago, when it was designed that the sub-bass and Posaune should be added to the pedal organ at a future opportunity, as funds at that time could not be raised for completing the instrument. Provision was also made for the swell to be carried through; at present it only extends to tenor C. This very important addition yet remains to be effected, and it is confidently expected that when the dark cloud of distress which at present hangs over this town is dissipated, the necessary funds will be obtained for carrying out the object. Mr. Greaves, the talented organist of the church, has been most indefatigable in his exertions to improve the organ, and to render it one of the finest in the district—worthy, in short, of the church in which it is placed. To him especially are the thanks of the congregation due for enabling them to possess so splendid an instrument.

Belfast.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—No doubt your readers will be somewhat surprised to learn that Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared again in our Theatre Royal, on Monday the 25th inst., as Richelieu; such, indeed, is the fact, and, however painful it must have been for him to do so, after what had occurred, it was perhaps the best *amende honorable* he could make instead of apologies. The theatre was crowded, and a more enthusiastic applause than that which greeted him on his entering had not been witnessed before on these boards. Last night (26th inst.) he appeared as Shylock; the theatre was again filled to overflowing and the most rapturous applause greeted him; every word was listened to in breathless silence, and every action watched with the utmost attention. He was well supported by Mr. Tindell (Antonio), Mr. Cooke (Bassanio), and Miss Reinhard (Portia), whose acting was in every respect praiseworthy. One of your contemporaries (*The Orchestra*) reported falsely that the audience was *dismissed*; such was not the case, for, although *Richelieu* was abruptly concluded, still the performance of the other pieces went on, and money was only returned to a few individuals. To-night (Wednesday) Mr. Brooke is to appear as Sir Giles Overreach, giving his services gratis for the benefit of the General Hospital, in which laudable object our lessee, Mr. H. Webb, has joined him by giving the services of the whole company, house, etc., etc., gratis; so that a rich harvest may be expected, as most of the reserved seats are already taken.

Torquay.—The entertainment under the title of "A Morning at the Pianoforte," by Mrs. John Macfarren, took place at Reynold's Pianoforte Saloons, on Saturday, and was attended by a fashionable and discriminating audience. Mrs. John Macfarren has successfully passed through the severe ordeal of London criticism, and is now ranked among our distinguished pianists. Her delivery of the lecture was characterized by an easy and graceful utterance; while the biographical and critical remarks, from the pen of that distinguished composer and *litterateur*, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, were listened to with interest, and assisted greatly the proper understanding of the compositions. Not the least agreeable part of the entertainment was the singing of Miss Walsh, who, endowed with a sweet voice, a remarkably clear and distinct articulation, was enabled to give the vocal illustrations with charming effect.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, 1864.

MOZART NIGHT.

*** Wednesday, the 27th of January, being the 108th anniversary of the birth of Mozart (who was born in 1756, and died, in his 36th year, December 5th, 1791), it is believed that a selection from the immortal master's works, at the Concert immediately following, will be acceptable to the many admirers of his music who patronise the Monday Popular Concerts. The Director begs, therefore, to announce that the whole of the programme, vocal and instrumental, at the 141st concert, on Monday next, will be devoted to compositions by Mozart.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for two Violins, Clarinet, Viola, and Violoncello M. M. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, Lazarus, H. Webb and Paque. . *Mozart.*

SCENA, "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*).—Mlle. Florence Lancia, with Clarinet Obbligato, Mr. Lazarus . . . . . *Mozart.*

SERENADE, "Deh vieni alla finestra" (*Don Giovanni*).—Mr. Santley . *Mozart.*

SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Arabella Goddard . *Mozart.*

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps . . . . . *Mozart.*

SONG, "The Violet"—Mlle. Florence Lancia . . . . . *Mozart.*

AIR, "Non più andrai" (*Nozze di Figaro*).—Mr. Santley . . . . *Mozart.*

QUARTET, in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello—Madame Arabella Goddard, M. M. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, and Paque. . . . . *Mozart.*

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Concerts will commence early in next season. The Prospectus for 1864 will shortly be issued.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

IN concluding my last letter I think I mentioned that I had heard a tenor of unusual merit and capability, of whom it is my duty to speak in more than general terms, as he is without doubt a very superior—indeed, I think I may say, an extraordinary artist. It is at Bologna that this gentleman, Sig. Bignardi, has been singing, and was at the Teatro Communale in that city. The Opera company—during the early part of the winter, as a rule—is composed of some of the first singers in Italy; and as I was very anxious to hear Sig. Bignardi, whom I remembered having heard with pleasure some three or four years since, during two consecutive seasons at Genoa, and afterwards at La Scala, when I was much impressed by his fine voice and sterling qualities as an actor and as a singer, I resolved to pocket the inconveniences of the slow, toilsome, and cold journey over the Apennines to Florence, so as to pass through Bologna, see one of the most renowned theatres in Italy, and satisfy my curiosity as to Sig. Bignardi. A "genuine tenor" at the present day is indeed a *rara avis;* but without doubt Sig. Bignardi is such a tenor in the full acceptation of the term. One of those grand singers whose success does not depend upon the vehement emission of certain high notes, nor upon the execution of a single air in an entire opera, Sig. Bignardi is a real and thorough artist, evidently of the best school—who, in addition to a magnificent organ of great sweetness and power, is gifted with taste, feeling, and expression, to such a degree, that we look in vain for a parallel, save in the recollection of the matchless Rubini. That prince of vocalists was doubtless superior in the art of vocalisation, in which, indeed, he was altogether incomparable; but, on the other hand, I am told (for I never heard that eminent singer, "children in arms" not being admitted to his performances) by connoisseurs at Milan, who remember Rubini in his prime, that his fine voice never possessed the vigorous strength which Bignardi uses with such effect in energetic passages. In addition to these vocal qualifications, Sig. Bignardi possesses a handsome exterior, has a good stage presence, and, best of all, is a finished actor, much superior in this respect to any of the best tenors of the present day. Indeed, the first time I ever saw him, he struck me almost more as an actor than as a singer—his "Malediction" scene (in *Lucia*) being the finest piece of acting I ever witnessed. During the past season at Bologna the success which attended the production of *Poliuto, Rigoletto,* and *Un Ballo in Maschera,* rendered unnecessary any further attractions. The custom in this country of giving but three or four operas during a season of six weeks or two months doubtless appears to Englishmen "slow", and not very enterprising on the part of managers; but in reality it is a proof, were one wanting, of a superiority of musical taste over that of all other nations. In any other country, in a town of the size of Bologna, if an opera was repeated half a dozen times in a fortnight it is well-known that it would cease to "draw"; for in the provinces, especially in England, it is rather a curiosity that causes the masses to listen to an operatic performance than a natural taste for music; and when their curiosity has been satisfied, their power of appreciation is not sufficiently strong to make them care for hearing the same performance again; whereas Italians, on the contrary, come night after night to hear the same opera—whereby they soon learn the especial beauties of the work, and from that intimate knowledge which can alone be acquired by a succession of hearings, these beauties shine forth with greater brilliancy and present far greater charms for an essentially musical audience than is possible when they are first heard and less well understood. Of *Poliuto* I cannot speak. Sig. Sirchia, the tenor, after a few nights, fell ill, and did not recover sufficiently to reappear. The *prima donna,* Mdlle. Vitale, of whom the papers and the *abonnés* of the theatre speak in terms of high praise, is, I hear, engaged by Mr. Mapleson for his coming campaign; your readers will, therefore, have an early opportunity of judging of her merits. Of Sig. Sirchia I can only repeat the words of a gentleman to whom I applied for information: "*Ha mezzi*

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vocali immensi—ha un gioiello nella gola." *Rigoletto*, the second opera produced, brought out Mdmes. Lotti Della Santa and Borchart, Sigs. Bignardi, Cima, and Derivis; and, being excellently performed, had a great success. I have often wondered how an opera with so fearful a subject as that on which the *libretto* is founded could have gained so much popularity; but now, as sensational subjects are in vogue, it is quite suitable to the taste of the day. The action being laid in a profligate court the incidents are but characteristic. Abduction; violation; an execution; suborning to murder; a midnight assassination; and, finally, the escape of the chief criminal, singing a joyous *refrain*, are, perhaps, rather strong incidents for an evening's amusement; but Verdi has treated the subject in so highly genial a manner, has exhibited such great practical knowledge of the stage, and has written such very lovely and expressive melodies, that the magic of the music wonderfully softens the effect, and the notable features of Victor Hugo's drama are witnessed with the most perfect equanimity. The great quartet and the popular song, "La donna è mobile", were decidedly the "hits" of the performance—the former being given with great effect. The mirthful vivacity of Madalena —contrasting with the agony thrilling through every tone of the wretched Gilda—threw a new life and interest into this *morceau;* while the pathos of Rigoletto and the fresh voice of the Duke, gave an *éclat* to the scene not to be surpassed; and the latter—which on some occasions was repeated no less than four times, bringing out some of the finest high notes it has ever been the lot of man to possess—was received with a literal hurricane of applause. Mdlle. Lotti (Gilda) together with Bignardi, carried off the greater part of the applause. In the grand *scena* with her father, in the third act, Mdlle. Lotti's qualities as an actress and a singer were displayed to advantage; but a regret was felt that she was not very ably supported by Sig. Cima, who, though exhibiting taste and feeling in his singing, has neither voice nor *physique* for a character of such importance as that of the Court Jester. *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the third opera given at Bologna, has never held so high a place in the favor of the public of London or Paris as to make it as attractive as other operas by Verdi. The *libretto* is certainly poor in the extreme; but, in my humble opinion, the music presents beauties of a high order. Verdi's natural talent is progressive *par excellence*. In every fresh opera he gives proof that he works indefatigably to arrive as near to perfection as possible; and in this opera he has shown a greater desire to illustrate, by appropriate music, the various "situations" in the *libretto*, than he has done in any previous work. Moreover, he has eminently succeeded in combining with great taste and judgment the declamatory style of Meyerbeer with the deliciously flowing melody of the Italian school. He has given several proofs of his veneration for the great German masters, and has made good use of his study of their works, at the same time retaining that true Italian *cachet* which always distinguishes his music. In fine, throughout this opera he has written with freedom and independence, while he has shown his respect for the acknowledged forms of musical art and his desire to design and construct after models of known excellence. Verdi, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, is the first Italian composer who has given individuality to the music of such a special character. How affectionate and fond a lover is Riccardo; how deeply interesting is the frail Amelia; how manly and loyal is Renato—how terrible in his anger, how fearful in his despair, how sad but tender when he calls to mind his *dolcezza perdute;* how vivacious and roguish a page is Oscar; and with what consummate art are drawn the portraits of the two conspirators, who form so important and effective a background to the picture! What lovely and varied melody flows through the opera from beginning to end! how skilful and elaborate is the instrumentation, without even causing a feeling of heaviness! —indeed, in a word, what a *chef d'œuvre* has Verdi produced! —what a model for youthful and aspiring composers. Of the performance I can speak in terms of high praise. Mdme. Lotti's costumes are rather more rich than in good taste —for, when she leaves her home at midnight and proceeds to a wild desert in search of the "healing herb", it rather surprises one to see her in a ball dress of the latest Paris fashion; and, again, when she goes by stealth to the masked ball, to warn Riccardo of his danger, one would think that, her object being not to be observed, she would hardly wear a dress of the gayest description, or be covered with the most costly and sparkling jewellery. However, as a singer and an actress, in this part she appears to great advantage and evidently proves herself to be an *artiste* of considerable qualifications. Her delivery of the plaintive air "Morro ma prima di grazia," so well adapted to the situation, was absolute perfection, her touching pathos finding its way to every heart; while her acting, in the same scene where Renato bids her prepare for death, was intensely fine. Sig. Bignardi appears to greater advantage in *Un Ballo* than in *Rigoletto*. After witnessing his performances I am bound to acknowledge that the part of Ricardo becomes very much more effective in the hands of a *tenore robusto* than when entrusted even to singers of such rare excellence as Mario and Giuglini; for the part having been written for Fraschini (whom, both in voice and style, Bignardi much resembles), the energetic passages, which are so well suited to his vigorous and declamatory delivery, lose much of their beauty and effect when they fall into the hands of tenors whose only defect is want of power. Certainly one of the great charms of Bignardi's voice is its sweetness; but, though it is with the greatest feeling and tenderness that he sings his first air, "La Rivedrò"—so lovely with its simple accompaniment and its bold harmonic changes, and so expressive of the feelings of a lover about to be united to the idol of his heart—I am uncertain as to whether I was not more struck by his execution of the passage "La rivedarti Amelia," when he is summoned to the ball by Oscar. This he declaims with an enthusiasm which seems to give vigour to his delivery and additional power to his noble voice. The effect he produces here is indescribable, and the tumultuous plaudits which nightly hail him after this scene are a clear proof of the high esteem in which he is held by an audience well capable of discerning real talent. Mdlle. Daria (whom I am told is a Miss Smith) makes a lively page, and sings the sparkling song, "Saper vorreste," in a manner to ensure a nightly encore. Were this young lady's talent on a par with her vivacity she might hope to attain as high a place in public favor as her successor at "Her Majesty's"—Mdlle. Volpini. Sig. Cima is entitled to praise for his artistic and careful singing as Renato; and in the concluding scene of the second act, where he is surprised by the conspirators, he gives evidence of greater dramatic power than I had supposed him to be possessed of. The voice of Sig. Derivis, who raises the small part of Samuel into one of prominence, is quite wonderful when one remembers that he was the original representative of many of the principal bass parts of Verdi's early operas, produced more than twenty years ago. Time, that great necromancer, which, according to Unsworth, the modern Demosthenes, has, in the last few years, in one

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country changed a crown into a crushing machine, and in another, a Napoleon into a Sovereign, seems to have had no effect on the powerful organ of Derivis, for it certainly leaves but little trace of wear and tear, and is as good now as when I last heard it—on the occasion of Mdlle. Cruvelli's return to the Grand Opéra at Paris, after her memorable *escapade*.

At Florence the event of the past season, indeed of the year 1863, has been the production of *Faust* at the Pergola, which was received in a manner so warm and enthusiastic as to be almost without parallel. During a season of twenty-four nights *Faust* was performed nineteen times; and this beautiful music, which gains so much on acquaintance, was always listened to with religious attention and ever-increasing pleasure by crowded audiences. The Florentines, as well as the Director of La Pergola, should be congratulated on the possession of such artists as Mdlle. Boschetti, Stigelli and Atry, who, I am bound to acknowledge, are, to my mind, more satisfactory representatives of the principal parts than any I have witnessed either in England, France, or Germany. Although in certain operas Mdlle. Titiens and Miolan are both without competitors, and although I am an immense admirer of Tamberlik and Giuglini, I cannot refrain from remarking that those whose acquaintance with M. Gounod's works has been limited to England, have not had an opportunity of judging the many striking beauties allotted to the principal *soprano* and tenor. I have the most profound respect for the opinion of M. Gounod, who I believe considers Mdme. Miolan's pourtrayal of the character "absolute perfection." That it is so, I do not wish to deny, but must confess there are many Margherites whom I vastly prefer. It would indeed be difficult even to imagine a more poetical Margherite than Mdlle. Boschetti, who presents a delightfully natural picture of the young trusting, loving girl. Nature and art have both been liberal in their gifts to this young lady, and she has certainly every qualification to be the *beau idéal* of Goethe's unhappy maiden. How surprisingly lovely is she with her long fair hair and her remarkably innocent expression, when she first appears to Faust!—how modest and retired is she, as she passes through the gay crowd in the Kermesse, when first meeting with her fatal lover!—And again, after having examined the jewels with mingled feelings of surprise and fear, when she appears at the window and gives vent to the troubles of her lacerated heart, she is so perfectly natural, and her acting is so entirely free from any stereotyped form, that this scene appears a reality rather than "a scene in a play." But Mdlle. Boschetti is most irresistibly attractive in the scene of Valentin's death. Here she really shines as a grand actress; and the shriek of horror that escapes her lips, and the look of despair that creeps over her features when she meets the gaze of her brother and hears his dying curse, are wonderfully true to nature, and fully entitle her to the enthusiastic applause with which she is nightly rewarded. Space does not allow me to say so much as I should wish of Mdlle. Boschetti's superior vocal powers; I must therefore content myself by stating that, although her voice is not strong, it is of excellent quality; that she always sings in tune, has a wonderful shake—no clap-trap about it (as that wont go down in Italy, though it may elsewhere); and that the sweetness, grace and finish which are the chief characteristics of her singing in the air "Des Bijoux," proclaim her to be a really accomplished vocalist. Sig. Stigelli—who from his singing I should imagine to be a German—not only possesses a voice of great beauty and power, which enables him to give due effect to the many declamatory passages that fall to the part of Faust, but is also a singer who has evidently given much time to the study of classical music. This qualifies him in an especial manner for the arduous and difficult part of Faust; and his singing throughout the opera is most artistic. His delivery of the lovely air, "Salve dimora casta," is distinguished by a beauty of voice, a purity of intonation, and a breadth of phrasing not to be surpassed. Mdme. Viale, whose *contralto* voice was so very much admired in Edinburgh some four years ago—where she was singing with an opera company *called* "The Fenice Opera Company from Venice"—makes a charming Siebel, and sings the elegant "Parlatele d'amor" so well as scarcely ever to escape an encore. Signor Pizzicati, who has a certain reputation in Tuscany, but whom I never admired, is Valentino. Although careful and painstaking, he does not raise himself in my estimation by this performance. Sig. Atry, of whom I have often spoken favourably in these pages, on the contrary, by his admirable impersonation of Mefistofele, adds another to the long list of triumphs he has already gained. This gentleman, who, for the last three years has been justly considered the best *basso-profondo* in Italy, has a very fine voice, clear and mellow in a remarkable degree, though perhaps not possessing those wonderfully rich deep tones which rendered the voice of Herr Formes unique. His intonation is always truthful (a most desirable qualification in a bass), and his singing tells of a good school. On the whole, I doubt whether Mefistofele ever had a more characteristic or a more powerful interpreter. He is the very impersonation of Goethe's bantering, ironical *diavolo*. He sings the bacchanalian couplets with a vigour which brings down the house; he makes an immense deal of the scene in which he is attacked by Valentino and the students in the second act; and he is really magnificent in the scene outside the church with Margherite, where his grand voice, his wondrous "make-up," and his artistic acting, all combine to make this passage one of the most effective in the opera. After what I have said of Signor Atry, I trust that I give good news to the frequenters of Covent Garden when I tell them that in a few months time they will have an opportunity of hearing this eminent artist. The orchestra of La Pergola, to which much attention has been paid lately, has gained vigour and breadth of style, and is now certainly one of the best in Italy. That every member of the orchestra enters heart and soul into his work, and feels a pride in assisting in the execution of so fine a composition, I can readily believe; for the band is almost faultless from beginning to end—the uncommon accuracy that distinguishes the accompaniments being no less remarkable than the admirable performance of the impressive introduction. If the chorus was up to the same standard of excellence as the band, the peformance of *Faust* here would be very near perfection. In spite, however, of numberless inaccuracies, a want of steadiness, and a great disregard of light and shade, the chorus singers always manage to secure for themselves two encores nightly—the strikingly-original chorus of old men, and the magnificent soldier's chorus, "Gloria immortale"—though in the latter case I think the compliment is intended rather for the music than for the singers. In conclusion, Gounod's *chef d'œuvre*—having the advantage of an unrivalled Margherite, a Mefistofele whose equal could not easily be found, a most artistic Faust, excellence in the minor parts, a superb *mise-en-scène*, and a first-rate orchestra—has been performed nineteen times within a month, the applause being always warm, and at times enthusiastic; so that now the Tuscans, as well as the Lombards, have confirmed the verdict pronounced by the public of every other country where *Faust* has been

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heard, and which proclaims M. Gounod one of the greatest composers of the day. A. S. C.

—o—

[Readers of the *Musical World* are requested to understand that we by no means consider ourselves responsible for the opinions of our clever, pleasant, and enthusiastic correspondent. Mdlle. Lotti Della Santa and Herr Stigel (Stigelli) must be wonderfully improved if they are really now what "A. S. C." represents them to be; and, for this reason, we would rather judge for ourselves of Sig. Bignardi, Sig. Atry, Mdlle. Boschetti, &c. Mdlle. Viale could never sing at all, and M. Derivis (a Frenchman) could never sing well; while the last time we heard the orchestra of the Pergola it was simply detestable. Nor can we endorse without reserve the opinions of our correspondent on Verdi and Gounod. Nevertheless, his letters are cordial and charming, and for that reason we publish them.—ED. *M. W.*]

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A LETTER FROM DISHLEY PETERS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—This is not a long letter, but a short letter. I was at Vienna, and I heard Herr Ernst Pauer. That, you will say, was hardly worth the pains of a journey to so remote a capital. You are right; but I was at Vienna, and having, I will not say *nothing better* to do, but *nothing at all* to do, I went to a concert, and there I heard Herr Ernst Pauer. Having nothing at all to do, I sat out the whole concert. At the end of my *séance* I felt very hungry. They say that hearing music makes one hungry. That is possible; but hearing such music as is made by Herr Ernst Pauer gives one a peculiar *thirst*—a thirst for beer. Accordingly I went to a beershop near St Stephens' (where I used to see "*feu*" Saphir and Leopold, the living de Meyer) and drank beer. While drinking beer I began to think, and in the process of thinking fell asleep. I had a horrible dream. I dreamed that I heard Herr Ernst Pauer's concert all through again, from the first piece to the last. In dreaming I said aloud to myself: I have done nothing to deserve this, and in saying this much aloud to myself I awoke! When I awoke that sempiternal "*Cascade*" seemed to be gushing slowly and painfully out of my ears. "No matter"—I involuntarily shrieked—"no matter," whether I have *nothing better* to do, or whether I have *nothing at all* to do, I will never go again to a concert of Herr Ernst Pauer's. It is the very Wölfenbüttellism of pleonasm. I then relapsed into slumber quite unconsciously.

Three days after I went to get shaved, at a shaving shop also near St. Stephen's. The shavers were all shaving, like diligent shavers of their shears. So I had to wait. I waited for my turn, and took up a paper. In the paper which I took up I read as follows:—

"We may mention Herr Ernst Pauer, the pianist, as one of the artists we were most pleased to see during the present concert-season. He first gave a soirée in Streicher's saloon, and then a concert in the hall of the Musical Association. It was not merely the grateful recollection of his visit, years ago, which caused the very numerous audience to accord him so hearty a reception. Between this visit and the concert of the day before yesterday, Herr Pauer had rendered some valuable services, which made his name known in the most distant localities, but more especially popular in his native country, Austria; we allude to his exertions at the great exhibition in London. His sagacious and powerful assistance has done much towards causing the manufacture of instruments in Austria and the Zolverein to be subsequeutly viewed in a new light of just appreciation. What he did at the Exhibition conduced moreover to give the public a proper idea of his professional merits. While Pauer, as a juror, protected music in the material means by which she works, he had long previously striven and worked for her ideal objects. *By precept and by example, as a teacher and as a "sir.suso," has Pauer for the last twelve years sowed, with the most satisfactory results, the seeds of German feeling for music in England.* To us Germans has been entrusted the intellectual mission "of carrying civilisation to the east;" but the German musician must also take care of a good portion of the west. *There are still in England large tracts of musical education so unsatisfactorily cultivated as to give plenty of employment to German missionaries. Pauer is such a missionary, and one of the best class; as head pastor of German music in London, he has musically christened and confirmed innumerable ladies and gentlemen. The fact of Pauer's having speedily gained, by his acquirements, his activity, and his character, universal authority in England has been attended with advantage to art, for an Englishman believes in authority. On the strength of Pauer's "Historical Concerts" not a few "dilletanti" in London have rendered themselves acquainted with Bach, (!!) Beethoven, (!!!) and Schumann.*

We ought and must remind our readers of all this on the present occasion, for it is very certain that the audience remembered it all on Sunday afternoon when they beheld advancing before them the slim, grenadier-like figure, with the true-hearted look and the friendly smile, that, a certain number of years since, left this city as Ernst Pauer "to try his fortunes in the wide world."

In his time, we have done justice to Pauer's playing. We can now only add that his style has become more consolidated, polished and refined. We cannot say "transfigured," for Pauer belongs to those happily constituted individuals whose talents and impulses are, from the first, in harmonious equilibrium, and whose development takes place without any volcanic process or embarrassing obscurity. Clear, correct and convincing does his play speak to the hearer, not with power that carries the latter away, but with the most winning grace. It is invariably baptised in moderation of feeling, which, it is true, does not venture on the loftiest flights, but which can boast of possessing the right means of expressing what is powerful as well as what is pleasing. Over everything that Pauer undertakes there hovers the spirit of certain success, the steadfastness of tried views on art, and the cheerfulness of a well-ordered mind.

Works of demoniacal passion like Schumann's D minor Trio, or Beethoven's C minor Sonata, Op. 111., we can imagine more powerfully and more boldly conceived; (*really!*) nay, we could sometimes wish them to be so (*is it possible?*)—but, within the circle which Pauer's *individuality* (!) describes around these objects, they appear free from blemish, and executed with the utmost evenness and delicacy. No man can render more beautifully than Pauer the tender passages of Beethoven's variations, especially the difficult trill-variations. (*Diable!*)

After these two great pieces and a nervous, fresh concerto by Handel, which last production Pauer performed most admirably, it was only just that we should be made acquainted with his art from its worldly side as well.

He played his "*Cascade, which has long been a fashionable study in London* (!), and a *bravura* waltz, of his own composition, with that elegance and delicacy which * * * * * * *

After reading this, I cried out (involuntarily) "*Per Bacco!*"—when straightway a shaver took me and shaved me. Leopold de Meyer then suddenly made his appearance. "De Meyer!" quoth I. "Peters!" quoth he. "I have read a critique," quoth I. "You have?" quoth he. I told him all about it; I remonstrated; I said Herr Ernst Pauer had taught us in England no more of Bach and Beethoven than we knew before he came. "You are a goose," observed De Meyer, "who believes he did?" "What then am I to understand?" I asked. "Whatever you please," he answered, "but come and dine with me at ———, and I will tell you what is thought of Pauer out of Wöllfenbüttel." "But the article," said I. "Never mind the article," said he. So we dined together, and talked of Manhattan.

King and Beard, Ilfracombe, Devon. Jan. 27. DISHLEY PETERS.

P.S.—By the way, *has* Ernst Pauer *really* been such a musical prophet in England?—and is he *really* a Brummagem Charles Hallé?—D. P.

[Apply to Owen Ap' Mutton, Esq.—ED. M. W.]

—o—

THE OXFORD PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In an article appearing in your paper, of Jan. the 9th last, on the appointment of Cathedral Organists, the writer was evidently, as I can show, under several wrong impressions; and, as I am sure you would rather your paper

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should assert facts than what is not the case, allow me to make a few remarks to contradict the errors in the article referred to, which may have led many of your readers to form wrong conclusions.

Referring to the protest against "men of great ability" being "ignored to make way for the unknown protéges of an aggressive and bigoted church party," and to the order that "the capitular bodies seem to have tacitly arrived at a resolution to commit all such appointments to the decision of the Reverend Sir Frederic G. Ouseley," specially alluding to "the last two cathedral appointments that have been made," it is very well known by Sir Frederic Ouseley's friends and by all who know much of him, that he does *not* belong to any "Church party;" and I am in a condition to state positively that Sir Frederic Ouseley had *nothing whatever, directly or indirectly*, to do with either of those appointments; so the appointments have certainly *not* been "committed to his decision," and only in the imagination of the writer of the said articles were "such responsibilities placed in his hands."

The writer of the article in question certainly implies that Sir Frederick Ouseley upholds *Gregorian* ("unbarred") music: it is but just to Sir Frederick and fair to the public that it should be distinctly known that, far from being an upholder of Gregorian music, he has constantly, all his life, *strongly opposed* that style of music in every way in his power, in his professional lectures at Oxford, and in his lectures on church music in various parts of the kingdom. Furthermore, he does not allow Gregorian music to be sung in Hereford Cathedral (where he is Precentor), and he has established and endowed a choir in his college at Tenbury where not only is such music rigidly excluded by him, but every care has been taken that that kind of music shall never be sung in his college hereafter; and, lastly, it surprises me that Sir Frederick Ouseley should be charged with sympathizing with Gregorian music, while it is so recently that this style of music was so strongly denounced by him in his paper which he read before the Manchester Church Congress, and which has appeared in several London newspapers.

Trusting you will allow this letter to appear in your next impression, I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

Queen's College, J. F. Erskine Goodeve.
Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1864. *M.A. Cantab.*

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The following retire from the Council at the next general meeting, *Wednesday, Feb.* 3:—Mr. Henry Smart, (*Professional*); the Rev. Sir W. Henry Cope, Bart., and Mr. Edward James, Q.C., (*Non-Professional*). The following have been nominated for election on the Council:—Senor Manuel Garcia, M.D., (*Professional*); the Rev. Sir W. Henry Cope, Bart., and Mr. Edward James, Q. C., (*Non-Professional*). There are eight vacancies amongst Professional, and six amongst Non-Professional Fellows).

The following Associates have been nominated as eligibie for election at this Meeting:—Luigi Arditi, Henry Baumer, Benjamin Blyth, M.A., J. T. Carrodus, William Carter, Michael Costa, Charles J. Hargitt, E. Stanton Jones, W. H. Monk, W. Redfearn, Cipriani Potter, F. Schira, R. Harold Thomas (*Professional*); George Davy, Dr. James Parker Deane, Q.C., the Earl of Dunraven, Robert G. G. James, Thos. Lintott, Charles Plowden, Henry Rougier, and Dr. W. Stevens Squire (*Non-Professional*). A stormy meeting is anticipated.

Mendelssohn's Birthday.—The 54th anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth will be commemorated on Wednesday, February 3rd, by the National Choral Society, at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, when *Elijah* will be performed by a band and chorus of 700 performers. Principal singers, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Miss Annie Cox, Mr. G. A. Carter, Mr. J. Matthews, &c., Organist, Mr. John G. Boardman.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The weather is making sad havoc among the singers, and at all the musical theatres a change in the performance is almost nightly necessitated. The skies seemed to have rained coughs, colds, rheumatisms, sciaticas, lumbagos, and a whole deluge of bronchial diseases—all on Paris—which prevail to a greater extent in and around the Boulevards. I told you that M. Warot's indisposition had stopt the performances of *Moïse* for eight days at the Opera. When the tenor recovered the baritone was attacked, and M. Faure, who was compelled to take to his bed, was replaced in the character of Pharaon by M. Bonneseur, who in turn ceded that of Osiris to M. Vidal. So far whatever may have been the difference between M. Faure and M. Bonneseur, the illness of the former was not of such vital consequence as to enforce the withdrawal of Rossini's opera. If *Moïse* did not go on so swimmingly with M. Bonneseur as with M. Faure, it went on at all events—which was not the case, however, when Mdlle. Marie Battu was "enrhumed." This had the effect of bringing about a change in the performance—*Le Trouvere* being substituted for *Moïse*. Such repeated disappointments would prove fatal to an ordinary work; but *Moïse* stands its ground despite all reverses and obstructions, and the eight first representations, I am told, averaged ten thousand francs. M. Villaret and Mdlle. Marie Saxe, who were laid up for some time with sore throats, have reappeared in the *Juive*. Meanwhile the utmost activity prevails at the great national theatre. Rehearsals are progressing morn, noon, and night. *Roland à Roncevaux* is still promised for the month of March, and the *début* of Mdlle. Amina Boschetti, in the new ballet of MM. de Saint Georges, Rota, and Giorja is looked forward to with interest. A new one act opera, by M. Ernest Boulanger, to be given at the same time as the ballet, will serve for the *début* of a young singer named Mdme., or Mdlle. Léveilli. By the way, the distribution of the characters in *Roland* comprises the names of M. Gueymard (Roland), M. Belval (Archbishop Turpin), M. Cazaux (Gannelon), M. Warot (a herd), Mdme. Gueymard (Alde), Mdlle. de Taisy (Zaïda), Mdlle. de Saint-Aguet (a page), &c., &c.—At the Italiens, Mdlle. Adelina Patti, having recovered from her illness, has appeared three times in the *Sonnambula*, singing and acting her very best, and re-awakening the old enthusiasm. Others at this theatre, besides Mdlle. Patti, have been afflicted with the prevailing complaint. Mdme. Charton-Demeur has been laid up for some days; and even M. Castagnin is obliged to abandon his stick and take to his bed. A new tenor, Signor Musiani, has made his *début* as Manrico, in the *Trovatore*, with but little effect, owing, it is affirmed by his friends, to a severe cold. His voice certainly sounded hoarse. Mdme. Meric-Lablache, stimulated, I presume, by the reception of Mdme., or Mdlle. Lumley—there is no greater restorer of vocal powers than the success of a rival—has reappeared in the part of Azucena. Talking of Mdlle. Patti, the dispute about her age is put beyond all dispute. The *Gazette des Etrangers* has published a fac-simile copy of her baptismal register, which I send you for the satisfaction of those friends of the young lady who have all along insisted that she is *many* years older than she declares herself to be. It now turns out that Mdlle. Adelina Patti will be twenty-one on the 19th of next month, which proves that she must have been a mere girl when she came to London, some three years and a half since. Here is the baptismal register, copied from the original:—

"Act of baptism of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, copied from the original by the kindness of Signor D. Pedro Alba, vicar of the Church of St. Louis, at Madrid."

"(*Extract from the forty-second book of baptisms, fol.* 153)."

"In the city of Madrid, same province, the 8th of April, 1843, I—D. Jose Losada, vicar of the parish church of St. Louis—did solemnly baptise a female child, born at four o'clock p.m., on the 19th of February last, legitimate daughter of D. Salvador Patti, professor of music, born at Catania, in Sicily, and of D. Catalina Chiesa, born at Rome—D. Pedro and D. Conceptione Madrino, born at Catania, being paternal grandfather and grandmother, and D. Juan, of Venice, and D. Luisa Castelli, of Marino, in the Pontifical States, maternal. The child was christened Adela Juana Maria. The godfather and godmother were D. José Sinico, of Venice, professor of music, and his wife, D. Rosa Manara Sinico, of Cremona, in Lombardy, to whom I explained the spiritual parentage as well as the obligations which it involves. The witnesses were Julian Hueza and Caziano Garcia, of Madrid, Sacristans of this church. "In virtue of which I have completed and legalised the present act, the eighth day of April. (Signed) Jose Losada."

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The programme of the second concert of the Society's Concerts at the Conservatoire included Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensée;* chorus from Rameau's *Castor et Pollux;* Beethoven's Concerto in C minor—M. Georges Pfeiffer at the piano; choruses from Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night;* and Haydn's Symphony, No. 31. The programme of the sixteenth Popular Concert of Classical Music (second series), which took place on Sunday, was as follows:—Overture to *Il Flauto Magico*—Mozart; Symphony in B flat—Beethoven; Sonata for the violoncello—Boccherini (Sig. Piatti); Andante—Haydn; Symphony in A major (Italian)—Mendelssohn. The third and lost series of these concerts will commence on Sunday, the 14th of February. It will comprise six performances of classical music, and three "festivals," devoted severally to the compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Haydn.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The return of M. Vieuxtemps, chief of the great Belgian school of violin-playing, and one of the most renowned *virtuosi* to whom the chronicles of the "Fiddle," ancient or modern, make allusion, is always an event of extraordinary interest for the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts, who on Monday night flocked to St. James's Hall in such numbers, that shortly after the performance began scarcely standing room could be found. The year—the sixth of the existence of an institution which, if it is carried on in the manner to which the musical public have been accustomed (and for that the antecedents of its director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, offer a pretty safe guarantee) promises to enjoy an unusually long and prosperous life—could not have been inaugurated more auspiciously. It was the 140th concert, and not one of the 139 preceding programmes has surpassed in variety and excellence the scheme made out for the occasion. M. Vieuxtemps, who was warmly welcomed, came forward with the magnificent quartet in A minor, Op. 13, which if not the first that Mendelssohn produced—as may be seen on consulting that provoking catalogue of his MSS., just published by Herr Rietz, of Leipsic, one of the unlucky "Four" to whom the care of them was for some years confided, and for a purpose they have wholly failed to carry out—is at any rate among the first considered worthy, at the time, of being engraved. What Mendelssohn thought of this quartet, composed at the age of 18, two years after the *Ottetto*, when his young head was full of the later works of Beethoven's so-called "Third Period"—as if Beethoven's style had not been gradually developed, like that of any other master—may be gathered from several passages in his letters, and more especially from one in a letter to his father, dated "Paris, March 18, 1832:"—

"I can see that you seem rather inclined to deride my A minor quartet, when you say there is a piece of instrumental music which has made you rack your brains to discover the composer's thoughts, while he probably had no thoughts at all. I must defend the work, for I love it; but it certainly depends very much on the way it is executed, and a single musician who could perform it with zeal and sympathy, as Taubert did, would make a vast difference.—Your FELIX.

"Thirty-two years have elapsed," the Analytical Programme reminds us—"since the above was written." Meanwhile Paris has as completely forgotten the Quartet in A minor as though it had never been played, while London is only just beginning to know it. For its most recent introduction we are indebted to M. Vieuxtemps, who on Monday night played it for the third time at St. James's Hall. Eminently adapted to his large, nervous, energetic style of bowing, this quartet—like Schubert's in D minor—has become so closely associated with the name of M. Vieuxtemps that habitual frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts would not willingly hear it led by any other violinist while the services of the accomplished Belgian are obtainable. On the present occasion his performance was as grand as before—in some instances perhaps even surpassing previous efforts. The whole work—long, elaborate, and undeviatingly serious as it is—was listened to by the closely packed "2,000" with intense delight, the quaint *intermezzo*, with its crisp and piquant *trio*, being encored with rapture. To repeat it, in obedience to a desire so unanimously expressed, was inevitable; and the second performance afforded no less satisfaction than the first. The other players in the quartet—Messrs. L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque (second violin, viola, and violoncello)—were in all respects equal to their task, and followed their leader as closely as though their three fiddles, big and small, had been inseparable supplements of his own. Mr. H. Webb deserves a word of eulogy apart, for the uniformly steady and artistic way in which he took up the important points in each movement so lavishly awarded to the viola—an instrument, by the way, for which Mendelssohn entertained a strong predilection, and on which he was himself a performer (as old London amateurs of quartet-playing may remember) of no ordinary skill. The other quartet—in D major, the sixth of the inexhaustible Haydn's Op. 50—was heard for the first time at these concerts. It is a fresh, vigorous, and admirable composition, exhibiting the talent of the genial master in its prime, and his melodic invention as free and unfettered as the winds. The *adagio* particularly (in the minor key) is a movement everywhere impressed with the genius of Haydn. A more happy contrast to the graver and sadder inspiration of Mendelssohn, or a more effective *finale* to the concert, could not possibly have been found; and it is a pity that so many (anxious, no doubt, in consequence of the crowded state of the hall, about the means of getting comfortably home) went away without hearing it to the very end. The only imaginable reproach to these excellent entertainments is the seemingly unavoidable interruption so often experienced by such as wish to hear the entire performance undisturbed, during the first movement of the first quartet and the last movement of the last. These late arrivals and early departures, it should be stated, are exclusively connected with the occupants of the "stalls" and reserved seats; the more thoroughly music-loving "shillings" invariably arriving in good time, and remaining until the last note has been twanged from the strings or drawn out by the bow.

The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who selected the superb sonata in F minor (op. 57) of Beethoven, which the Hamburg music publisher, Cranz (not Beethoven), christened "*Sonata Appassionata*," as he had already christened the sonata in D, op. 28, "*Sonata Pastorale*"—equally without the master's consent or knowledge. Mr. Hallé has seldom performed this great work more splendidly. He played it without book, and, at the termination of his performance, was loudly summoned to the platform. The violin sonata was the one which Mozart composed for the famous lady violinist, Mdlle. Strinasacchi, of whom the illustrious musician, in a letter addressed to his father, and dated "*Vienna, April* 24, 1784," writes as beneath:—

"We have here at this moment the celebrated Strinasacchi, from Mantua, an excellent violinist. Her playing is remarkable for taste and expression. I am composing a sonata, which we are to play together on Thursday at her concert in the theatre."

This was the sonata, too, which Mozart—to the great annoyance of the fair Mantuan—could only find time to write out on the day immediately preceding the concert, and with his accustomed negligence, forgetting all about the rehearsal, was obliged to play with her untried. The violin part had alone been committed to paper, Mozart—to the surprise of his attached, though not over munificent patron, Joseph II.—having nothing more than a blank sheet before him; so that the pianoforte part was fairly improvised. "What," exclaimed the Emperor, calling for Mozart at the termination of the sonata, "has it again come to this?" "Yes, your Majesty," replied Mozart, "but not a single note fell under the desk." Thus it would appear to have been a habit with Mozart literally to invent his own part in a composition on the day of performance. That the Strinasacchi sonata, in its day regarded as a brilliant and trying piece of display, presented no difficulties to such modern *virtuosi* as MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps, may be as easily believed as that their reading of it throughout was the true one. It elicited, as usual, unanimous marks of approval.

The vocal music included two songs by M. Gounod—the well-known serenade, "Quand tu chantes bercée," sung by Mdlle. Parepa, to the accompaniment of pianoforte and harmonium (Mr. Benedict and Herr Engel—a faultless performance on all hands); and one of the *Vingt Mélodies*, to words by various authors. The first was loudly asked for again, and the concluding verse repeated. The second, "The Pilgrim" originally set to Beranger's *Juif Errant*:—

"Chrétien, au voyageur souffrant,
"Tends un verre d'eau sur ta porte!"

—is an English adaptation, or rather "imitation," of Beranger, by Mr. H. F. Chorley, who, in the programme, makes an elaborate apology for his work being so very unlike the original. The song, nobly delivered by Mr. Santley, was greatly applauded; it, nevertheless, appears to us to have been suggested by the "Wanderer" of Schubert, and to show M. Gounod's inability, in this class of lyric production, to approach, much less to equal, the greatest and most prolific of all known composers of the *Lied*, or romantic ballad. The next vocal piece was Mr. Benedict's clever and fanciful *scena*, "What shall I sing?" in which the Swiss, Italian, and French styles are alternately and admirably parodied, and which had already been heard at one of his own concerts; the last was Signor Arditi's "Stirrup Cup." Mdlle. Parepa sang the first, and was recalled at the conclusion, Mr. Santley the last, which was vociferously encored. Mr. Benedict's consummate ability as an accompanist was put to the test, both in his own song and the *Juif Errant* of M. Gounod, and passed the ordeal as of old.

The anniversary of Mozart's birthday occurring during the present week (he was born on the 27th of January, 1756, and died on the 5th December, 1791, in his 36th year) it has been found expedient to devote the whole of the concert on the Monday following to his works. M. Vieuxtemps is to lead the Quintet in A, with clarinet (Mr. Lazarus); Madame Arabella Goddard is to play one of the solo sonatas, a sonata with M. Vieuxtemps, and the Pianoforte Quartet in G minor (with stringed instruments); and Mdlle. Florence Lancia and Mr. Santley are to sing airs from several of his operas. The occasion is worthy and the programme good.

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MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The sixth season began on Wednesday night with a splendid concert, every piece in the programme, with a single exception, being as welcome as it was good, and the whole arranged with due regard to contrast and variety. The brilliant audience which thronged St. James's Hall showed that this already flourishing, although young, society has lost none of the *prestige* which it gained in so unprecedentedly short a time, and which, it must be admitted, it has done its very best honorably to maintain. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Struensee)	Meyerbeer.
Recit. and Air, "O ruddier than the cherry" (Acis and Galatea)	Handel.
Concerto in D minor—pianoforte (with orchestra)	Mozart.
Grand Scena ed aria (Richard Cœur de Lion)	Benedict.
Overture, "Coriolanus"	Beethoven.

PART II.

Symphony No. 4, in F (Die Weihe der Töne)	Spohr.
Duo, "Anna tu piangi" (Maometto Secondo)	Rossini.
Overture (Le Medecin malgre lui)	Gounod.

The exception alluded to was the *bravura* duet from Rossini's *Maometto Secondo* (an opera afterwards readapted, improved, and considerably extended for the Grand Opera in Paris, where it was produced under the new title of *Le Siége de Corinthe*). Though both legitimate and effective upon the stage, this duet was absurdly out of place at such a concert, and suffered all the more from coming immediately after an elaborate, gorgeous and imposing piece of orchestral music like Spohr's fourth symphony—which concert-givers will absurdly persist in entitling "The *Power* of Sound." It was so well sung, however, by Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley—the former of whom had already distinguished herself in the fine dramatic scene from Mr. Benedict's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and the latter earned fresh laurels for his unrivalled execution of the great love-song of Polypheme—that its want of keeping with all that had gone before appeared less obtrusive and strange than might otherwise have been the case.

The instrumental part of the concert offered more than ordinary attractions; and on no previous occasion has the truly "grand" orchestra over which it is Mr. Alfred Mellon's good fortune to preside, a good fortune to which, though many may envy his privilege, none can deny his right, more completely satisfied the audience—an audience, be it remembered, nine-tenths of whom are either professors or cultivated amateurs—by its almost everywhere effective, nay, unimpeachable performance. We say "almost," because in one instance we felt convinced that this unequalled band did not quite do justice either to its own well-won reputation or to the music committed to its charge; and this instance was unluckily at the expense of the single novelty in the programme,—viz., the overture to M. Gounod's opera, *La Medecin malgré lui*—founded upon Molière's celebrated comedy of that name. That after their previous exertions, in three long and trying compositions, the members of the orchestra were a little fatigued, may fairly be pleaded in their defence; but this should serve as a hint to those who draw up the programmes, never henceforth to place a new and unknown piece at the end of a concert. M. Gounod's overture is quaint, sparkling and dramatic. Its merits, however, such as they are, were now but very faintly revealed; and it is to be hoped that connoisseurs may suspend their judgment until they enjoy the advantage of another hearing, under less unfavorable circumstances. A selection, by the way, from *Le Medecin malgré lui* would be a tempting feature at one of the concerts, remembering what slight chance there is of our ever hearing the work performed, either at the Italian or the English Opera, in London. It contains, among other things worthy notice, a superb air for bass—which, seeing that Mr. Santley was engaged, it would have been judicious to introduce in yesterday evening's programme.

Meyerbeer's music to *Struensee* (a well-known German tragedy by Michael Beer, brother of the celebrated musician) must be heard entire to be thoroughly understood and appreciated. The overture, which had already been given at the Philharmonic Concerts, is a picturesque and glowing specimen of orchestral writing, interesting under any circumstances, if only as a well-considered effort by the composer of *The Huguenots*, but doubly interesting when heard in connexion with the play for which it was intended, and with the rest of the music by which that play is so remarkably illustrated. The performance last night was both striking and correct, and, difficult as he is to satisfy, would, we think, have obtained the composer's unqualified approval. It was received with every mark of favor. The overture to *Coriolan*, composed by Beethoven—for a German tragedy of that name, from the pen of Herr Colin—is worthier of being the prelude to our English *Coriolanus*, with the spirit of which it is, from the first bar to the end, so vividly instinct as to leave small room to doubt that Beethoven derived his inspiration not from Colin but from Shakspeare. Never in our remembrance has there been so admirable a performance of this overture—the grandest, the deepest, the most romantic and beautiful for which the world has to thank the incomparable master to whom the orchestra owes more than to any other. The applause at the end was unanimous.

Mozart's Concerto in D minor—the noblest of a whole gallery of *chef-d'œuvres* bequeathed by the richly endowed musician to the repertory of the pianoforte—introduced Miss Agnes Zimmerman for the first time to the patrons of these concerts. The ordeal was a trying one; but Miss Zimmerman—of whose performances at the Royal Academy of Music (where she is, or was, a pupil), the Crystal Palace, and the Hanover-square Rooms, we have more than once had occasion to speak in terms of praise—passed it with the utmost credit to herself and to the evident gratification of her hearers. The precise and accurate execution of this young lady eminently befits her for the task of performing to the accompaniment of an orchestra, a task which many aspirants, otherwise talented, can never summon up nerve to accomplish steadily. Mr. Alfred Mellon seemed as much at his ease as though he had conducted to her playing many times already, though we are mistaken if he has ever done so till now. Miss Zimmerman played the first and last movements pretty nearly as Mozart left them, selecting (unhappily we think) the exquisitely melodious romance for such ornaments and graces as she may have culled from the "fancy" editions of Cramer, &c. Nor can we praise the "cadenzas" interpolated (according to accepted custom) in the other movements, from what source soever they may have been obtained. A pianist not endowed with the genius for improvisation which distinguished Mendelssohn (and where can *one* be found who is?) would do wisely, in playing Mozart's concertos, to take the "cadenzas" written by Hummel—"cadenzas" which might have been signed "Mozart," and none dispute their being genuine. The audience received Miss Zimmerman with encouraging kindness, and throughout her performance were liberal of their applause. She has now made the first really important step in her professional career, and with such success that both her friends and herself have reason to be satisfied.

The *capo d'opera* of this excellent concert may be described in a sentence. Spohr's magnificent symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*—first brought out in London, at the Philharmonic Concerts, Hanover-square, a quarter of a century since, and more than once played before English amateurs under the direction of the great composer himself—was performed for the third time by the band of the Musical Society of London, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's intelligent direction. The first performance, it will hardly be forgotten, made the society's reputation in one evening: all London spoke of it. The second was, by general consent, less unexceptionable; but the third—the one under notice—can scarcely fail to have impressed the whole audience as being the best of all. In a word, it was perfection. Of the symphony itself we need say no more than what we have said before—viz., that it is the masterwork of Spohr, whether regarded from the point of view of its imaginative power, or of its wonderfully ingenious construction. Thus "interpreted," it cannot be heard too often, and—as was the case on Wednesday night—must always be listened to with rapture and applauded with enthusiasm.

—o—

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON—(*List of the Orchestra for the Sixth Season*).—*Conductor*—Mr. Alfred Mellon.—*1st Violins*:—Messrs. H. G. Blagrove and P. Sainton (*Principals*), J. Bannister, J. T. Carrodus, R. Clementi, J. B. Dando, Carl Goffrié, H. Weist, Hill, Jacquin, F. W. Kreutzer, Adolphe Pollitzer, Louis Ries, E. W. Thomas, Max Vogel, J. T. Willy, and J. B. Zerbini.—*2nd Violins*:—Messrs. William Watson (*Principal*), S. Bort, A. Burnett, J. J. Calkin, C. Colchester, F. R. Folkes, E. Stanton Jones, J. M. Marshall, J. Newsham, Edward Payton, J. Schmidt, Alexander Simmonds, Alfred Streather, Van Heddegham, Thos. Watson, Henry Wheatley, Jun.—*Violas*:—Messrs. R. Blagrove and W. H. Webb (*Principals*), J. Broedelet. Glanvill, R. Hann, W. H. Hann, J. Thompson, H. J. Trust, W. W. Waud, T. Westrop.—*Violoncellos*:—Messrs. George Collins (*Principal*), W. H. Aylward, Horatio Chipp, Hugo Daubert, H. W. Goodban, Alfred Guest, Charles Ould, G. Paque, Walter Pettit, and R. H. Reed.—*Double Basses*:—Messrs. James Howell (*Principal*), William Castell, Thomas Edgar, Arthur Howell, John Reynolds, Charles Severn, Joseph Waud, A. C. White, and A. Winterbottom.—*Flutes*:—Messrs. R. S. Pratten and R. S. Rockstro.—*Piccolo*—Mr. J. Schmidt. *Oboes*:—Messrs. A. R. M. Barret and Alfred Nicholson.—*Clarionets*:—Messrs. Henry Lazarus and F. H. Maycock.—*Bassoons*:—Messrs. John Winterbottom and J. G. Waetzig.—*Horns*:—Messrs. Charles Harper, J. W. Standen, T. E. Mann and R. Keevil.—*Trumpets*:—Messrs. Thomas Harper and R. J. Ward.—*Trombones*:—Messrs. J. Hawkes, Antoine and W. Winterbottom.—*Ophicleide*, Mr. S. Hughes.—*Cornets*:—Messrs. Stanton Jones and F. J. Sutton.—*Drum*—Mr. C. F. Horton.—*Bass Drum and Cymbals*.—Mr. R. W. Seymour.—*Side Drum*—Mr. Pheasant.—*Triangle*—Mr. Horton. *Librarian and Copyist for the Orchestra*, Mr. C. F. Horton.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St. James's Hall. Director, Prof. WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—Thirteenth Season.—Programme of the FIRST CONCERT of the season, on Wednesday evening, April 13, at 8 o'clock, and Public Rehearsal, Saturday afternoon, April 9, at half-past 2. The orchestral compositions selected from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and Rossini. Artistes—Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mme. Arabella Goddard, and Signor Sivori, who will make his first appearance this season in London at the public Rehearsal. Principal violins in the orchestra, Herr Molique and Mr. H. Blagrove. Part I.—Overture, Faust—Spohr; aria, Zepheretti Lusinghari (Solomeno), Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington—Mozart; concerto in G, pianoforte, Mme. Arabella Goddard; movements, allegro moderato, andante con moto, rondo vivace—Beethoven; song, "Sweet Bird," Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; l'Allegro e Penseroso—Handel; symphony in A minor (Scotch) op. 53; introduction and allegro agitato; scherzo assai vivace; adagio cantabile allegro querrero; finale, maestoso—Mendelssohn. Part II. Overture, Semiramide—Rossini; aria, con variazoni Les Diamants de la Couronne, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington—Auber; concerto, for violin and orchestra, violin and orchestra, violin, Signor Sivori, Paganini; overture, Abon-Hassan—Weber. Tickets for the public rehearsal—sofa stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; back balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets for the concert—reserved sofa stalls or first row balcony, 10s. 6d.; second row balcony, 7s.; third row balcony, 5s.; back balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets for the public rehearsal, and for unreserved seats at the concerts, to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., No. 201 Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond-street; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; and of Mr. Austin, ticket office, St. James's-hall, Piccadilly. Tickets for reserved seats, at the concert, of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent-street; and of Mr. Austin, ticket office, Piccadilly. The subscription for the series of five concerts and five public rehearsals is £2 2s. for first-row balcony; £1 11s. 6d. for second-row balcony.
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Mrs. Tucker.
Miss Holliday.

Mdlle. GEORGI will be assisted by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mdlle. CONSTANCE GEORGI and Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Mr. LAZARUS and other eminent artists. Conductors—Signor ARDITI, Mr. EMILE BERGER and Mr. BENEDICT. Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; to be obtained of Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street; Messrs. Cock and Hutchings; Messrs. Ollivier and Co.; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office; and at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUAVISIN begs to announce that her FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, on Saturday Afternoon, May 7, commencing at Three. Further particulars will be duly announced.

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THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA ARTISTES who will SING at the NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, this season, in St. James's Hall (by permission of Mr. F. Gye), are:—Mdlle. EMILIA LAGRUA, Madame DIDIER, and Mdlle. C. PATTI; Signor NAUDIN, Signor NERI BARALDI, Signor COLONESE, Herr SCHMID, and Signor GRAZIANI. Programme of the First Concert of the Season, THIS EVENING, April 13th, at 8 o'clock, under the direction of Prof. WYLDE, Mus. Doc. The orchestral compositions selected from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and Rossini. *Artistes*—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Naudin, of the Royal Italian Opera (by permission of Mr. F. Gye), and Signor Sivori, violin. Principal Violins in the Orchestra—Herr Molique and Mr. H. Blagrove. PART 1.—Overture, *Faust* (Spohr); aria, "Cosi fan tutti," Signor Naudin (Mozart); concerto for violin and orchestra: violin, Signor Sivori (Mendelssohn); recit. and song, "Sweet bird," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, with flute obligato, Mr. S. Pratten (Handel); symphony in A major, op. 92, movements, poco sostenuto vivace, allegretto presto finale, allegro con brio. PART 2.—Overture, Semiramide (Rossini); aria, del sonno, *Masaniello*, Signor Naudin (Auber); adagio e rondo, "La Clochette," violin, Signor Sivori (Paganini); aria, "Le Serment," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (Auber); overture, "Abon Hassan," (Weber). Tickets—Reserved Stalls, or First Row Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Second Row Balcony, 7s.; Third Row Balcony, 5s.; Back Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets for Unreserved Seats to be had of Messrs. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent Street; Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Mr. AUSTIN, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Tickets for Reserved Seats of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201 Regent Street; and of Mr. AUSTIN, Ticket Office, Piccadilly. The Subscription for the series of Five Concerts and Five Public Rehearsals is £2 2s. for First Row Balcony; £1 11s. 6d. for Second Row Balcony. W. GRAEFFE NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

MUSICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.—SIXTH SEASON, 1864.—The THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening next, at half-past 8 o'clock, at St. James's Hall. Conductor—Mr. ALFRED MELLON. *Programme*:—*Part I.*—Overture, "The Isles of Fingal," Mendelssohn; Air, Mdlle. BETTELHEIM; Concerto in G, concertina, Signor GIULIO REGONDI—Molique; Duo, Desmoiselles LIEBHART and BETTELHEIM; Overture, "As You like it" (first time), Harold Thomas. *Part II.*—Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Air, Mdlle. LIEBHART; Serenade and Rondo Gioioso, pianoforte, Herr PAUER—Mendelssohn; Duo, Desmoiselles LIEBHART and BETTELHEIM; Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits," Weber. A limited number of tickets for Area and Balcony, at 10s. 6d. each, and Gallery tickets at 3s. 6d., at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.
CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec., 36, Baker Street, W.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, April 19.—Quintet, G minor, Mozart; Sonata, E flat, Op. 31, pianoforte—Beethoven; Romance, Violin Solo, Sivori (first appearance since 1851); Quartet in G, Haydn; Andante and Finale, from Weber's Sonata in D minor (repeated by desire). Artists:—Sivori, Ries, Webb, Hann, and Paque. Pianist—Halle. Visitors' tickets, Half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer and Wood, Chappell & Co., Ollivier, Ashdown and Parry; and Austin, at St. James's Hall. J. ELLA, Director, 18, Hanover Square.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will appear at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainments, entitled "PARIS," and "MRS BROWN AT THE PLAY," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, and on SATURDAY MORNING at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall will be open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

"JESSY LEA," Opera di Camera, EVERY TUESDAY AFTERNOON at Three and SATURDAY EVENINGS at Eight. Miss R. HENDERSON, Mr. WHIFFIN, Mr. WILKINSON and Miss POOLE.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

"Mr. G. Macfarren has set this captivating little Pastoral to some of the most delightful music that ever fell from his prolific pen."—*Morning Post.*

MDLLE. GEORGI has the honor to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, on Friday, the 13th of May, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, under the following distinguished patronage:—

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF NORFOLK and THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland.	The Lady Caroline Neville.
The Duchess of Argyll.	The Lady Anne Beckett.
The Duchess of Manchester.	The Lady Mary Wood.
The Marchioness of Kildare.	The Lady Hester Leeke.
The Countess Constance Grosvenor.	Lady Lilford.
The Countess of Abergavenny.	Lady Wenslevdale.
The Viscountess Neville.	Lady Graham Montgomery.
The Lady Caroline Lascelles.	Lady Parker.
The Lady Foley.	The Lady Mayoress.
The Lady Adeliza Manners.	Mrs. Arthur Pott.
The Lady Leigh.	Mrs. Bishop Culpeper.
The Lady Taunton.	Mrs. Herbert Ingram.
The Lady Bagot.	Mrs. Beaumont.
The Lady Jane Repton.	Mrs. Tucker.
The Lady Mary Fox.	Miss Holliday.

Mdlle. GEORGI will be assisted by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mdlle. CONSTANCE GEORGI and Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Mr. LAZARUS and other eminent artists. Conductors—Signor ARDITI, Mr. EMILE BERGER and Mr. BENEDICT. Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; to be obtained of Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street; Messrs. Cock and Hutchings; Messrs. Ollivier and Co.; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office; and at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) will give her FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (varied by Vocal Music), on Saturday Afternoon, May 7, at Three o'clock, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's. Tickets, 7s. and 5s.; to be had of the principal Musicsellers, and of Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, 40 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR. KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND. MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—EVERY MONDAY at EIGHT.—Mr. KENNEDY, the popular Scottish Vocalist, will repeat his successful NEW ENTERTAINMENT, entitled "THE FARMER'S INGLE," including favorite Old Ballads, Humorous Songs and Anecdotes. Mr. Kennedy has much pleasure in announcing that Mr. LAND, the accompanist of the celebrated Mr. Wilson, will again preside at the Pianoforte. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, Saturday Mornings, April 30, May 21 and June 18. Subscription, 15s.
1 Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park.

MR. W. H. HOLMES and MR. G. W. HAMMOND will be assisted by Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), Mr. BLAGROVE and Mr. LEMMENS, at their FIRST PIANOFORTE and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, Saturday Morning, April 23rd, Half-past Two. Tickets (all reserved)—Series, One Guinea; Single Concert, 10s. 6d.
38 and 39 Beaumount Street, Marylebone.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that his THREE MATINEES of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Mondays, April 25th, May 9th and June 6th, at Three o'clock. Violin, M. SAINTON and Herr POLLITZER; Viola, Mr. H. WEBB and Mr. CLEMENTI; Violoncello, Signor PEZZE; Contrabasso, Mr. C. SEVERN; Pianoforte, Mr. DEACON. Two Vocal Pieces will be given at each Matinee. Tickets for the Series—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, 15s. Tickets to admit Three to a Single Matinee—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, 15s. Single Ticket—Reserved, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Messrs. Ollivier and Co., 19 Old Bond Street; of the principal Musicsellers; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Deacon, 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. AUSTIN begs to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, 1864, on which occasion the following eminent Artistes will appear:—*Vocalists*—Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. RENWICK; Madame PAREPA and Miss MARIAN MOSS. *Instrumentalists*—Pianoforte, Mdlle. MADELINE SCHILLER (her first appearance this Season); Harp, Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to the Queen) and Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia); Violin, Signor SIVORI. CHOIR OF THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION and BAND OF HARPS. *Conductor*—Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and of all Musicsellers.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

HERR WILLEM COENEN begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at the above Rooms, on Wednesday, May 4th, 1864, at Three o'clock precisely, assisted by the following eminent Artists:—*Vocalists*—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Madame SHEPHERD LEY. *Instrumentalists*—Violin, Signor SIVORI; Pianoforte, Herr WILLEM COENEN; Harmonium, Mons. LEMMENS. *Conductor*—Mons. LEMMENS. KIRKMAN'S PIANOFORTE. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Ticket to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Ticket, 7s.; to be had of Herr Willem Coenen, 105 Great Portland Street, and of Ewer & Co., Regent Street.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his new Pianoforte Solo, "WAVERLEY," at Kensington, THIS DAY, April 16th.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND will play, for the first time, his Two MUSICAL SKETCHES for the Pianoforte, "SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS" (MS.), at the Hanover Square Rooms, April 23rd.

HERR LEHMEYER will play his new NOCTURNO and GALOP DE CONCERT during Mr. LEVI'S *tournée* at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Bishop Auckland, Darlington, Dewsbury, Todmorden, Halifax, Liverpool, Leeds, Southport, Preston, Manchester, Edinburgh, &c.

HERR WILHELM GANZ will play his new Mazurka, "VOGLIANA," at Miss Fanny Partridge's Soirée Musicale, May 10.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, during her Provincial Tour, is engaged to sing at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Halifax, Huddersfield, Todmorden, Dewsbury, Stockport, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., and will return to Town for the Season at the end of April. Communications to be addressed to No. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MDLLE. LOUISE LIEBHART will arrive in Town for the Season on the 19th April. Communications for engagements, public or private, to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244 Regent Street, W.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. His Annual Recital will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 13. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RIGOLETTO—VARESE—VITALI, ETC.

(*The Times, April 11th.*)

Mr. Mapleson commenced his regular season on Saturday night with a performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which in almost every respect proved satisfactory. Three singers, new to the English public, were included in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*, all of whom, it may be stated at once, were not merely successful, but deserving of success. The most conspicuous of the three was Signor Varese, whose continental repute dates so far back that it is difficult to account for the fact of his never having been heard before at either of our Italian Opera-houses. The part of Rigoletto was originally sustained by this gentlemen in the autumn of 1851. A contemporary notice of the first representation at Bergamo, which appeared in a local paper, may—now that *Rigoletto* obtains nearly unanimous acceptance as the master-work of its composer—be perused with a certain degree of interest, as recording an example of how dangerous it is at all times to place too implicit reliance on first impressions:—

"The new opera of Verdi—*Rigoletto*—has not been well-received by the public of this town, although executed by artists of eminence. As the first act was found barren in melody, and the second more than usually sparing in the overpowering saison effects for which the *gran maestro* is renowned, the public would not listen to the third, but with one voice demanded *Lusia Miller* in its place. The *prima donna*, hissed in *Rigoletto* and overwhelmed by so unkind a reception, was raised to the skies in *Lousia Miller*; and so delighted were the public that they persisted in feting her outside the theatre after the performance, accompanying her all the way home to her residence."

And this was not a French, nor a German, nor an English, but an Italian audience, which thus pettishly snubbed the musical pride of young Italy, by preferring his feeblest composition to his strongest. In what esteem the dreary *Lousia Miller* (introduced to us by Mr. Lumley in 1858) stands at present it is superfluous to inquire. The stanchest advocate of Verdi's music *quand même* would be ashamed to compare "the *Miller*" with the opera which at Bergamo was arrested in the middle—just, too, when the best was to come. Signor Varese, who, with respect to physical means, is now in much the same straits as Signor Ronconi, was long the only admitted rival to that admirable lyric comedian—the only one, at any rate, whose claims were beyond dispute. More the pity that he should come to us in the evening of his career. As one of the last of the race of genuine singers belonging to the genuine Italian school, the vocal school *par excellence*, and as still a fine declaimer and first-class actor, he should, nevertheless, be welcome—welcome as Ronconi himself, with whom, before he can be classed on equal grounds in this country, he must play many other characters, serious, comic, and melodramatic, quite as cleverly as he plays Rigoletto. Signor Varese's idea of the Court Jester—the man who, heartless abroad, is full of heart at home, the reckless panderer to that King of France so graphically drawn in M. Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, and metamorphosed by Signor Verdi's librettist into the humbler Duke of Mantua (possibly, because, in that epoch, the kings of Italy *ne s'amusaient pas*) differs in one respect from the idea of Signor Ronconi. In the Court scenes we are made by Signor Varese to recognise not merely a privileged buffoon, but a sort of mountebank whose speech is illustrated by gesticulations and contortions. Now, with deference to Signor Varese's authority as the original Rigoletto, we incline to think that the conception of Signor Ronconi—who rarely does more than hint at the acrobatic side of the Jester—is not alone superior in an intellectually poetic sense, but more impressive, correct, and true to nature. The grimaces with which Signor Varese insults Count Monterone exceed the unquestioned licence of the Court Buffoon to mimic with assumed gravity; while the gesture with which he accompanies the last word in his disdainful allusion to the object of that unfortunate nobleman's importunities:—

"Qual vi piglia or delirio, a tutte l'ore,
Di vostra figlia reclamar l'onore?"

may, in mild language, be described as outrageous. To the rest unqualified praise must be awarded. The whole impersonation is indeed as characteristic as it is studiously worked out. The first interview with Gilda is tenderness itself. The scene in the palace—where the despair of the bereaved and frantic Rigoletto is cruelly derided by those courtiers who have practised the abduction, and scarce one of whom but may be supposed to smart under the remembrance of some unprovoked and bitter gibe, could hardly be excelled; every minute detail being as carefully finished as it is in picturesque keeping. The most striking of all, perhaps, is the subsequent outburst of passion, when Gilda, restored to the arms of her disconsolate parents, has related the story of her wrongs. The whole of this moving scene exhibits high dramatic power, and a vocal skill which sets the encroachments of time at nought. Without entering further into the subject, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing the Rigoletto of Signor Varese the finest that has been witnessed on our stage with the single exception of that of Signor Ronconi. It is said that Signor Varese was engaged, at the eleventh hour, to replace Signor Fagotti (the Rigoletto of Mr. E. T. Smith, at Drury Lane, in 1860), who had not arrived in time to fulfil his engagement. If this be true, the patrons of Mr. Mapleson's theatre may be felicitated on an unanticipated change for the better.

Mdlle. Vitali, the new Gilda, is very young (not yet twenty, it is said) and therefore in a great measure inexperienced. Small in stature, slight in figure, and with a voice at present not over-rich in quality, she, nevertheless, walks the stage with graceful ease, has facial expression at command, and already displays considerable histrionic intelligence. As a singer she must acquire that uniformly ready use of means which practice alone can give; but, thus much allowed, we are inclined to prognosticate for Mdlle. Vitali an enviable future. Her natural dispositions are unmistakable; while her talent is even now fast ripening into excellence. Instead of beginning well and gradually falling off, as is often the case with young artists aspiring to the highest honours, Mdlle. Vitali did precisely the reverse on Saturday night. She began so nervously that in the beautiful music of the second scene—the duet with Rigoletto and the *cavatina*, "Caro nome," for example—she produced scarcely any effect; and a general impression appeared to prevail that nothing more need be expected. In the second act, however, quite another impression was created. The great dramatic scene with Rigoletto, to which allusion has been made, showed Mdlle. Vitali gifted with powers, both as singer and actress, of which her previous efforts had afforded little or no indication. The tones of her voice, as if suddenly awakened from a lethargy, were now both bright and penetrating; and the more impassioned her expression the more sonority was there to give it vocal utterance. The audience, taken by surprise, applauded with enthusiasm. The last act confirmed the success of Mdlle. Vitali. The soprano part in the splendid quartet, "Bella figlia dell amore," could hardly have been delivered with more force and dramatic significance. Of the other new comer—Mdlle. Bettelheim, from the Imperial Opera at Vienna—it is impossible to offer any decided opinion, the character of Maddalena being limited to a single scene, her music chiefly confined to accompanied recitative, the contralto part in a duet with Sparafucile and the quartet in question. That Mdlle. Bettelheim possesses a voice both mellow and agreeable, is a good musician, and as an actress exhibits ease, animation and intelligence, may, however, be stated without reserve; and there is reason to believe she may prove a valuable acquisition.

Signor Giuglini, who gave his opening air ("Questa o quella")—one of the most genuine melodies in the opera—somewhat tamely, warmed to his task as he progressed, and on the whole has never sung more admirably. This was his first appearance as the gay and unscrupulous Duke of Mantua, for whom poetical justice might as fairly have turned the Court Jester into an avenging *uomo di sasso* as the Commandant for that Don Giovanni whose peccadilloes he so closely emulates. The dramatic portrayal of such a character lies scarcely within the means of Signor Giuglini, but he takes his revenge by singing the music from first to last almost as perfectly as the composer himself could desire; and those acquainted with Signor Verdi are aware that he is somewhat hard to conciliate, much more to satisfy. With such true feeling did Signor Giuglini address the tender declaration—"E il Sol dell' anima"—when, disguised as a poor student, the Duke of Mantua woos the daughter of his ill-starred Jester, that the house insisted upon its being repeated. We have heard the sequel—"Addio, speranza ed anima"—uttered in a more impassioned manner; but the rest was irreproachable. The slow movement at the commencement of the second act—"Parmi veder le lagrime"—too frequently omitted, was so well sung by Signor Giuglini that it was to be regretted he did not also restore the more cheerful, if less earnest, "Possente amor," in which the Duke reveals the gratification he experiences at knowing Gilda under his roof. The sparkling "La donna è mobile"—that impudent libel against the fairer sex—was encored with rapture. In spite of this we cannot help protesting against the prolonged note on the second syllable of the word "ac-*cen*-to," as a decided anticlimax. Signor Verdi himself, a little further on, has done all that is requisite for the adequate emphasis of the cadence; and even after this, Signor Giuglini adds another "effect" of his own; so that at the end of each verse of a very short ballad, the light and off-hand character of which is suggested both by words and music, we have three long halts in the rhythm. Signor Giuglini's share in the quartet was faultless. The melodious declaration to Maddalena ("Bella figlia," &c.) could not possibly have been endowed with more persuasive eloquence. Indeed, this quartet, as a whole, has rarely been more effective, and was never more heartily and unanimously encored. There is nothing to say of the other characters, except that the Sparafucile (a Signor Gasparini) was not surprisingly good.

The execution of the choruses was remarkable throughout for vigor, precision and strict attention to light and shade; while the band (strengthened by the addition of Mr. Carrodus, one of the most admirable of our English players, as principal violin) fully maintained the reputation which, under the able and zealous direction of Signor Arditi,

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it has recently acquired. The ball scene of the first act introduced one of the promised new dancers, Mdlle Aranyvary, who, in a *pas de deux* with Signor Ammaturo (music *not* by Verdi) made a sufficiently agreeable impression. After the opera the National Anthem was performed, Mdlle. Tietjens (whose unexpected apparition was greeted with general applause) and Mdlle. Bettelheim taking the solos.

MUSIC IN COLOGNE.*

The tenth Gesellschafts Concert took place on the 5th inst., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Gürzenich. This closed the series of our winter concerts at that establishment in a manner which will be the best recommendation for their resumption next season. Seldom is it that all the elements composing an audience go away as contented as they did on the 5th inst. The programme, and the style in which it was executed, had each an equal share in this result. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Hiller, ushered in by the brilliant Concert Overture in A major by Julius Rietz, brought their respective offerings; Hiller, two beautifully conceived "Marienlieder," executed in the old Italian sacred style, and expressively sung by the chorus without accompaniment; Mendelssohn, his picture of the Departure of Israel out of Egypt, a work which has, it is true, often been heard, but always produces an imposing effect by its grandeur of conception, as well as by the skilful employment of the eight-part chorus, and the rolling tone-masses of the orchestra; and lastly, Beethoven, two of his most magnificent creations, the Concerto for the Violin, and the Symphony in C minor, with the triumphant concluding movement in C major.

The Concerto "for the Violin"—as it is entitled in the programme—should be called the Concerto "for Joseph Joachim," for so would Beethoven himself have named it, had he heard how the genius-gifted artist has penetrated into his spirit, and, like his other self, grown into one with his work. But, alas! poor Beethoven could not have heard it had he even been still among the living. As regards ourselves, however, who have heard and still hear so much, some of which we are compelled to hear, whenever we listen to Joachim's execution—that is a bad word!—Joachim's transfiguration of Beethoven's thoughts into audible poetry, we feel that in the whole range of musical art there is nothing higher than this composition, thus endowed by the artist with all the fulness of life.

In addition to Beethoven's Concerto, Joachim played also an *Adagio* by Hiller (from Op. 87), with pianoforte accompaniment. Even after Beethoven's extraordinarily beautiful *Adagio*, this produced a profound impression He then gave one of Bach's three-part Fugues for the violin alone, and was obliging enough, in consequence of the never-ending applause and recall, to add a surprisingly beautiful Gavotte, likewise by Bach.

If, in conclusion, we cast a retrospective glance on the musical season, from 1863 to 1864, we have good grounds for being satisfied with those who had the direction of our concerts. Of vocal music we have heard at the eleven concerts—including the festival concert connected with the Cathedral, on the 16th October last—Handel's *Messiah*, and the third part of *Solomon;* J. S. Bach's *Grosse Matthäus-Passion*, and the Cantata, "Liebster Gott," &c.; Songs *a capella*, by Steinekker and Donato, from the Sixteenth Century; Beethoven's "Sanctus" and "Benedictus," from the *Missa Solemnis*, and *Christus am Oelberge;* Scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis;* Mozart's "Ave verum," Mendelssohn's Hymn for soprano, solo and chorus, Hymn for contralto, solo, chorus and organ, the *Erste Walpurgiesacht*, and the 114th Psalm; Meyerbeer's "Busslied," for barytone solo, chorus and organ; Ferdinand Hiller's Cathedral Festival Cantata, for tenor solo, &c., "Palmsonntag-Morgen," and two "Marienlieder," *a capella* (all new); and by Max Bruch, *Die Flucht der heiligen Familie* (new).

In the way of instrumental music for a full band, we have had overtures — Beethoven's Op. 124 (twice), and the overture to *Coriolan;* Cherubini's overture to *Ladoiska;* Méhul's to *Joseph und seine Brüder;* Spohr's to *Jessonda;* C. M. Von Weber's to *Oberon;* Mendelssohn's *Schöne Melusine;* Jul. Rietz's overture in A major; and Waldemar Bargiel's *Prometheus* overture (new). Of symphonies there were: Jos. Haydn's symphony in G major: Mozart's in C major, with the fugued finale; Beethoven's No. VII. in A major, No. 9 (*choral*), and No. V. in C minor; Robert Schumann's No. II. in C major; Niels. W. Gade's No. VI.; Franz Lachner's Suite in D minor; and Ferdinand Hiller's "Morgenmusik," for orchestra, in six movements (new).

Solo singing was represented by Mad. Harriers-Wippern, from Berlin; Mdlle. Assmann (twice); Mad. Knöpges-Saart; Mad. Rudersdorff, from London; Mdlle. Schreck, from Bonn (twice); Mdlle. Jenny Meyer, from Berlin; Mdlle. Rothenberger, of Cologne; Mdlle. Wiessemann, ditto; Mdlle. Pels-Leusden, ditto; Mdlle. Elise Kempel, from Hamm; Herr Niemann, from Hanover; Herren Wolters, Bergstein, and an amateur, from Cologne; Herr Gobbels, from Aix-la-chapelle; Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine (twice); Herr Max Stägemann, from Hanover; Herren Julius Stockhausen and Otto, from Berlin.

The solo instrumentalists were: piano—Mad. Clara Schumann, Herr Ernst Pauer (from London); violin—Herr Joachim, Herr von Königslöw, Herr George Japha, Herr Leopold Auer; and violoncello—Herren Alexander Schmit and Alfred Piatti. Herr Franz Lachner, Musical Director-General, conducted his own Suite in D minor, for orchestra, at the first Gesellschafts-Concert, on the 27th October.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung.*

"MUSIC OF THE FUTURE" AND "ANTICIPATIONS."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—I defy anybody to prove that the music, which a few call "the music of the future," will not some day be much appreciated and perhaps adored; and I also defy anybody to prove clearly that it ever will be. When I say "appreciated" I perhaps use a wrong word, for I am well aware *you* have appreciated "the music of the future" at its full value; but by "appreciated" I mean liked, and, if I thus correct myself, it is that from reading your columns I have learnt that you are punctilious and easily shocked at errors of expression, and like words used and placed logically, eloquently, rhythmically, musically, and all other ways sensibly; but "let us return to our muttons" (pardon this French saying, I intend no disrespect to your editorship). "The Future" is such an indefinite term of time—and, bye the bye, so is "the Past"—according to Scaliger, this year is the year of the world 5,814; according to Riccioli, 6,048; to the Egyptians, 370,090; and the Brahmins, 780,081; so you see that "the Past" is rather indefinite. However, we are speaking of "the Future," and I was saying that "the Future" is such an indefinite term of time that it is totally impossible to imagine even when the middle of it will occur; you cannot, with any reasonable probability of being believed, assert that the middle of "Future" will be about three or twenty-seven centuries hence. Could we truly so prophesy, we should arrive at the certainty that "Future" would be limited to six or fifty-four centuries, and we should furthermore have the satisfaction of knowing that, at the end of said centuries, the heirs and assigns of our opinions would be able to take down the verdict of "Future" (which would then be "the Past") upon this "music of the Future," and rejoice or sorrow at it according as our opinions were good or worthless. But, as things stand now, with this un-limited uncertainty, it is impossible to have any satisfactory arguments or exchange of opinions with any full grown leather-lunged Wagnerite. You cannot say "Well, we shall see two thousand years hence," for, as I said before, we do not know the limit of "Future," and your adversary might answer you, and his heirs and assigns might answer yours, two thousand years hence, what your opponent answers you to-day after each successive *fiasco* which you bring under his notice: "Years hence no other music will be listened to." There is no satisfaction to be got from him; urge that all, or nearly all, those composers, whose works we listen to now with delight, were appreciated and admired during their lives-time; that your baker can never satisfy you with loaves which he assures you you will relish and like "at a future time," but which you now eschew; that if your tailor were to send you a pair of pink satin pantaloons, turned up with amber, declaring that would be the fashion at "a future day," you would probably kick him, and tell him that his goose was not the only one in his establishment; urge all this, and all else more, yet the stereotyped answer will be, "Years hence, &c., &c." Pray, what answer can you make to such a fellow?

I can well understand the enviable position of a man who always has an irreplicable argument in his mouth: by becoming a "Wagnerite," or, what we should call, more properly speaking, "an anticipator of the Future." I could use the same arguments and dumbfound everybody differing from me; I could gain argumentative victories every day; tell everybody, thinking otherwise than myself, they were irretrievably condemned fools; and I would certainly become a Wagnerite for peace sake, but that the condition of listening to "anticipatory music" so more than I can bring my mind to. I am too irritable to listen it Wagner's music; in my opinion it is infructuose; it contains all the labour of germination up to the formation of the peduncle even, but

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there it stops; it is pinefeathered, inquinated with pedantic affectation, and always moves me, when I listen to it, to excandesence and to speak words like the few I have just written: a vocalization infinitely situative, faraboutive, and anything but dialogistic, and moreover very likely to create diaporesis in the mind of your listener and to excite him to debacchation, and to afflict your readers' eyes with incurable xerophthalmy. That, sir, is the awfully bad language I am moved to use when I listen to one of Wagner's operas. Some passage will lead you to expect a melody, the introduction to it is dramatic, smooth, and indicating a channel through which your pent up feelings will flow limpidly; he gradually leads you up to it, and, like a coquette, feigns to wish to withhold that which you are certain you are to enjoy, softly struggling, gently yielding, till, at the very brink, bang come the drums or cymbals, like an intruder knocking at the door, and, before you have time to re-arrange your ideas, you find yourself in the midst of another subject. It is like listening to a perpetually sustained dominant seventh without a chance of its ever being resolved. Of course, I know the answer any Wagnerite will give to the above, but *ex* for opinions. Unless you are very irascible you may still manage to live comparatively happy in the musical world *malgré* the "anticipators." If their opinions were eternal even, I doubt whether they would ever touch your pocket, but what say you to a man trying to make capital out of his "anticipations?" A journal fell into my hands yesterday, the editors of which announce that said journal has been established in anticipation of a circulation of *fifty millions* per week, and they add that it is unnecessary to comment upon its advantages as a medium for advertisements! I think it is very necessary; and I would beg to ask the editors, before I give them any advertisements, how long is it before they expect the journal will enjoy a circulation of one thousand? and supposing I be weak enough to give them six lines on the faith of their "anticipations," in how many years will their anticipations be realized, and if at the end of the number of years they may please to mention the circulation does not reach the figure mentioned, whether they will return me my money? and supposing they would not, I beg to ask you, sir, who knows everything, whether I could recover, or prosecute the editors for having obtained money from me under anticipatory pretences?

And now, in conclusion, I beg to inform you that I shall, in a future letter, submit to your notice a young composer aiming to become the founder of a new school of music; you guess, of course, that I allude to Herr Heinrich Schweitzgunklein, formerly a disciple of Richard Wagner's, but who has now set up in business on his own account. Whilst his ex-leader modestly writes "music for the future," Herr Schweitzgunklein aims at writing music for a little beyond that indefinite space of time. I have just received his first published work, an opera in four acts, entitled

"THE TOOTHACHE."

I must tell you that Herr Schweitzgunklein in his work (which has literary pretensions as well as musical) premises that, at that period, which will immediately follow our most pyramidal motions of the extent of future, the world will be pretty nearly topsy-turvy; and, (to glean hastily through the changes which will have taken place) he says horologiographers will have divided our present seconds into thousands of infinitesimal parts; and that a subject which now takes ordinary thinking powers an hour to consider will then be turned over and over again in a second; distance will no longer be a physical impediment to the transportation of the body to where the imagination would have it; by reason of the means of locomotion, which will then exist, the development of musical science will enable the composer to portray vividly the most refined sentiments, the most acute pains and the deepest metaphysical paradoxes, &c., &c., and he concludes his preface by offering his work as a slight sketch to illustrate the elementary principles of "post future music." I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant, BOSKOUSA.

P.S. Will you kindly send my number of the MUSICAL WORLD to Putney, as I am going there.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Monday evening a new musical entertainment, entitled *La Bagatelle*, written by Mr. Bernard, was produced at the above hall. The entertainment consists of a series of comic and serious illustrations, comprising descriptive songs, duets, and trios. The parts are sustained by Miss Wentworth, Miss Brougham, and Mr. Bernard. The music, which comprises songs, old English ballads, gipsy melodies, and Irish airs, is well given, and the whole performance amusing. The dialogue is smart, and free from vulgarity and cant. The acting and singing of Mr. Bernard are deserving high praise.

ADELPHI THEATRE. — Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, and Princess Louisa, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, Hon. Miss Lascelles, General Grey, Major Elphinstone, and suite, honored with their presence the performances at this theatre on Saturday evening.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Will you allow a restless wanderer to offer you some of his experiences—*experiential docets*. My only amusements are books, music, and theatres. I go about. I rarely stay long in a place. I am tired of any given spot, however choice; often indeed at a first glimpse. I take notes, however, for my own satisfaction, and read them afterwards—years afterwards. My handwriting is bad, however, and I should like to read them—years afterwards—in print. Will you close the bargain? You shall have my notes if you will print them? Your reply needs no counter-mission in expedited ink-strokes. If I see my first batch of notes in the *M. W.*—not in Mr. Ap'Mutton's column, if you please; I have no wish to be sneered at under the cunning semblance of an odd misappreciation—if, I repeat, I see my first batch in the *M. W.* of Saturday next I shall read the answer in the affirmative; if not, by no means.

I was lately at Birmingham. I went to the Stork, after a vain search for the Clarendon Hotel, where those famously acrid letters, signed "AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN," used to be dated. There I saw a paper. In the paper I saw an advertisement of a concert. It was April 1st; and I was at first apprehensive it might be a joke. "Never mind,"—said I—"I'll go; Reeves sings, and there is a chorus." I went. On referring to my commonplace, I find:—

"Instructed by the past, the Festival Choral Society had spared no expense on this concert. Their programme included several eminent musical names. Sims Reeves has this season been invaluable to the society, and it was not to be supposed that his magnetic power would be less when associated with Louisa Pyne and the Marchesis, Harrison, Lotto, and Georges Pfeiffer, than in humbler company. Besides, the "executive" comprised the society's chorus, under Stockley, and in this as well as in the solo department there appeared to be a vast disproportion of means to ends. Henry Smart's genial part-song, "Spring," by the full choir, formed an agreeable opening. After "Hai già vinta la causa," from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Signor Marchesi, a spokesman solicited indulgence for Miss Louisa Pyne, who was recovering from bronchitis, and had quitted her bed to appear. A duet from *Maritana* ("This heart with joy o'erflowing"), was then sung by her and Mr. Harrison. The effects of her illness apparent, her singing was remarkable for fluency and grace, contrasting forcibly with the rugged vocalisation of her partner. Madme. Marchesi sang "Armida Dispretata" from Handel's *Rinaldo*, with fascinating diffidence. Mr. Sims Reeves was greeted with the usual acclamations reserved for this favorite of the public. Howard Glover's setting of Shelley's lines, "Mary, dear," was sung with a refinement and fervour which made the beauty of the combination additionally apparent; and, after Mori's "Wine Song," the tumult could be appeased by nothing less than a repetition of the last verse. But the crowning triumph of the great tenor was reserved for "Come into the garden, Maud," sung with such ease and *nonchalance*, such sweetness and tenderness withal, that one hardly knew whether to blame or applaud. The audience, however, entertained no doubts on the subject, and the emphatic manner in which they expressed approval, conveyed an intimation to Mr. Sims Reeves, which there was no disregarding. So, gracefully making virtue of necessity, the "pet of the public" came forward and sang the song again."

More than this I cannot find in my notes. I have no doubt I intended to write more, but was overpowered by sleep while at labour. The Stork is a dull place—not half so cozy as the Fish and Volume, at Tewksbury Point.

From Birmingham I steamed, by express, to Chichester—a good fore-and-aft' noon's labor. After a slight repast, I lighted a cigar and flew to the Cathedral—which, lover of Cathedrals though I be, I had not visited since the disaster of three years and two months (*precisely*—see the date of my letter) since. I spent an hour and half a hour and a quarter of an hour and five minutes in silent contemplation. I admired, but said nothing—even to myself (I was alone). On referring to my common-place, I find:—

"The work of restoring central tower and spire of Chichester Cathedral is slowly proceeding. The platform for workmen has been raised, bringing into view large portion of external work of tower, now distinctly seen above roof of nave and chancel, conspicuous feature in landscape at distance round city. The walls of tower, 5½ feet in thickness, have reached height of nearly 100 feet from ground. There are turrets at four corners, embattled, like tower, and these, ornamented as of old, have also been carried up to considerable height. Three are octagonal, the other—western—circular, as in original. Tower is to contain two windows on each side, each divided by clustered columns, supporting pointed arches within larger ones of same character. Bases and lower parts of mullions of great windows on each face of tower are now in position, arcading below them being finished. "Traveller" now works at an elevation of about 110ft. from ground, and

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scaffolding again must be raised in month or six weeks, high enough to admit of completion of tower, which, it is expected, will be finished before end of present year. No attempt has been made to connect new work with old, or will be until tower is completed. In carrying out restoration every detail is copied with precision from original. After catastrophe of Feb. 21st, 1861, all carved portions which could be recovered from *debris* were collected and stored away in east end of building, where they have been sorted and arranged, and, as far as possible, old stones are made to serve as models for new work. Spire, as formerly, will be high as that of Salisbury Cathedral, and resemble it in form. At base of each of eight sides will be windows and pinnacles, adorned with croquets and finials of elegant design. Two bands of tracery will surround spire at different heights, and plain round moulding run up each angle from base to finial. It is hoped restoration may be completed by July, 1866."

The above hasty note may afford your readers (if they are mine, too) some idea of what is going on. I talk to you of cathedrals, because every such "sacred ———" no, I never use the penny-a-liner's phrase; every such ecclesiastical monument (that's better) contains within its "venerable ———" no not "venerable walls," that is another—within its walls (simple) an organ, which thus connects it in a measure with the "divine art"—hang it!—I am caught at last.

YAXTON LAST.

Fish and Volume,—Tewkesbury Point, April 14.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

These concerts were resumed on Monday night, after the accustomed Easter interval, with an excellent selection and a wholly new attraction. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, in D minor, strings	Mozart.
Recit. ed Aria—"Tu che sei quel dolce fiore"	Spohr.
"Swedish Winter Song"	Mendelssohn.
Suite Francaise, in E major, Pianoforte	Bach.

PART II.

Sonata, in A minor, Op. 23, Pianoforte and Violin	Beethoven.
Song,—"Thine is my heart"	Schubert.
Song,—"The Jewel Song" (Faust)	Gounod.
Quartet, in B flat major (No. 3, Op. 64), strings	Haydn.

Conductor,—Mr. Benedict.

The new attraction was Signor Camillo Sivori, the most gifted and accomplished Italian fiddle-player since Paganini, and we believe the only one who can boast of having received the benefit of that incomparable master's counsels. As a *virtuoso* of the first rank Signor Sivori is renowned all over Europe; but as a quartet player he is probably better known and appreciated in England than elsewhere. Twenty years ago—long before St. James's Hall was dreamt of—when such an institution as the Monday Popular Concerts would have been a sheer impossibility, he was — with Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sainton, Teresa Milanollo, &c. — one of the chief leaders at the then celebrated performances of the Beethoven Quartet Society, founded by the late Mr. Thomas Alsager, and carried on by M. Rousselot. At the Musical Union Signor Sivori has more than once played a conspicuous part; and to conclude, wherever and whenever the occasion presented, he has proved himself quite as admirable a proficient in the quartets and other classical works of the great composers as in those brilliant and showy pieces of mechanical display which appertain exclusively to what is denominated the "Fantasia school." Although the Monday Popular Concerts have existed upwards of five years, Signor Sivori had never played at any of them until now. The foremost masters of the German, Belgian and French schools—Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Sainton—besides violinists of distinguished merit, like Wieniawski, Becker, Straus, Laub, &c., and others of no less distinguished promise, such as Lotto, Auer, &c., were repeatedly heard; but the turn of Sivori had yet to come; Italy was yet to be as well represented by a violinist as it had long been by Piatti as violoncellist and—to ascend a step higher—by Cherubini as composer. There was a general impression, indeed, that Signor Sivori had made it a condition that he should earn his first laurels in one of the quartets of the illustrious Florentine musician. Mozart and Haydn, however, were unexceptionable substitutes; and the addition to their two quartets of a sonata for violin and piano, by Beethoven, enabled Signor Sivori to exhibit, in one evening, his familiar acquaintance with the styles of three out of the six great German composers of chamber music to whom pre-eminence is unanimously accorded. J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn, and Spohr will succeed in due course — followed, doubtless, if not preceded, by Cherubini. Signor Sivori's success was complete. He could not have chosen a more acceptable quartet than that of Mozart in D minor (the second of the set of six dedicated to Haydn—ending with one of the quaintest *airs variés* extant); nor could he have played it with more genuine feeling. His phrasing in the *andante* breathed the very spirit of Italian song—of that pure *cantabile* which, though native to Italy, finds a hearty response under every clime, so graceful and unaffected is it, amid all its genial warmth. The minuet and trio were irreproachable—the boldly accentuated minor (minuet) was expressed with as much vigor as the playful major (the trio) with crispness and delicacy of bow. An "encore" followed, with which it was quite impossible not to comply. In the *finale*—perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most original and Mozart-like of the four movements—the theme was given with the closest rhythmical precision and a thorough conception of its unobtrusive simplicity; while the character of each variation was hit off with provoking nicety, not the least effective being Variation No. 4, which, in the major key and of purely melodious complexion, affords so grateful and happy a contrast to the rest. In short, the whole quartet was a musical treat of the most refined order. The audience were enchanted, and at the end Signor Sivori, and his companions, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and M. Paque, who had supported him with rare ability, retired amid plaudits from all parts of the hall. Haydn's capital quartet in B flat was no less successful. The only drawback to the enjoyment of two masterpieces thus thoroughly well executed was the disturbance made by late arrivals during the opening movement of the first, and by early departures during the closing movements of the last. For this inconvenience it seems evident that the director is at his wits' end to find a remedy.

In Beethoven's fine sonata, Op. 23, Sig. Sivori enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Mr. Charles Hallé, who also played the light and pretty *Suite Francaise* of John Sebastian Bach, as he invariably plays the music of that master. Mr. Hallé, nevertheless, would, we think, have been still better employed on one of the *Suites Anglaises*, which are not only more ingenious and elaborate, but in all respects more interesting than the *Kleinen Französischen Suiten*, as they are called, and much more strictly in the genuine style which Bach adopted when writing not to please others but to please himself. The vocal music was good. The air from Spohr's *Faust* (sung by Mr. Renwick), and that from M. Gounod's opera of the same name (sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington), served to show how little in common there is between the genius of the German and that of the French composer. The two songs by Mendelssohn (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington) and Schubert (Mr. Renwick) are among the most perfect specimens of the German *Lied*. How well Mr. Benedict accompanied all these it is superfluous to add. At the 149th concert, on Monday week, Signor Sivori is to lead quartets by Mozart and Beethoven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Mapleson threw open the doors of this establishment on Saturday night. The house was not so well attended as the patrons of the "old house" could have wished.

The opera was Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Madlle. Vitali (Gilda) is young and not without promise. Signor Varese (Rigoletto) should have been heard in England long ago. Mdlle. Bettelheim (Maddalena) has a deep toned *contralto*. Sig. Gasparini (Sparafucile) is a sombre individuality. Sig. Giuglini (the Duke) was "in excellent voice" (whatever that may signify). Sig. Bossi played Monterone. The band and chorus were right good, and will get better and better while *il piccolo maestro* (Luigi Arditi) remains orchestral chief. Besides the four new singers (Vitali, Varese, Bettelheim, Gasparini) a new dancer—Mdlle. Anaryvary—executed a *pas de deux*, in the first act, with Sig. Ammaturo. At the end of the opera came the National Anthem—solos by Mdlle. Bettelheim and Mdlle. Tietjens (whom the audience were glad to welcome). On the whole it was a good "first night," if not a lucrative.

On Tuesday *Rigoletto* was repeated (attendance much the same). On Thursday Flotow's *Marta* was performed, with Vitali, Bettelheim, Giuglini, Santley, Casaboni, and another new comer—Sig. Mazzetti—in the cast. About this, next week.

Teresa Tietjens appears to-night in *Norma*, supported by Louise Liebhardt (Adalgisa), Geremia Bettini (Pollio) and Marcello Junca (Oroveso)—the last new to our public. On Tuesday General Garibaldi will honour the theatre with his presence.

BUTCHER BAKER.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has returned from Paris, laden with laurels, earned by her admirable performance of the *soprano* part in *Elijah*, at the recent Mendelssohn Festival.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gives a "Recital" of classical pianoforte music this day, at Bath.

HERR ERNST.—All our readers will be pleased to hear that this illustrious artist is rapidly progressing in health.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Dr. Wylde commenced his 13th season on Wednesday night, at St. James's Hall, with one of the best concerts he has ever given. His new duties, as Professor of Music in Gresham College, which by general consent he performs so well, have evidently in no way affected his enthusiasm for the New Philharmonic Concerts, of which he was the originator, and has now for many years been sole director, manager, and conductor. On the contrary, his patrons have good reason to be satisfied with his arrangements for the current season. His orchestra —including between 70 and 80 stringed instruments, and, with the "wood," "brass," and "percussion," close upon 100 "strong"—is really magnificent. It is not merely strong in numbers; the players are among the most skilful and experienced we possess, and each department is headed by artists of the highest rank—as an example of which it is enough to cite the principal "first fiddles," Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove. The programme, which on Wednesday afforded unequivocal gratification to the immense audience in St. James's Hall, was as follows:—

PART I. Overture, "Faust," Spohr; Air, "Così fan tutto," Mozart; Concerto, (violin) Mendelssohn; Air, "Il Pensieroso," Handel; Symphony (No. 7. in A) Beethoven.

PART II. Overture, "Semiramide" Rossini; Air, "Masaniello" Auber; Adagio and Rondo, "La Clochette," Paganini; Air, "Le Serment" Auber; Overture, "Abu Hassan," Weber. Conductor, Dr. Wylde.

If, instead of an uninterrupted series of pieces, in an abstract musical sense, extremely beautiful, Spohr had composed nothing besides the overture to *Faust*, it would have sufficed to preserve that lyric drama from oblivion. It is certainly one of the best, if not the very best, of its composer's orchestral preludes; and, well considered, has a deep poetic meaning. The gloom at the end, compared with the brightness of the commencement—one of the means of suggesting which is the almost singular expedient of terminating in the minor key a movement that begins in the major—is in admirable keeping with the particular legend, among many relating to the famous Dr. Faustus, submitted to Spohr for operatic treatment. The overture to *Faust* never fails to animate an orchestra composed of genuine musicians; and it was, therefore, not extraordinary that the performance on the present occasion should be in most respects strikingly good. The graceful air from Mozart's too much neglected *Così fan Tutto*—

"Un aura amorosa del nostro tesoro
"Un dolce ristoro al cor porgerà," &c.—

after the sombre weight of the *Faust* music, was really what the words convey—at once an "*aura amorosa*" and a "*dolce ristoro*," relieving the spirit while gratifying the ear. The singer was Signor Naudin, from the Royal Italian Opera. Nothing could have succeeded this more happily than the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, with its impassioned *allegro*, its exquisitely melodious slow movement, its sparkling, fairy-like, impetuous and brilliant *finale*—a masterwork in every sense, as beautiful as it is ingenious, as well knit and homogenous as, from the first bar to the last, it is full of exciting interest. The player was Signor Camillo Sivori, who may claim the honor of having been first to introduce this concerto (the only one which Mendelssohn composed for the fiddle—that is, the only one published, for it is now well-known that another is in existence) to an English audience. This was in 1846, at the Philharmonic Concerts, to which we owe our first acquaintance with nearly all the great and original instrumental music produced in the course of the last half-century. Signor Sivori's execution of the violin concerto was excellent at that period; it is almost absolute perfection now. We have never heard the accomplished Italian *virtuoso* play with more spirit, delicacy, refinement and charm of expression than last night; and the impression he created was commensurate with the merits of his performance. He was listened to throughout with eager interest, and retired from the orchestra amid plaudits which, if he cares for being thoroughly appreciated, must have been music in his ears. The "Nightingale Song" from "Il Pensieroso," even when abridged, must always be felt out of place, except exactly in the place where Handel has expresly put it. There, it is most poetical; separated from the context, it becomes pale and frigid—the difference between a nightingale in a cage and a nightingale in the free woods, made melodious with its liquid notes. And this with deference to Madame Lemmens Sherrington, who warbled the air delightfully; and to Mr. Pratten, whose echoing trill upon the flute outdid the trill of his vocal partner, if not in musical sweetness at least in artful prolongation. The majestic symphony of Beethoven —the glorious No. 7, which had Lucilio Vanini known he would have adopted "7," instead of "9," as the magically-symbolic number—was so superbly given as for the moment to put everything else in the shade. What a work! What a slow movement!—with its eternal rhythm of dactyl and spondee, all in one key, minor or major, except here and there a transition, here and there a feint of modulating, in each instance provokingly and yet pleasantly baulking expectation! No one but Beethoven could have felt such entire self-reliance as to construct a movement on a plan so wholly unprecedented; and no other could so perfectly have adapted the means to the end. He himself thought highly of the symphony in A; and the musical world thinks with him.

The second part opened in quite another style, with Rossini's brilliant and orchestrally-splendid overture to *Semiramide*, concluding right merrily with the light and tuneful prelude to Weber's early comic opera of *Abu Hassan*. The "sleep-song" from *Masaniello* (by Signor Naudin)—a *chef d'œuvre* of expression; the hacknied, but still welcome *bravura* from Auber's opera of *Le Serment* (by Madame Lemmens Sherrington); and the welcome, but still hacknied *adagio* and *rondo* from Paganini's concerto *La Clochette*—which Signor Sivori used to give night after night at M. Jullien's excellent concerts, and never played more effectively—may be dismissed without comment. After the serious music of which the first part of the programme was chiefly made up these *ad captandum* inspirations came all the more gratefully and were all the more keenly relished. In short, Dr. Wylde deserves the thanks of his supporters for a concert which from one end to the other scarcely offered a single weak point, a concert in which not a dull moment can be recorded.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The 48th Quarterly Meeting was held on the 12th inst., at the Offices, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C. Mr. Grunelsen, the Secretary, having read the advertisement convening the meeting, Viscount Ranelagh, the chairman, read the report, from which it appears that the receipts for the half year ending Lady-day, 1864, were £32,694 17s. 6d., and the grand totals £753,844 6s. 1d. The large number of £20,148 shares of £50 each had been gained since the formation of the Society, representing a subscribed capital of £1,007,400, the actual cash receipts from all societies having been nearly £734,000. The total sale of land amounts to £336,118 3s. 1d., and the total withdrawals since the formation of the Society to Lady-day, are £218,650 17s. 8d. The sale of the important property recently acquired in Battersea, situated at Plough Lane, commenced on the 6th of April with signal success, and all the plots of the first allotted portion were selected; high premiums being paid for early rights of choice. This estate has all the advantages of close railroad and steamboat communication, and its proximity to the Battersea Park, renders it a most eligible locality for building purposes. Many of the new railroad schemes before Parliament will materially improve the Society. Suburban (*illegible in the* MS). The intended erection of a Chapel on the Oatland's Grange estate at Roybridge has given an impetus to building. The Committee entertain the expectation that the Rector of Forest Hill, the Revd. Mr. Clarke, will be able to carry out his intention of providing additional accommodation for his parish, by raising a fund to erect a Church on the Brockley Hill estate, Forest Hill. The difficulties in allotting the Avenue estate, Southampton, arising out of the claim of the corporation to some common land connecting the main frontage with the high road, being nearly removed, the land will soon be offered for sale. An important allotment, consisting entirely of freehold and leasehold Villa houses belonging to the Society, will take place in the ensuing month. The report was unanimously adopted and votes of thanks were passed to the board.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Without arresting the "run" of *The Pyramid*, Mr. Macfarren's *Jessy Lea* has been revived. It is to be given on Tuesday afternoons and Saturday evenings, until further notice. By this means Mr. and Mrs. German Reed appeal to two distinct classes of audiences—one musical, the other, dramatic—who in no way interfere with each other, but are as much apart as if they belonged to separate establishments. The cast of *Jessy Lea*, in one important exception, has undergone a change. The exception is Miss Robertine Henderson, *vice* Miss Edith Wynne—certainly a change for the better, for though the young Welsh lady sang the music of Jessy extremely well, the young English lady sings it even better. Miss Robertine Henderson, indeed, is one of the most rising and gifted of our young singers, and one of the most distinguished pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Her voice is of fine and telling quality and she sings with graceful ease and fluency. Great things may be predicted of the future career of Miss Henderson, if she only shows industry and perseverance. Her talent is as undeniable as her natural gifts are precious. Her success in *Jessy Lea* is decided. The public, charmed with her voice and the liveliness of her style, have already accepted her as a favorite. Mr. Whiffin, Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Poole sustain their original parts with all the old effect. Altogether Mr. Macfarren's charming operetta is a most agreeable treat.

HERR JOHANN LAUTERBACH—*Concertmeister* to the King of Saxony, and one of the most admirable violinists now in Germany, has come to London for the season.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall. Signor SIVORI will make his second appearance on Monday, April 25th. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. The programme will include Mozart's quartet in G, No. 1; Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 96, for pianoforte and violin, &c. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and tickets at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the the Afternoons of

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1864,	FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1864,
„ MAY 6, „	„ JUNE 17, „
„ MAY 13, „	„ JUNE 24, „
„ MAY 27, „	„ JULY 1, „

to commence each Day at Three o'Clock precisely.

THE programmes, as in 1863, will be selected from the works of the most celebrated writers for the pianoforte, ancient and modern, a sonata by Beethoven, or a composition in another style from the pen of that great master, constituting a prominent feature at each Recital. Examples from J. S. Bach, Emmanuel Bach, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Woelfl, John Field, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Henselt, &c., &c. will be introduced in the course of the series. From these sources Mr. Hallé believes that eight programmes can be constructed in such a manner as to suit the tastes of the highly cultivated musical audiences of the present day. Though the pre-eminence of Beethoven as a composer for the pianoforte is indisputable, the labours of other musicians who have devoted their learning and genius to the instrument, as well as those who have made it their special study to assist and facilitate its mechanical progress merit almost equal consideration. The sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Hummel, Dussek, Schubert, and Weber, are among the most remarkable productions of the art. The newly awakened interest felt in Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel need not be dwelt on, still less the universal popularity enjoyed by the pianoforte compositions of Mendelssohn; while, in another school, Chopin, S. Heller, Henselt, &c., have found numerous admirers, inasmuch as they have thought for themselves, and produced works not merely elegant, but original. The opportunity afforded, by selections carefully made out, of comparing the works of these various composers may prove both agreeable and instructive. Each programme, as before, will comprise seven or eight pieces, including two, or according to circumstances, three sonatas. The name of no composer will occur twice in the same programme, with the exception of that of Beethoven; nor will any performance extend beyond that of two hours—from Three o'Clock to Five.

The programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas and other pieces. Prices of admission for the Series:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1 11s. 6d; Unreserved Seats £1. Subscriptions received by CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street; and by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, 7, Cavendish Square, W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

THE College of Organists, of which we spoke last week, proposes to advance the *status* of its members by means of a variety of operations, all, undoubtedly, within the legitimate province of such a body. These, as at present arranged, include—promoting social intercourse among the members; providing lectures on subjects theoretically and practically important to the craft; offering prizes for the best church and organ compositions; and, lastly, endeavouring to abolish the present vicious system of "testimonials," by instituting some kind of diploma which, under the seal of the College, shall authenticate the merit of its possessor. Taking these in order, and supposing them all capable of fulfilment, they are, certainly, quite unobjectionable. To encourage personal intercourse among musicians of any class is, undoubtedly, to pave the way towards removing many small jealousies and prejudices that will otherwise exist. If lectures be ably given on subjects judiciously appointed, there are few better means of imparting general information. Prizes, too, for excellence in composition are very good things in their way; though, unfortunately, this way introduces the new College to a taste of one of its greatest difficulties. But the last project on the list is, at once, the most practically important, and the least obviously manageable. Scarcely a dozen words are needed to show that the present "testimonial" system deserves instant extermination. Beginning, certainly, in long past time, with all honesty and sincerity of purpose, it has become now utterly delusive and corrupt. It affords no trustworthy evidence of merit; it is a nuisance to all concerned with it, whether givers or receivers; and it has suggested to the clergy a notion of how they may further degrade the "standing" of their organists, by demanding, as now commonly done, testimonials to "moral character," forsooth!—and nearly exclusive of professional ability. It is perfectly well-known that eminent musicians do very often give testimonials on the slightest possible grounds,—frequently, indeed, merely to rid themselves of troublesome applicants. So obtained, no wonder they are frivolously and improperly used; and thus they only serve to ensnare churchwardens and committees into the belief that they obtain a first-class organist, while, in fact, they have encumbered themselves with a pushing and impudent pretender.

Now, the College, well knowing the utter rottenness and degradation of all this, proposes to substitute a diploma that shall carry away with it all the sanction of unquestionable authority. But here, in full front, stands the main obstacle to be overcome. Whence is this Collegiate body to derive its power? Who will necessarily accept its decrees? Why must it be accounted more infallible than any individual testifier of past time? There is here but another phase of that impracticability to which we have often alluded, if conferring honorary distinctions in the imaginative arts. For centuries past, our universities—alone in the world in this respect—have taken on them the granting of musical "degrees," without thereby at all increasing the number of able musicians, or in any way assisting the development of art. Among them, they have created many hundred Doctors of Music, of most of whom it may be safely said that, unless the word "Doctor" be taken with its pure Latin meaning, "teacher," it had been better for their fame had they never been in the world of music at all. And the reason of this is transparent enough. The university-professor, or doctor-maker, is, himself, simply a musician according to his date and ability. He can have no exhaustive ideas upon an infinite subject. Over and above the established routine, which is formal and simple enough, he is obliged to construct, for his own guidance, a test which can never be absolute, since it is necessarily limited by his taste and knowledge. Whoever just hits this mark will be accepted, while those who either fall beneath or soar above it, can hardly escape rejection. Thus, many very stupid people have passed successfully through the ordeal; though, had Beethoven "gone in" for a degree at Cambridge, during Dr. Clark Whitfield's professorship, he would certainly have been "plucked"; while at Oxford he might, possibly, have just squeezed through Dr. Crotch's hands, though not with his heresies unrebuked. The standard at both universities is now, doubtless, much

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advanced; but this advancement is, in itself, evidence of its own unfinality. The present occupants of the professorial chairs, as able as they may be, are still but musicians according to their time and convictions; and there is nothing to insure us that the light of the next generation may not exhibit their decisions as stunted in knowledge and prejudiced in taste. We do not say that this *will* happen; but progress makes this, and everything else, possible. This ever-present difficulty of establishing an absolute standard of good and bad in art,—of publicly awarding distinction or censure independantly of personal views and predilections in the awarders,—in fact, of instituting a court for the trial of artists wherein the decrees of the judge can neither be criticised nor defied, is precisely in point with regard to the diploma proposed by the College of Organists. A diploma can be of no use unless the laity, so to speak, universally consent to abide by its authority. But the primary condition of this acceptance obviously is that the dispensing power be absolutely free from suspicion, both as to motive and ability. And even this accomplished, there yet remains the irreconcileable difference between the operations of art and science—the necessary influence of opinion, taste, and feeling on the one, and their equally necessary exclusion from the other. A diploma can never confer unquestionable rank so long as a rejected candidate is at liberty to think, and even assert—what many may doubt, but none can disprove—that he has been stigmatised by a clique of persons artistically inferior to himself.

How the new College proposes to deal with this troublesome question we do not know. Assuredly it must not be by means of any single officer who, after the fashion of the University Professors, may grant or withhold distinctions at his pleasure. We can imagine no plan more likely to inspire confidence than the appointment of a board of examiners,—to consist of (say) six of the ablest organist-musicians in this country;—men of all shades of opinion and of every variety of accomplishment,—men whose position places them beyond the sphere of petty jealousies and above suspicion of professional incapacity. A "board" so constituted might be relied on for omitting no consideration necessary to determine a candidate's merit; and its diploma, if it did nothing else, would at least represent the convictions of the most skilled artists of the time. This scheme might possibly secure general favor, and it is worth trying if only in the hope of supplanting the vile "testimonial" system, which we have already condemned as it deserves.

It remains for us to point out that, however zealous the College of Organists may be in its desire to effect "reforms," no good result need be hoped for unless the members of the body clearly perceive that reform "at home" must precede all others. It is useless for any class of men to complain of want of "professional standing," so long as a multitude of its individuals deserve, neither professionally nor socially, an atom more consideration than they receive. However painful such a course may be, it is but kindness, as well as duty, to the new association to speak quite plainly; to warn it, for its guidance, that the profession is injured by the presence of a number of men who, being called, and practising as, "Organists," possess neither the accomplishments of artists nor the habits and language of gentlemen. Without an assignable particle of merit, they are conceited, boastful, and impudent to the last degree. Without the slightest musical culture or feeling, they have practised sufficiently hard to command a tolerably correct execution of a few fugues and show pieces, while they cannot even treat a psalm-tune without grammatical blunders that would shame a school-boy, and falsities of taste that would disgrace the plough-tail. Having no greater justification than the instincts of that animal called "snob" by the late Mr. Thackeray, they yet indulge themselves in the loftiest professional airs. They think it duty to treat a clergyman as the natural enemy of their race; with them it is but professional etiquette to refuse his simplest request; and they crown all by couching their refusal in terms sufficiently offensive to justify any usage they may experience. Whatever the cause, be it that the office of organist is not sufficiently remunerative, or the employment is not tasteful to the majority of real musicians—there can be no doubt of the fact that the ranks of the organist-profession are mainly recruited from a very ineligible class. It is quite notorious that scores of young men, without a shadow of right by nature or art, become organists—such as they are—merely in the absence of any other employment, or to obtain a trifling addition to their incomes; while the managers of some of our charitable institutions can tell, if they will, how many of their pupils they annually send into life on the same errand, and with just as little warranty.

We have, in part at least, told the truth on both sides as we promised, and have thus bared an aspect of the question which has never received sufficient attention. We recommend the whole matter to the serious consideration of the College of organists. They may, by their "Lectures," but still better by their example, enforce the indisputable though neglected fact, that an artist is an impossible being without refinement of mind and the rudiments, at least, of liberal education. And they may advantageously particularize in insisting on the fallacy of any expectation that professors officially brought in contact with the most educated men of the land, will ever be better placed than at present if, in addition to a conspicuous absence of great talent, their antecedents have denied them the proprieties of their mother-tongue. Probably the new College has some such general aim in view. Most certainly, if, by any course of discipline and action, whether by diploma or otherwise, it can insure the mission of only the right men to posts of public importance, the organist's position will better itself as a natural result;—the cry for improved "professional standing" will cease for want of cause.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The decay of Italian song has been a standing dish for years; and the annual series of *quasi* failures at both opera-houses represents side dishes of congenial flavor. Grisis, Rubinis, Tamburinis and Lablaches are not as plentiful as blackberries, nor has a legitimate successor to any one of them appeared either at Her Majesty's Theatre or the Royal Italian Opera. But as managers, for their own sakes, must endeavour to fill their places, who could doubt that Italy had been searched in vain, till not a single state remained unexplored. If further proof were wanting that no Italian singers were discoverable, it was supplied in the fact that German and French singers had been eagerly sought and as eagerly engaged. The public took for granted that these were brought over because there was no possibility of procuring native-born singers from the "Land of Song." The Teutonic and Gallic elements gradually crept into, and at length permeated both companies, until the phrase "Italian Opera" became a misnomer. Let us, for example, see what proportion this year, at either house, the Italian bears to the foreigner.

To drive at once to Bow Street:—Here the sopranos and contraltos are twelve:—Adelina Patti (Italian), Emilia

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Lagrua (Italian), Pauline Lucca (German), Antonietta Fricci (?), Marie Battu (French), Nantier Didiée (French), Rudersdorff (German), Anese (?), Tagliafico (French), Destian (German), Tati (Italian) and Garulli (Italian)—four Italian, three French, three German, two nondescript. Of seven tenors, five are Italian, one Hungarian, one German. Of twelve basses and barytones, seven are Italians, three French, and two German. And now, to drive to the Haymarket:—The proportion of foreign to Italian at Her Majesty's Theatre is even greater. The lady singers are:—Tietjens (German), Guiseppina Vitali (Italian), Volpini (Italian), Liebhart (German), Harriers Wippern (German), Eleonora Grossi (Italian), Trebelli (French) and Bettelheim (German)—three Italian, four German, one French. The tenors are all Italian. Among the barytones and basses we find three Italian, two French, two German, one English. Such the elements which compose what we are taught to accept as "*Italian* Opera!"

That Italy had *not* been thoroughly searched during the last ten or twelve years, and that our directors had *not* used up the "Land of Song," was shown in the recent performance of Lagrua at Covent Garden, and in that of Varese at Her Majesty's. One director is led to understand, in 1863, what he might as easily have been convinced of in 1850—viz., that Mdlle. Lagrua was an artist of splendid talents and rare endowments; while the other was *compelled* to engage Varese—"the barytone of the epoch" (to use the language of M. Fetis)—because a third-rate barytone, whom he had already secured, did not arrive in time! No wonder the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre were as much astonished as they were gratified. No wonder the question was asked on all sides—"*Who* is Varese?" No wonder so many expressed surprise that such an artist should have been neglected until his voice, like Ronconi's, was all but extinct. No wonder that surprise was changed to indignation, when they were told how Varese had been singing in Italy for more than twenty years with universal credit. Mdlle. Lagrua's case was even a stronger instance in point. *Her* praises, not restricted to Italy, had been sounded in Germany, France, and Belgium, where her name stood high among the high; and even America, North and South, had paid homage to her genius. With such facts before me am I not justified in believing that Italy is *not* so barren of singers as is represented; that, at this moment, other Lagruas and Vareses are wasting their powers in remote theatres; and that, however their fame may spread over the length and breadth of the Italian peninsula, they are still doomed to be ignored for reasons which I can hardly accept as "economic." Is not Mongini just in such a plight? This tenor was with us for two successive seasons, and not unfrequently excited our admiration. That he has, even now, one of the noblest voices in existence, is as probable as that he can use it to good purpose. Now, Sir, I want to know why an Italian, whose means are indisputable, should be passed over by the managers of our Italian theatres in favor of aliens, who, however talented, are not Italians, and can never hope to become proficient in the Italian style.

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed in Exeter Hall by the members of this society. The principal vocalists were Madame Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss.

MR. G. A. MACFARREN has composed a new clarinet solo for Mr. Lazarus, entitled *Traditions of Shakespeare*, and containing the authentic melodies originally introduced in *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much ado about nothing*, *Othello*, and *As you like it*.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Paris, April 12.

The first of the three Grand Festivals announced to be given at the Cirque Napoleon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, took place on Sunday week, and was dedicated to Beethoven. I sent you the programme last week, and need not recapitulate. The Ninth Symphony was, of course, the *point d'appui*. It was, on the whole, well played, although I do not think the liberties occasionally taken by M. Pasdeloup with the "*tempi*" would be tolerated in London. A more thoroughly impressed and delighted audience I do not remember, and a greater success could not have been wished. The choral movement set the hearers beside themselves with ecstacy. In the second part, M. Vieuxtemps played the violin concerto, and was greeted with tumultuous applause, more especially after the *Adagio*, in which—to invent a term—the "magistrality" of his bow was undeniable. The selections from the *Ruins of Athens* and the *Ballet of Prometheus* were interesting and well executed. The vocal music was allotted to Mdlle. de Maesen and M. Capoul, the lady giving the air, "O perfido," the gentleman, "Adelaida." Neither was particularly good. The programme of the Mendelssohn Festival, last Sunday, was as follows:—Overture, *Athalie*; "The Departure," part-song; Concerto in G minor (No. 1), pianoforte and orchestra (pianist, M. Alfred Jaell); and the oratorio, *Elijah*. I could not attend the performance, but hear from all sides that it was good.*

I fear that M. Bagier's chance for a *subvention* in favor of the Italian Opera is not great. No doubt he has undertaken too much, and in all probability the theatre cannot be sustained "imperially," without assistance from the treasury. The general impression *here* prevails that M. Bagier is by no means blest with genius for management, and that he is not eminently skilled with a knowledge of the capacities of artists, or the merits of operas. Signor Fraschini made his *rentrée* at the Italiens as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, his first appearance in that part. In the energetic passages he was forcible, especially in the duet with Gilda. I did not admire his singing of "La donna e mobile." Others, however, were of an opposite opinion, and roared "bis," with which, however, Signor Fraschini persistently refused to comply—much to my satisfaction. Signor Fraschini's acting, after that of Mario, was the essence of common-place. *La Cenerentola* has been revived with a flourish of trumpets; but the blasts were blown in vain, and this most delightful of comic operas—only less melodious and sparkling than the *Barbiere*—is not destined to triumph with the present company. The Parisians—who remember Malibran, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache in the cast—will hardly thank M. Bagier for Mdlle. Barbara Marchisio, M. Pagans, Signor Delle-Sedie and Signor Scalese. The last-named singer, by the way, was ill, or I am certain his Magnifico would have been admirable. The best part of the performance—and, indeed, a new feature—was that the sisters, hitherto sustained by [illegible], were undertaken by Mdlle. Carlotta Marchisio and Madame Meric-Lablache. To understand the benefit resulting from having two competent singers in these parts, one must have heard the *morceau d'ensemble*, "Questo é nodo." I did not much admire the Dandini of Signor Delle-Sedie; nor was I greatly impressed with M. Pagan's Prince.

* An account of this curious performance of *Elijah* has reached us, and will appear next week.

TUDHOE IRONWORKS, SPENNYMOOR.—On the evening of the 5th instant, the Mount Pleasant Harmonic Society gave an evening concert, in the Wesleyan School-room. Although the weather was unpropitious, the attendance was large. The artists were Mr. Franz Groenings, of Middlesbro', conductor and solo pianist; Miss Sweet, of Guisbro', soprano; Mr. David Lambert, of the Durham Cathedral, basso; and Mr. John Wood, late of Durham, solo violin. The instrumental music, played chiefly by the band of the society, gave great satisfaction. Mr. Groening's pianoforte solo and De Beriot's 5th air, violin, by Mr. John Wood, were interrupted by applause. The chief attraction of the evening, however, was Mr. Lambert, who was encored after each song. He was the star of the evening. The duets by Miss Sweet and Mr. Lambert were also much appreciated. The concert was a success, and the return of Mr. Lambert will be a guarantee for any future undertaking. It is to be hoped that the Mount Pleasant Harmonic Society will long flourish.—*Durham Chronicle.*

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *La Favorita* introduced Mdlle. Emilia Lagrua in another character. Her Leonora, both in a musical and dramatic sense, is equal to her Norma. Mario (Ferdinando), was not quite himself, vocally, but, histrionically, was more than himself; thus the last act—barring the final duet—became a masterpiece. With Grisi and Mario together, it was never more impressive. Graziani played the King, and Atry the fulminating Priest, Baldassare.

On Monday—the first of those abominable "extra-nights"—*Il Trovatore* (with Theodore Wachtel) was given for the second time. On Tuesday *La Favorita* was repeated. Mario sublime—Lagrua pathetic and exquisite. Nothing but that provoking last duet prevented this performance from being as irreproachable as it was interesting.

On Thursday General Garibaldi distinguished the theatre by his illustrious presence. The entertainments comprised the whole of *Norma*, with the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, preceded by the overture. It was a brilliant *fête*, in honor of a great hero, greater patriot, and greatest man. (See another column).

To-night we are promised *Guillaume Tell*, with Wachtel, Graziani, and Dr. Schmidt, (a new bass—who, on the Garibaldi night, made a sensible impression as Oroveso,) instead of Tamberlik, Faure, and Formes.

BAKER BUTCHER.

GARIBALDI—NORMA—MASANIELLO.

(*The Times.—April 15th.*)

On Thursday night General Garibaldi paid his promised visit to the Royal Italian Opera.

That the event should excite more than ordinary interest among the patrons and frequenters of the theatre was only natural, and possibly a more brilliant and distinguished audience never assembled within its walls. The box prepared for Mr. Gye's illustrious visitor was on the grand tier, situate exactly opposite that which Her Majesty the Queen has so often graced with her presence, and which is still used by the Royal Family. In order to afford ample accommodation for the General and his friends three boxes were thrown into one. The pit was abolished altogether, the whole area being converted into stalls, some few of which were untenanted. This, however, may readily be accounted for, inasmuch as on such occasions there are always speculators standing between the public and their rights, and who, reckoning upon exorbitant profits, are liable to be disappointed in the result.

General Garibaldi arrived with military punctuality at the doors of the theatre, but his passage through the Floral-hall (which might advantageously have been "corded off" under the circumstances) was by no means so expeditious as desirable. He was literally "mobbed" by his enthusiastic admirers, and it was with no small difficulty that Mr. Gye, who received him, was able to rescue him from their affectionate importunities. It was thus considerably more than a quarter of an hour after the time appointed for the performance to begin when the General—accompanied by his noble host, the Duke of Sutherland, his two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, Dr. Basile, Signor Guerzoni (his secretary), Colonel Chambers, Signor Negretti, &c.—entered his box. The moment the familiar gray capote was visible, and that nobly expressive countenance, which would set off any costume, the whole audience rose and cheered. The cheering was kept up for some time, volley after volley, General Garibaldi acknowledging the honor with the simple dignity that so well becomes him, and which he knows so well how to assume. As soon as the hero was seated—his two sons beside him—Mr. Costa gave the signal and the performance began.

The deep and pathetic tragedy of *Norma* was, one would have thought, hardly calculated to amuse the General so well as many other operas that might be named. Nevertheless, it was evident that he took intense interest both in the drama and the music. He scarcely ever looked away from the stage; and when the Norma of the evening—Mademoiselle Emilia Lagrua—was before the lamps, his applause was as constant as his attention was scrupulous. A new singer, too, Dr. Schmidt (from the Imperial Opera of Vienna—his first appearance), played the High Priest, Oroveso, and, possessing one of the most magnificent bass voices we remember, seemed to afford him special satisfaction. The performance of *Norma* was, as might have been expected, unusually good. Not only was Mademoiselle Lagrua admirable, and Dr. Schmidt an agreeable surprise; Mademoiselle Marie Battu (Adalgisa), and Signor Naudin (Pollio), both sang their very best, the chorus was excellent, and the orchestra more than usually effective. All was done, in short, that could be done to insure as perfect an execution as possible; and that what was done was thoroughly appreciated by the great patriot in whose honor the performance had been got up must have proved a more than sufficient recompense for every one who took part in it. Those who express astonishment that such a man as General Garibaldi should be wholly absorbed in a theatrical entertainment may be reminded that to him it came almost in the shape of an absolute novelty. He has probably in his time seen more battles than he has seen operas, and heard the cannon's roar oftener than the mellifluous notes of tenor and soprano; *his* music has been the drum and fife, the trumpet-call and the retreat. At any rate, absorbed the General was; for he did not lose a scene or miss a note. Between the acts of Bellini's work he paid a visit to Admiral Sir R. Mundy, returning to his box in time to witness the moving and impressive incident of Norma's attempt to kill her children, with which the second act begins.

But if General Garibaldi was gratified by *Norma*, he was enchanted with the two dramatic and stirring scenes from Auber's *Masaniello*. No one believed he would remain for these; but for once he broke in upon his early habits in favour of a new enjoyment. The wonted hour which, even at the magnificent reception in Stafford-house, was the signal for retirement, had long passed unobserved. The overture to *Masaniello*, grandly played, was heard with unmistakeable pleasure: and at the end of the first of the two acts from Auber's opera the General seemed no more disposed to move than at the beginning. The familiar scenery, the picturesque and no less familiar costumes, the wrongs of poor Fenella, the busy throng and ripening plot, doubtless impressed him. But what most vividly attracted his attention was the splendid patriotic duet between Masaniello and Pietro, declaimed with marked and unaccustomed emphasis by Signors Mario and Graziani. The significant passage about liberty and the love of country,—

"O santo ardor di patrio amor
"Nostr'alma accendi, audace fa,
"Al patrio suol dobbiam la vita,
"Avra da noi la libertà,"—

delivered by Signor Mario with extraordinary vigour and twice reiterated, seemed each time to awaken sympathy, and each time drew from General Garibaldi the plainest manifestations of satisfaction. The scene which followed—the market scene (Act. 3), where the Neapolitans turn upon their oppressors—was not calculated to lessen the interest already excited; and the lively *tarantella*, the impressive and beautiful prayer, the final and successful struggle of the patriots, each created its effect. As if, too, expressly for this occasion, the barricade was erected with greater spirit, the guns boomed louder and at shorter intervals, the musket shots were ten times as frequent, and the whole colour and movement of the scene presented an unwonted aspect of bustle, animation, and startling reality. At a quarter of an hour passed midnight the curtain fell. General Garibaldi then rose; the whole audience cheered and cheered again, many waving hats or handkerchiefs, while ladies in the boxes immediately above that which was last night the "State Box" to all intents and purposes, broke their bouquets into pieces, dropping the scattered flowers over the head of the popular chieftain, as he bent forward to acknowledge the hearty salutations of the house. Then, in a brief interval, the gray capote and noble head were seen no more. The General was conducted by Mr. Gye to his carriage through the Floral-hall, which this time being kept private, he was free from those well-meant importunities which, at the beginning of the evening, had so inconveniently retarded his arrival.

The evening was one not easy to forget, and may probably be remembered by General Garibaldi himself with as much satisfaction as by those who imposed upon themselves the grateful task of doing him honour.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The programme for the Saturday Concert of March 26 was as follows:—

Music to the *Tempest*, Solos by Misses Fanny Armytage and Robertine Henderson; Reader—Mr. Arthur Matthison; A. S. Sullivan. Concerto, Violin (1st Movement), M. Lotto; Viotti. Song—"All that's Bright must Fade," Miss Robertine Henderson; Agnes Zimmermann. Cavatina—"Ah, non giunge," Miss Fanny Armytage; Bellini. Solo, Violin—"Le Streghe," M. Lotto; Paganini. Overture—"Leonore," (No. 2, in C); Beethoven.

The performance, on the whole, was very good. M. Lotto did wrong to omit the middle and last movements of Viotti's interesting concerto, and Herr Auguste Manns did wrong to allow it. Better have dispensed with the Paganini.

The 19th concert of the winter season, last Saturday, was dedicated to music that had reference to Shakespere's plays or poems. Why the selection should have been devoted to Shakespere on that particular day we cannot surmise: unless that the directors were anxious to be first in the field. We think that a fortnight's anticipation was too much, and that the concert would have been more appropriate on Saturday next, more like a preliminary to the great Tercentenary celebration on the 23rd. The concert of Saturday, if not altogether worthy of the great poet, did honour to him, and the audience accepted what was set before them. The following was the selection:—

Overture *William Shakespere*, Kuhlau. Duet "I Know a Bank," Horn. Chorus, "Ye Spotted Snakes," Stevens. Song, "By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves,"

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Bishop. Trio, "O Happy Pair," Shield. Overture, Entr'actes and Choruses, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn. Song, "Even as the Sun," *Venus and Adonis*, (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), Horn. Falstaff's Drinking Song, with chorus, "When I was nought but a Tiny Boy," (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), O. Nicolai. Comic duet, "His Love for Me," (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), O. Nicolai. Overture, (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), O. Nicolai. A. Manns, conductor.

Kuhlau's overture, played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, did not please much. The glee of Stevens was well sung by 120 voices. "By the simplicity" was charmingly given by Miss Susannah Cole, and Shield's trio—by Madame Parepa, Miss S .Cole, and Mr. L. Thomas—encored. Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Madame Parepa and Miss S. Cole singing the solos—was well done, particularly the overture and Wedding March. Horn's song from *Venus and Adonis*—Mr. Pape, clarinet, Madame Parepa, singer—was encored. The drinking song from Nicolai's opera created some excitement. The opera of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is in the prospectus of both Italian Operas this season, and people were anxious to taste the quality of that music. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the drinking song so well that the audience would fain have heard it again, but Mr. Thomas was deaf. The duet which followed, from the same opera was capitally sung by Madame Parepa and Miss S. Cole. The overture, though well executed, did not greatly please. But it was the last piece in the programme.

After the concert, Mr. James Coward played a selection of sacred and secular music on the Handel Festival Organ.

THE LATE T. P. COOKE.

A great popular favorite is gone. The Dibdin of the English theatre is dead. T. P. Cooke—Thomas Potter Cooke—is no more. The son of the surgeon of Titchfield Street, the midshipman at the blockade of Toulon and the battle of St. Vincent, the hero of the wrecked Raven, who leaped from the deck to the stage, is to be buried in peace, beneath the sod of Highgate Cemetery. There was an attraction about this "old managile" which marked him out amid the common multitude of players. Everybody liked him. No one—not even Miss Lydia Thompson—could compete with him in the sailor's hornpipe. Sixty years ago, almost exactly, a delighted crowd enjoyed his Jack Tar impersonations at the Royalty Theatre. Then he went to Astley's, flourishing under the *régime* of "real water." We—or our grandfathers, if you please—saw him at the Lyceum, subject to that despotic manager Laurent, who afterwards humbled himself so deeply as to become a Clown. Very grey-headed people recollect him as Obi, or Three-fingered Jack; very hoary ramblers through the reminiscences of bygone evenings can recall him as the Poor Soldier. They bring back his ghost, by that complicated spectral apparatus which we style memory, upon the boards of Covent Garden, the Coburg, and the Adelphi; they talk of his Frankenstein, his Long Tom Coffin, his Dirk Hatterick, and his Duke of Argyle. Perhaps, however, one of T. P. Cooke's most rich performances has not been universally appreciated, because the joke was enjoyed in secret. He was, year after year—so an atrocious babbler tells us—one of the Lord Mayor's Men in Armour on the 9th day of November. What, after this, were the characters of Varney the Vampire, Gordon the Gipsy, Epaulette of Fontainebleau, Orson in the *Iron Chest*, Rinaldo in *Gil Blas*, or "the best Frenchman on the stage?" His Frankenstein alarmed the Parisians. They vilified him as "a walking corpse;" but the dear tradition of the English public is the William in *Black-eyed Sue*—the William of the white unutterables, the blue jacket, the black Byronic neck-tie, the whirling cutlass, the splendid hitch, the grand "avast," the chivalry of courage in defence of unprotected females—"All in the Downs." T. P. Cooke was inimitable. There was no trickery in him. He had studied the old-fashioned part of the old salt, and it became him honestly. The straw hat and the broad-collared shirt, the blue jacket, and the bold song, the immaculate ducks and the light shoes, the contempt of foreign courage, and, beyond all, the inevitable dance, which as a matter of course ensues when a British seaman has been married, hanged, murdered, or betrayed, made him the delight of boys, the wonder of girls, the mystery of those play-goers who asked whether Douglas Jerrold had been created for T P. Cooke or T. P. Cooke had lived only for Douglas Jerrold. *Black-eyed Susan* was a resurrection for the Old House in Surrey; it made the actor famous; it saved the manager from bankruptcy; it allured half London over the water; it humbled Covent Garden into a plagiarism from transpontine vulgarity. In fact, T. P. Cooke was regarded as a living symbol of the British sailor, and he hornpiped it so long that, at length, when a great critic saw him flying through the dance in his seventieth year, he said "It is marvellous; but I wish he wouldn't do it." However, until this veteran of the drama sustained his supreme loss in the death of his wife he walked lightly and erect, and his burden of seventy-eight years seemed no affliction; but when she died, he told his friends, "I am mortally wounded now," and he broke down and has passed away.

With deep regret we heard of this estimable artist's death. We knew him to be earnestly anxious that his life might be prolonged until after the celebration of the Shakespearian tercentenary. We heard of him laboring indefatigably with that best friend of the actor, J. W. Anson, on the Council of the Royal Dramatic College, for the humbler and less prosperous belonging to his own long-misunderstood and maligned profession. We saw in him an example of family probity and homely providence that obliterated many a reproach from the character of the class to which he belonged. And it was an indication of his faithful, hearty, cordial nature that, having once been borne on the books of the royal navy, he invariably, at the annual dinners of the General Theatrical Fund, returned thanks on behalf of that service. Who more proud than he, in fact, of the St. Vincent medal? But who, again, more zealous when a friend stood in need of help? Who, remembering how he had profited by *Black-eyed Susan*, came from his sick room, unsolicited, to play at the Adelphi Theatre, gratuitously and eagerly, for "The Douglas Jerrold fund"? That was T. P. Cooke, the player, now dead, who was born in 1786, who, by untiring industry, accumulated a fortune, who was unwearied and unstinting in his sympathy with the less victorious adepts of his profession, and who, perhaps, went successfully through a wider range of characters than any other actor of his time. His William, admittedly, was unequalled, and is the model which all future actors in nautical parts must regard, whether they earn £50 a night at Drury Lane, or 50s. a night at the Royal Standard. His Duke Dorgan, in Mr. Buckstone's drama, was a masterpiece. His Harry Halyard, in Haines's *Poll and my Partner Joe*, was an impersonation which, by all old-fashioned playgoers, will long be a pleasant tradition; while his Ben Trenant, in Mr. Thompson Townshend's piece *The Lost Ship*, was precisely the sort of thing which, as Lord Dundreary would put it, "cuts a fellah to pieces." Bright, jovial, active, and hearty, this veteran of the foot-lights could have played anything that smelt of the sea, from the Ancient Mariner to "Post Meridian, half-past four," or from Tom Tough to Peter Wilkins, the Flying Woman, and "famous Admiral Jervis." But nothing ever came up to William and the Hornpipe, to William who would "never stand by and see a female assaulted," to William, who rattled through, and rattled through it more blithesomely than ever did other mortal man, the glory of the British sailor, the triumphant stampedo of the deck, the dancing upon the Ark, the able seaman's "joy for ever," the original, genuine, indisputable double hornpipe. Who cares whence that pleasant jumping came? Hawkins tells us that the dance was invented in England. No matter; it was danced by T. P. Cooke. The *Tattler* avers that we should say "pipe horn." and not "hornpipe." The innovation is not to be endured. The seventeenth edition of the *Dancing Master*, published in the seventeenth century, declares that this especial jig "must be in triple time, six crotchets in a bar, although the well-known tune, 'The College Hornpipe,' is in duple measure." Does not this surpass all patience? Who thinks of duple measures, or six crotchets in a bar, when carrying back his memory to the pleasant days when "All in the Downs," T. P. Cooke, the veteran of another century, cuts down his captain, rescues his Sue, stands in readiness for execution at the yard-arm, is saved, and appropriately betakes himself to the light fantastic toe? But, above this, there is a reason why we should give a kindly thought to the memory of the old man by whom we and our children have so often been amused, and who has now followed his wife, and the mother of an only daughter, to her rest. The dramatic profession, of late years, has risen higher than ever in the public estimation. It is acknowledged and supported by every class. It has assumed an independence never previously attempted. Its morals are, we may scrupulously affirm, from a general point of view, pure and exemplary. It is making every possible effort to destroy the old traditions of profligacy, mendicancy, and insolvent toadyism. No man worked more genially towards these ends than did the late T. P. Cooke. We pay him this tribute, we dedicate to his name these reminiscences and regrets, because we sincerely feel that his passing away—although in the fulness of time, and in the course of nature, after a long and radiant career—is a loss to the profession, an event concerning which the public cannot be indifferent—and an incident in the history of the stage which suggestively reminds us how different is the stage of our day from that upon which our grey-headed veteran, now dead, stepped from the deck of the Raven.

SHAKESPERE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The month of April will be unusually busy at the Palace. In addition to the Garibaldi Fêtes, great preparations are being made for the Tercentenary of Shakespere, commencing on Saturday, the 23rd of April. The Shakespere House will be a *fac simile* of the original. Mr. Parris is erecting it in the Centre Transept. The great monument of Shakespere is being placed on the Upper Terrace. The Elizabethan Court is being fitted up, and will be appropriated to objects of Shakesperian interest.

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MUTTONIANA.

The following has been shot (by no amicable hand) into Mr. Ap'Mutton's quarters:—

Mr. Ap'Mutton,—Sir,—I presume you went again to Paris last week, to hear *Mireille* and *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*. Otherwise how are we to account for the insertion, in your column, of subjoined:—

There was an old twaddler, Ap'Mutton,
'Bout whose Column we don't care a button,
And we'd all just as lief
He were christened Ap'Beef,
For he's simply a calf, this Ap'Mutton.

King's Legs, Droitwich. S. T. Table.

Mr. Ap'M. is exceedingly obliged by the reminder. Mr. Table is a Job's friend, not an Ap'Mutton's. Mr. Ap'Mutton has pondered several days over this unkindly epigram of his respected colleague, Mr. Dishley Peters. He has even consulted his (Mr. Ap'M's) Muse. The Muse (of Mr. Ap'M.)—coy, as usual—at first said there was no remedy; but, on being pressed, gave out what Mr. Ap'M. (blushingly) ventures to affix:—

There was an old file, Dishley Peters,
Who said "My names puzzle your metres;"
But he's nobbled for once,
By himself, the old dunce,
And henceforth will be known as "*dished* Peters."

Mr. Ap'M. trusts the above will be understood as it was intended. Mr. D. P. forgot, no doubt, that Peters rhymes with metres—as metre rhymes with Peter, in the old doggrel.

Mr. Ap'Mutton,—Sir,—Should not the painful spectacle we are now witnessing make Mr. Gye pause before allotting the character of Faust to Mario. Yours truly, His Best Friend.

Covent Garden Gallery, Tuesday night.

What "painful spectacle"? Whose "Best Friend"? Mr. Ap'M. is at his wits' end to decipher the above logogriph. Does the writer wish to see any other than Mario in the part of *Faust?* If he does, he is certainly not Gounod's "best friend." Neither is he the "best friend" of Mr. Ap'Mutton, who witnessed a pleasurable, not painful, spectacle "on Tuesday night," in Mario's Ferdinando (*La Favorita*), and what is more, anticipates a no less pleasurable spectacle on the first night of *Faust*—that is (not otherwise) if Mario plays Faust. On second thoughts, guard Mr. Ap'M. from such a "best friend"! Dear old Marpio! Heaven pickle him!

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, uncertain where he resides, has addressed a remonstrance to Mr. Ap'M.'s quarters, under the heading of "Where do I live?"

Sir,—Will you kindly listen to the dilemma of an inhabitant of West Brompton who does not exactly know where he lives? When I came to reside somewhere in Brompton, eight or nine years ago, the locality of my house was known as St. Mary's Place, taking its name from a new church in the immediate neighborhood. Bye and bye bricks and mortar took the place of green fields opposite our windows, and the other side of the street was christened Tregunter Road. This arrangement went on for a time, when the authorities recognised both names, and passers-by were informed that they were in "Tregunter Road or St. Mary's Place." Barring the absurdity of two names, there was no great harm in all this; but latterly the name of St. Mary's Place has been blotted out altogether, with an utter indifference to the convenience of those inhabitants who have made it their address for years. If I now ask an acquaintance to visit me at St. Mary's Place, he can't find it. If I put "Tregunter Road," he takes it for granted that I have just changed my residence, and will not think of intruding on me in "the agonies of moving;" but we have only a very hazy notion indeed of where we have moved to. Pray, Sir, take compassion on us, and use your influence in inducing the proper authories, whoever they may be, to restore the appropriate name in place of a new one which, in its absurdity, confers anything but honor on the savory name of Gunter. It would not be amiss if our street nomenclature were altogether placed under better management, for I believe we are not the only victims to a similar caprice. There is nearly as much inconvenience in having a long-established address changed as in moving itself.—I am, Sir, with sincere respect, your obedient servant, J. O. Halliwell.

Mr. Ap'M. is the milk of human kindness; but how can he "listen to the dilemma of an inhabitant?" When Mr. Ap'M. had quarters in Tregunter Road, his card of address was—

Mr. OWAIN AP'MUTTON,
TREGUNTER ROAD,
No. — ST. MARY'S PLACE.

and when Mr. Ap'M. removed to St. Mary's Place, his card of address was—

Mr. OWAIN AP'MUTTON,
ST. MARY'S PLACE,
No. — TREGUNTER ROAD.

Now that Mr. Ap'M. (who gladly took advantage of "the agonies of moving," to beg his convivial friends would smoke their pipes where "them listed") has re-removed to the King and Beard, he is very comfortable without any card of address. Moreover, Mr. Ap'M. is at a loss to understand the penultimate sentence in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's complaint:—

"There is nearly as much inconvenience in having a long-established address changed as *in moving itself.*"

"In moving itself" is a likely periphrasis; but it is obscurely round the corner. "Moving *itself*!" Moving what? The address? No. Mr. Halliday? Nonsense! Mr. Ap'M. is at his wits' end.

Mr. Ap'Mutton,—Sir,—Knowing the interest you must feel in the Danish question, I make no hesitation in sending you a report of a conversation I had yesterday with a gentleman belonging to the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. "Good news for the Danes," said he, with a smile, "we are going to despatch 30,000 troops to Copenhagen." "Indeed," said I, "I am delighted to hear it; and pray who is your authority?" "My authority! why, a 'military swell' who shall be nameless." "A 'military swell'—Oh! I suppose some man in the Guards?" "Yes—in the Grenadier Guards. For his part, he says, he longs for a brush with the enemy." "I did not know," I responded, "you were acquainted with the swells in the Guards, but I suppose you have picked up the acquaintance of some fellow in the stalls?" "Nothing of the kind," he replied, "he is in our band—our first ophicleide." Satisfied with this excellent authority, I hasten to send you the news.

Chidley Pidding, M.D.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has an uncle with the Danes, at Ulkeböl; a nephew with the Prussians, at Broacker; a cousin-German with the Austrians; and a maiden aunt by the paternal side—Miss Tabitha Ap'Mutton—who has gone to dress wounds, promiscuously, in all three camps.

King and Beard, April 15th. Owain Ap'Mutton.

General Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace.—An address and a sword will be presented this day at the Crystal Palace, to General Garibaldi, by the Italian Reception Committee. A sword at the same time will be presented to the General's son, Menotti. The presentation will take place in a box, or gallery, entered at the north-east corner of the Great Transept, and facing the Handel orchestra. A concert of Italian music will precede this ceremony, supported by the principal *artistes* of our Italian Operas. The Concert will take place in front of the Great Orchestra.

Brighton.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been produced at the Theatre here, under the direction of Mr. Corri, with great success:—Miss Thirlwall (Dinorah), Miss Annie Leng (Herdswoman), Mr. Lyall (Corentin), and Mr. Corri (Hoel). Messrs. Potts have announced two concerts with the Pyne and Harrison concert party, M. Lotto as violinist and M. Georges Pfeiffer, pianist. The concert of the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society at the Pavilion on Tuesday, in aid of the funds for the erection of a Mission Hall, was fully attended. The solo vocalists were Miss Andsell, Miss Attree, Miss Foster, Miss Loader, Mr. Anscombe and Mr. Weller.

Shakesperian Relic.—The country will shortly possess the famous cabinet, carved from the wood of the mulberry tree, presented by the corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon to David Garrick on the Jubilee of 1769. This exquisite work of art, representing scenes from the plays of Shakespeare, carved with spirit and minuteness, together with the Garrick correspondence upon the subject, the medal presented to the actor, and a ring containing a miniature of Shakespeare under crystal and set in gold, has been bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, book collector, antiquary and author, who died last week of apoplexy (aged 75) at the house of his son, Dr. Daniel, the Grove, Stoke Newington. Deceased was direct descendant of Paul Danieli, head of a distinguished Huguenot family.

A Violoncello by Rugerius, the property of the late Major General Sir W. Eyre, sold for £100 at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's last Music sale.

MUSIC, &c., RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Routledge & Co.—Routledge's Illustrated Shakespeare, edited by H. Staunton Part I. Routledge's Illustrated Natural History, Part I.

Jackson, Walford & Hodder.—Congregational Chants and Anthems, and Congregational Church Music.

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MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

SIGNOR SIVORI will remain in London till the end of May. Communications respecting Concert engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Concert Agent, &c., at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce that he will arrive in Town April 20. Address Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, Brompton.

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*** Consignments of Music or Instruments for this Sale can be received until the 20th inst.

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Mdlle. GEORGI will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mdlle. CONSTANCE GEORGI and Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Signor GEREMIA BETTINI. Mr. LAZARUS, and SIGNOR SIVORI. Conductors—Signor ARDITI, Mr. GEORGE LAKE, Mr. EMILE BERGER, and Mr. BENEDICT.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s.; to be obtained at Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.; Messrs. Chappell and Co., Sam's Royal Library, Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street, Messrs. Cook and Hutchings, Messrs. Ollivier and Co.; at Mr. Payne, at the Rooms, Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, Messrs. Keith Prowse and Co., and at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that his THREE MATINEES of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Mondays, April 25th, May 9th and June 6th, at Three o'clock. Violin, M. SAINTON and Herr POLLITZER; Viola, Mr. H. WEBB and Mr. CLEMENTI; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Contrabasso, Mr. C. SEVERN; Pianoforte, Mr. DEACON. Two Vocal Pieces will be given at each Matinée. Tickets for the Series—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, 15s. Tickets to admit Three to a Single Matinée—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, 15s. Single Ticket—Reserved, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Messrs. Ollivier and Co., 19 Old Bond Street; of the principal Musicsellers; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Deacon, 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

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MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) will give her FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (varied by Vocal Music), on Saturday Afternoon, May 7, at Three o'clock, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's. Tickets, 7s. and 5s.; to be had of the principal Musicsellers, and of Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, 40 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR. W. H. HOLMES and MR. G. W. HAMMOND will be assisted by Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), Mr. BLAGROVE and Mr. LEMMENS, at their FIRST PIANOFORTE and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, THIS DAY (Saturday), April 23rd, Half-past Two. Tickets (all reserved)—Series, One Guinea; Single Concert, 10s. 6d.
36 and 39 Beaumount Street, Marylebone.

MR. FREDERIC BOSCOVITCH, the Hungarian Pianist, begs to announce four Pianoforte Recitals at Messrs. Collard and Collard's Concert Rooms, on April 29th, May 13th, May 27th, and June 3rd, upon Gounod's "FAUST." Tickets, £1 1s. and £2 2s., at Ollivier and Co., 19, Old Bond Street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. AUSTIN begs to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, 1864, on which occasion the following eminent Artistes will appear:—*Vocalists*—Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. RENWICK; Madame PAREPA and Miss MARIAN MOSS. *Instrumentalists*—Pianoforte, Mdlle. MADELINE SCHILLER (her first appearance this Season); Harp, Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to the Queen) and Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia); Violin, Signor SIVORI. CHOIR OF THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION and BAND OF HARPS. *Conductor*—Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and of all Musicsellers.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

HERR WILLEM COENEN begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at the above Rooms, on Wednesday, May 4th, 1864, at Three o'clock precisely, assisted by the following eminent Artists:—*Vocalists*—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Madame SHEPHERD LEY. *Instrumentalists*—Violin, Signor SIVORI; Pianoforte, Herr WILLEM COENEN; Harmonium, Mons. LEMMENS. *Conductor*—Mons. LEMMENS. KIRKMAN'S PIANOFORTE. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Ticket to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Ticket, 7s.; to be had of Herr Willem Coenen, 105 Great Portland Street, and of Ewer & Co., Regent Street.

HERR OBERTHUR begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at 16 GROSVENOR STREET (by the kind permission of Messrs. COLLARD'S), on Monday, the 2nd of May. *Vocalists*—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mdlle. ELVIRA BEHRENS, Mr. WILBYE COOPER and Signor BUNDINI. *Instrumentalists*—Mdlle. MARIE WIECK (sister of Madame Clara Schumann), Mons. LEMMENS and Herr OBERTHUR. *Conductors*—Herr GOLLMICK and Herr MAUSS. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. each; to be had of Mr. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, or of Herr Oberthur, 7 Talbot Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing C. J. HARGITT'S new Song, "REST THEE, BABE," on Monday Evening, at the West London Madrigal Society's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY," composed by W. V. WALLACE, at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, THIS DAY (Saturday), April 23.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his New Pianoforte Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "WAVERLEY," at the Beaumont Institution, on Monday Evening.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND will play, for the first time, his TWO MUSICAL SKETCHES for the Pianoforte, "SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS" (MS.), at the Hanover Square Rooms, THIS DAY, April 23rd.

MR. BOSCOVITCH will play "THE BABY'S SONG," Composed for the Pianoforte by HOWARD GLOVER, at his Matinee, 29th April,

HERR WILHELM GANZ will play his new Mazurka, "VOGLIANA," at Miss Fanny Partridge's Soirée Musicale, May 10.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Mezzo Soprano (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedrals of Christ's Church and Saint Patrick, in the City of Dublin) sings in Italian, German, and French; she sings also all the popular, English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. All Communications respecting Engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at No. 7, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will return to town This Day for the Season. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MADLLES. GEORGI & CONSTANCE GEORGI.—All Engagements to be addressed to Mr. JARRETT, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. LIEBHART has arrived in London to fulfil her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. Communications to be addressed to her at Outram Villa, Bridge Road, St. John's Wood; or to Mr. Jarrett, Concert Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MR. J. ASCHER begs to announce that he has returned to Town for the Season. All communications to be addressed to Schott & Co., 159 Regent Street, W.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. His Annual Recital will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 13. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

MONS. LOTTO.—The Provincial Tour of M. LOTTO (with the Pyne and Harrison party) which has been attended with such great success, will terminate on the 30th inst. at Dublin, and M. LOTTO will return to London for the season. Arrangements for *public* or *private Concerts* for May and June can be made on application to Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE and Co., 201 Regent Street.

SIGNOR GEREMIA BETTINI begs to announce that he has arrived in London for the season. For engagements, apply to Mr. JARRETT, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR SIVORI will remain in London till the end of May. Communications respecting Concert engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Concert Agent, &c., at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. VAN PRAAG,

GENERAL CONCERT AGENT, &c.

BEGS respectfully to inform Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession that he continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Matinées, and Soirees, also the superintendence of Halls, Bands, Choruses, &c., and to solicit their kind patronage for the present Season.

Mr. Van Praag flatters himself that, after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, he may be again favored with their commands.

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*** PART II., treating of *Double Counterpoint*, *Imitation* and *Fugue*, and completing the work, will follow shortly.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GARIBALDI—"LUCREZIA BORGIA," ETC.

(*The Times, April 20th.*)

Last night (Tuesday), the magnificent Italian patriot honored Her Majesty's Theatre with his presence. Garibaldi's visit was accompanied by demonstrations very similar to those which at the Royal Italian Opera, last Thursday, created so much excitement. The attendance was fashionable and brilliant, every place being occupied excepting a few stalls (there was no "pit"), which again told a tale of speculators more hungry and overreaching than wise. The seats appropriated to the General were in the middle of the amphitheatre, exactly opposite the proscenium, three of the ordinary boxes being thrown into one for the convenience of the large party expected. Escaping, happily, the obtrusive solicitude which made his passage through the Floral Hall a feat so arduous and difficult—a special entry, by what is known as the "Pass Room," having been contrived for him by Mr. Mapleson—General Garibaldi appeared in his box a few minutes before the time advertised for commencement. How he was received it is unnecessary to say. He was accompanied by his sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, Signor Mordini, Colonel Missori, Colonel Chiesso, Colonel Chambers, Signors Negretti, Guercini, &c. The moment he arrived the "Garibaldian Hymn" (the somewhat common-place music of which is from the pen of one Pantaleoni) was performed by orchestra, chorus, and military band (on the stage), under the direction of Signor Arditi.

The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, played for the first time this season, and in such a manner as, presuming General Garibaldi to be a genuine amateur of dramatic music, must have afforded him infinite satisfaction. The principal characters were supported by Madlle. Tietjens (Lucrezia), Madlle. Bettleheim (Maffeo Orsini), Signor Giuglini (Gennaro), and Signor Gassier (Duke Alfonso). Madlle. Tietjens never played the part of the Duchess of Ferrara more grandly, or sang the music more superbly. Her voice was in first-rate order, and she threw a more than ordinary amount of enthusiasm into her performance. The audience were as enthusiastic as Madlle. Tietjens herself, appreciating and applauding with equal warmth her every effort. Signor Giuglini sang delightfully, and gave the *cavatina* interpolated in the last act (Signor Arditi's "Colli Nativi") with so much real expression that he was compelled, by the general desire of the house, to repeat it. Signor Gassier's Alphonso is well-known as a performance of distinguished merit, both in a musical and dramatic sense. The popular trio—"Guai se ti sfugge un moto"—where the poisoned wine is administered to Gennaro by the suspicious and implacable Duke, to the despair of the agonized Lucrezia, was, as might have been anticipated, admirably executed by these practised artists; and that it should be asked for again, with such unanimity as admitted no denial, was no wonder. Last, not least, the new *contralto*, Madlle. Bettelheim, created quite a sensation in the famous *brindisi*—"Il segreto per esser felice"—which was encored without a dissenting voice, and repeated with increased effect. The rest was to match. Nothing could be better than the band and chorus, nothing more efficient than the manner in which the finales and concerted pieces were given. At the end of the opera Madlle. Tietjens, and the other principal singers, were summoned before the foot-lights.

Very little was seen of General Garibaldi during the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*. He remained at the back of the box, and was for the most part invisible to the audience. Between the first and second acts (or between the "prologue," so called, and the first act—which amounts to the same thing), Signor Arditi's *Canto Nazionale*:—

"Madre Italia! vendetta, vendetta!
Siamo uniti per l'ultima guerra;
Accoriamo dell' Alpi alla vetta
Che l'odiato straniero ancor serra!"

(the words "by a Lombard") was performed by chorus, accompanied by orchestra. No great excitement, however, seemed to be produced by this; and at the end of the next act General Garibaldi quitted his box, to pay several visits—among others to the Duchesses of Sutherland and Manchester, Mr. Seely, M.P., Mr. Stansfield, M.P., and the Italian Committee; nor was it until the last act was nearly half over that he returned to the place he had occupied during the evening. As the performance drew towards a close people began to think they would get no opportunity of seeing the illustrious warrior and of giving expression to the enthusiastic regard universally entertained for him. At the termination of the opera, however, all such apprehension was dispelled. The new war-song, called "La Garibaldina," music by Signor Arditi, which was heard with such rapture at the Crystal Palace on Saturday—a composition as full of vigour as the words are full of patriotic aspiration—formed the appropriate musical climax to the evening's entertainment. This was sung or rather vociferated, by the whole company, with a demonstrative energy that could not possibly be misunderstood; and at the characteristic and spirited *refrain*:—

"O Garibaldi!—nostro salvator,
"Te seguiremo al campo dell' onor!
"Risorga Italia—el sol di Liberta;
"All armi! all armi! Andiam!"—

the plaudits were so deafening that General Garibaldi was forced to come out from his retreat, and acknowledge the compliment thus directly paid him. The applause continuing with unabated ardour, "La Garibaldina" was perforce repeated, and this time, the instant the *refrain*, "O Garibaldi! nostro salvator"—was heard, the audience accompanied it by almost unanimous clapping of hands; and as the melody, while bold and striking, is simple and easy to retain, many of them joined audibly in its delivery, adding their own voices more eager and zealous than harmonious, to the vocal strength upon the stage. A fresh burst of enthusiasm was the result; and again General Garibaldi came forward to salute the house, with that quiet and dignified reserve which so gracefully becomes him. He was in his usual costume—the grey *capote* over the red shirt—a costume by this time so familiar and endeared to his English friends, that they would not willingly see it exchanged for another. After "La Garibaldina" the General sent for Signor Arditi and complimented him in words as flattering as they were brief.

Although General Garibaldi remained until the end of Sig. Magri's new ballet, called *Bacco ed Arianna* (in which the new dancer, Mdlle. Aranyvari, appeared, with Sig. Ammaturo, and of which we may speak on another occasion), he was not again visible to the audience. The majority, indeed, supposed he had already taken his departure, and gradually began to imitate his example. Outside, nevertheless, there was a dense crowd, anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of the hero, and rewarded by seeing him step into his carriage, which was driven away amid reiterated shouts and cheers. General Garibaldi's entire satisfaction with the entertainment provided in his honour was expressed verbally to Mr. Mapleson, who was in attendance on him during the evening, received him on his arrival, and reconducted him to his carriage on his departure.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

LAGRUA—MARIO—LA FAVORITA—WACHTEL—GUILLAUME TELL.

(*The Times—April 18th*)

As the unlucky heroine of Donizetti's *La Favorita*, Madlle. Emilia Lagrua fully bears out the promise of her Norma. The part of Leonora, moreover, has the advantage of suiting her peculiar means and the idiosyncracy of her charming talent, from the first scene to the last. The second act of *Norma*, in which tenderness and pathos are predominating elements, exhibits Madlle. Lagrua in a more uniformly favorable light than the first, where sustained dignity and fiercer bursts of passion are demanded—the softer and more womanly nature of the sublime Druidess being for the greater part only revealed in that interesting scene where the artless narrative of Adalgisa's love calls back vividly the remembrance of her own. Leonora has none of those loftier characteristics which raise Norma to the height of lyric tragedy—none of those vehement and terrible ebullitions which present her as often under the guise of a vengeful Nemesis as under that of a contrite and suffering woman. From her secret meetings with Ferdinando—which, reawakening a pure feeling in her breast, and filling her with grief for the past, ultimately cause her to look up to him as to a deliverer, and entertain a regard for him nearly approaching idolatry—she is all tenderness and confiding affection. When she learns how her chivalrous hero has been betrayed, she is overwhelmed with despair; when, after the marriage, repudiating her alliance with contumely, he upbraids and defies the Monarch who has thus outraged his honor, she is prostrate and ashamed. The rest—to the last bitter interview in the monastery, when the pardon and avowal she has wrung, by dint of tears and self-humiliation, from the still loving Ferdinando, serves but as prelude to her death—keeps strictly within the

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limits of the pathetic. The qualifications to present all these emotions with becoming truth are unquestionably possessed by Madlle. Lagrua; and her dramatic portraiture of the sorrowing Leonora is as vivid and graceful as her execution of the touching music which Donizetti has put into her lips is artistic. Her last act is a masterpiece of expression. Here she finds a congenial partner in Signor Mario, who —allowing for the rapturous duet:—

"Vien, tutto obblio per te,
T'amero qual t'amai,
Il tuo cor torna à me,
Sol per te vivo omai!"—

now beyond his physical capacity, and for an over-exacting passage or two in the great scene where he casts his broken sword and newly spurned dignities at the feet of his ungrateful Sovereign (which he otherwise declaims and acts magnificently)—is still a peerless Ferdinando. The style in which Signor Mario delivers the exquisitely beautiful soliloquy of the fourth act—"Angiol d'amore"—is marked, too, by a depth of feeling and perfection of vocal utterance as yet without parallel. Signor Graziani is welcome as Alphonso IX.; for, though he may not give to the character of that wily potentate the histrionic significance with which M. Faure in a measure endows it, he more than atones by the general excellence of his singing, and especially by his delivery of the much admired romance,—

"A tanto amor non vi mostrate ingrata,"

—where the unscrupulous King, when the wronged and unsuspecting Ferdinando claims, as sole reward for his valiant services, the hand of Leonora, with oily blandness backs his suit. Nothing could bring out more happily the *suave* tones of that rich and manly baritone which is Signor Graziani's most precious gift, and which never fails, when thus exerted, to arouse the sympathies of an audience. Lastly, Signor Atry is heard to considerable advantage in the music of Baldassare, although a more powerful bass than his is perhaps essential to the effective declamation of those sounding phrases in the *finale* to Act II., where the proud and haughty Monk, protesting, in the name of Heaven, against Alphonso's design to repudiate his Queen in favor of Leonora, fulminates the sacerdotal wrath at the united heads of "Castille" and his seductive mistress.

La Favorita, as a mere dramatic spectacle, is too familiar to frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera to need one word of description. The same may be said of Rossini's gorgeous and magnificent *Guillaume Tell*—a work as superior to *La Favorita* in a musical sense as it is inferior in almost every other. On what might have been the fate of the two operas had *La Favorita* been set by Rossini (as he might equally have set *La Juive* and *Gustave III.*—both of which he declined) and *Guillaume Tell* by Donizetti it is hard to speculate. What was chiefly interesting in the first performance of Rossini's masterpiece—which took place on Saturday night before (as every lover of music will be pleased to hear) a house crowded to the roof—may be briefly stated. Three of the principal characters—Arnold, Guillaume Tell, and Walter—were intrusted to singers who had never attempted them before at the Royal Italian Opera. Two of these, indeed—Herr Wachtel (Arnold), and Herr Schmid (Walter)—are among the new importations of the present season; while the third—Signor Graziani (Guillaume Tell), would almost seem to be keeping M. Faure's parts warm until that eminent French singer shall arrive. As in Pietro and Alphonso IX., so in Guillaume Tell, Signor Graziani makes the audience in a great degree regret the absence of those histrionic capabilities so honorably distinguishing M. Faure; but, on the other hand, in this last character, as in the two preceding ones, the fine voice of the Italian baritone and his thoroughly legitimate accentuation of his own beautiful language more than compensate for what is missing. Signor Graziani is no more Guillaume Tell than he is Alphonso IX.; but, in revenge, he is Signor Graziani,—which means an individuality always welcome to the frequenters of stalls and boxes. Herr Schmid's superb bass voice was noticed in his performance of Oroveso, the Druid, on the night of General Garibaldi's visit to the theatre. Great things were expected of this gentleman in the music of Rossini's most classical work; and in the stirring scene of the oath it must be admitted that the German singer fulfilled anticipation. No such bass has been heard since the voice of Herr Formes in its prime; but whether Herr Schmid is as good an artist as Herr Formes remains to be proved. Many protest he is a better. Oroveso and Walter are comparatively *easy* parts to fill; and so long as the voice is at command, with correct intonation, and a certain vigour of delivery, all goes right. Herr Schmid's second appearance may, therefore, be pronounced as legitimately successful as his first. In the superlative trio (for Arnold, Tell, and Walter, Act II.) he was really all that could be wished. Herr Wachtel, as Arnold, justified every word that was written of his Manrico. The same physical force and energy, the same extraordinary high notes, the same audacity in giving them out, wherever it suits him best, respective or irrespective of the intentions of the composer, were as observable as in the *Trovatore*. Herr Wachtel, exulting in his peculiar gifts, and yielding everywhere to his enthusiasm, seems chiefly bent upon producing "effect" wherever "effect" can be contrived. He is essentially a "sensation" singer; and as he possesses the means of giving utterance to what moves him from within, he rarely misses producing the desired impression. Criticise Herr Wachtel as we may; find every fault we can; say, he ought *not* to do this, and does it—or that he *ought* to do that, and does it not;* it amounts to the same thing. Up goes the "C" (or some other high note) "*di petto*," and down comes the applause. This "C" is Herr Wachtel's *coup d'opera—capo d'opera*, indeed; these high "chest notes" would go far to cover a multitude of sins; and so long as they are always ready, when their owner pulls the wires, so long will Herr Wachtel carry his audience with him. However, he has other qualities, which already attract, and which, if carefully nurtured, may ultimately lead to excellence. In the duet with Guillaume Tell (Act I.); in that with Mathilde (Act II.); in the trio (Act II.), where the dormant patriotism of Arnold is aroused by Tell and Walter, and the desire to avenge his father's murder makes him forget his love for the Austrian maiden; and last not least, in the notoriously famous "Corriam, corriam!" ("Suivez moi"), Herr Wachtel launched those missiles he knows so well to use, and hit the bull's-eye in the target of success. As it was with Manrico, so it was with Arnold; freshness, vigor and energy, enforced by an admirable healthiness of lungs, told their tale, and made their never-failing impression. Herr Wachtel once more came forth victorious—and this time, it should be added, from a far more trying ordeal than the first. Mdlle. Marie Battu (Mathilde), Signor Polonini (Melchtal), Madame Rudersdorff (Jemmy), Madame Tagliafico (Tell's wife), Signor Neri Barladi (the Fisherman, with the barcarole—in the introduction to Act I., a masterpiece from end to end), Signor Tagliafico (Gessler)—even Signors Fallar and Rossi (in the small parts of Leutold and Rodolfe)—one and all did their very best. Mdlle. Salvioni performed the Tyrolienne with indefinable grace and artistic beauty of "*pose*;" and all the other dances were well presented—their effect, as usual, enhanced by the most original and delicious ballet music ever written. The band and chorus were superb—the overture (encored) being splendidly played, the *finale* of the first act and the choral music at the meeting of the Cantons, in the second, offering scarcely a point for criticism. The life-like beauty of the scenery—especially that glowing picture of the Lake of the Four Cantons by moonlight—and the animated stage business, the culminating triumph of which is the wonderful *finale* to the second act, made their accustomed mark. The entire performance, indeed—notwithstanding certain curtailments in the music, which cannot be called judicious, and an "arrangement" of the last *finale*, at which Rossini himself would probably feel less gratified than surprised—was worthy a great masterpiece, and a theatre which owes no little of its reputation to its admirable representations of the complex and splendid lyric dramas of the modern French school.

THE OPERAHOUSE, VIENNA.†

[By way of preface to a statistical summary of what was done at the Operahouse, in Vienna, during the theatrical season, just concluded, from the 1st July, 1863, to the 31st March, 1864, No. 14 of the Vienna *Recensionen* contains a vigorous Philippic against the mode in which that establishment is conducted. As the reproaches of the paper appears well founded, being supported by facts, it is highly satisfactory to meet once in a way, in a public journal, so minute an account of the state of affairs in one of the first theatres of Germany, an account guided by truth alone, actuated by no feeling save that of indignation at abuses and omissions, and suggested by a love for art only. Whether the bold attack will be followed by any practical effect, or whether, as we unfortunately have often found in our own paper to be the case, the editor, while pertinaciously insisting upon reforms, is engaged in a task like that of the Danaïde, is something the next season must teach us. To believe in the influence, or even probable influence, of independent criticism on those who manage German art-establishments, or in the conductors and stage-managers, would be a piece of sanguine optimism. We will, however, give the gist of the article, in order to render the state of things at Vienna known abroad as well as among ourselves; perhaps a backstroke, awakening a feeling of shame, and leading to amelioration, may come from London or Paris.]

The negative results of the operatic season just finished are now

* Which is neither more nor less than the plain truth.—Disbley Peters.

† From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.

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plainly manifest. One solitary novelty—Offenbach's *Rheinnixen*—constitutes the entire operatic contribution of any importance; of operas not performed for a long time, *one* modest specimen only—Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*—was revived, and of operas which had not been given for a year or so, *Oberon*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Muette de Portici*, and *Le Prophète*, were re-studied and partly re-cast. Such is a true and correct account of the heroic things achieved during a season of nine months, in Vienna, the capital of Austria, and the residence of the Court. To attain this magnificent result, the tax-payers pay annually to the state about 200,000 florins, besides a high price for admission if they would hear it with their own ears. To attain this magnificent result, many lines of business are represented three deep, and thousands of florins laid out on the acquisition of individual voices, or the retention of experienced mediocrity. To attain this magnificent result, the Operahouse employs three conductors; three leaders; two *répétiteurs* for the chorus; a general leader of the chorus; an inspector, who is a sort of stage-manager; a head stage-manager; an artistic manager who understands singing; a secretary with literary abilities; a drawing-room High Chamberlain, with a permanent auditor of the rank of a court-councillor.

And yet the efforts of these gentlemen so noble and so fruitful of advantages, find no appreciation, no gratitude, nor even any but officially appointed defenders. What do we ungrateful persons require more than three whole new acts by Offenbach, and three whole revived acts by Halévy! Does not this represent, in nine months, for every quarter of a year the close study of one new and one old act! And yet we are not contented!

It must, however, out of respect for the truth, be stated that the management of the Operahouse promised something more than it performed, and actually "prepared" *one* classical opera. But the preparations for Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis* lasted from the early part of the autumn to Christmas, and ended in—the postponement of the opera till next season. We are aware that the management endeavours to defend itself in a great measure by a reference to the indisposition of members of the company, and the extraordinary leaves of absence granted in July and August. With regard to the last, it strikes us that it is far more justifiable in the critics to reproach the management with abusing the power of granting leaves of absence, than becoming in the management to adduce this abuse as an excuse.

But there were actively engaged in July Mesdames Fabbri-Mulder, Krauss, Tellheim, Kropp, Destinn, Bettelheim, Herren Erl, Walter, Dalffy, Von Bignio, Hrabanek, Schmid, and Mayerhofer—that is to say, each line of business was at least doubly represented. To these names must be added those of the conductors, Herren Proch and Dessoff. If the above ladies and gentlemen were considered capable of performing the most important stock-operas (those of Mozart, Meyerbeer, &c.,) they might also have been employed in the relatively satisfactory cast of a new, or a revived, opera. From August, however, there were, also, Mesdames Wildauer and Dustmann, and somewhat later Maille. Liebhardt, while Herr Draxler, and, in September, Herren Beck and Ander, also, (the latter gentleman being, however, prevented by illness, from appearing till about a fortnight after the former) were actively employed. But, despite of this, it was not until the 4th October that we had the revival of *Les Mousquetaires* (all played, with the exception of one part, by artists who had been in full activity ever since the 1st July), and not till the 4th February that we heard the first and solitary novelty!

Illness! That is the grand word of excuse! If, however, we pass in review the catalogue, printed in the bills, of the artists laid up by indisposition, we find no longer attack mentioned than that of Herr Ander, who, after the expiration of his leave of absence, could not, on account of indisposition, appear until the 15th September. With this exception there was not, during the whole season, as far as we know, any one so seriously ill as to prevent new works, or new works not represented for a long time, from being rehearsed. Though, therefore, the rest which Herr Ander demanded delayed for a few weeks the rehearsals of *Die Rheinnixen* and *Iphigenie*,* it strikes us that the period of six or seven weeks after the production of *Die Rheinnixen* would still have sufficed to bring out Gluck's work, which, moreover, was in a tolerably forward state. But even though the production of *Iphigenie* had to be sacrificed to the repeated performances of Offenbach's opera, this alone is no reason for the stagnation which has unfortunately been proved to have existed generally. The indisposition of Herr Ander did not, after all, prevent him from representing the only new tenor part of the season, and much less could it prevent Herren Walter and Wachtel, on their part, from adding a new character or so to their list. The neglect displayed in this respect is, therefore, mostly, if not wholly and solely, to be ascribed to dilatoriness or want of tact in giving out the business on the part of those who had the immediate management of the theatre, or to the adverse want of energy and deficiency of artistic intelligence on the part of those immediately entrusted with the task of representation. That every repertory urgently needs to be freshened up every year by novelties and revivals is an elementary truth so frequently and so pertinaciously advocated in these columns, that a fuller or more detailed discussion of it is no longer required. In the same manner the complaints about the small productivity of the present, and the antiquity of the classical opera, have been quite often enough reduced to their proper limits. However little of importance may be now done in the way of opera, what is relatively best in this little should always be offered to the public, for such is the duty of an operatic manager. Just as well as an opera could be ordered of Offenbach, native composers might have been advantaged by the production of their works during the same season, and a trial might have been made with Hiller's *Katakomben*, with the new operas of Max Bruch, Richard Wuerst, Gustav Schmidt, and others, as well as with recent French compositions. With regard, moreover to revivals, Gluck, Mozart (*Idomeneo*), and Cherubini, to mention only masters of the first rank, would—as is so self-evident that none but the management of our Operahouse can fail to comprehend it—of course if properly selected, carefully got up, and appropriately represented, furnish our repertory with most valuable productions; exercise the most beneficial influence upon the taste of the public; and afford our singers the finest opportunities for studying sterling operatic works, and for displaying to advantage their own musically-dramatic capabilities.

That this latter point—the right of every individual member of the company to be properly employed—is totally neglected by the management in its thoughtless inconsequence, we consider one of the sorest points in our operatic organisation. But we apply the term: *appropriate* only to that line of business which affords each person an opportunity of appearing before the public in the most favourable light, of exhibiting his best qualities, and, as a zealous individual member of the company, supporting the general effect. It is, however, to be regretted that, from the want of new parts, our singers never get beyond their Raoul's, Robert's, Manrico's, their Leonora's, Valentine's, Agatha's, their Marcel's and Bertram's. This must stop the development of their artistic powers. Was not our public universally astonished when, on Good Friday last, Herr Walter went through the part of Bach's Evangelist in so admirably appropriate a style? With many a good part adapted for him, Herr Walter might have achieved a considerable success, while, at present, he only goes on singing after the ordinary fashion, like everyone else. And how is Mdlle. Bettelheim treated at the Opera House? What has been done, for the last two years, to afford this lady's magnificent voice, united with so much zeal and intelligence, a chance of exhibiting itself to advantage! Not a single opera has yet been produced introducing Mdlle. Bettelheim in a part especially suited to her, and new to us, as a proof that the management is aware of, and knows how to appreciate, the talent it possesses Even for Mdlle. Destinn, who is apparently a *protégée*, nothing really advantageous, nothing right, is done; for when the management makes her sing Ortrud, Azucena, and Fides, it compromises more than it advances her; while, on the other hand, her interests would be consulted by her having characters especially suited to her. The same fate is in store for Mdlle. Tellheim. At first, the beginners are left unnoticed; they are afterwards brought forward, not because their talent is ripe, but because a part happens to fall vacant; they are then allowed to sing, without due preparation, parts too difficult for them. What, too, has been done, during the season, for our best artists—for Mad. Dustmann, Mdlle. Wildauer, Herr Ander, and Herr Beck?

* It was, at any rate, a clever notion to burden Herren Ander and Beck with the rehearsals of Bach's and of Gluck's operas simultaneously; by his plan both works were delayed, and the production of one of them rendered an impossibility.

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For the first lady, nothing at all; for the rest, the task of singing the insipid parts in *Die Rheinnixen*. Herr Wachtel has not sung in any new opera; the two basses, Draxler and Schmid, have had no new parts; that excellent singer, Mayerhofer, has had only a bad part in *Die Rheinnixen;* the promising Bignio was exposed to failure in a French acting part—in a word, *not one* of the singers has cause, at the conclusion of the season, to be thankful to the management for the business he or she has had. When the management, therefore, complains of the little willingness to oblige manifested by the members of the company, we may well excuse these latter, for what can call forth a willingness to oblige under so neglected and neglectful a management? *Something* must be done for the ambition of an actor; otherwise he degenerates or becomes exacting.

Just as nothing was done for individual members of the company, nothing was done either to make the combined resources of the whole establishment work well together, to secure a good *ensemble*. The Operahouse is still without a stage-manager, and still without any responsible person in the vocal department. Several of our singers possess a feeling for a correct style as well as the skill necessary for it—but they do not enjoy proper guidance. As a rule, the conductors do not take much interest in the matter, and are more intent upon their orchestra than anything else while the pianoforte rehearsals serve rather to enable the singers to learn their parts than any other object. Herr Salvi, who, at the commencement of his managerial career, displayed some natural abilities for the proper treatment and employment of the voice, now appears unable to exert those abilities, or to possess no authority. Thus it comes to pass that certain performances went off well; such, for instance, were those of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, where the artists were in their proper places, and possessed talent and a liking for their parts; but, in the majority of the worn-out stock operas, the success of each separate impersonation depends upon the momentary disposition of each person's throat and temper, while the whole performance, especially the *mise-en-scène*, offends in many particulars against good taste, reason, and probability, and, at the same time, leaves everything to be desired in appropriate accessories.

In this respect the ballet is decidedly better managed. The greatest care is bestowed on the way it is got up, and we are bound to acknowledge that it is rendered effective not only by the efforts of individual artists, such as Mdlle. Couqui, Mdlle. Friedberg, Herren Price, and Frappart, but by a compact and well-combined *ensemble*.

During the 259 evenings the theatre was open, there were 192 performances of opera, and 67 of ballet. There were 38 operas played, one being new, and one revived; and 12 ballets, one being new, and one revived. The operas were:—Adam—*Le Postillon* (re-studied) 14 times; Auber—*La Muette de Portici* (re-studied) 14 times; Balfe—*The Bohemian Girl*, twice; Beethoven—*Fidelio*, five times; Bellini—*Norma*, three times; Boïeldieu—*La Dame Blanche*, five times; David—*Lalla Rookh*, four times; Donizetti—*Lucrezia Borgia* (re-studied), four times; *Belisario*, once; *Linda di Chamounix*, three times; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, three times; and *Don Sebastian*, three times; Doppler—*Wanda*, once; Flotow—*Allesandro Stradella*, seven times; *Martha*, four times; Gounod—*Margarethe*, seven times; Halévy—*La Juive*, seven times; *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* (revived), five times; Kreutzer—*Das Nachtlager in Granada*, three times; Marschner—*Hans Heiling*, three times; Meyerbeer—*Robert le Diable*, twelve times; *Les Huguenots*, eleven times; *L'Etoile du Nord*, once; *Le Prophète* (re-studied), three times; Mozart—*Die Zauberflöte*, four times; *Don Juan*, six times; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, once; Offenbach—*Die Rheinnixen* (new), seven times; Rossini—*Guillaume Tell*, six times; Spohr—*Jessonda*, three times; Verdi—*Il Trovatore*, thirteen times; *Hernani*, four times; *Rigoletto*, twice; Wagner—*Lohengrin*, six times; *Der fliegender Holländer*, five times; Weber—*Der Freischütz*, six times; *Oberon* (re-studied), five times; *Euryanthe*, four times.

FECHTER *v.* SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR—Surely if ever a man was a victim to Anglomania it is Mr. Fechter That clever actor has clipped, and pared, and trimmed Shakespeare this many a day, and one would have thought that was sufficient in the way of dramatic novelty and enterprise. But no. Mr. Fechter has even gone, or rather desires to go, a step beyond. He has gravely and publicly proposed to the Stratford Tercentenary Committee to act "the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out." That which, up to the present time, has been but a joke in the mouths of most of us, Mr. Fechter is now anxious to turn into a sober and becoming reality as his share of the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the birthday of the English national poet. Let your readers turn to the correspondence which has just passed between the committee and the fascinating French gentleman. It is but another scene in the *Comedy of Errors* by which all concerned seem determined to render homage to "Saint William of Avon." I almost hesitate to enter on the topic. There would seem to be no end of the conflicts between Mr. Hepworth Dixon and the Urban Committee, and poor Mr. Adolphus Francis and the recusant members, and Mr. Flower, and last, but not least, Mr. Fechter. "*Tantæne animis*," and so on, is my only explanation. How is it that, from time immemorial, artists, authors, actors, and academicians of every distinction, and of no distinction, have been but too apt to quarrel, and are, by some inscrutable fashion, always protesting to their public patrons about the wounds and sores to their self-love and their reputation inflicted by their fellows and companions in their calling? Pope would not have been "happy in his misery"—the Hibernicism is no bull—without Dennis, Haydon without West, Garrick without Cibber. We do but repeat ourselves, I fear, day after day, year after year, and these discords are but in the "common order of things." Yet these "Shakespeare scandals" are deeply to be regretted, for it would appear that even dealing with things sacred does but embitter the professional instincts.

The hon. secretary of the Stratford-on-Avon Tercentenary Committee put me, a day or two ago, in possession of the feud which has sprung up between his employers and Mr. Fechter. It will not take long to tell. The committee announce "with sincere regret" that Mr. Fechter has broken faith with them by declining "to put the play of *Hamlet* upon the stage on the 27th inst. and to take the part of Hamlet." They affirm in a further paragraph "that the announcement in the preliminary programme was drawn up by Mr. Fechter himself, and most expensive preparations made, and the stage enlarged under his directions expressly to allow of the scenic effects which he required." There was for a while perfect amity between the committee and the impassioned artist who was "the sole and fitting one" to play the Danish Prince. In a moment, and without even a threatening murmur up to the Easter holidays just past, the committee, to their "consternation and surprise," receive a letter from Mr. Barnett, informing them "of the painful necessity your late resolution has placed him under—namely, declining the honor of appearing at the Stratford Celebration." Poor Mr. Flower and his friends! Poor town of Stratford and its extravagance! Poor Lord Carlisle and the literary gentlemen who were to form the procession at the Jubilee! Presently Mr. Barnett explains the cause of complaint thus:—"The said resolution giving the force of truth to the false and injurious statement spread about by one of your members, and published by unfriendly papers—viz., that Mr. Fechter, by 'under-current and trickery ways,' forced on the choice of *his* Hamlet." And in the very next sentence he assures the committee, "Mr. Fechter would have felt proud to serve in his humble way to the celebration of the Immortal Master, but he cannot afford to lose his reputation as loyal artist and honest man through the thoughtless resolutions or personal vanities, over which he cannot, nor will not, have any control."

Towards the close of his letter Mr. Barnett, however, generously makes the committee a present of the scenery on behalf of Mr. Fechter, and I may add that were I on the committee I should accept the offer with gratitude, and employ some tragedian to read the play and exhibit the scenery. The audience would probably have an amusing and instructive performance, even if they did but obtain Mr. Fechter's ingenious effects and scenic delights. The Mayor of Stratford and the committee are evidently, however, not of this opinion. Poor Mr. Flower, in reply to Mr. Barnett's announcement, protests, appeals, and explains, now angry, now pathetic, now imperious, now affecting, in a way that would move any human heart. He broadly asserts that, "It is my opinion that the committee cannot accept Mr. Fechter's resignation, or in any way be a party to such a breach of faith with the public, the consequences of which must rest with him alone." To the Stratford Committee the withdrawal still remains a shrouded mystery, and they are inconsolable. First they lose Mr. Bellew, and now Mr. Fechter has deserted them, and mockingly hands them over his transparencies and side lights, the preparations for the Ghost, and the churchyard with Yorick's skull, and the newly-dug grave for Ophelia.

Happily we here in London cannot suffer any such afflicting distress, deprivation, or come to such pitiless despair. We have been ruthlessly tumbled down from our fond hopes of a national celebration in the metropolis. The Monument Committee, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Mr. Linnæus Banks, who proved himself a very Tyrtæus the other

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evening at Mr. Gambart's friendly festivities for the benefit of the statue, still remain to us. If any money burns in any one's pocket, after contributing to the subscriptions hotly solicited by the jubilee gentlemem here in town, he had better spend it in the thousand and one delights of the Crystal Palace, or send it to the President of the Dramatic College, for the school on behalf of which that gentleman has so perseveringly advertised. It is a happy reflection that, with all that has occurred during the past twelve months, we cannot injure the poet's memory in the hearts of good men and true.

Broad Sanctuary, April 20. COVENTRY FISH.

Shakespeare's Art.

"This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature."

One end of art is—to disguise the art,
By which we strive to picture form and feature.
Thus—to seem nature in her counterpart,
Yet he who best creates, is but a creature.

The greatest artist living here on earth
Must have materials to perform a change;
Great nature gives him them to gather worth,
By forms and combinations—"rich and strange."

None yet have said this like our Avon Swan,
To whom creating nature's gifts were given;
Proved by his linking thoughts no other man
Ere blent,—so well, that they seem acts of Heaven!

Peruse each theme adorned by Shakspeare's line,
"From gay to grave, from lively to severe."
If his were art, 'twas nature's art divine:
Which ages long have proved still matchless here.

This highly gifted man without pretence,
Wrote in his day to gain his daily bread!
Perchance, he thought he had but common sense,
Despite he all uncommonly well said;

Or wrote so well, that to this very time,
Wit, wisdom, learning, logic, all we call,
"Take him for all in all,"—had we but seen him play;
Poetic flights that soar to heights sublime;
Even as an actor,—he excelled in all.

If I am asked to prove the truth of this,
I do so by the words he left behind,
Which Hamlet said
To them who play'd.
They well attest he ne'er performed amiss,
Who penn'd these sentences so full of mind.

WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW.

Fantaisie sur Shakespeare.

(23 *Avril*, 1864.)

Quel spectacle enchanteur
Vient s'offrir à la vue?
Regardez! . . . le bonheur
Tout pimpant court la rue,
Joyeux, de belle humeur,
Il fait une recrue
De chaque spectateur,
Et puis il s'évertue
A jeter sa clameur
Au plus haut de la nue.
Quel spectacle enchanteur
Vient s'offrir à la vue?

Oú va-t-il ce torrent?
Vers une apothéose! . . .
Il s'avance en courant,
A lui rien ne s'oppose,
Se refermant, s'ouvrant,
Et sans faire une pause,
Comme le Juif errant
Qui jamais ne repose.
Vers un but aspirant . . . .
Il n'est d'effet sans cause! . . .
Oú va-t-il ce torrent? . . . .
Vers une apothéose!

C'est qu'aprés trois cents ans
On célèbre Shakspeare,
L'homme de tous les temps,
L'honneur de cet empire;
Qui fit les éléments
Esclaves de sa lyre;
Qui de ses descendants
Reste le point de mire;
Vers lequel notre encens
Monte avec doux sourire.
C'est qu'après trois cents ans
On célèbre Shakspeare

A l'Angleterre honneur!
Honneur à l'Angleterre!
Le général vainqueur
Seul avait droit naguère
D'être comme un couvreur,
S'ur un arc solitaire,
Posé dominateur
De la vile poursière! . . .
Shakspeare a la primeur
D'un monument sévère.
A l'Angleterre honneur!
Honneur à l'Angleterre! . . .

LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The concert on Monday (the third of the present series) professed some sort of connection with the Shakespeare tercentenary. The programme will show how the profession was carried out:—

PART FIRST.

Overture (*Coriolanus*)	Beethoven.
Canzonet, "She never told her love" (*Twelfth Night*) ...	Haydn.
Concerto, violin	Paganini.
Air, "Where the bee sucks" (*The Tempest*)	Arne.
Music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—Overture, Scherzo, Two-part Song, "Ye spotted snakes," Chorus, Notturno, March, and Final Chorus	Mendelssohn.

PART SECOND.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Duetto, "On a day" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*)	Bishop.
Overture, (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*)	Nicolai.

Conductor ... ... Professor STERNDALE BENNETT.

Paganini's concerto, as Signor Sivori calls it—and how much of it is really Paganini's no one better knows—looked strangely enough among all the well played and well sung Shakspearian pieces of Part I; but the performance of the gifted Italian fiddler evoked unanimous sympathy and approval. Beethoven's *Coriolan*, though composed for a German play by Colin, is worthy of being the prelude to the god-like *Coriolanus* of Shakspeare. The Pastoral Symphony stood just as much alone in Part II. as the violin concerto in Part I. It was, however, welcome, as it always is. The overture of Otto Nicolai is clever and effective. The principal second phrase is extremely melodious. The singers were Mrs. Lockey and Miss Banks. To the first (*contralto*) fell Haydn's canzonet; to the second (*soprano*) Arne's "Where the bee sucks;" the two-part song (with chorus) of Mendelssohn and Bishop's duet bringing their united voices into request. Professor Bennett conducted with admirable judgment. He has reason to be proud of his first horn, M. Paquis (witness the solo in the *notturno*), and of his first flute, Mr. Svendsden (witness the *obbligato* at the end of the *scherzo*),—in Mendelssohn's delicious music.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At the third concert (on Wednesday evening) St. James's Hall was crowded as usual. The programme is subjoined:—

PART FIRST.

Overture (*The Isles of Fingal*)	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Ah! Rendimi qual core" (*Mitrane*)	Francesco Rossi.
Concerto (in G, op. 46), Concertina, Sig. Giulio Regondi ...	Molique.
Romanze und Arie, "Trübe Augen" (*Der Freyschütz*) ...	Weber.
Overture (*As you Like it*)	Harold Thomas.

PART SECOND.

Symphony in E flat	Mozart.
Cavatina (*Maria de Rohan*)	Donizetti.
Serenade and Rondo Gioioso, Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Voi che sapete" (*Le Nozze de Figaro*)	Mozart.
Overture (*The Ruler of the Spirits*)	Weber.

Conductor ... ... MR. ALFRED MELLON.

Why Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* or *Fingal's Höle* (*Fingal's Cave*) should have been rechristened *Isles of Fingal*, let the English publishers of the duet arrangement (pianoforte) explain. It matters little what name it bears, however, when played so nobly as on this occasion. To Molique's capital concertino for the concertina, and Giulio Regondi's admirable execution of it, frequent homage has been paid. The overture of Mr. Harold Thomas (one of the pieces rehearsed at the second orchestral trial) was well performed and well received. "*As you Like it*"—said a popular connoisseur—"you must rehear it at Stratford-upon-Avon." Mozart's divinely melodious symphony could not possibly have gone better. The minuet, with its pretty trio, was encored. Herr Pauer gave Mendelssohn's plaintive *Serenade* and animated *Rondo Fiojoso* in his firmest and best style, and the overture of Weber was vigorously dashed off. The singers were both successful. Mdlle. Bettelheim was much applauded in Francesco Rossi's aria ("1686") and encored in the cavatina from *Maria di Rohan*; while Fräulein Liebhardt was admired both in Annchen's song about the imaginary ghost ("Nero der Kettenhund"), and in "Voi che sapete." Mr. Alfred Mellon conducted as he always conducts at these concerts; and, altogether, if the programme might have been made a trifle stronger, the performance left little to desire.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, 1864.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR SIVORI.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello (June 25, 1860)—MM. Sivori, L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti	*Mozart.*
SONG, "When the orb of day reposes" (*Euryanthe*)—Mr. W. H. Cummings	*Weber.*
ARIA, "Mein gläubiges Herz"—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington	*Bach.*
SONATA, in F, Op. 10, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Halle	*Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame Charles Halle and Signor Sivori (March 10, 1862)	*Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Reaper"—Mr. W. H. Cummings	*F. Clay.*
SONATA, in A, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accom—Signor Piatti	*Boccherini.*
SONG, "Marie"—Madame Lemmens Sherrington	*Schubert.*
QUARTET, in A, Op. 18, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. Sivori, L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti	*Beethoven.*

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous o remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

MARRIAGE.

On Thursday, the 7th inst., at the Parish Church, Cregrina, Radnorshire, by the Rev. Hugh Vaughan, M.A., Rural Dean, the Rev. John Brinley Richards, B.D., Vicar of Llanbister, Radnorshire, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Thomas, Rector of Cregrina.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

ONCE again we must have a word or two with the College of Organists. The new association already gives signs of going to work in earnest. An advertisement in our last number announces that prizes of ten pounds each are offered for the best church composition and the best organ piece. It is impossible not to admire this resolute style of making a beginning. The Council, or whatever else the governing body may be called, are evidently no dreaming set of Utopians. They see no use in waiting for any possible perfection in their scheme of operations while it is in their power at once to take a positive step in furtherance of one of their announced objects. They are evidently practical men; and, therefore, it seems all the stranger that the practical and peculiar difficulty of their first public operation does not appear to have occurred to them. Nothing is easier than to offer prizes — always supposing the money in hand,—but there are few things more troublesome than making a satisfactory award. On this part of the matter the advertisement is silent. We are not told how, or by whom, the "figure of merit" is to be assigned. But this, surely, ought to have been the first consideration. What composers of any real significance will enter for such a race, or what competitors of any class, except the winner, will be satisfied with the result, unless they be assured that their judges are to be men whose professional rank places them highest in the scale of competence? This is just one of the difficulties of which we have already warned the new College. It is a specimen of those "fixes" in which matters of art are apt to get entangled when any attempt is made to *publicly* classify them in company with the efforts of science, or handicraft, or even the rewardable moralities of ordinary life. In their very nature they deny the jurisdiction of all attainable and absolute rules of fact. In spite of the illogical misuse of the term "laws" in connection with them, they essentially are, and ever must be, the creations of opinion and taste. Their critics, then,—the "judges" in the case before us—must agree in the possession of rules for their guidance; and these rules, again, having no force of natural law, can only be binding on the art-conscience of competitors through faith in the personal qualities of the authorities who wield them. We have italicized the word "publicly," because in the kind of publicity we mean lies the chief part of the difficulty. The case—not an uncommon one—of a private individual who may offer a prize for the best composition, in his opinion, of any kind, according to the bent of his taste, is completely different. He, literally, "pays his money and takes his choice;" while his decision is of no consequence to anybody but himself. The fortunate victor pockets his *honorarium;* and his unsuccessful rivals, while untouched by the hurt of public defeat, have at least the satisfaction of being able to pronounce their judge a blockhead. We find this constantly illustrated in the prizes offered by the various glee-clubs of London and the provinces. When one of these competitions is announced, it is perfectly well understood that the committee will decide purely in accordance with its taste. It professes nothing more, and no refinement in the process of judgment is expected of it. The glee-club merely wants a new composition to suit the tastes of its members, and generally contrives to get one. Meanwhile, so nearly invariable is the direction in which such selections run, that the general inferiority of "Prize-glees" has passed into a proverb; and it may be safely said that a complete collection of these "decorated" works would—of course with some brilliant exceptions—exhibit a volume of as much vulgarism and insipidity as any form of music could well assume. Yet no special harm is done by such competitions. There is no fame to be won or lost in them. The whole result is accomplished as soon as the victor has drawn his "prize," and the rest have grown contented to take their labor for their pains.

The College of Organists, however, with its announced prizes for Church and organ compositions, occupies entirely different ground. It is not a club established for the cultivation of certain musical whims of no consequence to any one else in the world; still less, we presume, is it intended to become what some one has happily called a "Mutual Adoration Society." It professes public objects, and its operations, therefore, to be of any value, must be capable of

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bearing the fullest light of public criticism. Its very title, indeed, assumes the enrolment of a selected body of men *ipso facto* the best of their class; its diploma (the difficulties of which have been already mentioned) is intended, by sheer force of authority, to supercede all other forms of testimonial; and, parallelly, its prizes for composition should have power to confer solid distinction. But before this can be done we must all know who are to be the awarders of this distinction. Before the world can be expected to be satisfied that Messrs. A and B have severally written the best church anthem and best organ voluntary, and bow to them accordingly as chiefs of their class, it will require assurance that, among the judges of this "best," at least, will be found the ablest organist-musicians the country can produce; and, further, it may reasonably seek to be informed if there is to be any *minimum* standard of goodness beneath which no composition will be noticed at all.

The more this difficulty is looked at in detail, the less manageable it appears. Nothing can be simpler than the advertisement. Prizes are offered for "the best church and organ compositions." But "best" in whose opinion?—in what manner?—according to what standard? There are, for instance, multitudinous kinds of organ compositions, ranging from such as those of John Sebastian Bach which no one now can write, down to those of Wély, Batiste, and Lemmens, which almost any one can write; besides, perhaps, an infinite intermediate variety that may be conceived by the judges without having been realized by any one else. In church-music, again, there appears to be quite as much scope for variety of taste and opinion. We hear a great deal of talk now-a-days about "ecclesiastical art," and "the true church style," and the like; but very soon discover that, in spite of all the hard words they use about it, men write simply in the ratio of their power or the want of it;—the frivolous write frivolity and the stupid write stupidity. We need but open any modern collection of anthems to find almost every variety of style—from the most vapid and obvious exercises in simple counterpoint, to the more ambitious flight of the pseudo—descriptive, not to say melo-dramatic—yet all warranted as true church-music by the collector, whose name, perhaps, stands in the foremost lists of the orthodox.

Taking these trifles into account, gentlemen-judges, we fancy you have your full share of work before you in the forthcoming prize-givings. It seems to us that you will have first to determine what *is* a church or organ composition at all, and *then* to agree, if you can, which is the best of those submitted to you. And, further, remember that quantity is not likely to be wanting. Composers are, just now, an increasingly numerous race; and they are not, for the most part, unreasonably diffident, or self-mistrustful, or especially reverent of bigger merits than their own. They frequently "publish," indeed, before they have learned their parts of musical speech, very generally before they have acquired the grammatical use of them, and, most commonly of all, without troubling themselves to consider whether they have a single idea to communicate. So, with these facts before you—and, take an experienced reviewer's word for it, they are not exaggerated—again we say, gentlemen-judges, look well to yourselves, for you will have your work to do!

We offer these remarks in no carping or discouraging spirit. We take the College of Organists on the highest possible ground—the ground, indeed, selected by itself. We believe its ultimate object to be the accrediting, by means of diplomas and prizes, of a succession of professors to the world, who, as performers and composers, shall, in virtue of those distinctions, be received as competent, without interference or question, to fill certain responsible offices. We recognize in this an important function towards both the public and the profession, and have, therefore, thought it our duty to point out the most obvious difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. If we had not heartily sympathized with the object in view, we should not have been at so much pains to hunt up the obstacles which beset it.

OTTO BEARD, M.D.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Those who attended the performance at the Royal Italian Opera at which General Garibaldi was present must have experienced sensations of a very unusual kind. It was a sensation to witness the heroic patriot in his simple and primitive attire, while all around him flashed prismatic colours, from gems and gold and costly suits and decorations. It was a sensation to see him enjoy the music and the dancing, whatever, in short, was passing on the stage, with an emotion that glowed in his great countenance like light from the hidden lamp in an alabaster vase. But to quit from the Garibaldian box for the scene before the lamps: it was a sensation to hear and a sensation to behold our admirable Mario as the Neapolitan fisherman—a performance, allowing for certain inevitable deficiencies, which I have not seen surpassed in a life of many decades. The heart of that man or woman who left Covent Garden Opera, on the night in question, unburdened with two immoveable impressions, must—not to bury myself in a quagmire of metaphor—be made of "impenetrable stuff." That there *were* some such present, I, nevertheless, incline to believe; for ————, but let that pass. Enthusiasm had exhausted its breath outside the house, and General Garibaldi ran the risk of being affectionately smothered in his passage through Floral Hall. Enthusiasm had exhausted its breath outside the house; and nothing overwhelming was anticipated from the Masaniello of the evening. Enthusiasm had exhausted its breath outside the house; but ———— *n'importe*. On this long-to-be-remembered night our Mario was inspired. His efforts to grapple with the physical difficulties of his part were superterrestrial. Such masterly acting was never witnessed in any Neapolitan Fisherman—much less any Neapolitan singer. From the descent down the rock to the last clutch of the battle-axe, it was to match; genius shone in every gesture and spoke in every tone. Each attitude was a subject for painter's brush or sculptor's chisel. An essay could be written on every scene—or rather a poem, which would be still more appropriate. Happily for your readers, I have no time to write either; and, moreover, I am neither essayist nor poetaster; so fear nothing.

I speak of this particular night, not of the Masaniello of the gifted Sardinian generally. Could I but reckon on such an exhibition of genius and skill three times out of five, four times out of seven, or five times out of nine, I would go every night *Masaniello* was played, on the chance—as my grandmother did when Siddons played in *Macbeth*, my father when Kean played in *Othello*, and one of my uncles (maternal I think) when Macready played in *Lear*. You will say Garibaldi did it, and the occasion. Be it so, Garibaldi did it; but Garibaldi could not have done it had not the materials been at hand with which to do it. The fire was within, though the grim and illustrious captain called it forth. The energy of Mario, in the patriotic duet between Masaniello and Pietro was sublime; and, if his voice occasionally failed him, in the upper tones, all was forgotten in the earnestness of expression, in the unparalled ease and grace of manner, in that

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impassioned vocal accent which freedom might have cheerfully selected for the utterance of her loftiest and most holy aspirations. Even in the minutest histrionic details Mario should have been watched with absorbing interest. His gentle playfulness with the children, during the *ritornella* of the barcarole, where all join in the dance; his demeanor towards Fenella, so brotherly in its tenderness; and his chivalrous bearing, when, snatching her from the rude grasp of the Spanish bravo—one and all tended to show how great is Mario as an actor, and how in him nature and art combine in producing a perfect dramatic and musical phenomenon. Still more might be set down. Even now, with his voice in its far west, he is the most accomplished singer on the Italian stage, and the one, above all others, who may be recommended as a model to ambitious tenors. So much, indeed, is to be gained by hearing him, that an intelligent student would derive more benefit from one of his performances than through a dozen lessons from an ordinary singing master. Mario's articulation alone might be studied with eminent advantage. His method of "producing the voice" (which means, I presume, emitting the sound) is, probably, inimitable. At any rate, the only way of imitating it, with anything like success, is to listen often and attentively to those open tones which are the despair of ninety-nine existing tenors out of one hundred tenors existing.

While Mario remains on the stage he can still be turned to excellent account. He is the standard to which young aspirants may hopefully look up. I know several who enjoy a fair repute, and who certainly are not great artists, but who may, at least, become *artists*, perforce of assiduous and well-directed study. I recommend such young and middle-aged "vocalists" to go as often as possible and hear Mario, copying, as closely as in them lies, his tone, delivery, phrasing and accentuation. These are not altogether unattainable by those determined to attain them; but the grace of action, suavity of deportment, truthful and natural expression—together with that indefinable charm of "manner" which

"Flings hov'ring graces o'er him like a banner—"

are beyond the reach of ordinary acquirement. Mario possesses them. He took them—as the King of Prussia boasts he takes his crown—from God.

DISHLEY PETERS.

MUSICAL UNION.—The programme of the Second *Matinée*, on Tuesday last, comprised Mozart's truly beautiful quintet in G minor; Haydn's quartet, in G major (No. 66); Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte solo in E flat (Op. 31); *Andante* and *finale*, from Weber's sonata, for pianoforte, in D minor; and two romances for violin solo. Signor Sivori made his first appearance at the Union for seven years. The whole of Weber's Sonata had been played by Mr. Halle at the first concert; but as, according to the analytic programme, or "Synopsis," "the inclemency of the weather on the 5th inst., deprived many members of hearing it," the *andante* and *finale* were now repeated by the same pianist. The other players in the quintet and quartet, were, M. M. L. Ries (second violin), H. Webb (first viola), W. Hann (second viola), and Paque (violoncello). M. Jacquard, from Paris, is to be the violoncellist at the next *matinée*.

SIGNOR CARLO DUCCI one of the chief pianists of the "Società del Quartetto" of Florence, has arrived in London. At the last concert of the Society Signor Ducci played a concerto (the *Concertstück*) by Weber. Of this performance the *Boccherini* says: "Il Concerto di *Weber* fu poi suonato con gran maestria dal valentissimo pianista *Prof. Carlo Ducci*, di cui abbiamo avuto tante volte occasione di lodare la grande abilità. Tutte le immense difficoltà di questo pezzo furono superate dal *Ducci* con valentia straordinaria. Il pubblico rimeritò il pianista con vivissimi applausi."

MR. R. SHARPE has been appointed organist at Shirley, Southampton.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Paris, April 20.

The expected *reprise* of the *Huguenots* took place this day week, Mdlle. Marie Sax undertaking the part of Valentine for the first time. M. Villaret's indisposition continuing, M. Gueymard, "the indispensable," as the *Ménéstrel* calls him, and the "useful," as everybody might call him, was only too glad to play Raoul, while M M. Belval and Cazaux sustained the parts of Marcel and St. Bris, and M. Faure that of Nevers. Mdlle. Sax was greatly applauded and recalled three times in the course of the evening. Some were disappointed, and her friends claimed forbearance for her on the ground of nervousness, expressing their conviction that she would be much better after a few representations. This is my own opinion, although, at her best, I cannot believe the lady to be a first-rate Valentine.

The *Ballo in Maschera* has been performed at the Italiens, with a a far more complete cast than at the beginning of the season, when Signor Fraschini was compelled almost alone to support the "honour of the curtain." Madame Charton-Demeur, as you will readily believe, ably and brilliantly sustained the part of Amalia; and Madame de Meric-Lablache gave at least some importance to that of Ulrica. Madame Calderon made her *début* as Oscar, but did not seem to produce any marked impression, although exceedingly prepossessing in looks. Signor Delle-Sedie was, as usual, received with applause, and eulogised as powerfully artistic in Renato. His performance indeed, bating its over-elaboration, is excellent. The two conspirators were well supported by Signors Agnesi and Antonucci. Mdlle. Adelina Patti has had a benefit, and signed an engagement for next year, with M. Bagier. The benefit was a most brilliant affair, literally recalling in the excitement created, the best days of Malibran, Sontag, and Grisi. The entertainments comprised selections from *La Traviata*, *Don Giovanni*, *Don Pasquale*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*. Two causes prevent my noticing this performance. First, I tried at the Salle Ventadour and could not obtain standing room; secondly, I was most desirous to see Mdlle. Marie Sax, in Valentine, and I went to the Imperial Opera, where I obtained not only standing room, but sitting room. A friend of mine who is on the press, and who was obliged to attend the performance of the *Huguenots* at the Opera, had sent a deputy to the Italiens and commissioned him to telegraph from time to time what was passing. While I was at the Opera the following telegrams were received:—

"8 heures 1/2. Salle comble, toilettes éblouissantes et pourtant effacées par la merveilleuse robe que porte la Patti à son entrée en scène. Ce chef-d'œuvre de Worth fait *furore*. Avec les premières notes de la Norina, de *Don Pasquale*, les fleurs commencent à pleuvoir. Triple succès de femme, de comédienne et de cantatrice. A la chute du rideau, 3 rappels et 20 bouquets, que a Patti, Delle-Sedie, Scalese et Bettini ne suffisent point à porter."

"9 heures1. 2. La robe-Worth a fait place au court jupon de la Zerline de *Don Juan*. Zerline est d'une mutinerie adorable. La pluie de fleurs recommence."

"10 heures 1/2. La robe-Worth et le court jupon sont remplacés par la toilette de bal. Nous sommes au premier acte de *la Traviata*. Toutes les mains battent de l'orchestre aux combles. Après les rappels et les *bis*, nouvelle avalanche de bouquets partant des loges et des baignoires les mieux habitées."

11 heures 1/2. Duo de *l'Elisir d'Amore*, entre Scalese et Mlle Patti Dernière pluie de fleurs, de bravos et de rappels. Cette soirée marquera entre toutes les soirées à bénéfice."

A few evenings since, when the *Barbiere* was played, with Mdlle. Patti, and Signor Bettini, (as Count Almaviva), it was given out that Madame Bettini had presented her husband with a little Trebelli.

I perceive that some sort of a solemnity for the 300th anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare will be got up on Saturday at Paris.* A committee has been formed for the organisation of the festival, composed of the following names:—M. Victor Hugo, president, M M. A. Barbier, Barye, Th. Battaille, Hector Berlioz, Chevanard, Alexandre Dumas, Jules Favre, Georges Sand, Theophile Gautier, F. V. Hugo *fils*, Jules Janin, E. Legouvé, Littré, Michelet, E. Pelletan, and Regnier. The performances are to commence with a grand banquet, to be served for six hundred guests. A representation is to be given at the Porte-Saint-Martin,

* It has since, we are told, been forbidden.—ED.

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which will comprise *Hamlet*, selections from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, an act of *Romeo and Juliet*, and an act of *Falstaff*—by which I suppose is meant *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The programme of the eighth concert of the Society of the Conservatoire was as follows:—Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (solos in the vocal pieces by Mesdames Vandenheuvel-Dupréz, and Barthe Benderali); chorus from *Euryanthe*, solo by M. de Wast; the Austrian Hymn, from Haydn's Quartet in C, for all the string instruments; air from *Idomeneo*, sung by Madame Vandenheuvel-Duprez; Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7; and Psalm by Marcello.

Signor Mongini the celebrated tenor, was in Paris a few days since, *en route* from Lisbon to Italy. M. Bagier was desirous of engaging him for a few representations, but the exorbitant terms demanded upset negociation.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Thanks. You have not roasted me on the Ap'Mutton spit; I, therefore, continue my desultory notes, which pray make use of, or burn. Last week, being at Uxbridge, I attended a so-called "Lecture and Concert" held by one Tithson. What tempted me I don't remember; but I tear out the leaf from my common-place:—

"UXBRIDGE.—Mr. Tithsons' lecture and concert in the town-hall was under distinguished patronage. The first part treated of Louis Phillippe and the French revolution, and the second of Italy and her revolutions; both interesting subjects, and well considered by the lecturer, who was frequently applauded. The musical programme consisted of songs by Mrs. Barrington; a pianoforte solo, introducing "Mourir pour la patrie," played by Miss E. Lazarus, (worthy daughter of a worthy father) which was encored; a duet for violin and piano, on "Partant pour la Syrie," (Mr. Gunn and Miss E. Lazarus); and two flute solos by Master Churchill Arlidge, the second (variations on "Mary Blane") encored. The drum and fife band of the 24th Middlesex Volunteers also played some pieces. Good."

The day following I awoke at Nottingham, where a concert, announced by one Stone, drew me from my arm-chair before I had digested my coffee or knocked out the ashes of my pipe. Why I went to this performance does not occur to me at present; nor can I find any other note in my common-place but the subjoined extract from the *Nottingham Express*:—

"NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Stone's grand concert took place at the Mechanics'-hall last evening, when the following distinguished *artistes* appeared:—Vocalists, Miss Banks, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. J. B. Chatterton (harpist to the Queen), and Mr. J. S. Stone. The various pieces were given in such a manner as *might be expected* from such *an array* of talent. Miss Banks was especially happy in the Scotch ballad, "Jock o'Hazeldean." *And* Madame Baxter's compass of voice in Glover's duet *of* "The Invitation," was shewn to *great* advantage. Both ladies elicited hearty signs of approval. The Fantasia, on the harp, by Mr. J. B. Chatterton, was so exquisitely *rendered* and shewed such complete mastery over the instrument, as to call forth *repeated encores*. The lovers of good music had a rich treat, and we regretted to see so meagre an attendance."—*Nottingham Express.*

Although the extract was copied out for me by the head-waiter, whose handwriting so strangely resembles my own* that I should be loth to leave my cheque-book on the dining-table, and although I had forgotten all about having asked him to do it, I knew the article could not be mine, by *Nottingham Express* being put at the heels of it. Besides, I never call English singers and players (however "distinguished") "artistes" (even when I feel moved, which is not very often, to call them artists); nor do I write such English as "as might be expected", after "were given" (I should write as might *have been* expected); nor do I like the expression, "array of talent;" nor should I have punctuated a full period after "Hazeldean," to begin the next sentence with "And;" nor should I have writ "Glover's duet *of* the 'Invitation'" (but Glover's duet, "The Invitation"); nor should I have stated, (however exquisitely Mr. Chatterton's *fantasia* was "rendered"—I abominate that word), that he called forth "repeated *encores*;" nor should I have regretted to see "so meagre an attendance," with a "rich treat" to console me. I forget why I went, and why next day I asked the head-waiter to copy out the paragraph from the *Nottingham Express*, seeing that it says not one word about concert-holder Stone, about whose capacities I should naturally have been anxious to know something; but (as Candide says) "*Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.*"

Next day, I found myself (I slept soundly on the way) at Leeds. It was on a Saturday (INK *illæ lachrymæ*). There is a hall at Leeds, called Victoria Hall, where concerts are frequently held, and where a great festival was conducted by the Cambridge Musical Professor, in 1858.* A concert was held in Victoria Hall on this same Saturday; and, troubled with my chronic *cacoethes*, I snatched a hasty repast, and betook myself to that concert. It was a concert by the Pyne and Harrison party, who had already held a first concert on the 2nd inst. There were also the fiddler, Lotto, and the piano-player, Georges Pfeiffer (from Lutetia). In my common-place I find the following *abrégé* of an article from one of the Leeds papers:—

"The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Marchesi, Mr. Harrison and Signor Marchesi; the instrumentalists M. Lotto and M. Pfeiffer. The vocal programme included selections from *Don Pasquale*, *Maritana*, *Lurline*, *The Desert Flower*, *Martha* and *Blanche de Nevers*. Miss Pyne was heard to great advantage. Her singing of Wallace's "Sweet spirit" was exquisite, and its repetition was enthusiastically called for. M. Lotto performed two solos, one a concerto of his own. In each we had a fresh illustration of the young musician's mastery over his instrument. In the celebrated *Guillaume Tell* duet, by De Beriot and Osborne, M. Lotto was joined by M. Pfeiffer, and a more effective performance an exacting critic could not have desired. M. Pfeiffer also played a *Valse* by Chopin, and a spirited and original mazurka of his own—besides Mendelssohn's "*Andante and Rondo Capriccio*," a great favorite with musicians. The feeling, expression and spirit thrown into these solos gave ample proof of the highest executive qualities in the performer, who was loudly applauded after each. The concert was not so well attended as had been expected; but within a period of ten days no fewer than four concerts are announced in the same hall. This close proximity is unfortunate."

I was pleased with M. Pfeiffer's talent; and, pondering on it as I returned to my hotel (The Bull with Five Heads—which I can strongly recommend), I was inspired with a "nonsensical rhyme for a nonsensical time," which I have submitted to Mr. Ap'Mutton for his column. If he finds it worthy of insertion, he will probably not insert; if the contrary, I have no doubt you will see it. Since writing, I have returned to Tewkesbury Point. To-morrow I shall set out again on my travels. What place I first visit you will hear in eight days.

YAXTON LAST.

Fish and Volume, Tewkesbury Point—April 21.

* It must be a queer one. Mr. Last would confer a real favour on the Editor of this leaf if he would mend his fist.—OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The enormous attendance in Exeter-hall on Friday night at the first performance of the oratorio of *St. Paul* shows that the first great composition of Mendelssohn in this particular style is at length about to be appreciated as it deserves. We mean, of course, appreciated by the musical public at large; for, in the opinion of musicians and connoisseurs, *St. Paul* has always stood high, as the work in which the fascinating individuality of its composer is, more than in any other, coloured and influenced by his unbounded admiration for John Sebastian Bach. As Mendelssohn grew older, although his regard for the writings of that wonderful genius increased rather than diminished, he seemed less and less to follow him as a model. The new tendency—as his last quartet, quintet, and other works, witness plainly enough—was towards the genial warmth and broad effects of Beethoven, the only master who had ever divided his affection with the other. The interest attached to *St. Paul*, however, through the fact of its being so strongly impregnated with the Bach element, is likely to endure. Besides, in its way, the first oratorio—as we have on more than one occasion endeavoured to show—is not less a masterpiece than the second; and the gradual hold it is obtaining over those who for so long a period could be attracted only by *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, and *Elijah*, and who even turned a comparatively deaf ear to Handel's magnificent *Israel*, is one among many contemporary signs of the great advance in general taste and appreciation for what is good and great in musical art. The increasing popularity of *St. Paul* is entirely due to the Sacred Harmonic Society, who, from time to time, have brought it forward, and always in such a manner as to give it at each successive revival a more favourable chance of being understood. Mr. Costa, who has directed the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society since 1848, has naturally had much to do with the result—as also, of recent years, the occasional practices by the London contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus, under his personal superintendence.

A fresh analysis of *St. Paul* not being required, it is enough to add to these preliminary remarks a word or two about the performance of Friday night,—the best that has yet been heard where it is of most importance and of most difficulty to approach perfection—viz., in the

* What *has* become of the Leeds Festival?—DISHLEY PETERS.

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execution of the choruses. Many of these were taken slower than has hitherto been the custom—by which innovation the gain was unquestionable. This was strikingly apparent in the more elaborate choruses where fugal episodes occur—such as "Rise up, arise." in the scene of the Conversion; "Oh, great is the depth," at the end of Part 1; "The nations are now the Lord's," at the beginning of Part 2 (the five-voiced fugue, in which, "For all the Gentiles," nevertheless, still leaves much to desire); "Not only unto Him." at the end of Part 2; and—not the least admirable in the catalogue—the Handelian "But our God abideth in Heaven." This last—with its independent part for the second sopranos—to which, supported by wind instruments in the orchestra, a measured *chorale* is allotted, springing out with melodious clearness from the complex harmony of the rest—was never, till now, appreciated at its worth. The choruses of a different character fared equally well; instance especially "Happy and blest are they," "How lovely are the messengers," "O be gracious, ye immortals!" and "See what love hath the Father." The first and third of these—beautiful among the beautiful—might be paired off with "Blessed are the messengers," and "He watching over Israel," in *Elijah*; while the third might be traced, both in melody and character, to the slow movement of Beethoven's violin concerto; and the last, with its piquant *staccato* accompaniment, be cited among those inspirations which, wholly peculiar to Mendelssohn, exhibit his genius in its freshest and happiest guise. The more dramatic and characteristic, though purposely less tuneful choruses, "Stone him to death," "Thus saith the Lord," "Is this he?" (the *pianissimo* at the commencement of which was as finely carried out as it is appropriate to the text)—all, in short, except "This is Jehovah's temple," which, somehow, is never exactly right—were famously given; while the chorales, especially the pathetic "To Thee, O Lord"—which those who heard played by the military band at the late Duke of Wellington's funeral can never forget—the solemn and impressive "Sleepers awake," and "O Thou the true and holy," with its ingenious accompaniment in the Bach style, were one and all deserving high praise. How the choir was sustained by the band throughout, and how the band played the masterly and splendid overture, our musical readers need scarcely be informed. The immense importance of the instrumental players at these grand performances is as readily admitted by the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society as it is imperatively asserted by Mr. Costa himself.

The solo singing was in all instances good, in some—such as Madame Sainton Dolby's "But the Lord is mindful," and Madame Parepa's "I will sing of Thy great mercies"—absolutely perfect. It is worth recalling, at a period when every scrap of intelligence concerning Mendelssohn is so eagerly sought after, that the first time he ever heard Madame Sainton (then Miss Dolby) was at Exeter-hall, at a miscellaneous performance, in the course of which this very air from *St. Paul* ("But the Lord is mindful") was allotted to her. What impression her singing produced upon the illustrious musician may be gathered from the fact that, shortly after, he dedicated to her a set of six songs (Op. 57). To Madame Sainton and Madame Parepa the whole of the *contralto* and *soprano* music was assigned. Mr. Weiss was principal base; and, perhaps, few singers now before the public are capable of doing greater justice to the music of Paul. That Mr. Weiss can sing with expression as well as power was shown by his genuine reading of that most touching air, "O God have mercy," sung by the persecutor Saul when stricken, repentant, and converted. The tenor music was undertaken by Mr. Cummings, at short notice. This gentleman was substitute for Mr. Sims Reeves, whose indisposition, the patrons of the Dramatic College will regret to hear has been as serious as his letter gave out, and whose absence was a greater loss to *St. Paul* than to the *School for Scandal*, the music allotted to the martyr Stephen being somewhat more trying than the ballad which, in Sheridan's comedy, time out of mind, has made "Sir Harry with a song," more or less of a bore—no matter who the singer, from Braham to Reeves, from Duruset to Perren. Mr. Cummings, however, much to his credit, showed himself quite familiar with his part; and if more powerful declamation, to say nothing else, was wanting for the superb recitative in which Stephen reproves the unbelieving synagogue, it would have been hypercritical to look for singing more unaffected and legitimate than that of Mr. Cummings in the beautiful air, with violoncello *obbligato*—"Be thou faithful unto death." Mr. G. Collins played the violoncello part as well as the composer himself could have wished: and the audience, pleased in the extreme, insisted upon an *encore*, with which Mr. Costa graciously complied. The subordinate bass parts were intrusted to Messrs. C. Henry and Smythson, who—*mirabile dictu*—gave the little duet of the false witnesses ("We verily have heard") not only with point, but with irreproachable intonation. If the next performance of *St. Paul* be better than this, we shall be glad; at the same time, we may state our conviction that it would be almost Utopian to expect it.

The fourth great choral rehearsal of the Handel Festival Choir took place last night. On Friday next, *Elijah* will be given, at an extra concert.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Martha confirmed, if it did not improve, the good impression made by Mdlle. Vitali, in *Rigoletto*, although the part of the heroine in Verdi's opera is a far more responsible one than that of the heroine in Flotow's opera. Mdlle. Bettelheim was a lively Nancy. Of Signor Giuglini's Lionel, with its sentimental "M'appari tutt'amor," it is unnecessary to speak. The Plumkett (*drole de nom*!) was Mr. Santley, who gave the beer song with bonifacial relish. Of the new singer, who undertook the part of Lord Tristan, Signor Mazzetti, nothing can be said. The opera has been played twice, like *Rigoletto*, and, like *Rigoletto*, is unlikely (with precisely the same cast) to be played again.

For the first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, the first appearance of Tietjens and Gassier, General Garibaldi's visit (good luck to him!) &c., &c., see another column, where justice is done to all of them, not forgetting Giuglini and Bettelheim.

On Thursday, the *Trovatore* was given. What of new can be said about the Leonora of Tietjens, the Manrico of Giuglini, the Ferrando of Gassier, or the Di Luna of Santley (with his blandly-beatific "Il balen")? Nothing of new. What of old? Nothing of old! The event of the evening was the Azucena of Bettelheim, a performance marked by a histrionic talent for which that young lady may now henceforth take credit.

The new ballet, *Bacco ed Arianna*, has been performed every evening. Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*—the Italian version, of course—is in rehearsal.

BUTCHER BAKER.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

What has already been said about Herr Wachtel's capabilities in noticing his Manrico might be, *mutatis mutandis*, resaid in noticing his Arnold. This was not the only new feature in the first performance of *Guillaume Tell* (Saturday). Dr. Schmid, as Walter, again afforded the utmost satisfaction by his rich bass voice, and thoroughly un-German style; while Graziani, as Tell, though lacking the dramatic intelligence of Faure (or five others that *could* be named) compensated for this by letting us hear Rossini's music to greater advantage, it must be admitted, than any of his predecessors on these boards. Having disposed of the trio it may be added that Marie Battu played and sang Mathilde as usual; that Neri-Baraldi, as usual, gave the fisherman's song in the introduction; that Polonini wore the aged features of Melchtal, as usual, and as usual wore them well; that the Ruderadorff, as Tell's son, as usual made an eager stripling; that Tagliafico, as usual, in the figure of Gesler pointed frowningly to Gesler's cap; and, to conclude, that Salvioni, as usual, gave unusual grace to the unusually graceful *Tyrolienne*. As usual, the overture was encored, and the scene of "The Oath" by the Lake of the Four Cantons produced the usual impression. The rest as usual. (For further particulars see, as usual, another column.)

On Monday—the second of those uninviting extra nights—*Norma* was performed with the second and third acts of *Masaniello*. On Tuesday, *Guillaume Tell* was repeated; and on Thursday the *Trovatore*. This last, however, with a singer in the part of Di Luna—Signor Colonese, about whom the readers of this sheet may, without recking their read, may read what they read in this sheet as constant readers, this time twelvemonth.

To-night, *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

BAKER BUTCHER.

BRIGHTON.—The Town hall was not so full as expected on Monday evening, when the Pyne and Harrison party gave their first concert. The stalls were half empty, but the cheaper seats were well attended. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison were assisted by Signor and Madame Marchesi and M. Lotto. The pianist was Mons. Georges Pfeiffer, who was applauded after each of his performances. The same party gave a morning concert on Tuesday, when there was a far better attendance, and a much more "demonstrative" than at the evening previous.

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S NEW OPERA.—We understand that the libretto for the opera on the composition of which Signor Schira has been for some time engaged, is now completely finished. The subject, as we have before stated, is the German *Deborah*, upon which the play made celebrated by the Leah of Miss Bateman was founded. It has oozed out that two acts of the music are already composed, and those who have heard it speak of it in flattering terms. The author of the Italian libretto is the well-known Sig. Marcello.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI will arrive on the 27th inst. *Bravo!*

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MUTTONIANA.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is overwhelmed. His standings-over would suffice to occupy his entire mental leisure, and he has adopted a resolution rather to hurry forth (or forward) than to look back. For the future, then, henceforth (or forward), "standings-over" will be dead letters. What Mr. Ap'M. cannot dispose of incontinent one way he will dispose of incontinent in another. What does not go into his column will go into the basket. Nor can Mr. Ap'M. take the trouble of returning contributions that are ejected (not to say beneath his notice); nor will he pay any attention to anonymous communications—or to pseudonymous communications, unless accompanied by a card, to be deposited by Mr. Ap'Mutton in the secret drawer of his confidence, there to be locked up with the key of his discretion. All this is inevitable; let it, therefore, be an edict—a Muttonian edict. *Given at Mr. Ap'Mutton's quarters, King and Beard, Blackchapel—A.D.*, 1864, *this 22nd day of April.*

First—Mr. Ap'M. has received a complaint from a lady, which he pleasurably inserts:—

Sir,—In a notice respecting my "Variations on the Elfin Waltzes" (*Musical World*, 9th inst.), you have spoken of me as a *pianiste* instead of a *vocalist*. I am sorry to trouble you, but must beg that you will in some way rectify the mistake, as it is a serious matter that my new song should thus be made out to be an instrumental piece. Your's respectfully, MARION PITMAN.

Mr. Ap'M. is sorry, but not responsible. It was doubtless a misprint.

TERCENTENARY ODES.

"I will let down the keys that make this music, as honest as I am."—IAGO.

MR. AP'MUTTON,—Can you spare me a small corner wherein to ask a question of vast importance to the musical world and the world in general? At the end of February, I think, there appeared, in your contemporary, the *Athenæum*, an advertisement setting forth that the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts offered two gold medals: one for a Tercentenary Ode for music, the other for the music required. The odes were to be sent in a fortnight after, the music on a later day, the accepted ode having meantime been printed "and distributed." As far as I know, no ode has been printed and distributed, nor has a word in explanation been since vouchsafed by the Society. I presume no ode was approved, as the medal in that case was not to be awarded; but, if so, surely we might have been apprised of a misfortune as little apprehended. Rossini, Auber, Verdi, Meyerbeer, ———, and ———, as I happen to know, all intended to compete, and are in a state bordering on insanity, from the disappointment—as well as

Your obedient servant, BARNEY BRALLAGAN.

April (*not April* 1).

Mr. Ap'Mutton opines that Mr. Brallagan may possibly be a disappointed competitor for the ode not for the accompaniment. If so, Mr. Ap'M. stretches out to him sympathy, but can promise him no redress.(?)

MR. AP'MUTTON.—SIR,—You are a very funny fellow, yet I believe you are an honest fellow, for you do your business up and above board so that there can be no after claps. There is no dauby flattery about your remarks, what you have to say is to the point, yet I think a many of your sayings are overreached for I cannot comprehend the meaning of a many of your answers to correspondents; but I must bear with you a little when I consider the multiplicity of languages you have from time to time to encounter, which in my opinion accounts for the muddle and medley of some of your sentences. Do not think for a moment that I am putting myself in battle array against you, for I know that if I did so you would give me a most terrific whacking, for I am only a dwarf, while you are a giant. My purpose in writing to you is to place myself under your care, for you are a right noble fellow. You have declared your columns open to all, the ignorant as well as the learned; this kind favour of yours induces me to send a few thoughts, which I penned at a leisure moment. You are quite at liberty to put them in your department of the *Musical World* if you think them applicable. Pardon my imperfections and oblige, your's truly,

Stockport, April, 1864. THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

P.S.—Music ennobles the human mind, it fills the soul with holy thoughts, it purifies the heart, it creates the greatest pleasures we can enjoy upon earth; where music reigns all evil passions fly from man—deceit, envy, malice, and hatred—all vanish from the divine presence of music. Music transports the soul from all that is evil to those better passions of nature which man inherits from God—love, virtue, charity, honour, beauty, peace, and religion. It is the voice of God which transforms earth into a heaven wherin we can rest our weary souls; it soothes our sorrows, it calms our troubled minds, it reanimates us with hope and gives us courage to battle with the struggles we have to contend with in this life. It drowns all our cares and elevates our thoughts to that world above, where neither moth nor rust does corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.—T. B. B.

Mr. Ap'M.—alive to well merited compliment—obligingly pardons the imperfections of Thomas Booth Birch, and inserts his *postcriptum*, which he (Mr. Ap'M., of course) fails to apprehend. Nevertheless D. C. has forwarded a Latin epigram to his quarters:—

Infaustus Faustus Doctor quum vertit ineptus
Marg'ritam ad porcum tu ne poema dicas.

He has also been favoured with an anecdote of Joseph Joachim, in Teuton:—

Der Violinvirtuose Joachim wollte in diesem Winter in Hannover das Schlittschuhlausen noch erlernen fiel dabei tüchtig hin und sein Lehrmeister, der Bahnwärter, sagte ihm: "Ja, ja so licht (licht) is dat nicht, als Viggelin speelen."

The subjoined letter is far out of the flights of Mr. Ap'M's comprehension:—

DEAR AP'MUTTON,—I went, last night, to the *Favorita*, for which, thanks; I also went to the "King and Beard," for which, no thanks, as I met you not, but, instead, fell in with ruffians high Moist and Grogg (my Paul and my Abel):

"And so remained till past the midnight hour,
When, plucking of my dial from my pike
Found that the chimes had well-nigh sounded two;
And then with blithesome cab towards Islington I sped,
And found my wife à bed."

I am nothing (in this tercentenary year) if not Shakesperian.

Can't I serve you (and myself too) this opera season by going to one or other of the houses? And did you not say something about the gentle Mapleson putting my name down for the M. W. at H. M.'s Theatre? And shall I not go and see my Therese on Saturday next, and didn't you say that I should go with you, some day, to my Adelina, when she comes over? and did——By Jove! I'd better stop, though, or I shall catch it. Expect to see you to-morrow at the "Pops," and Friday at *St. Paul*. Ever, dear Ap'Mutton—

DRINKWATER HARD.

D.C., *Muttoniana*.—Wonderful this week, worth all the paper!

Does "D. C." mean *postcriptum*? If so, good. *Muttoniana*, Mr. Hard should be reminded, is always "wonderful," and—with deference to Mr. Dishley Peters—"worth all the paper."

King and Beard, Blackchapel, April 21. OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

MISS GLYN AT EDINBURGH.—*Macbeth* was read last evening in the Queen Street Hall, in presence of a large and appreciating audience. As we have so recently descanted on Miss Glyn's style and powers as a tragic actress, it would be useless to re-criticise the manner in which she renders so familiar a Shakespearian play. And, though reading is a different sort of test from an appearance on the stage, much the same talent is required for each, and it was only to be expected that a lady so well versed in the resources of her art should show not less powerfully in the one sphere than in the other. Though in the earlier scenes she read, if anything, too hurriedly, pausing too briefly in the transitions from one part to another, this failing disappeared before the close; and the last two acts were delivered with much impressiveness, emphasis, and effect. It is, indeed, in delineation of potent and whelming passion that Miss Glyn excels; and the dreadful close of the tragedy, when horrors have on horrors' head accumulated, she rose to the full height of the great argument. The incantation scene was also given with a fine weird force and depth of feeling, while the sleep-walking mutterings of the remorse-haunted Lady Macbeth were rendered with a dramatic skill that left nothing to be desired. It is a great merit in Miss Glyn that her style is entirely her own; and, however much tempted the hearer is to make comparisons, comparisons are rendered as difficult as odious by the individuality of her study and interpretation of the play. The works of our great dramatist may be shown in a thousand lights, and yet in each prove equally true to nature, as a lucent and many-sided crystal may at once retain its own brilliance, and reflect the tint of the atmosphere in which it is exhibited And among the many renderings we have had of this great tragedy, Miss Glyn's may be safely commended to the notice of all lovers of Shakespeare.—(*Scotsman*).

BREDON.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music took place in the large school-room on Monday night, and was so successful as to be repeated on Tuesday. The "artists" were Misses Lloyd, Miss Roberts, Messrs. Lloyd, F. and J. Grizzel, Lediard Stow, and Master Lloyd. The several pieces were well received, especially the pianoforte and concertina performance of the Misses Lloyd, which was encored.

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A SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

Why cannot we do something to found a school of dramatic art? Gentlemen who have won themselves a certain reputation as dramatic writers recommend us to build or endow a Shakespeare theatre, at which the plays of Shakespeare may meet with the same punctilious reverence and good treatment as those of Moliere at the Theatre Français. But we would go a step further. Why not a dramatic academy, such as Paris possesses, notoriously to the advantage of all who practise public speaking. We are all of us just now very willing to don the sock and buskin *en amateur*. Theatricals and charades have become part of our winter amusements in the best houses, and are not disdained by statesmen, soldiers, diplomatists, philosophers, and even the bucks who ignore all other intellectual recreation. See what a test of the time it is when we find that the *Saturday Review* has gone out of its way to praise our amateur histrions, and singled out especially one honourable lady who is considered to dance an Irish jig with truer feeling and more national gusto than any one on the boards of the regular theatres. For our own part, grave as is our calling, we must allow that even the blunders and shortcomings of amateur theatricals are far before the listlessness—until a lion enters—of a "reception," the sedate heaviness of a "conversazione," or even the confusion of a miscellaneous "ball." As for the actors of the present day, it merely depends upon themselves to ensure their own *status*, in doors or out of doors, with the best of us, laymen or divines. We admit actors, as we ought to do, into our homes, just as freely as any other of the public classes connected with our intellectual instruction or amusement; and we will venture to say that the favourite comedian of the day is just as well received and made as much of as the keenest-witted member of either house of the Legislature. Perhaps, in these orderly times, when jokers are at a discount in the House of Commons, or, at any rate, do not crop up to the surface so readily as in bygone days, that is not saying much. But we must all agree that there can be no reason against the establishment of a dramatic school. There is a Royal Academy of Music. We do not obtain very great things thence, and the great geniuses of the profession rather disdain the polyhymnian seminary at the north-west corner of Hanover Square. But we do something, and perhaps some of these days we shall do a great deal more for a musical education. So, it would be quite fair to ask the nation high and low, to help the establishment of a "school for actors." We have not too many who hold the glass up to Nature, show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure, notably well. We put up with a large amount of dross, or say rather setting, for the exhibition of the rare gems that delight all eyes and ears at our theatres here in town. It must be confessed that it is rather the age for "stars" and "sensation actors and actresses," as well as startling pieces. And we have not attained to the completeness and point of the French stage, afforded by the competent subordinates as well as the suitable *principes* of a dramatic company. If the Tercentenary Committee would but take up with this idea they might still "bring up the reports of the dramatic and entertainment committees," the "aid" committees, and the commemoration committees, and the numberless other personages or personifications, which have helped pretty nearly to swamp their labours. Then they might turn to the worthy Master of the Dramatic College and declare that they had indeed founded a "Shakespeare School," where the memory of him who has taught more lessons of virtue, preached richer sermons of charity, and instilled higher resolves than ever came from philosopher, priest, or hero, would be consecrated to the national benefit as long as the English tongue endures.

King's Legs, Tipton-way, April 20. COVENTRY FISH.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third *Soirée Musicale* was held on Tuesday, at the St. James's Hall, a large number of the members and their friends attending. The programme was interesting and well "rendered." Most important was Herr Molique's quartet in, E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, capitally played by Miss Anna Molique, Herr Jansa, Herr Molique, and Mr. J. Lintott, an amateur. Two pianoforte solos—"Serenade" and "Sea Captain's Song"—by Mr. T. M. Mudie, performed by the composer, should be heard again. Most applauded among the vocal performances were two national Swedish ballads, sung very charmingly by Mdlle. Enequist; and among those most deserving notice was "Non pui andrai," sung by Mr. H. Chandos-Pole Gell, who, amateur though he be, sings like a genuine artist, to say nothing of the fine barytone voice which he is lucky enough to possess. Further, there were two part-songs by Mendelssohn—"O would that my love" and "Wert thou in the cauld blast"—sung by the members of the choir; Mercadante's duet, "Di conforto," given by Miss Eleonora Wilkinson and Mrs. Merest; two vocal solos—"Holy Virgin," by Henry Baumer, and "I saw thee weep," by Maria B. Merest—both sung by Mrs. Merest; the romanza, from *Faust*, "Le parlate d' amor," sung by Miss Eleonora Wilkinson; and duet for pianoforte and harp (Kalkbrenner), played by Miss Fynes and Mr. T, Wright. The whole *Soirée* passed off brilliantly. The next will take place on Tuesday, the 17th of May.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The symphonies at the next (the fourth) concert are Haydn's No. 10 (E flat) and Beethoven's C minor (No. 5); the overtures Cipriani Potter's *Cymbeline* and Spohr's *Der Alchemyst*. The concerto is Mendelssohn's No. 2 (D minor)—pianist Mr. W. G. Cusins. The singers are Mad. Lemmens and Mr. Weiss.

ON Tuesday the Lord Mayor received a telegram from Milan, expressive of the delight of the Milanese at the enthusiastic reception of General Garibaldi by the English people.

SIGNOR PIATTI has arrived in London. He is to play in the quartets, and also a solo, at the next Monday Popular Concert.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM is expected in London on the 20th prox. Mad. Joachim, we are informed, is not coming.

HERR ERNST has completed a new quartet and some other pieces which will shortly be heard in public. Good news.

MR. RIPPINGTON PIPE is gone to Ashby de la Zouch, on a visit to Dr. Chidley Pidding.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ANDREWS (Manchester).—"Les Oiseaux," for the pianoforte, by Richard Hoffman.
CRAMER, WOOD & Co.—"A Cantata composed for the opening of the Town Hall, Northampton," by Charles M'Korkell.

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TITIENS, LIEBHART, TREBELLI;
MARCELLO JUNCA, SANTLEY, GASSIER, GIUGLINI.

"LES HUGUENOTS."

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, will be Performed,
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"LES HUGUENOTS."

NOTICE.—On this occasion (owing to the length of the Opera), the Doors will open at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

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GRAND EXTRA PERFORMANCE
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"FAUST,"
MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 6th.

Madame HARRIERS WIPPERN
is shortly expected, and will make her first appearance in Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*,

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The following is the distribution of the parts:—

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The New Opera,

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Conductor - SIGNOR ARDITI.

In active preparation, Beethoven's
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May 30, 1864. BY ORDER.

MR. J. ASCHER, Pianist to H.M. the Empress of the French, begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Monday, the 27th June next, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT-ROOMS, Hanover Square. Further particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; may be had of Mr. Ascher, No. 163 Albany Street, Regent's Park, and of the principal Musicsellers.

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QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will be given at the above Rooms, on Thursday, May 26th, 1864, in AID of the FUNDS of the LONDON SURGICAL HOME. The following eminent Artistes have kindly volunteered their services:—Madame Parepa, Mdlle. Fortuna, Miss Stabbach, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Signor Fortuna; Signor Pietro Fortuna, Mr. Lansmere, Herr Oberthur; the Infant Violinist, Benoit (aged nine years); M. Sainton, Master J. C. Arlidge, Master Willie Pape. To commence at Three o'clock. Conductors, Mr. Frederic Archer and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Kirkman's Pianoforte. Tickets, 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 5s.; to be had of the principal Musicsellers.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will appear at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainments, entitled "PARIS," and "MRS BROWN AT THE PLAY," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, and on SATURDAY MORNING at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall will be open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

MR. KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND. EVERY MONDAY EVENING, Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square; and on the SATURDAY MORNINGS in May at the Hanover Square Rooms. Pianoforte Accompanist, Mr. Land (so long associated with the celebrated Mr. Wilson).

APTOMMAS'S TENTH HARP RECITAL, May 18th, at the Hanover Square Rooms, consisting entirely of his own performances. The Programme contains Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Chopin's Marche Funèbre, Mendelssohn's Song without Words (No. 5, Book 6), Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith, and Aptommas's Valse de Concert, Tarentelle, Sounds from the Emerald Isle and Sounds from Home (Welsh Descriptive Fantasia). Family Tickets (to admit Three to Reserved Seats), One Guinea; Reserved Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; at the principal Musicsellers.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD will give a MATINEE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at 16 Grosvenor Street (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard), on Wednesday, May 25th, at Three o'clock. *Vocalists*—Miss Stabbach and Miss Palmer Lisle. *Instrumentalists*—Miss Fanny Corfield, Herr Jansa and M. Paque. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to admit Three, One Guinea; at Ollivier's, 19 Old Bond Street; and of Miss F. Corfield, 29 Burton Street, Eaton Square.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that she will give an EVENING CONCERT, on Saturday, June 11th, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Full particulars will be duly advertised. 36, Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN has the honor to announce that her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place under distinguished patronage, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Wednesday evening, 29th June. Conductor, Signor Arditi. Particulars will be duly announced. 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI has the honor to announce that he will give a Morning Concert on Thursday, June 30, at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square. To Commence at Three o'clock precisely. On which occasion Signor Giulio Regondi will play, for the first time in public, several original Compositions, on both the Guitar and Concertina. Further particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME PAREPA will sing Ascher's new Alpine Song, "Thoughts of Home," at the Composer's Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 7.

SIGNOR GARDONI will sing Ascher's celebrated Song, "Alice, where art thou?" (In Italian), at the Composer's Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 27.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Meyerbeer's "Près de Toi" (Near to thee), with Violoncello Obbligato (Mons. Jacquard), and "Das Fischermädchen" (The Fishermaiden), at the Musical Union Matinée, St. James's Hall, Tuesday, May 17.

HERR REICHARDT will sing his new Song, "MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS" (Mein Herz ist im Hochland), at the Beaumont Institution (Mr. Carder's Concert), May 30th, and at Mr. Allan Irving's Concert, June 10.

MADAME WINTER will play Mr. Emile Berger's New Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "WAVERLEY," at her Matinée on May 16.

MONSIEUR ASCHER will play his popular Pianoforte Romance, "ALICE," at Madame Puzzi's Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 30.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Mezzo Soprano (Pupil of Dr. Francis Robinson, Vicar Choral of the Cathedrals of Christ's Church and Saint Patrick, in the City of Dublin) sings in Italian, German, and French; she sings also all the popular, English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. All Communications respecting Engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at No. 7, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MISS ELEANOR WARD (Pupil of Mr. Benedict) begs to acquaint her friends and pupils that she has removed to No. 61, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N. W., where applications for Concerts and Lessons, &c., &c., may be addressed.

MADLLES. GEORGI & CONSTANCE GEORGI.—All Engagements to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. LIEBHART has arrived in London to fulfil her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. Communications to be addressed to her at Outram Villa, Bridge Road, St. John's Wood; or to Mr. Jarrett, Concert Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MR. LEONARD WALKER, Bass Vocalist, begs to announce that he has recovered from his late severe indisposition, and will sing "THE STIRRUP CUP" (Arditi) and "LARGO AL FACTOTUM," at Miss Kate Gordon's Matinée, at Collard's Rooms, May 31st. For engagements for Concerts, Lessons, &c., apply at his residence, 47B Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, or to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

MONS. LOTTO.—The Provincial Tour of M. LOTTO (with the Pyne and Harrison party), which has been attended with such great success, having terminated, M. Lotto has returned to London for the season. Arrangements *for public* or *private Concerts* for May and June can be made on application to Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

SIGNOR GEREMIA BETTINI begs to announce that he has arrived in London for the season. For engagements, apply to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR REICHARDT has arrived in Town for the Season. Address—Hinde House, 14 Hinde Street, Manchester Square.

TO THE PROFESSION.

GLASGOW CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Mr. AIRLIE, the Secretary, will be in London on the 23rd instant, to remain for ten days or so, and may be communicated with at Angus's Hotel, 23 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

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WANTED, a BANDMASTER (an Englishman), for the 1st Battalion 10th Regiment, now under orders for the Cape of Good Hope. Apply by letter, *stating terms*, to Captain Stammers, 1st Battalion 10th Regiment, President, Band Committee, Kilkenny.

WANTED, a TUNER for the Country. Liberal wages for a First-class Tuner. Apply, F. G., care of Messrs. D. Davidson & Co., 244, Regent Street, London.

WE beg to inform the Trade and Profession that the Copyright of Eugène Ketterer's "Gaëtana," Op. 101, is our property, and therefore have caused Mr. Joseph Williams, 123 Cheapside, to withdraw his unauthorized edition. SCHOTT & CO., 159 Regent Street, W.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FALSTAFF.

It is singular that an opera of such lively pretensions as *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* should have been so long in making its way to England, especially when we take into account the fact that its *libretto* is derived from one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. For fifteen years this work of the late Prussian *Kappelmeister* has been more or less famous. Played repeatedly in the chief towns of Germany, it has even found favor with Italy, France, and Belgium; and yet in this country, with two Italian operas and periodical visits from French and German operatic "troops," to say nothing of our own hybrid attempts at what by courtesy is styled "National Opera," from the days of Lee and Kemble to those of Pyne and Harrison—attempts in which invention was generally the exception and borrowing the rule—the lyric "Merry Wives" has until now been treated with disdain. There was once a talk about producing an English version of a less meritorious opera from the same pen; but happily for Otto Nicolai's credit his best work has been heard first. Had *Il Templario*, which was written for the Italian stage, been pitched upon by Mr. Mapleson, the probability of our ever hearing its far superior successor, which was written for that of "*Vaterland*," would be vague; now, however, the reception accorded to *Die lustigen Weiber*, under its new name of *Falstaff*—a reception not more unanimously gracious than richly deserved—holds out a chance even for the weaker composition; and *Il Templario* may fairly be looked for in the prospectus of 1865.

That *Falstaff* has hit the public taste is unquestionable. There are many reasons to account for this. Perhaps half the success of M. Gounod's *Faust*, despite the beauty of the music, was owing, both here and elsewhere, to the simplicity of the plot and the familiarity of the subject. But if the incidents and personages in Goethe's celebrated poem were familiar to us all in England, how much more intimately are we acquainted with the incidents and personages of Shakespeare's admirable comedy? If we knew Faust and Mephistopheles and Margaret well, we know the Fords, the Pages, and "fat Sir John" still better. Thus a difficulty is at once got over, always in some degree an impediment to the immediate appreciation and enjoyment of a new opera. Moreover, Herr Mosenthal's *libretto* is very skilfully contrived. The first act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is altogether discarded. It possesses no feature to stand out effectively in an operatic framework, and would therefore have been simply an incumbrance. The other four acts are, with like judgment, compressed into three. The *dramatis personæ*, too, are numerically reduced—an equally necessary step; for, though something might have been made of Sir Hugh the Welsh parson, and something more, perhaps, of "Mine Host of the Garter," it was just as well to shut out Mrs. Quickly. Shallow would have been a mere nonentity, Pistol, with his bombastic jargon, in a musical sense, an impracticability, and the retention of Bardolph, Nym, the other followers of Sir John (to say nothing of Simple and the rest), an overcrowding of the score to little or no purpose. As the book exists, the opera is very properly entitled *Falstaff*. In each of the three acts Falstaff is the conspicuous figure; and each includes one of those well-known misadventures, the result of his secret visits to the mischief-loving wives of Masters Ford and Page (translated by the German librettist into Fluth and Reich). Naming the buck-basket, the old woman of Brentford, and Herne the Hunter, is enough, without a word of comment or description, to bring the whole to the mind of every one who has seen or read the play of Shakespeare. He who has done neither should make amends without loss of time; it were cruel to forestal his pleasure. The other scenes comprise the meeting between Sir John and the supposititious Brook (Bach); the loves of Anne Page and Fenton; the rivalry of Dr. Caius and Slender (Junker Spärlich), rejected suitors; the jealous ebullitions of Master Ford; and the plottings of the merry wives for the discomfiture of their stout and unctuous Giovanni. A new scene, by Herr Mosenthal, invented for the sake of giving Falstaff a Bacchanalian song, precedes his first interview with Brook; and, legitimately enough, the last of all—in Windsor Forest, where, under the shadow of Herne's Oak, the amorous Knight is duped and tormented by imaginary imps and fairies—is used as an occasion for the introduction of the ballet element.

The music of *Falstaff* is, above all, remarkable for spirit and fluency. It nowhere flags; and if it fails to exhibit a vein of striking and original melody, it is gracefully tuneful from beginning to end, containing scarcely a single example either of direct plagiarism or unintentional resemblance. A certain freshness distinguishes piece after piece; and this is further enhanced by orchestral accompaniments which, besides being written with musician-like ingenuity, are set off by varied, clear, and sonorous instrumentation. The overture, a showy composition of the French school, contains, among other good points, a *cantabile* phrase, which seizes and captivates the ear the moment it is heard, and is, indeed, the most genuine melody in the opera. Professor Sterndale Bennett, at the Philharmonic, Dr. Wylde, at the new Philharmonic, and Herr Manns, at the Crystal Palace Concerts, had already introduced this brilliant prelude to our musical public; but we doubt if it has ever been so finely played as by the band at Her Majesty's Theatre, which, under Signor Arditi's able and zealous direction, is rapidly attaining an excellence that would do credit to any operatic establishment. The two most important finales—the first, embodying the incident of Falstaff's being conveyed away in the basket of foul linen, the second that of his escape, as the old woman of Brentford, under the cudgel of the exasperated Ford—are skilfully constructed and full of animation. The smaller concerted pieces, the duets, and the solo airs, are all, in a greater or lesser degree, attractive—some few being really beautiful. In the forest scene—with Herne's oak and the moonlight gambols of the mock fairies—although Nicolai may here be said to invade the province of Mendelssohn himself, the King of Fairy music, he passes the ordeal triumphantly, disdaining to pilfer and avoiding to parody the thoughts of that gifted and inspired master. The fairy music in *Falstaff* is rhythmical, pretty, often sparkling, replete with gaiety, and never once far-fetched. Of high fancy and subtle poetry it reveals no trace; but, in the absence of these, it pleases all the same; and the sprites and fairies not being genuine, it is, perhaps, just as dramatically appropriate. To cut short, however, this almost unqualified, but assuredly well merited panegyric, the music of Otto Nicolai is of that agreeable sort which does not tire, and of that commendable sort which eschews prolixity, extravagance, and hypersentimentality. If it never rises very high, it never descends to platitude; if almost invariably light, it is very seldom trivial, never insipid; and, best of all, if nowhere deep, it is also nowhere dull; so that, while we are rarely—to use a commonly accepted expression—"carried away," it never creates in us an impulse—in no less homely phrase—to "take ourselves off."

The performance of *Falstaff* is in many respects first-rate, in some—the overture, the concerted music and orchestral accompaniments, for instance—beyond criticism. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* is remarkably efficient. To allude at once to the feeble point—and that only feeble by comparison: the Falstaff of Signor Marcello Junca is destitute of humor; and so we have the body without the soul of that most corpulent knight. Signor Junca—himself a gentleman of unusually substantial dimensions—both dresses and looks the character well; but the spirit of it eludes him altogether; and—to quote Nym—"that's the humor of it." Nor is Signor Junca's voice by any means as imposing as his *physique*; and unfortunately the music which Nicolai has put into the mouth of Sir John—all, even to the Bacchanalian,

"Quand' era ancora in quell' età
Che nulla sa di male e ben,"

characteristic enough—goes for little or nothing, or at any rate produces no effect. The most that can be fairly said of Signor Junca's performance, is that it is painstaking. With a strong French accent and a weak French voice, he combines none of the Italian method so desirable in Italian opera. He does his best, however, and must be taken, we suppose, *cum grano salis*; but, with all his substance he is not even the shadow of Falstaff. The other gentlemen are unexceptionably good. Mr. Santley's perfect execution of the music allotted to Ford surprised no one; but his intelligent and forcible dramatic impersonation of that suspicious husband surprised all, except those who have been accustomed to watch with interest the gradual progress which this admirable singer is making as an actor. Ford's music contains not a single solo air; and Mr. Santley has the good taste to refrain from introducing one. Signor Gassier effects all that can possibly be effected with the operatically unimportant character of Master Page, his careful embodiment of which is not the only proof he has afforded of what a true artist can do to raise a small part into significance. In Fenton, Signor Giuglini has simply to put on a love-lorn look, and to sing well. He does both in a perfect manner; and one of the hits of the opera is his exquisite delivery of the soliloquy, "Nel boschetto e l'usignuolo"—a charming air, in which it is difficult to know whether most to admire the expressive grace of the melody or the ingenuity of the accompaniments. The "merry wives" are jewels both. One might imagine that Mademoiselle Tietjens had got Shakespeare by heart (nothing strange, by the way, in a German) so thoroughly does she fill up the personage of the buxom Mistress Ford. Her acting—both in the scenes with her jealous mate and in those with the amorous Sir John—is in the highest spirit of comedy; while her singing is everywhere admirable. It is rare to find one eminently suited to fulfil the duties of a "Tragedy Queen" so thoroughly at home and so thoroughly natural as Mademoiselle Tietjens in the purely comic character of Mistress Ford. Mademoiselle Bettelheim has risen another step in public estimation by her impersonation of that other "merry wife"—the serene and happy Mistress Page. In a dramatic and a musical sense it is equally to be praised. Not to enter into further detail, we may point to the last interview of the two married ladies with Sir John Falstaff—

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just before the arrival of the imps, sprites and fairies to torment him —as to a masterpiece of singing and acting on the part both of Mesdemoiselle Tietjens and Bettelheim. Their united delivery of the melodious and insinuating mock-profession of love, "Piu di me stesso io t'amo,—Ah! Sir John," is absolute perfection. Mdlle. Vitali sings the music of Anne Page very prettily, shining most in the charming duet with her lover, Fenton (Signor Giuglini)—"Sempre in dubbio, senza fede." This, by the way, is enriched by a graceful accompaniment for solo violin, which is executed by Mr. Carrodus in a manner so thoroughly finished that it fairly shares with the singers on the stage the attention and applause of the audience. The minor parts of Slender and Doctor Caius are tolerably sustained by Signors Manfredi and Mazzetti.

The opera is got up with every possible care and attention. The costumes are new, and, for the most part, historically appropriate; the action of the finales is bustling, life-like, well sustained; and the whole arrangements of the moonlight scene in Windsor Forest, so cleverly "set" and beautifully painted by Mr. Telbin—including the spritely evolutions and dances of the fairies (for which credit is due to the intelligent direction of M. Petit)—are such as to present one of the most picturesque spectacles ever witnessed on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Since the first performance of *Falstaff*, a *ballet divertissement* has been introduced between the first and second acts, for the purpose of bringing forward a new dancer—Madlle. Beretta. Now, that Madlle. Beretta is a thorough mistress of her art, and, in the important attribute of grace alone excepted, equal to the most accomplished professors of modern times, can hardly admit of a doubt. But, were she twice as clever, the interpolation of the *divertissement* prepared expressly for her would not be a bit the less out of place in a new opera of genuine merit and real dramatic interest. Surely the ballet might come after *Falstaff*, instead of being thrust into the midst of it, and thus diverting the attention of the audience from its legitimate object.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA—ADELINA PATTI—RONCONI—MARIO.

(*The Times.—May 9th.*)

Saturday night was the most brilliant of the season. First we had the immortal *Barbiere di Siviglia*—the comic *chef-d'œuvre* of the greatest master of comic opera; then Ronconi, the most mercurial, vivacious, mischief-loving, and irresistible of Figaros; then Mario, still the Almaviva of Almavivas, the most peerless "gentleman" on the Italian operatic stage; and last, though not least, Adelina Patti, a Rosina worthy such a Figaro and such an Almaviva—such a Rosina, in short, as, in a dramatic sense, has not appeared since Giulia Grisi was in her prime, and from a musical point of view may rank with Persiani and Bosio. The audience, too, was the most brilliant of the present season—just such an audience as attended the theatre when General Garibaldi honored it with his presence—numerically, indeed, superior, inasmuch as the public, not mulcted of its just rights by the interference of hungry speculators, was enabled to gain admission untaxed with exorbitant overcharges. The performance was in most respects admirable. The masterly and splendid overture, played by Mr. Costa's band in its very best style, was encored with rapture; and as the opera began so it went on to the end. Madlle. Adelina Patti has returned with her voice as "silvery" and penetrating as ever in the upper tones, while in the medium and in the lower register it has gained additional mellowness and force. Her "Una voce poco fa"—this time in the original key—was a marvel of vocal fluency, allied to dramatic expression which imparted significant meaning to every phrase. In the duet with Figaro—"Dunque io son"—she was inimitably piquant, the ornaments and *fioriture* introduced in this as in the *cavatina* being amply justified by the elegant taste and unerring accuracy that marked their execution. Both *cavatina* and duet were unanimously applauded. In the scene where Rosina has to listen to the reproaches of the jealous Bartolo, Madlle. Patti showed, not for the first time, that she could listen as well as sing. Her by-play, her gestures of impatience, her playful mimicry of her testy guardian were as graceful and pretty as they were incomparably natural. In the lesson-scene Madlle. Patti introduced the grand *aria*, "Bell' raggio," from *Semiramide*, with Rossini's own elaborate variations and embellishments. This was a startling innovation, but one completely sanctioned by the subsequent protest of Dr. Bartolo, who exclaims—"*La musica a miei tempi era altra cosa*"—illustrating his disapproval of the modern *bravura* by an impotent attempt to reproduce his impressions of an old-fashioned air in which Cafariello (or "Caraffiello," as Mario used to pretend to understand him) was wont, in the young days of Bartolo, to be famous. Moreover, it exhibited Madlle. Patti's talent in a wholly new light, proving her an accomplished mistress of a vocal school in which hitherto she has had no opportunity of displaying her proficiency. Her entire performance, indeed, was such as clearly to evidence the satisfaction she must have felt at once more appearing before her earliest appreciators in the Old World; and how glad they were, on their parts, to welcome her again was manifested by the enthusiastic applause that greeted her apparition at the window, when Almaviva is watching for Rosina's *billet-doux* beneath the balcony. The duet between Almaviva and Figaro—"All' idea di quel metallo"—was never acted with greater vivacity by Signors Mario and Ronconi; nor were the florid passages of the *allegro*—"A che d'amore"—ever delivered by the former gentleman with more irreproachable facility and taste. This was one of the marked successes of the evening. Signor Mario, indeed, was in better voice on Saturday than on any previous occasion during the present season; while Signor Ronconi's peculiar humor imparted life and interest to every scene in which Figaro is a prominent figure. Signor Tagliafico's Basilio preserves all its salient characteristics; and his "La Calunnia" was as energetically stentorian an example of vocal declamation as ever. Signor Ciampi, as Dr. Bartolo, was more caretul and dry (if possible) than last season; and Madame Tagliafico, in the little part of Bertha, gave the quaint *aristia*, "Il vecchietto cerca moglie," with her accustomed point.

A DREAM OF THE OPERA.

By Yaxton Last.

The season came to an end last night with *Lucrezia Borgia*, the scene from *Betly*, and the ballet of *Manon L'Escaut*. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and the performances went off with the greatest *éclat*. Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini sang and acted with their usual excellence, and the *encores* and recalls were frequent. Alboni had to sing five times in almost immediate succession, being encored twice in the "Brindisi," and again in the *Tyrolien* from *Betly*, which followed directly after the opera. The National Anthem was sung with immense enthusiasm at the end of the operatic performances, Grisi and Alboni taking the principal verses. A general call was then made for Mr. Costa, who appeared before the curtain, and was cheered from all parts of the house.

The policy of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera during the present season, as during the last, has been to rely on the excellence of the *ensemble* rather than upon the preponderating influence of any one particular star; and by this means only have they been enabled to make head against the unexampled popularity of Mdlle. Jenny Lind at the rival establishment. They have brought their second season to a close with honour to themselves and with satisfaction to their subscribers and the public. The novelties they have produced have been for the most part successful—in one instance wonderfully so. The *prestige* of their inimitable band and chorus, which may be fairly styled the finest in Europe, has continued unabated, and Mr. Costa, than whom a more able, conscientious, and indefatigable *chef d'orchestre* never wielded the bâton, has given new proofs of his admirable talent and indomitable zeal. It is enough to point to the *Huguenots* to prove beyond a question the immense importance and ability of Mr. Costa in the office he fulfils; what cost the celebrated M. Habeneck 18 months of hard labour scarcely cost Mr. Costa as many days.

The events of the season just concluded may be briefly reviewed. First as to the *troupe*—the *premiers sujets* have remained the same as last year, with two important additions. Grisi has maintained her supremacy in the loftier walk of lyrical tragedy, and her Norma, Anna Bolena, Lucrezia, and Semiramide, must still be pronounced unapproachable. Moreover, in a part quite new to her—Leonora, in *La Favorita*—Grisi has added another to her many triumphs, and rarely has she enchanted the public more thoroughly than in the last act of Donizetti's most ambitious opera. To Mario an equal share of praise is due for his performance in this elaborate work. Not only, however, in the *Favorita* has this distinguished artist laid fresh claims to applause; in the *Huguenots*, the masterpiece of Meyerbeer, he has won for himself a higher place than, with all his talent and popularity, he has hitherto occupied in public esteem. With the physical endowments and the great natural feeling which belong to him, Mario has only to conquer an occasional apathy, which is gradually wearing itself away, to become the greatest dramatic tenor singer since the best days of Rubini. With a voice more beautiful and almost as powerful as Donzelli's and a refinement of style scarcely inferior to that of the renowned vocalist previously named, Mario is a far better actor than either. The illness of Alboni at the commencement of the season threw a cloud over her popularity, which it took some time to dispel, although it must be owned she never displayed more consummate excellence than in her last performances of *Tancredi*. Not until the *Cenerentola* was produced did the superb *contralto* entirely reinstate herself in the good graces of the public, but in that delicious comic opera she outshone herself, and proved her ability to sustain the most florid and difficult *mezzo soprano* parts with as much ease and effect as those which exclusively appertain to her natural register, and in which she had already been unani-

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monsly pronounced unrivalled. Persiani's appearances have been rarer than her deserts warranted, but she has maintained her position as the Queen of the florid school of vocalization; her Amenaide (in *Tancredi*), new to the English public, was one of her most brilliant essays, while as Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, she showed no diminution of that extraordinary facility which has placed her alone in her own especial walk. Salvi, who, where Mario is not, has every qualification to fulfil with ability the functions of *primo tenore assoluto*, although circumstances have prevented his appearance in more than two or three parts, has always been heard with satisfaction. Marini's uncertain intonation was wont to be a frequent theme for reprehension, but he has won for himself a new name by his assumption of Marcel in the *Huguenots*, which has been universally praised. Amongst the *sidera minora* Tagliafico, if only for the faultless style in which he sang the music of the Commendatore in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, deserves a word of honourable mention. The *Don Giovanni* reminds us of Tamburini, who ought to have been mentioned among the first and greatest; this splendid actor and most flexible of baritones, albeit not always so sure as of yore in the higher department of his register, yet remains without a rival in those parts which are peculiarly fitted to him—Fernando (in *La Gazza Ladra*), Alphonso (*Lucrezia*), Henry VIII. (*Anna Bolena*), the Count, in *Figaro*, and Don Giovanni, for example—while lately in the *Huguenots* he has shown what a first-rate artist may do with a small part. St. Bris in Paris was only a third-rate character, but Tamburini, by his acting in the scene of the *conspiration*, has elevated it to one of such high importance that his absence would be a sad drawback to future representations.

The principal additions to the *troupe* of last year have been Mdme. Pauline Viardot Garcia, Mdme. Castellan, and M. Roger. Mdme. Castellan is always the graceful vocalist, who sometimes rises to the highest excellence, and rarely descends to mediocrity. M. Roger has yet to be judged; he made a very favourable impression, early in the season, by his performance of Edgardo in *Lucia*, and recently supplied Mario's place in the *Huguenots* in such a manner as to entitle him to distinguished praise, but indisposition prevented him from doing justice to the difficult tenor part of Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, and the non-performance of the promised *Haydée*, in which he made so great a sensation in Paris, has left us as yet without an opportunity of criticising him in an opera written expressly for him, and peculiarly suited to his capabilities.

Mdme. Viardot Garcia has won her way into public favour step by step; her *début*, as Amina in the *Sonnambula*, failed to justify the expectations raised by her continental fame, while little positive could be gleaned from her vivacious singing in the comic duet from *La Prova* with Tamburini. But the *rifacciamento* of *Romeo e Giulietta*, and subsequently the *Huguenots*, have shown us Mdme. Viardot in her proper sphere, and enabled us to class her among the most accomplished artists; her conception and execution of the character and music of the unfortunate Valentine belong only to genius of the most elevated order. In spite of the defects that are inseparable from her peculiar character of voice Mdme. Viardot has succeeded in attaining a facility that has few parallels, and the discrepancies of the organ are often entirely lost in the genius of the artist.

Corradi Setti, Luigi Mei, Soldi, and others among the new engagements of the present season, have been found occasionally useful in subordinate parts, but have not otherwise distinguished themselves. Massol was heard only once, as the King in *La Favorita*, but the impression he made was favourable.

Ronconi we name last, because, owing to some disagreement with the management that has not been clearly explained, the theatre was deprived of his services early in the season. Ronconi appeared only as Figaro, in the *Barbiere*, but his impersonation of this character would have been quite sufficient to stamp him as a perfect artist had not his sublime performances in the *Due Foscari* and *Maria di Rohan* already elevated him to the highest rank. Ronconi is equally admirable as an actor and as a singer, equally great in tragic and comic opera, and his secession from the *troupe* has been not more a loss to the establishment than a disappointment to the public.

In addition to the popular modern operas, which obtained so much favour last season, several have been added to the *répertoire*, most of them revivals, but one entirely new to the Italian stage. The three greatest successes among these have been the *Cenerentola*, the *Favorita*, and the *Huguenots*. The last acts of the first two have continued to form attractive features in the programmes up to the end of the season, and the latter may be cited as the most decided triumph hitherto achieved by the company. The *Huguenots* has developed the resources of the establishment more thoroughly than any other work; the orchestra, the chorus, and the principal artists had an equal chance for display, and the *mise en scène* was almost without precedent for splendour and completeness. The growing importance of the orchestral and choral departments of a lyrical establishment is a sign of the times which may be regarded with complacency by those who take an interest in the progress of musical taste in this country. *Encores* are now awarded to overtures, choruses, and other concerted pieces, which formerly were listened to with indifference, or merely endured as a necessary infliction. It is nothing more than simple justice to add that much of this is due to Mr. Costa, who has worked for many years zealously, though silently, in the cause of art, and only recently has been rewarded by seeing his labour appreciated by the public. The success of an opera now not unfrequently depends upon the efficiency of the orchestra and chorus, and a remarkable case but lately occurred, when but for these too often neglected elements of opera Rossini's masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, would have proved a dead failure.

With these remarks we take leave of the Royal Italian Opera for the present, trusting that next season the management may reap the benefit of a policy commendable in most respects for liberality and intelligence—(*Commonplace*—18——).

A GERMAN CRITIC ON A FRENCH COMPOSER'S OPERA.*

WEIMAR.

Die Statue, a romantic comic opera in three acts, *libretto* by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, translated by Herren Draxler-Manfred and Ernst Pasqué, music by Ernst Reyer, affords us an opportunity of speaking in favourable terms of an artist with whom we were previously unacquainted. The *libretto*, which is taken from the series of fairy tales in *The Arabian Nights*, is, it is true, treated after the style of the opera books of former days, with dialogue intermixed, and, despite his *four* fathers, is not particularly important; still it has enabled the composer to prove in the most satisfactory fashion his really considerable talent. The music is original (though bearing marks of a thorough study of the works of Weber, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Wagner), fiery and brilliant, and, which is the principal thing, characteristic without being bizarre. The leading motives of the opera are easily caught, though the composer has not made the slightest concessions to the bad taste of the public; anything like senseless and tasteless roulades or clap-trap cadences is not to be found in the whole work. The instrumentation must be entitled admirable, delicate, and clever. More particularly interesting is the rhythmical portion of this opera. The orchestral accompaniments are *obbligato*, and render the work rather difficult for bands which have not great practice; indeed, it is, on the whole, especially in what regards the vocal portion, only to be executed by well-trained forces. As it was a festival opera (having been selected for performance on the birthday of our art-loving Grand-Duchess Sophia), it is not surprising that the scenery, costumes, etc., were most brilliant and characteristic, nor that the entire performance, under the certain and clever guidance of Herr E. Lassens, musical director, deserves to be called a very satisfactory one, as may be said also of the repeat, with certain modifications, two days afterwards. The cast was very good. Mad. von Milde (Margiana), Herr Meffert (Selim), Her von Milde (Amynd, his guardian spirit), Herr Schmidt (Kalum-Baruch) and Herr Kropp (Selim's slave), are deserving of especial praise. The lady was rapturously called for twice while the piece was going on, and, with the composer and Herr Meffert, twice afterwards. On the present occasion, as on the previous one, the chorus was distinguished for its numerical weakness, which has been so often censured.

After these general remarks, we will attempt to sketch the work in as concise a manner as possible. The first act is preceded by a characteristic introduction, the motives of which are taken from the opera. After the curtain is raised we hear the graceful chorus: "O balsamische Luft," with a charming orchestral accompaniment in the *Polonaise* style. Selim and his companions, under the effects of opium, are lying about in lazy repose. Selim's guardian spirit suddenly appears and urges his *protégé* to abandon this dreamy life, since he can offer him something better and higher, if he will only follow his advice. Selim promises to do as he is desired, and prepares for a journey to Balbeck, while the graceful introductory chorus is once more heard. There is now a change of scene, and we have a somewhat long orchestral interlude, most admirably adapted to Margiana's entrance. In a simple and feeling romance, Margiana celebrates the praises of the cool and refreshing spring, to which she is going down. Meanwhile, Selim staggers in, perfectly knocked up by his journey, and his slave, Muck, sings a piquant song: "Lieber will ich hängen," in allusion to the hardships suffered by both of them on the road. He is not consoled, until Margiana has given him both meat and drink. When she has done so, he rapidly departs. Selim, also, is refreshed by Margiana, and begs her to raise her veil, so that her portrait may be engraven on his heart. After refusing for some time, Margiana grants the desired favour. The impression which she produces upon Selim (who, by the way, is not an object of indifference to her) is instantaneous, and they

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

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both express their feelings in a longish duet, which might, perhaps, be shortened with advantage; if it were, the fine climax at the end would come out more strongly. Margiana quits Selim, whereupon Amynd appears and again reminds him of the happiness in store for him. His ballad: "Ein Schatz dieser Welt," was sung by Herr von Milde with great warmth and in a masterly manner. Hereupon Selim, having been invited to do so (by a chorus of spirits behind the scenes), enters a gloomy funeral monument, in order to procure further information with regard to the treasure destined for him. This is succeeded by a very catching march to the chorus of the caravan that is crossing the stage. Margiana, on her return, in vain seeks Selim, and sorrowfully departs. The last tones of the caravan die away, and Selim, amid thunder and lightning, appears from the mysterious halls he has visited, and informs the astounded Muck what he has learnt about the happiness in store for him: he has seen, in the heavenly abode, twelve statues, "formed by god-like hands, all gold and diamonds, but, in the midst of the twelve statues, there is an empty pedestal." Out of the air are heard the enigmatical words: "The thirteenth statue is of incalculable value; the Spirit Amynd has bestowed it upon you. Do you, however, select an innocent girl, and then return; bring her in all purity hither, and the empty pedestal will then display the promised statue to your view." Selim swears to his protecting spirit Amynd that he will observe these conditions, though Muck cannot repress certain misgivings. A short trio follows, Amynd's warnings, supported by the chorus of spirits, being once more heard, this time in conjunction with the trio. This brings the first act to a conclusion without any particular effect. The second act, also, is preceded by a short introduction. The neighbours of the miserly old shopkeeper Kalum-Baruch make their appearance. Kalum-Baruch sings a song in praise of his neice, Margiana, who is on a visit to him, and informs his friends that he means to make her happy by bestowing his hand upon her. His friends, on being invited to the nuptials, return thanks, and beg that he will provide musicians and costly viands. His joy is very soon over-clouded, when Muck, at Amynd's command, applies, on behalf of his master Selim, for the hand of the old man's beautiful neice. Kalum, of course, receives the request most unfavorably, and the wooer is kicked out of doors in aught but gentle fashion. While his slaves are making all kinds of preparations for the feast, Kalum sends for Margiana and tells her what good fortune he intends for her. The maiden is naturally not edified with his declaration of love, and firmly rejects his hand, with or without a heart, referring to Selim in a beautiful romance with a grand air, and expressing her horror of a union with her miserly uncle. Meanwhile, Amynd has transformed himself into Kalum's double. The old man is not a little astonished when the living image of himself comes down from the upper-storey of his house, and behaves as if he were the master of it. The comic scene resulting from this meeting was admirably acted by Herren Schmidt and Von der Milde, and the quarrel duet, "Allah hilf! wer steht hier vor mir?" is most certainly not the worst piece in the opera. Kalum at last hastens out to get the intruder arrested by the police-officers. Selim now appears, and demands an explanation from the pseudo Kalum for having used Muck in so unamiable a manner, and for withholding Margiana from him. Amynd declares that he has no objection to the marriage of his neice with Selim. The latter celebrates in a cavatina, "Wie der Morgen beleuchtet die blühenden Bäume," his meeting with Margiana in the desert. The young lady herself then appears, and is given to Selim. The neighbours, who next enter, are rather astonished at the sudden change of mind that has come over their old friend, and end by wishing the young couple all health and happiness. Muck actively sets to work, making preparations for the marriage, when the real and enraged Kalum comes in with the officers of justice, who set up the tragic-comic strain, "Fort mit aller Sorgenschaar," with which are combined a march and the chorus of Kalum's friends. The old miser presses poor Muck very hard, but, together with the officers, is changed into a musician, and, with them, is obliged to accompany the neat chorus, "Die cymbeln erklingen," the festivities being enhanced by a well-arranged ballet. Before leaving, Margiana describes, in a song, her meeting with Selim in the desert. At this, Selim's attention is aroused; he looks with curiosity at his wife, who has hitherto been veiled, and starts. Both depart. Kalum is restored to his original shape, but, with the officers, is kept a prisoner till early the next morning. This closes the second act. In the introduction to the third act, we have a picture of the approach of the raging simoon, and, combined with it, a characteristic chorus. Selim and Margiana are overtaken by the destructive storm, and, with death before her eyes, Margiana asks Selim why he keeps so much aloof from her. Selim confesses that he has sworn to sacrifice her to the spirits, but that, since he has recognised her, he looks upon his purpose with horror, and is unable to fulfil it. In a magnificent duet, the two lovers pour out their most inward feelings, till Amynd appears and reminds Selim of his oath, while unseen spirits utter the words, "Ewiger strafe verfällt, wer soinen schwur nicht hält" ("Eternal punishment awaits him who does not keep his oath"). Despite of this, Selim will not part with her whom he has thus found again, and she gives herself up, of her own accord, to Amynd. The wretched Selim sinks into a magic sleep, and Margiana proceeds, hand in hand with Amynd, into the dazzling hall of spirits. A charming ballet delights the eye, until, at length, Selim enters to receive the promised statue. After the fine chorus, "In der Erde Schacht," &c., the "gift of hell," as Selim calls it, rises, thickly veiled, out of the ground. Selim is about to shatter it with his sword, when the statue lifts its veils and exhibits to his entranced gaze the form of Margiana herself. Amynd's magnificent ballad, "Ein schatz dieser welt," now enlarged, chorus-like, makes an effective ending to this admirable work.

—o—

Mr. Wilbye Cooper's Concert took place on Wednesday evening, the 4th, in St. James's Hall. The programme was unimpeachably excellent, the chief feature being entitled *Graziella; A Musical Story*, by J. J. Lonsdale, Esq., of Bradford, set to music, in the *cantata* form, by Miss Virginia Gabriel. This young lady's compositions are known and deservedly valued by all who like to see our amateurs provided with songs of real and genuine merit, devoid of affectation and pretension, in all senses of the word. The new work is a more ambitious one than any other from her pen, and has served to show that her talent can rise to higher branches of the art of composition than that in which it had been previously exercised. The work is full of tune, but it wants continuity, variety, and unity of idea. The writing for the voices is always vocal, as is also the writing for the instruments. It is carefully, and, in many places, ingeniously scored, with a prudential avoidance of *tutti* passages, and attempts at grand effects which have "shivered the timbers" of so many young sailors on the dangerous waters of the sea of musical composition. In her *libretto* Miss Gabriel has been fortunate in finding words of unimpeachable excellence. The *cantata* is too long for a detailed criticism at this busy period of the season; so, choosing the more commendable numbers, we must single out, as a beginning, the recitative and aria, "O cruel sea," sang by Mdme. Sainton, with the greatest possible effect. The melody of this song is the best that has been given us by Miss. Gabriel; and those who remember the "Forsaken," (so charmingly sung by the lamented Catherine Hayes) will know that this is no mean praise. The trio, "Where is the ring of betrothal?" is original, and written with no turgidity or apparent effort; and the last chorus, "The storm is over," is the best in the work. We are sure to hear this work again, and are sure to find it improve on acquaintance. The characters are Graziella (the heroine), sung with much force and power by Mdme. Parepa; Gaetana (friend of Graziella), by Mdme. Sainton; Andrea (her husband), thoroughly well represented every way by Mr. Lewis Thomas; Ernesto (lover of Gaetana), Mr. Winn; and Ruperto, sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper in admirable style, as the tenor, victorious (as tenors always are), finally married to Graziella. The work is interesting on many accounts, not the least of which is its proof that some at least of our lady amateurs can see and feel the value of the art of music as a study. The cantata was followed by the overture to *Die lustigen Weiber*, or, *Li Sposi Allegri*, or, *Falstaff*, of Nicolai.

The first part of the concert began with the overture and prayer from *Masaniello*. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang a duet with Mr. Winn, "I pescatori," of Gabussi, and proved his title to be considered one of our best English singers. Mr. Wadsworth, a new composer, was fortunate enough to have his name introduced to the public by Miss Banks, who sang "A maiden sat complaining," no doubt on other grounds than having to sing a song of Mr. Wadsworth's. Mr. Charles Hallé played nobly, the always new *Concert Stück* of Weber; and Herr Lauterbach, a young German violinist, with a powerful tone and excellent style, gave the "Tremolo," of De Beriot. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang "I'm a roamer," with the dash and spirit it demands, and Mdme. Parepa, the "Serenade" of Gounod. Signor Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," sung by Miss Banks, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Winn, ended this part of the concert.

The band was conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, which was a guarantee for its perfect efficiency. After the cantata Miss Gabriel was loudly called for, and appeared, to acknowledge the hearty welcome her new work received.

Tidbury How.

—o—

Miss Rose Hersee gave a concert at Myddelton Hall, on Friday evening last, for the Barnsbury Literary Institute, with the assistance of Madame Helen Percy, Mr. Carter and M. De Fontanier—vocalists; and instrumentalists, Herr Goffrie, Violin, MM. Lehmeyer and Emile Berger, Pianoforte. The hall was filled, and the audience were well pleased with their entertainment. They obliged Miss Rose Hersee to sing three times the new song composed for her by Mr. Emile Berger, entitled "The Knight and the Maiden" and encored M. De Fontanier in Adolph Adam's *air bouffe* "Le Tambour Major." Mr. Emile Berger was recalled after his *fantasia* on Scotch airs ("Waverley"). Herr Lehmeyer and Mr. Emile Berger accompanied the vocal music.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Good Reasons for Bad Organs.

Sir,—Your article on "Good Reasons for Bad Organs" is so correct that I am tempted to make a few remarks on the subject. There are English organ-builders who can and do build good organs when they are paid a fair price for their work, but so long as *unlimited competition* is allowed by committees, and *the lowest estimate* accepted, so long will there be bad English organs. As a rule, when an organ is required, a committee is formed of persons who know nothing of the duties they are called upon to perform. They obtain estimates on specifications by various builders (instead of having a proper specification drawn up by some one who understands an organ), then compare them to see who offers the largest number of *pipes* and *registers* for the smallest sum, which is simply offering a premium to the builder who can make an organ *appear* the largest *on paper*—single stops will have two registers, several will be deficient of the lower octave, inexpensive stops with fancy names and plenty of mixtures to swell up the number of pipes, but even here the evil does not cease, members of committees are sometimes very much to blame. In illustration, I will quote two instances, which could be multiplied, but they may suffice:—Some time since, specifications and estimates were sent in for an organ to be erected in a church in the south of England, cost not to exceed £300. The committee being large, a sub-committee of five were chosen to examine the specifications and report thereon. The majority were in favor of one, and called a meeting of the general committee; in the interim, one of the five, *the minority*, informed his favorite builder of the probable result, who drew up a fresh specification, offering sixty pounds' worth of additional work without any extra charge, which was brought forward with the report; the result was an adjournment, and the new specification with the report referred back to the sub-committee. The builder whose specification was first approved of was applied to, to reconsider his estimate, and to reduce his price, which he very properly refused, *and lost the order*. The estimate accepted was by a London builder; the one refused, provincial.

No. 2. Specifications were required for an organ to be erected in a chapel in the north, price not to exceed £250. Amongst the number sent in two were the same in price and contents; one builder was in or near the town when the estimates were under consideration, and got to know, through a member of the committee, that he was not likely to be successful; he actually took off *twenty per cent.* from his estimate and secured the order!

Of course, organ-builders must live by their work, and if low prices are given you must not be surprised to hear of bad organs, built of unseasoned wood, bad metal, and deplorable workmanship, which is only found out when it is *too late*. I have seen organs without a particle of tin in the pipes, with the exception of what is contained in the solder, wood composition pedals, deal upperboards, spruce used for fitting up, many parts of the internal work finished with a jack plane, but with a showy key board and fine draw stop knobs, names given to stops quite foreign to the pipes in the organ, either from the ignorance of the builder, not knowing the nature of the stops represented, or for cheapness.

With regard to the Doncaster organ, it is composed of good materials, judiciously disposed, and no stint. The workmanship is good, and the tone excellent; further, it contains a greater variety of tone in the flue work than any other organ I have yet heard in England, though I think another, now erecting by the same builder in South Shields, will surpass it.

You refer to Ducroquet's fine piece of workmanship exhibited in 1851. Such machinery in an organ has never been constructed in England, though in Paris it is generally adopted. I have had the privilege of examining several organs in course of construction by the same builder, and the work was of the same quality, but this was *not competiti e work*. I have heard it said that when things come to the worst they must take a turn. It is so in organs; the evil is now likely to cure itself. Already I hear of builders who refuse to estimate when they learn that the *cheap* builders have been invited, and this refusal naturally leads to inquiry. There is some talk of two of the leading builders in London forming a limited liability company, with a view of doing away with the sharp competition at present existing. May good result from it, though I do not see how this can cure the evil. I should be glad to hear the opinions of other organ-builders on the subject; in the meantime I beg to subscribe myself One of the Craft.

Sir,—Being in the neighbourhood on Saturday last, I *rail'd* over to Newcastle to hear the organ at the Town Hall. Mr. Rea gave the G minor Pedal Fuge by J. S. Bach—slow but sure—the overture to *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn), and the *Egmont* march (Beethoven), with some lighter pieces between. The *organ*, though rather *fierce*, is a grand instrument, and Mr. Rea makes the most of the resources at his command. The overture was capitally played.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Sir,—On my way from the north I halted at Doncaster on Sunday morning, May 1st. On attending the evening service Mr. Rogers, by his admirable performance, proved that both his organ and himself are worthy of all praise. I was somewhat sceptical as to all that had been said about the instrument. But the beauty of the gambas and flutes, the resonance of the *pedale*, and the *prodigious mass* of tone from the full organ, came out in a way that seemed almost a defiance of criticism. The service was Arnold in A; the anthem, "God is my hope and strength." The concluding hymn was sung by choir and congregation in admirable style, and the out voluntary was a *fantasia* in *D minor*.

Doncaster. Peter Pedal Pipe.

The Services at Worcester Cathedral.

Sir,—The *Athenæum* of Saturday contains the following very erroneous statements:—

"At a late meeting, held with the view of completing the extensive works of restoration in the Cathedral at Worcester, the Bishop of that see took the opportunity of expressing his wish that the service-music performed there should be more congregational and less choral, and of deprecating the custom of holding triennial musical festivals in consecrated buildings. Since the days when Newton, of Olney, fulminated against Handel, with equal zeal and want of knowledge, the question has been always a debated one. Should the Bishop's counsels prevail, the meetings of the Three Choirs will receive a vital blow."

The readers of *Muttoniana* know that the Bishop of Worcester said nothing of the kind attributed to him here, and that the only person at the meeting who supported such opinions was the Earl of Dudley. It is of more consequence to point this out than may be thought at first, when we reflect on the comparative influence of the opinions of the two Peers; and it seems almost necessary to point out the blunder or misrepresentation of the *Athenæum* because—perhaps not unintentionally—from some cause or other not very intelligible, that very flat sheet never meddles with Worcester Cathedral except to misrepresent something or the other.

I am, Sir, Luke Double.

Worcester, Shambles, May 11.

CAROLINE BETTELHEIM.

Fraulein Caroline Bettelheim, Prima-Donna at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, now recognised as one of the first contralto singers in all Germany, was born in Pesth, on the 1st of June, 1845, and educated in Vienna as a pianist. On the pianoforte she attained, under the direction of the well-known professor, Carl Goldmark, such proficiency, that, at one of his concerts in the year 1861, she created a perfect furor. At the same time she made great progress in singing, and obtained, in the same year, an engagement at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, where she is now accepted as one of the most accomplished artists of the day. In a short time she not only became a great favorite with the public, but was sought for in the highest circles of the aristocracy, and invited to all the concerts at court. In fact there was no concert, no oratorio, without Fraulein Bettelheim. Her success was so immense, that invitations one after the other followed from all parts of the country. In the beginning of December, 1863, she went to Leipzig and Bremen as singer and pianist, and created such excitement, that the critic, quite puzzled, hardly knew whether her vocal or instrumental performance was to be preferred. Fraulein Bettelheim is not only largely indebted to nature, but has received a first-rate education. Her singing is noble and full of expression, and her acting lively and animated. Her voice is a powerful and pleasing contralto of great compass, comprising nearly three octaves, from the deep D to the high C. Her appearance is extremely prepossessing. She has a very intelligent physiognomy, large black eyes full of fire, and a most graceful figure. Fraulein Bettelheim has a great future before her, not only on the stage, where she appears in the parts of Azucena, Maffio Orsini, Nancy, Gondy, Pierotto, Bertha von Simiane, Fr. Reich, Maddelena, etc.—but also in the concert-room, sacred and secular. Her beautiful, deep and sonorous voice exercises great power over the mind and heart of every hearer. As a sign of Mdlle. Bettelheim's uncommon talent it may be mentioned, that although she had never put a foot on the stage before, she was entrusted, after scarcely a twelvemonth's engagement, with the whole of the principal contralto repertory.—*Vienna Presse.*

Mr. George Case and Miss Grace Egerton (Mrs. Case) sailed on Thursday, the 12th, for Sydney, New South Wales, in the Monarch, from Plymouth, under an engagement of Mr. E. T. Smith.

M. Wieniawski is in London. He will make his first appearance at the next (the 151st) Monday Popular Concert.

Mr. Vincent Wallace has returned to London.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1864.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

M. WIENIAWSKI.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, Op. 44, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. WIENIAWSKI, CARRODUS, SCHREURS and PIATTI	*Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "O ruddier than the cherry"—Mr. SANTLEY	*Handel.*
SONG, "L'air du Rossignol" (*Les Noces de Jeannette*)—Mdlle. ENEQUIST	*Victor Masse.*
PARTITA, in G, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ	*Bach.*

PART II.

QUARTET, in F, Op. 59, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. WIENIAWSKI, CARRODUS, SCHREURS and PIATTI	*Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Valley"—Mr. SANTLEY	*Gounod.*
SWEDISH SONGS—Mdlle. ENEQUIST	*National.*
SONATA, in C minor, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ and M. WIENIAWSKI	*Beethoven.*

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Monday Evening, May 23, Herr JOACHIM will make his First Appearance this Season, and will lead Beethoven's Rasoumowski Quartet in C, and a Quartet by Haydn. Pianoforte, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Vocalist, Miss BANKS; Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programme at Chappell & Co.'s., 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

ERNST'S CONCERT.—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT, St. JAMES'S HALL, Monday Evening, May 30, on which occasion a new Quartet and other Compositions by Herr ERNST will be performed. Pianoforte, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ; Violin, Herr JOACHIM and Sig. SIVORI. Vocalists, Mdlle. BETTELHEIM, Mr. SANTLEY and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s., may be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS (St. JAMES'S HALL).—The FOURTH RECITAL will take place on Friday Afternoon, May 27th. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. *Programme:*—PART I.—Sonata, in E flat, Op. 17, No. 1 (first time)—Haydn. "Harpsichord Lessons," in G, D, and A major (repeated by desire)—Scarlatti. Variations and Finale Alla Fuga, in E flat, Op. 35 (first time)—Beethoven. PART II.—Grand Sonata, in A minor, Op. 42—Schubert. "Kinderscenen," Op. 12—Schumann. Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1—Mendelssohn. Studies, Op. 90, No. 14, in E flat minor, and No. 15, in D flat, "La Chasse," Study in E flat (first time)—Heller.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATH.

On Saturday, May the 7th, JOHN CLINTON, Esq., the well-known Flautist, at his residence, Percy Street, Bedford Square, aged 54.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

THE letter of "Mr. Simon Half," which appeared in our last week's impression, has elicited a world of correspondence; but from among the many communications addressed to us we are compelled to restrict ourselves to the one which on perusal seemed most to the point, and therefore most deserving of attention. We subjoin it without further preliminary.

THE ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

SIR,—Allow me to refer your correspondent, 'Simon Half,' to clause xvii. of the Joint-Stock Companies Act, wherein I think he will find that at least a portion of the information he seeks is easily obtainable, even if he is not a shareholder in the company. "Once, at least, in every year a list shall be made of all persons, who, on the fourteenth day succeeding the day on which the ordinary general meeting of the company, or, if there is more than one ordinary meeting in each year, the first of such ordinary general meetings is held, are holders of shares in the company; and such list shall state the names, addresses, and occupation of all the persons therein mentioned, and the number of shares held by each of them, and shall contain a summary, specifying the following particulars:—

"1. The amount of the nominal capital of the company, and the number of shares into which it is divided.

2. The number of shares taken from the commencement of the company up to the date of the summary.

3. The amount of calls made on each share.

4. The total amount of calls that have been received.

5 The total amount of calls unpaid.

6. The total amount of shares forfeited.

"Such list and summary shall be completed within seven days after such fourteenth day as is mentioned in this section, and a copy thereof, authenticated by the seal of the company, shall forthwith be forwarded to the registrar, and any person may inspect and take copies of the same. Subject 1. The regulations under which a person is hereinafter declared to be entitled to inspect and take copies of any document kept by the registrar.

"Clause xviii. imposes a penalty of £5 per day for every day after the above mentioned time that the company shall neglect to lodge such return with the registrar.

"Clause xxiii. states that such register at the office of the company shall be open to the inspection of any shareholder *gratis*, and to the inspection of any other person (not a shareholder) upon payment of one shilling, the company being liable to a penalty of £2 for each refusal to allow such inspection."

The English Opera Association, having been in existence three years, should have made at least *two* such returns as are contemplated by the act in the clauses alluded to. Thus much as to share capital. With reference to expenditure and liabilities the act specifies that the books shall be kept by "double entry," thus enabling the financial position of the company to be ascertained at any moment; and Table B, under the head of 'Accounts,' states that "the books shall be open to the inspection of the shareholders during the hours of business." There need, therefore, be no difficulty in obtaining all the information, of which your correspondent seems so desirous, but I hardly think that the English Opera Association can be called upon to *publish* such information for the benefit of the world at large.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

LAVENDER PITT.

P.S.—Pray find room for the above. No one can compel, or indeed have the right to ask, a company to publish a statement at any other time than that of the general meeting, and then only for the shareholders.—L. P.

It will be seen in another column that "Mr. Half" resumes the discussion, and that he promises to continue it. All we wish to be understood is that *The Musical World* advocates neither side. Our columns are open to the promulgation of every opinion which has fair argument to support it—with the single stipulation that no personality, no acrimonious remark, shall give bitterness to the controversy. As far as our own feelings are concerned we should rejoice indeed to see a National Opera established on a firm basis, and wish every possible success to the new-born and apparently struggling Association. This with due deference to "Mr. Half."

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THE ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

What is its Financial Condition?

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have had access to official documents of the English Opera Association, which enable me to furnish reliable information about the financial resources of the concern as they stood in July last.

It appears that the Association was Registered in June, 1861, by Messrs. Balfe, Wallace, Weiss, Lidel, and others, who subscribed for ten shares each. In the first year—that is, up to July, 1862—only 1825 shares had been subscribed for on which £609 in cash had been paid. As far as July, 1863, the total number of shares subscribed for was 2630, and the amount of money paid was the insignificant sum of £1374, leaving a balance of £1256 owing by shareholders. The total number of shareholders was 112. This was the actual position of affairs in July, 1863; since when, a spasmodic effort has been made to increase the capital by appeals to the public, through the medium of costly advertisments*—but from all I can ascertain, with no material result. The shares are a drug in the market, and have been so for the past three years. With regard to the amount of money the Association has now in hand, there cannot be much. The total receipts in two years amount, as I have said, to £1374! During this period, many expenses have been going on—such as secretary, clerks, rent of offices, postage, stationery, law costs, accountant's charges, advertisments, &c., unavoidable in the working of a joint-stock company. Taking a very moderate view of the matter, it is questionable whether the £1374 paid up is sufficient to disburse the responsibilities incurred. Let us suppose the following scale of expenditure to have been adopted during the first two years of the Association's existence:—

Secretary—2 years, at £150 per annum	£300	0	0
Clerk— „ 100 „	200	0	0
Rent of Offices— „ 80 „	160	0	0
Registration Fees	20	0	0
Law Costs	100	0	0
Stationery, Books, &c.	150	0	0
Printing	200	0	0
Postage	100	0	0
Total	£1230	0	0

Deducting this sum from the capital received, the result is:—

To Capital Paid up	£1374	0	0
To Expenses, per estimate	1230	0	0
Balance	£144	0	0

Besides the expenses enumerated, other outlays, including a heavy sum for advertisments, have been requisite, quite sufficient to use up this balance of £144—to say nothing of what is owing by due from shareholders.

Now, with respect to the progress the Association has made in two years:—in the first thirteen months—that is from June, 1861, to July, 1862—only 1825 shares were subscribed for; in the next twelve months, viz., from July, 1862, to July, 1863, only 805 additional—many being taken by members of the profession, in expectation of getting employment.

Here is a rapid rate of progress in a national institution, intended to advance the cause of music! Here is an exhibition of strength to justify the loud-sounding pledges of the prospectus! What reliable security do these shareholders possess, that the Association will open its doors for a number of seasons, and realize the promised "privileges to shareholders" in the form of admissions according to the amount of capital paid up! What security is there that it will ever commence business at all? Is it the £144 of capital, which it is to be hoped had not been spent in July, 1863?—or is it, that every arrangement of the Association, involving responsibility, is to be made on the basis of credit, in which no one is to be directly responsible? If the latter, where must the inconvenience end to all who are interested? The result will, indeed, be a sad one; for the hopes of success which have been raised cannot possibly be realised; and many hard worked professional persons, to whom a few pounds are of more or less real consequence, who have been induced to take shares, in the belief that the Association would prove a blessing to them, are doomed to disappointment. Their only satisfaction will be to find the small sums they have invested in shares absorbed in paying the salaries of officials, &c. The idea of the Association ever opening Covent Garden Theatre, unless the funds are largely increased, is utopian; and the sooner subscribers undeceive themselves the better.

Of course, I do not know the precise number of shares subscribed at the present moment; but I hope it is sufficiently large to justify a belief that some little confidence may be reposed in the financial powers of the Association. It is quite clear that until a considerable sum of money is paid up, to meet liabilities, the enterprise cannot be safely trusted. It will be for the committee of management to give information on this all important subject, and thus allow an opinion to be formed. Let the commercial character of the Association be clearly and promptly revealed, in order that artists (who can ill afford to lose money) may know the ground upon which they are treading.

Being in possession of full particulars with regard to the number of shares held by each member of the committee, and also with regard to shareholders generally, I will, in a future letter, draw attention to these points as well as to the general management of the Association.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Simon Half.

* As well as supplicating circulars.

MEYERBEER.*

I.

THE civilized world is poorer by a great man! On the 2nd May, at six o'clock in the morning, Giacomo Meyerbeer died at Paris, in his 71st year. Berlin, his native city, will feel the loss severely, and Paris will feel it no less severely; in neither city will his place be easily filled. What Art loses in him, is something which, shaken as we are by the first tidings of his death, we cannot yet estimate; artists, however, will henceforth miss a colleague always ready to appreciate their efforts, while the needy among them will have to regret an active benefactor and a warm friend. We want no monument to keep him present before us; during his lifetime he erected one for himself in the hearts of two great nations. Germany and France call him with equal right their own. No one represented, like the Deceased Master, the connecting link in the Art-tendencies of the two nations. To the more ideal view of art, which is peculiar to Germany, he united the feeling for outward magnificence and effect, to which the French lay claim; the two styles combined charmed equally both nations. With the power of magic, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*, have worked and still work upon us! Since the great masters of the Art, no one, perhaps, has ever become more popular than Meyerbeer. Wherever there are theatres in the two hemispheres the multitudes flock to his operas. During the winter just passed, Berlin has lost many men of importance and influence, but the last blow was the heaviest, for, as we have already said, it does not fall upon us alone; whoever takes a delight in music will join us in deploring that Meyerbeer's lyre is for ever dumb; that its strings will no more re-echo with those sweeping and intoxicating strains which so quickly and so irresistibly found their way among all peoples. Whether anything from the papers of the celebrated Deceased will be given to the public is assuredly a circumstance about which he himself has left directions; for he was a careful father, who sent none of the children of his intellect into the world, without their being well endowed, and brought to the highest possible pitch of perfection. We must reserve, for more tranquil consideration, a detailed estimate of the merit of the Departed One. These lines, written under all the agitating influence of the melancholy news, are simply devoted to the mournful duty of placing that news at the head of a paper which has so often heralded his triumphs.

May the words of the poet, who has aided us Germans in supporting so many heavy losses, be to-day again our consolation:—

"Denn er war unser! mag der stolze Wort
Den herben Schmerz gewaltig übertönen."

* *Neue Musik-Zeitung.* (Berlin.)

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II.

WHEN, in our last number, we commenced giving the biography of Meyerbeer,* according to M. Fetis, we had no idea that it would so soon become a necrology. The great composer died in Paris on the 2nd May at six o'clock in the morning. He fell a victim to a cold in the abdomen, which at first had no appearance of ending in the fatal manner it did. Even as recently as a week previous to his death he was so well as to think of setting out upon a journey. During nearly the whole period of his illness he retained his consciousness; only towards the end he was attacked by weakness, though without any pain. His departure from this life was a gentle transition.

He left minute directions with regard to what is to be done with his mortal remains. The corpse is to be laid out and watched for three days in Paris, and then conveyed, by the road he has fixed upon, to Berlin, where his will is to be opened. His daughters, who had been summoned from Baden, arrived in time to receive his last breath.

Since last October he had not left Paris, so that he might personally superintend the getting-up of his *Africaine*, for the performance of which he thought he had at length found efficient artists. These, according to report, were Mdlle. Sax, Mdlle. Battu, and Herr Wachtel. Rossini is said to have been the first, on the receipt of the fatal news, to hurry off to the house of death.

The sad event has given rise in Berlin, the birthplace of the Master, to researches regarding his birth-day. The examination of the register of births for the Jewish community there proves that Jacob (Meyer) Beer, son of Jacob Herz Beer, sugar-boiler and banker (who died in 1825), was born on the 23rd September, 1791, and, consequently, had attained the age of seventy-two years, seven months, and a few days. At a later period of life he assumed the prænomen of Meyer, in conformity with the will of his grandmother (or aunt, as some say), who bequeathed him a considerable fortune, but he did not call himself Giacomo Meyerbeer till he was in Italy.†

NOTICE.

In consequence of unusual press of matter our notices of the third New Philharmonic Concert, and other important matters, are unavoidably postponed until next week.

M. Levassor.—M. Levassor is again among us, with his comical scenes and stories, or, to use his own language, "Levassor" is "*en visite*." The more this admirable artist is seen and heard the more is he likely to be appreciated. Without change of costume, without scenic accessories, he produces his effects by the aid of sheer humor, which displays itself under a thousand different aspects. While his "fun" is most exuberant, his gravity is most insuperable, and he has the rare art of making an audience roar with mirth, while he himself appears unmoved. His newest morceau, entitled *Le Mal de Mer*, consists of a dialogue between an English dramatist, represented by himself, and the captain of a steamer, played by an assistant. It is an essential quality of the Englishman that he talks bad French, and, old as this joke is, it becomes new from M. Levassor's treatment. Probably, if he launched out in our vernacular his English would be even worse than the French of the satirized Briton, but he cautiously limits himself to a few words, which he pronounces with scrupulous correctness, while in the Anglican French he riots *ad libitum*. The stolid demeanour of the English traveller, the pomp with which he shields his own ignorance, his easily titillated vanity, are all admirably sustained, till the drollery takes a new turn through the effects of the sea, and the advance of the "*mal de mer*" is portrayed with marvellous aptitude. As a farcical contrast to this highly-finished scene we have *Les Cocasseres de la Dance*, in which M. Levassor, himself a host, performs the work of a whole ballroom, executing in succession, quadrille, valse, polka, varsovians, cotillon, and "grand pas." In some of his pieces he is assisted by Mdlle. Tessière.

* *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.* (Cologne.)

† In reference to our statement concerning the completion, by Meyerbeer, of an unfinished opera by C. M. von Weber, we have been informed on good authority that Meyerbeer certainly made Weber's widow an offer to complete the opera in question (*Die Drei Pinto's*), but that his other occupations would not allow him leisure to do so. The *libretto* was written by Theodor Hell, but, according to Meyerbeer's own statement, afterwards re-written for him (Meyerbeer) by Mad. Birch Pfeiffer. Weber had finished something more than the first act of this opera.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 150th performance since the institution of these entertainments was given last night, in the name of Madame Arabella Goddard, who has been professionally connected with them from the beginning (in February, 1859). The history of the musical art, in this or in any other country, offers no precedent for the success of the Monday Popular Concerts—an average of thirty of which have been annually held for five years consecutively, with no other attractions than string quartets and quintets; pianoforte solo sonatas; duets, trios, quartets, &c., with accompaniment of string instruments; and two or four vocal pieces, according to the general character of the selections. The executants have doubtless been of the first class; but the real secret has been in the music, which is of a sort that can never wear out, and the repertory of which would provide materials for 1,000 concerts with a new programme at each. Some pieces, however, will bear frequent repetition, and, indeed, are constantly inquired after, so that there seems to be little chance for a long period to come of getting through even half of what the greatest masters have bequeathed us. This, however, is in favor of the durability of concerts which cannot be attended too regularly, inasmuch as every hearing of such music as they are the means of bringing forward entails a certain amount of good. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn were quite as much in love with their sonatas, trios and quartets as with their orchestral symphonies, and quite as much in earnest while composing them. It is the duty, then, and should be the pleasure, of whoever reverences the names of those illustrious men—men for all time and for the world at large—to become acquainted with works on the production of which the authors themselves expended so much pains, in the cultivation of which they took such delight, and on the excellence of which, as firmly as upon anything that came from their pens, they rested their claims to the recognition and gratitude of posterity. The public career of Madame Arabella Goddard from the beginning proclaimed her a holder of this creed; and the approval with which she has been honored can only have served to strengthen her conviction of its soundness. Her programme last night—when St. James's Hall was literally crammed to suffocation—was just such a programme as might have been expected from her antecedents and from those of the Monday Popular Concerts. It is short enough, as well as good enough, to be cited:—

Quartet, in D minor, strings	Mozart.
Song, "In my wild mountain valley,"	Benedict.
Song, "Sing, Maiden, Sing"	W. S. Bennett.
Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, pianoforte	Beethoven.
Quartet, in B minor, for pianoforte and strings	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Adelaida"	Beethoven.
Song, "Zuleika"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata in G, Op. 30, pianoforte and violin	Beethoven.

Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

A finer performance of the quartet in D minor—one of the most beautiful of the six which Mozart, in such warm and affectionate terms, inscribed to Haydn, his enthusiastic admirer, intimate friend, and at that epoch only possible rival—has probably never been heard than that of Signor Sivori, Herr Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and Signor Piatti on the present occasion. In each of the other instrumental pieces the concert-giver was herself engaged. The sonata of Beethoven, perhaps the most beautiful and certainly most fanciful of the set of three to which it belongs—although by no means easy to play with fluency and correctness, more especially the characteristic final *presto*—demands poetic feeling and varied expression, no less than facile execution. The quartet of Mendelssohn—the last and grandest of three which, considering the age at which they were written, have no parallel in the musical art—is not merely a composition full of fire and genius, but a positive avalanche of notes. The only interval of repose is found in the melodious *andante*, the "cloying sweetness" of which the composer excuses in a letter to his father on the plea that it causes the *scherzo*, immediately following, to sound all the more vigorous and brilliant. The first *allegro*, the *scherzo* (earliest of those extraordinary movements which, more vividly than anything else, reveal the powerful and independent originality of Mendelssohn), and the *finale* are as impetuous in style as they are in fancy exuberant and in conduct masterly. Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin (the last of three dedicated to the Russian Emperor Alexander—to which set the grand sonata in C minor belongs) is one of his most joyous and sparkling inspirations. In all these pieces Madame Arabella Goddard was happy enough to create such an impression as proved that her efforts were thoroughly appreciated by the vast audience for whose entertainment she was performing. In the quartet she was admirably supported by Signor Sivori, Mr. H. Webb, and Signor Piatti—the last of whom, where the theme of the *andante* is allotted to the violoncello, played with a richness of tone and a perfection of phrasing that any singer might envy. In the sonata Madame Goddard had the good fortune to be associated with Signor Sivori, whose reading and execution of the

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violin part in each of the three movements were irreproachable. With rare exceptions—although it came at the end of the concert—the entire audience remained to listen to this genial work of Beethoven, which has seldom elicited heartier applause.

The vocal music could scarcely have been better chosen. The plaintive romance from Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, and the beautiful song of Mendelssohn (to Goethe's "Suleika") were sung with genuine feeling by Miss Banks; while Mr. Sims Reeves, both in Professor Sterndale Bennett's graceful canzonet and the immortal "Adelaide" of Beethoven (accompanied by Madame Goddard), delighted the audience beyond measure. "Adelaide"—which he has never on any occasion sung with more genuine expression and refinement—was loudly called for again; but Mr. Reeves, following the example already set by Signor Sivori (after the minuet in Mozart's quartet), respectfully declined the compliment. Mr. Benedict ac accompanied his own romance, and the songs of Bennett and Mendelssohn—how it is unnecessary to add.

At the next concert M. Wieniawski (the first violinist who ever played at the Monday Popular Concerts) is to lead the quartets.—*Times, May* 10.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 150th concert, on Monday, was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard. Seldom has so vast and brilliant an audience assembled in St. James's Hall. The name of the young and gifted lady, who, with queenly dignity, has held the sceptre of the pianoforte since 1859, when the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and the attraction of a programme crammed full of interest, were quite enough to account for the overflowing attendance. Nor was anyone disappointed in the anticipated treat. A richer feast of music was never offered to a music-loving crowd. It was worth the money to hear Mozart's Quartet in D minor—played as it was by Sivori, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Piatti. It was worth the money to hear Sims Reeves give Sterndale Bennett's canzonet, "Sing, maiden, sing," with such unaffected expression, and Beethoven's "Adelaide" (accompanied by the concert-giver) so divinely. Then there was Miss Banks, as pleasingly unobtrusive as ever, with two of her prettiest songs—Benedict's "In my wild mountain valley," and Mendelssohn's "Suleika" (No. 1)—both gems. Last not least, Arabella Goddard herself seemed inspired. Never has she played Beethoven's music with more soul, or Mendelssohn's with more fire and irresistible *entrain*. The poetical sonata in E flat (Op. 31), with its magical *presto*, and the vivacious sonata in G, Op. 30 (with Sivori, as violinist), were the excerpts from Beethoven; the wonderful quartet in B minor (Op. 3)—which Mendelssohn himself used to love to play—was the specimen from Mendelssohn. All three were literal perfection, and all three were applauded with rapture. The whole concert was a triumph, and added a new laurel to the already overcharged brow of Arabella Goddard. Mr. Benedict (*he* could not have been absent) was conductor.

Next Monday (151st concert) M. Wieniawski plays.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, the *Barbiere* of Rossini, with three of Rosini's best living interpreters—Adelina Patti, Mario, and Ronconi. Overture encored. "Bel' raggio" for Rossini's Lesson. Brilliant success (see another page). On Monday, *Le Prophète*—second time. Same impression. On Tuesday, the *Barbiere* again. Same impression as on Saturday. On Thursday the *Huguenots*—first time—with Pauline Lucca (Valentine), Faure (St. Bris), and Atry (Marcel). First appearance of Faure, and Atry's first appearance as Marcel. Lucca ill (apology). Mario transcendent. Particulars in next number. To-night, *Robert le Diable*—first time.

BAKER BUTCHER.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Falstaff was repeated on Saturday, Tuesday and Thursday, with continued success. Mdlle. Beretta now dances at the end of the opera, instead of between the first and second acts. *Tant mieux*, she is all the more welcome. BUTCHER BAKER.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM is expected on the 20th inst. On the 23rd he is to play one of Beethoven's Rasamowsky quartets, a prelude and fugue of Bach, and a sonata with Madame Arabella Goddard at the 152nd Monday Popular Concert.

SIG. SIVORI leaves London for Paris, to-day; he will return, however, the week after next, to play as a volunteer at the Monday Popular Concert, which is announced in the name of Herr Ernst for the 30th inst. The fact does the accomplished Italian artist honor.

MR. RANDEGGER'S NEW OPERETTA—"THE RIVAL BEAUTIES."

(*To the Editor of the* MUSICAL WORLD)

DEAR SIR,—The brief notice contained in last week's MUSICAL WORLD of the above work, which has just been performed in Leeds for the first time, is scarcely sufficient, I think, for the undoubted ability and excellence which it possesses. With your permission, therefore, I propose to give you a further account of the "Rival Beauties," and to endeavor to do that justice to Mr. Randegger's talents which, in my opinion, he fully deserves by the production of this work. Its success in Leeds has been decided, and the Leodensians, not prone to excitement in such matters, have warmed into increased enthusiasm at each successive performance. The composition abounds in *piquant*, lively melody; natural, spontaneous tunes, which, without a particle of vulgarity, are easily impressed upon the memory, and leave a desire for more. The concerted music, too, as well as the solos, bear evidence of excellent musicianship, and a knowledge of what is, and what is not, best suited for the voices. The numerous encores nightly bestowed upon the favorite pieces in the work, support and confirm this opinion; but I will not forestall the deductions which may be made from the more detailed criticism which I will now attempt to give you. The libretto, written by J. P. Wooler, Esq., is very clever; especially commendable is the capital plot, as well as the lively dialogue, and excellent verses and situations. The characters represented are: Sir Percy Ringwood (Mr. W. H. Cummings, tenor); Stephen Lynn, a miller, (Mr. J. G. Patey, baritone); Tom Deloraine (Mr. G. F. Marler, bass); Lady Edith Carleton (Miss Julia Elton, mezzo soprano); Alice Lynn (Miss Emily Spiller, soprano).

The following epitome of the plot may not be uninteresting:—The first act opens at Stephen Lynn's cottage, in a village on the Kentish coast. Tom Deloraine makes his appearance, and informs them that he has smuggled over from France (besides his usual quantity of brandy) a young English gentleman, Sir Percy Ringwood, who has been exiled, but secretly returns to claim as his wife, Lady Edith Carleton, who in her turn has fled from her own mansion in London to avoid this very match. Before, however, Sir Percy Ringwood is introduced, she persuades Stephen Lynn to allow his daughter to be introduced to the stranger as the London lady, and herself as Alice Lynn. The miller agrees to this, and at the same time determines, if he can, to arrange a marriage between his own daughter and Sir Percy, who, after his introduction, soon finds out that he is in the company of the Lady Edith; upon this supposed discovery, he immediately determines to marry her as soon as possible, but he also discovers that he loves the miller's pretty daughter quite as well, in fact *better* than the Lady Carleton, who is so fond of coquetting and finery that she acts her assumed character admirably. While this is going on, the real Lady Edith finds out that *she* is in love with the cavalier, and in vain tries to make him believe that *she* is the real Lady Edith, and has only changed places with the miller's daughter. At the end of the first act, however, Lady Edith pretends to see all right again, but only does it because she has thought of a better and a surer method of proving to the mystified Sir Percy that the miller's daughter is only acting her part. The second act commences with a plot between Lady Edith (who is yet personating Alice Lynn) that she shall dress up as an officer in the King's Service, and arrest Sir Percy Ringwood; while Deloraine, disguised as a chancery officer, arrests Alice. During the preparation of this plot, Sir Percy has proposed to Alice (whom he still supposes to be Lady Edith) who, of course, does not refuse; and, to make things safer, fills his blank license with the names of Tom Deloraine and Alice Lynn. Under these names they determine to be married. Before this can be effected both Sir Percy and Alice are arrested, and Lady Edith, in the disguise of an officer, informs Sir Percy that the person whom he supposes to be the Lady Carleton is no such person, and that the "country wench" whom he loved so much was the Lady Edith. Tom Deloraine in the meantime discovers himself to Alice, and marries her as the price of her release. The officer discovering herself to Sir Percy, who has his pardon presented to him by Deloraine, to whom it was given before they left France, on the condition that Sir Percy was to have it if he succeeded in marrying the Lady Edith, brings the piece to the usual happy conclusion.

The general character of the music throughout the work is indicated by the style of the first duet between Stephen and Alice, "Now, Alice, mind you keep an eye." There is a vivacity and sprightliness of tune not altogether unlike Donizetti, whilst in form and clearness of construction Mr. Randegger has evidently studied Mozart. The first song in the key of D, triple time, is sung by Lady Edith, "Oh, would I were a village girl." It is pretty and flowing, but by no means so effective as some of the other pieces in the work. The succeeding duet, "Now tell me all," sung by Alice and Edith, is charming. To a succession of sparkling dance-tunes, Alice informs Edith of the dear delights of town, its concerts, balls, plays, and routs. The first tenor song, "The

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brightest sky that ever shone," is a lively melody in E flat, and the manner in which Mr. Cummings renders this graceful melody, particularly the last line, where he sings the high B flat direct from his chest, is received with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. An animated duet in A flat, "Halt there, Captain," between Edith and Sir Percy, is as lively and appropriate as it is fluent, effective, and well written. After a pretty ballad in D flat, containing essential elements of popularity, with the burthen, "I'll never forget thee, beloved old mill," we have a quartette ("You're back again then, miller,") and an unaccompanied quintette, ("With surprise she's confounded") which are among the best written and most effective "numbers" in the whole work. The individuality of each character is well preserved, and both pieces are nightly enthusiastically re-demanded. The finale to the first act ("No more delay") is short—a little too short, I venture to think—but, like all the rest of the music, always pleasing and tuneable, *never dull*.

In the second act the music is still better. Not to specify all that struck me as being excellent, I may especially allude to the following: The song, "O list and I'll tell you my dream of last night," very peculiar in its rhythm and time, but remarkably effective, and nightly encored, thanks, in a great measure, to Miss Julia Elton's excellent singing: the tenor ballad, "I love thee well, my gentle girl," which is not the less acceptable for having a smack of "Il mio tesoro;" the bass song, in G flat, "There's no love so calm and holy," one of the gems, if not *the* gem of the Operetta, and sung by Mr. Patey with such genuine and legitimate effect as to receive the unusual honor of a double encore; the quartette in B flat, "I scarcely dare to trust his ear," in which three melodious subjects are ingeniously interwoven and developed; the gipsy soprano song, in A minor, "Hasten hither, pretty maiden," most vigorous and characteristic; the clever, bustling, and vivacious duet for the two ladies, "Good gracious! what's the matter?" and the brief, but telling finale, "Hence with sadness," which brings the whole work to a triumphant conclusion. The Operetta is admirably scored for a small orchestra, no doubt with a view to its performance in minor theatres. As an *opera di camera*, however, for similar representation to that of "Jessie Lea," I venture to predict for it a most successful career in town, if it be worthily brought out. As to those self-denying, art-loving gentlemen, the music publishers, who, as a rule, will only bring out works likely to *pay*, I am firmly persuaded that *this* work is their chance, as *sure* a card as was ever played by the canniest "party" in the trade. The music has all the elements of popularity—striking melodies, good, but not difficult accompaniments; a work, indeed, as likely to gratify the musician as well as to please and satisfy the amateur.

Leeds, May 12, 1864. W. S.

Mr. Rippington Pipe is on a visit to Mr. Dishley Peters at his fishing-box, near Tadcaster. Both of our valued contributors are diligently occupied in hooking tench.

Belfast.—From the *Belfast Morning News*, of the 4th instant, we transcribe the following account of the performance of the *Creation* given at the last concert of the Classical Harmonists' Society:—

The *Creation*, not new to the Belfast public, or to the members of the society, was the oratorio selected; and while we cannot enter into a detailed critique of the performance, we are bound to say that it was effectively given throughout. Madame Florence Lancia, who was greeted with a genuine and hearty burst of applause when she appeared, and whose brilliant operatic successes in our theatre in 1859 are still worthily remembered, sang with improved voice and style. The great capacity of the hall proved a little too much for her at times, but these instances were few, and in some passages she was heard with a clear, ringing power, which commanded general approbation. She was encored in "On mighty pens," which she delivered with sparkling effect. Mr. Whitehead was the tenor, and sang better than on the occasion of a former visit. Mr. Lambert took the bass solos. The choruses were rather weak; and at some passages the instruments almost drowned the voices. The accompaniments, from first to last, were executed with faultless precision. Dr. Chipp conducted as usual.

Sunderland.—Mr. A. Dawes, organist of St. Leonards, has for some weeks been delivering a series of lectures in the Assembly Hall, Sans Street, on "Church and Organ Music," with illustrations upon the fine instrument some time ago erected in that hall by Mr. Rennison. We are sorry that the efforts of the latter gentleman to promote a knowledge and improved taste of church music in Sunderland have not been better patronized. The lectures contained a mass of information. The selections with which Mr. Dawes illustrated them were from the works of the great masters. The Sans Street organ is a fine one, and, thanks to Mr. Dawes, it was heard to perfection.—*Sunderland Times, April* 30.

SCHUBERT.

"This eminent composer," writes a German journal, "died on the 19th November, 1828, at the age of thirty-two. He was a bachelor, and resided near his brother, at that time a professor of the Normal School. Schubert left no will behind him. His nearest relatives were his father, François Schubert, master of a school at Vienna, and eight brothers and sisters, the issue of two marriages. He left, for his entire heritage:—three coats, three upper coats, ten pairs of trousers, and nine waistcoats—the whole valued at three florins; one hat, five pairs of shoes, two pairs of boots—valued at two florins; four shirts, nine neck-cloths and pocket-handkerchiefs, thirteen pair of stockings, one counterpane, two blankets, valued at eight florins; and some old pieces of MSS. music, supposed to be worth eight florins. The interment of Schubert cost in all forty-four florins and forty-five kreutzers, including the church expenses, those of clergymen, of gravedigger, lighting, singing, and the distribution of money to poor orphans. François Schubert was buried in the church of St. Joseph at Vienna, on the 21st November, 1828. The authenticity of these dates is guaranteed."

Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—This Society is proceeding with every success in its career of agreeable usefulness. On the 21st ult., a grand extra entertainment was got up in honor of the Shakspeare Tercentenary, including readings by Miss Edith Heraud and Herr Kreuger, selections from the Shakspeare music of Purcell, Arne, Locke, Bishop, &c., and an original occasional ode, the words by Mrs. Edward Thomas, the music by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, effectively rendered by the Polyhymnian choir. The performance went off with great *éclat* before a crowded audience. On Wednesday evening last the fifth conversazione of the season was held at the Gallery of British Artists, kindly lent for the occasion by the Council, which, adorned by the pictures forming the exhibition of the place, and brilliantly lighted by gas, presented a striking and cheerful appearance. The musical programme of the evening consisted of selections from the works of Mercadante, Rossini, Donizetti, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., introduced by a solo on the piano from Herr Lehmeyer. The vocal artists who kindly volunteered their services on the occasion were Madame Gordon, Mdlles. Behrens, Fish, Holmes, Erna Borchard and Louisa Van Noorden, Messrs. De Fontanier, D'Alguin, Van Noorden, &c. Messrs. P. E. Van Noorden, and E. Berger, conducted. The next and concluding conversazione of the season will be held at the Mansion House, on Friday 24th June, by permission of the Lord Mayor.

Musical Union.—At the third *matinée*, Tuesday, May 3, the following programme was given:—Quartet in F No. 1, op. 18, Beethoven; Adagio et Deux Etudes (MS), violoncello solo, Jacquard; "Andante and Variations" for two pianofortes, in B flat, op. 46, Schumann; Melancolie Pastorale, violin solo, Prume; Quintet, E flat, op. 16, for piano, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, and horn, Beethoven; and pianoforte solos—Scherzo in E minor, op. 16, No. 2, Mendelssohn; and *Valse de Concert*, D flat, op. 41, Pauer. The executants were Signor Sivori (violin); Herr L. Ries (second violin); Mr. Webb (tenor); M. Jacquard (violoncello); M. Crozier (oboe); Mr. Pollard (clarionet); M. Paquis (horn); Signor Raspi (bassoon); Miss Agnes Zimmerman and Herr Ernst Pauer (pianoforte). M. Jacquard made his first appearance in London since 1853, and created a great effect by his masterly execution and great powers of expression. Signor Sivori made his last appearance for the season, and Miss Agnes Zimmerman played for the first time at the Musical Union. Both last performance and first performance greatly enhanced the interest of the *matinée*.

Royal Society of Musicians.—The annual performance of *The Messiah*, in aid of the funds of this noble and most worthy institution, was given at St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, and, we are pleased to add, attracted a very large attendance. The band and chorus numbered nearly 500. The principal singers were Madame Parepa, Misses Eliza Hughes and Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Whiffin, Walworth, and Weiss. It is enough to say that the audience were thoroughly satisfied throughout, and that all the principals, who gave their services gratuitously, exerted themselves to the utmost, Mr. Sims Reeves coming in for a lion's share of applause in "Thou shalt break them."

Mr. Sims Reeves has volunteered his invaluable services for the concert of Herr Ernst, on the 20th inst. This is a fresh proof of the sympathy that our high artistic nation is calculated to awaken in another. In doing honor to Ernst our great English tenor does honor to himself.

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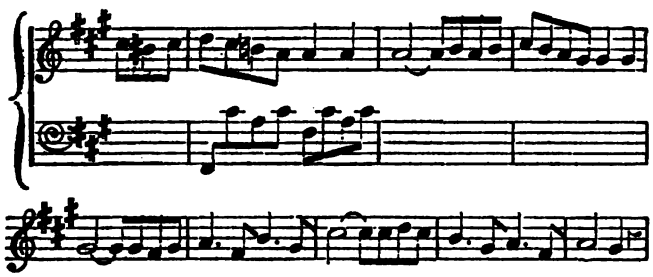
MUTTONIANA.

*** Notice.—The health of Mrs. Ap'Mutton having entailed the necessity of a sea voyage, Mr. Ap'Mutton has gone with his family to Heligoland, where he will remain until the Slesvig-Holstein question is settled, the fleets of Austria and Prussia are sunk or blown up, Jutland is evacuated, and the burning patriotism of Herr Von Bismark assuaged. During Mr. Ap'Mutton's absence (the duration of which depends upon Her Von Bismark, who has opportunely entrusted Mr. Ap'M. with a delicate mission), this department of the Musical World has been entrusted to Dr. Chidley Pidding, who herewith takes down all the papers he finds hung upon the wire by his respected predecessor.

The Rondo of Beethoven, Op. 24.

Sir,—Is it true that the beautiful themes of the *rondo* in Beethoven's Sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, was otherwise conceived by the illustrious musician than as it now stands? An answer in next *Muttonians* will oblige, Yours respectfully, George Grief.

Solace House, Tearsbury, May 10.

In the Sketch Books of Beethoven, which (he being better cared for than Mendelssohn, the world has been allowed to possess) we find the subjoined:—

Thus the idea originally came to Beethoven in F sharp minor; and Mr. Grief will allow that in its new shape it exhibits a remarkable improvement.

Sir,—Having thoroughly satisfied myself that the conundrum is of Welch origin (having been invented, in the year 492, B.C., by the celebrated bard Llnwenog Ap'Bwlch) and therefore, perhaps, recommending itself with extra zest to your esteem. I venture to send you the following sample of that recondite species of wit:—

Q. Why is the celebrated Dr. Bachhoffner, of the Coliseum, likely never to make much progress in the world?

A. Because, however often he may get forward, he is always sure to be *Back oftener!!!*

Yours, &c., T. Duff Short.

May 9.

Mr. Short, having resolved his own enigma, might have spared Mr. Ap'Mutton, or his deputy, the pain of deciphering it; the more so as it is at the best a ghastly attempt at humor.

Chidley Lodge, Chidley Common, May 13. Chidley Pidding, M.D.

CONCERTS.

Willis's Rooms.—Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, the young and clever pupil of Mr. Benedict, gave her first "Pianoforte Recital" at the above rooms, on Saturday afternoon. It showed no little confidence on the part of the fair pianist to undertake a series of performances single-handed, challenging the greatest masters of the key board in this kind of entertainment But Mdlle. de Beauvoisin did not reckon without her host; nor indeed did she in any way overrate her own ability. She exhibited the very highest ambition—unusual in one so short a time before the public—in selecting Beethoven's Grand Sonata, op. 110; but the rest of the selection, a sort of compromise with the fashionable amateurs who constituted the greater part of the audience, consisted, with two exceptions, in popular pieces of the bravura school. The exceptions were Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capricioso* and Weber's *Rondo Brillant*. The remainder of the programme comprised Thalberg's *Mosé in Egitto*, fantasia; Döhler's "Variations on "Vivi tu;" Leopold de Meyer's *Lucrezia Borgia*, fantasia; fantasia for left hand only; Benedict's "Prince of Wales," fantasia; and Kullak's "Perles d'Ecume." To our thinking Mdlle. de Beauvoisin's happiest efforts were in Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo*, and Thalberg's fantasia, both of which were executed with great brilliancy and facility. The audience, however, appeared most highly delighted with Döhler's "Variations," the left-hand *fantasia* (not Kalkbrenner's), Beethoven's Sonata, and Kullak's piece, as they recalled her warmly after each. Mdlle. de Beauvoisin achieved a very decided success, and her performance reflects infinite credit on the teaching of Mr. Benedict. Mdlle. Carolina Zeiss Miss Romer and Mr. Sanders, assisted with vocal pieces. Best of these was Benedict's "Scenes of my Youth," given by Miss Romer with so pleasing a voice, so much taste and expression, and such admirable enunciation of the words, as to render her performance a model of ballad singing. Miss Romer created a marked sensation and was very warmly applauded. The romanza "Le Parlate d'Amor," from *Faust*, showed how equally well the fair artist could master another and very different style of vocal composition, and how easily she could vary her sentiment. Mdlle Carolina Zeiss introduced an air of Donizetti's, exhibiting an agreeable voice and manner. She also sang Signor Arditi's popular Valse, "Il bacio." Mr. Benedict conducted.

Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. G. W. Hammond gave their first concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday morning, the 23rd ult. A very admirable selection of pianoforte music was provided, although the classical element did not largely prevail, as might have been expected from the antecedents of one at least of the concert-givers. But Mr. Holmes, no doubt, looked to please in this very instance his pupils, who formed the major part of his audience, and who, being young, naturally preferred what is light to what is profound. That there was, nevertheless, a strong infusion of the classic element in the programme may be judged from its including the *Andante con Variazione* and *Presto* from the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven; Weber *Rondo Brillant* for the pianoforte; and Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Mr. Holmes supplied his own fantasia, "Fairy Fingers," and solo, "The Home song," both played by himself in first-rate style. His most admirable performance, however, was in the two movements from the Kreutzer sonata, in which he was ably assisted by Mr. H. Blagrove. Mr. Hammond, formerly pupil, we believe of Mr. Holmes, played Weber's *Rondo Brillant*, two "Musical Sketches" of his own, and Thalberg's fantasia on Irish airs, being encored, in one of the "Sketches." M. Lemmens, who has lately been creating a remarkable sensation in the concert-room by his performances on the harmonium, played on that instrument two pieces of his own composition called "Invocation" and "Fanfare," and, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Holmes, gave M. Gounod's "Meditation Sur Bach"—a perfect and splendid performance in every respect. Mr. Balsir Chatterton played a fantasia of his own composition on the harp, a great success. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang Cherubini's "Ave Maria" and M. Lemmens' song "The Blind Boy," both delightfully, being accompanied in both by M. Lemmens on the harmonium. Miss Florence de Courcy, who is creeping gradually into the concert-room, and is certain to attain before long a first-rate position, gave Signor Arditi's new valse, "Leggero Invisibile," and a ballad by Mr. Wallace, exhibiting in the first a fine voice and much animation, and in the last real artistic feeling and expression. The concert in every respect was excellent, and Mr. S. J. Noble—another pupil of Mr. Holmes—conducted.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Madame Puzzi having issued cards for her *Matinée d'Invitation* on Friday the 6th, and the programme being one of rare excellence, was honored by an unusual assemblage of rank. The talented professor was assisted by Mdlle. Fanny Puzzi, Madame Parepa, Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Lascelles, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Ricardo, Signors Gassier and Ciabatta—vocalists; Signor Andreoli and Herr Blumenthal (pianoforte), and Signor Pezze (violoncello). Mdlle. Fanny Puzzi, daughter of Madame Puzzi, exhibited an agreeable voice and an admirable method, as may be supposed. In "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*; the letter duet from the *Barbiere*, with Signor Gassier; and the quartet "A te, O Cara," from the *Puritani*, with MM. Ricardo, Ciabatta and Gassier, she was alike successful. Mdlle. Enequist, the Swedish singer, introduced two National Songs, "Gottland visa" and "Polska from Dalarne," and was encored in the latter. Herr Reichardt introduced a new song of his own, "Eine Thrane" (a Tear), so admirably as to earn golden opinions. There were many other good points in the programme, but our readers must be satisfied with our adding that Herr Blumenthal's performance of his own "Les Bohemiens" was greatly admired. Messrs. F. Berger and Ganz were the conductors.

Miss Fanny Partridge, a contralto, not often heard in public, gave a *Soirée* at her residence in York Place, Portman Square, on Tuesday last. The lady is evidently patronised by the "Upper ten." Her concert was given "under distinguished patronage" and her rooms were crowded by a very brilliant company. Miss Partridge sang the air from the *Messiah*, "Oh thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," and the cavatina, "Vivi tu," from *Anna Bolena*. No audiences are so eccentric

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as fashionable audiences. The air from the *Messiah*, written for a cont-alto, suited Miss Partridge's voice and was well sung. "Vivi tu," was written for Rubini, a tenor. Nevertheless, the former created no effect and the latter was encored. In addition Miss Partridge took part of a duet by Mercadante with Mr. Renwick; of Rossini's duet 'Mira la bianca luna" (written for soprano and tenor), with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; and of Bishop's trio, "Sleep, gentle lady," with Miss Eleonora Wilkinson and Mr. Renwick. Miss Fanny Partridge is, we understand, a pupil of Signor Garcia. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was encored in Adolph Adam's Variations on "Ah! vous dirai je, Maman," when she substituted a new song by Herr Oberthur, with harp *obbligato*—a "palpable hit." Miss E. Wilkinson introduced Siebel's song "Le Parlate d'amor" (*Faust*), which we do not think exactly suited to a concert-room. Mr. Renwick deserves a word of especial praise for his singing in the sentimental romance, "A tanto amor," from the *Favorita*. The instrumental performances were supplied by Miss Clara Gottschalk and Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte), Herr Oberthur (harp), and M. Lemmens (harmonium). Mdlle. Gottschalk played Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* and Gottschalk's caprice "Printemps d'Amour"—the latter being decidedly the best performance. Herr Ganz performed one of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, and his own *Mazurka de Concert*, called "Vogliana," the latter creating a marked sensation, being a striking and pleasing composition, and capitally played. Herr Oberthur's duo upon airs from the *Huguenots* for pianoforte and harp, executed by the composer and Herr Ganz, was a fine performance, and much applauded. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was conductor.

Miss Kate Morrison, pupil of Professor Bennett, gave a concert on Monday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. The following artists assisted:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Austin, Mr. Willbye Cooper, and Mr. Chaplin Henry (vocalists); Mr. Burnett (violin), M. Petit (violoncello), and M. Lemmens (harmonium), instrumentalists. The concert-giver, being a pupil of Professor Bennet, of course played chiefly classical pieces, opening her programme with a very clever reading of Beethoven's trio in G major (op. 1. No. 2). She also played a gavotte by Bach, one of the "Moments Musicales" of Schubert, a "Tema con variazioni" of Professor Bennett, Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* and his "Tema con variazioni," fantasia "Victoria," by M. Kuhe, and duet for pianoforte and violoncello (with M. Pettit). In all these performances Miss Kate Morrison showed herself a worthy pupil of a celebrated master. Madame Sherrington pleased exceedingly by her skilful execution of some variations on "Sul Margine d'un rio," altered by M. Lemmens from Pucitta, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang "La mia Letizia," from *I Lombardi*, in his best style. A new contralto, Miss Austin, made a very favourable impression by her singing in Signor Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (*Huguenots*) and Mr. Chaplin Henry gave Herr Formes', "In Sheltered Vale," and M. Lemmens played some solos on the harmonium in masterly style. Mr. Aguilar accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte. The room was filled with a very elegant company.

Mrs. Merest (late Maria B. Hawes) gave her first *soirée* last Friday week, at her residence, Adelphi Terrace. The greater portion of the first part was devoted to pieces in which the words of Shakspeare were set to music. "She never told her love," (Haydn) and "If music be the food of love." (Clifton) were chastely and expressively sung by Mrs. Merest, who obtained a rapturous encore (the only one of the evening, and that at the end of the concert) in her own ballad, "The charm is broke that bound me." Mdme. Weiss sang with good effect Arne's "Where the bee sucks," and, later in the evening, Mr. J. L. Hatton's song, "The lark now leaves his nest." The glees were, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," sung by Mdme. Weiss, Mrs. Merest, Messrs. Viotti Cooper and Winn, most charmingly; and "Ye spotted snakes," by Miss Charlier, Mrs. Merest, Messrs. Cooper and Winn. Mdme. Lemmens sang two songs, "Ah, quelle nuit," from the *Domino Noir*, with brilliancy and point, and the "Blind boy," with earnestness and expression. In Mercadante's duet, "Di conforto," Madame Lemmens joined Mrs Merest. In Thalberg's fantasia for the pianoforte on "Home, sweet home," Mr. Henry Baumer proved himself to be as clever a solo player as he had shown throughout the evening an able and zealous accompanyist. Mr. Richard Blagrove played a fantasia on the concertina on airs from *Faust;* Herr Lidel and Mr. Baumer gave, with great effect, Mendelssohn's "Duo Concertante;" and both gentlemen joined Mr. Blagrove in Beethoven's trio in B flat (op. 11). Mr. Lazarus played, late in the evening, the new solo, "Traditions of Shakspeare," arranged for the clarionet by G. A. Macfarren. The next *soirée* is announced for the 20th inst., when Mdme. Arabella Goddard, with a host of celebrities, will appear.

Mrs. John Macfarren gave one of her "Evenings at the Pianoforte" on Friday, the 6th, at Chelsea, which attracted a large audience to the spacious Vestry Hall in the King's Road. The fair pianist's brilliant performance of several quotations from the great masters, and of some felicitous specimens of the modern bravura schools, was warmly appreciated and enthusiastically received. The pianoforte music was agreeably relieved by several vocal pieces sung with much taste and feeling by Miss Marian Walsh. The whole entertainment was most cordially applauded.

Mdlle. Georgi.—The *matinée musicale* of this accomplished young vocalist, whose fine contralto voice we have often had occasion to admire, took place yesterday at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mdlle. Georgi was assisted by her sister, Mdlle. Constance Georgi, a young vocalist with a soprano of charming quality, and likely, to judge by the talent she at present exhibits, to attain a high rank in her profession. The rooms were crowded with a brilliant audience. Fuller particulars in our next.

Uxbridge.—A concert was given last Tuesday week under the able direction of Mr. J. T. Birch, the accepted pianist of this town, and formerly a pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The band and members of the Uxbridge Rifle Corps, as well as several amateurs, assisted. The sum of twenty-five pounds was realised, and is to be appropriated to the fund in aid of sufferers from the recent inundation at Sheffield. Major Hilliard, at the conclusion of the concert, invited the artists to an excellent supper.

Leipsic.—In the last half of the winter semester, from January 1st, to March 19th, there were performed, at the Stadttheater, 28 operas, 7 farces, 7 tragedies, 10 dramas, 15 comedies and 27 dramatic trifles partly with and partly without music. The composers represented were Mozart and Marschner, 5 times each; Meyerbeer, 3 times; Weber, Wagner, Donizetti and Schmidt, twice each; Cherubini, Auber and Lortzing, once each. The revivals were *Der Vampyr*, *Hans Heiling*, *Don Juan* and *Prinz Eugen*.

Darmstadt.—Herr Neswadba, at present in Hamburgh, has been appointed conductor at the Court Theatre here, in place of Herr Schindelmeister, lately deceased. Her Steger, the tenor, who has been singing here, has just received from the Grand Duke the medal for art and science.

Brunswick.—Herr Zabel, the Ducal music director, has received from the Emperor of Austria the large gold medal with the half-length portrait of the donor.—*The Tempest*, with music by Taubert, was performed in celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary.

Amsterdam.—The Society for the Advancement of Music lately gave a performance of Anton Rubinstein's oratorio, *Das verlorene Paradies*. The solos were sung by Mesdames Offermanns, Froschart, Herren Schneider and Behr.

Dresden.—Dr. Gunz has made a favorable impression as the hero in *De Postillon de Longjumeau*.

Carlsruhe.—Madame Viardot-Garcia has appeared in Gluck's *Orpheus* and Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*.

Coburg.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has bestowed upon the composer Joachim Ruff the cross for merit of the Saxe-Ernest House Order.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 42—No. 24. SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864. PRICE {4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT OF "ROBERT LE DIABLE."

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MADAME HARRIERS WIPPERN.

HARRIERS WIPPERN, LIEBHARDT, CATARINA BERETTA; BETTINI, MARCELLO JUNCA, GASSIER, GARDONI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JUNE 11,

Will be Performed (for the First Time these Two Years) Meyerbeer's chef-d'œuvre,

"ROBERT LE DIABLE."

Scenic Artist, Mr. W. TELBIN. The New Costumes by Mr. S. MAY and Miss DICKINSON. The Opera presented under the Superintendence of M. REINHARD.

The following is the distribution of the parts:—Roberto, Signor GARDONI; Rambaldo, Signor BETTINI; Bertramo, Signor MARCELLO JUNCA (his first appearance in that character in England); Un Prêtre, Signor GASSIER; Alberti, Signor BOSSI; Elena, Mdlle. CATARINA BERETTA; Isabella, Mdlle. LIEBHARDT (her first appearance in that character); and Alice, Madame HARRIERS WIPPERN (her first appearance in England).

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

On this occasion, owing to the length of the Opera, the Doors will open at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

EXTRA NIGHT.—MARGHERITA, MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI.

On MONDAY NEXT, June 13,

"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

On TUESDAY NEXT, June 14,

"OTELLO" and "L'ILE ENCHANTEE."

EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 16,

"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA."

SPECIAL EXTRA NIGHT.

On FRIDAY NEXT, June 17,

"DON GIOVANNI."

MARGHERITA, MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI.

On SATURDAY NEXT, June 18,

"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

Conductor - - - MR. COSTA.

Commence at Half-past Eight.

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The Welsh Words by TALHAIARN.

The Music by

JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia).

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This Cantata was composed expressly for and performed at the Swansea Eisteddfod, 1863; and has already been chosen for performance at the Llandudno Eisteddfod in September next.

Subscribers' Names to be forwarded to Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia), 53 Welbeck Street, London, W.

MR. JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia) begs to announce that his GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Wednesday, June 29th, when will be performed (for the first time in London), his Dramatic Cantata, "LLEWELYN," by the following eminent Artists:—Miss EDITH WYNNE, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS, UNITED CHOIRS, BAND OF HARPS and FULL ORCHESTRA. Harps—Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. T. WRIGHT, Mr. CHESHIRE, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, &c., &c. Conductor—Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Principal Violin—M. SAINTON. Sofa Stalls, One Guinea each; to be had of Mr. John Thomas, 53 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W. Balcony, Half-a-Guinea; Area, 5s.; Gallery and Back Area, 2s. 6d.; to be obtained at the principal Music Warehouses, and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—The next Concert on Saturday Morning, June 18, at 3 o'clock. *Programme:*—Fantasia and Fugue—Mozart; Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor—Beethoven; Rondeau a la Suisse—Cipriani Potter; Two Melodies—Kate Loder; New Sonata, Pianoforte and Violin—Walter Macfarren (Violin, M. SAINTON); Lieder ohne worte (Book 4)—Mendelssohn; Deux Valses—Chopin; Rondo Piacevole—Sterndale Bennett; Selection—Walter Macfarren. Reserved Seats, 7s. 1 Osnaburgh Street, N.W.

MR. J. ASCHER, Pianist to H.M. the Empress of the French, begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Monday, the 27th June next, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. *Vocalists*—Madame PAREPA, Mdlle. ENEQUIST, Signor GARDONI, and Signor GASSIER. *Instrumentalists*—Mons. PAQUE, Signor ANDREOLI, and Mr. J. ASCHER. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT, Signor LI CALSI, and Herr W. GANZ. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; may be had of Mr. Ascher, No. 163 Albany Street, Regent's Park, and of the principal Musicsellers.

MADAME GRAUMANN MARCHESI and SIGNOR MARCHESI'S CONCERT HISTORIQUE will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, on the 21st June, at Three o'clock, when they will be assisted by the following eminent Artistes:—Mdlle. MARIE WIECK, Mons. G. PFEIFFER and Mons. WIENIAWSKI. For particulars apply to Messrs. Schott & Co., Regent Street; Foster & King, 223 Regent Street; and of Signor Marchesi, 3 George Street, Portman Square.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

LAST WEEK BUT THREE OF THE SEASON.

EXTRA NIGHT.—MARGHERITA, MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI.
On MONDAY NEXT, June 27,
"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

THIRD APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. ARTOT.
On TUESDAY NEXT, June 28,
"LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO,"
And the Divertissement, "L'ILE ENCHANTEE."

EXTRA NIGHT.
On THURSDAY NEXT, June 30,
"LE PROPHETE."

SPECIAL EXTRA NIGHT.
On FRIDAY NEXT, July 1,
"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

On SATURDAY NEXT, July 2,
"LA TRAVIATA."

LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

EXTRA NIGHT.
On MONDAY, July 4 (Last Time),
"DON GIOVANNI."

On TUESDAY, July 5,
"L'ELISIR D'AMORE" and "L'ILE ENCHANTEE."

EXTRA NIGHT.
On THURSDAY, July 7,
"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

On SATURDAY, July 9,
"L'ELISIR D'AMORE."

Commence at Half-past Eight.

Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

By Special Desire.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—EIGHTH CONCERT, Hanover Square Rooms, Monday, June 27:—Sinfonia in B flat—Beethoven; Concerto Violin, Herr Joachim—Joachim; Serenade and Allegro giojoso, Pianoforte, Mr. Hartvigson—Mendelssohn; New Orchestral Piece, MS. (composed for the Philharmonic Concerts)—W. S. Bennett; Overture, Jubilee—Weber. Vocal Performers—Miss Louisa Pyne and Dr. Gunz. Conductor—Professor Bennett. Tickets, 15s.; at Messrs. Addison and Lucas's, 210 Regent Street. *N.B.*—The Entrance by the Door in Hanover Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—JOACHIM and HALLE, at the DIRECTOR'S MATINEE (the Last of the Season), Tuesday, June 28, at Three o'clock. The Grand Septets by Beethoven and Hummel, and the Kreutzer Sonata, will be included, with Vocal Music, Pianoforte Solos, &c., in the programme. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Cramer & Wood; Chappell; Ollivier; Austin, at the Hall; and Ashdown & Parry. J. ELLA, Director.

PRIZE QUINTETS.—SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Umpires having awarded the Prizes, the Committee have the pleasure to announce that Messrs. J. T. Carrodus, W. Watson, H. Webb, W. H. Aylward and J. Reynolds have kindly undertaken to perform the successful Works, at 16 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collards), on Monday, June 27th, at Three o'clock punctually.

After the performance the letters of the successful Competitors will be opened and their names declared.

Professors and Amateurs will be admitted on presenting their cards.

W. GRICE, Secretary.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOM, HANOVER SQUARE.

A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, in AID of the FUNDS of the St. MARYLEBONE EYE INSTITUTION, will be given at the above rooms, on Wednesday, June 29th, 1864, to commence at Three o'clock. The following eminent artists have very kindly volunteered their services:—Mad. Parepa, Mdlle. Enequist, Mad. Weiss, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Santley (by the kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.) Mad. Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, Signor Giulio Regondi, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Boleyne Reeves. Conductors: Messrs. Osborne, J. Duggan, W. Ganz and Benedict. Royal Box, One Guinea each; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. To be had of the principal Musicsellers; of Mr. Moutrie, Baker Street, Portman Square; and of Mr. Payne, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

APTOMMAS'S LAST HARP RECITAL, Tuesday Morning, June 28th, at 16 Grosvenor Street (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard). He will play Weber's Concert-Stuck, Alvar's *Lucia* Fantasia and five of his own most popular compositions, in which he has been enthusiastically received during the season. 57 King Street, Soho, W.

ASCHER'S CONCERT, Monday Morning, June 27, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Commence at Half-past Two.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH begs to announce to her pupils, friends and the public that her FIRST MATINEE will take place at the above Rooms, on Thursday morning, 7th July, 1864, to commence at 2 o'clock, when the following eminent artistes have most kindly consented to appear:—*Vocalists*—Madame Parepa, Madame Weiss, Miss Florence De Courcy, Miss Lascelles, Miss Georgi, Miss Constance Georgi and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Giuglini, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Santley (by the kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.); Signor Ciabatta, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Sims Reeves. *Instrumentalists*—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard and Miss Schiller; Violin, Mons. Sainton; Violoncello, Mr. Edward Howell. Conductors—Messrs. Aguilar, F. Berger, Ganz and Benedict. Family Tickets to admit Three (Stalls), One Guinea; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. To be had at the principal Musicsellers; of Miss Helen Hogarth, 10 Gloucester Crescent, N.W.; and of Mr. Payne, at the Rooms.

June 29th.—UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

MISS KATE GORDON'S SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at Collard's Concert Rooms (by permission) on Wednesday, June 29th. *Artistes*—Miss Elhanora Wilkinson; Mrs. Merrey; Mr. George Perren; Mr. Renwick, Clarionet; Mr. Lazarus, Viola; Mr. Webb, Violin-attavisons; Signor Padovani, Pianoforte; Miss Kate Gordon and Herr Lehmeyer. *Conductors*—Mr. George Allen, Mus. Bac. Oxon., and Herr Lehmeyer. To commence at Three o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be obtained at the usual places, and at Miss Kate Gordon's residence, 82 St. George's Road, Warwick Square, Belgravia.

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AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

THE HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST,

MDLLE. AMÉLY BIDO, has the honor to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, on Tuesday, June 28th, by kind permission, at the residence of the Right Hon. the Marchioness of Downshire; on which occasion she will be assisted by Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Herr Fricke (from the Royal Opera, Berlin), Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Monsieur Paque. Conductors—Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Mr. Emile Berger. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be obtained of Mdlle. Amély Bido, at her residence, 19 Bedford Place, Russell Square; and of the principal Musicsellers.

JUNE 29th.—QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

Marchioness of Waterford.	The Lady Dormer.
Marchioness of Ely.	The Hon. Mrs. J. C. Dormer.
Dowager Marchioness of Lothian.	Lady de Rothschild.
Countess Paulett.	Lady Guendoline Petre.
Countess Charlemont.	Lady Maclaine.
Viscountess Dungarvon.	

MDLLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN, assisted by Mdlles. Liebhardt, Behrens, Borchard, Messrs. Reichardt, M. Smyth, Renwick, Van Noorden, Oberthur, Renfeldt, Signori Arditi, Randegger, Mr. E. Berger and Mr. Benedict, will give her ANNUAL CONCERT as above; to commence at Eight. Programmes and Tickets may be obtained at the usual places, and of Mdlle. Louise Van Noorden, 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

MR. IGNACE GIBSONE begs to announce that his SECOND MATINEE will take place at his residence, No. 2 Sunderland Terrace, Westbourne Park, on Monday, July 4th, at Three o'clock precisely, when several of his latest Pianoforte and Vocal Compositions will be performed. Mr. Gibsone will be assisted by Miss De Courcy, Miss Palmer Lisle and Miss Rose Milton. Single Tickets, 7s. each; to be had of Messrs. Cook, Hutchings and Co., Messrs. Ashdown and Parry, and of the principal Musicsellers.

MR. WILHELM GANZ'S SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on Thursday next, June 30, at his residence, 15 Queen Anne Street, commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock. *Artists*—Mesdames Parepa, Liebhart and Enequist; Messrs. Reichardt, Renwick, Benedict, T. H. Wright, E. Berger, E. and W. Ganz and Monsieur Levassor. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each.

MR. W. H. HOLMES and Mr. G. W. HAMMOND'S THIRD PIANOFORTE AND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT will take place on Saturday Morning, July 16th, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be obtained of Mr. Holmes, 36 Beaumont Street, and Mr. Hammond, 33 Beaumont Street, Portland Place.

SIGNOR CIABATTA begs to announce that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, THIS DAY (Saturday), June 25, to commence at 3 o'clock precisely. *Vocalists*—Mad. Grisi (her only appearance in London this season), Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Mad. Parepa, Miss Lascelles, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby: MM. Gardoni (by the kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Reichardt, Soliéri, Delle Sedie, Gassier (by the kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Burdini, and Ciabatta. Pianoforte, Mad. Accursi and Mdlle. Marie Krebs, Signor Andreoli and Mr. Ascher; Violin, Signor Accursi; Violoncello, Signor Pezze; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Harmonium, Herr Engel. Conductors—MM. Benedict, Francesco Berger, Pisbutti, Vera, and Vianesi. Sofa Stalls (a limited number only), One Guinea each; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at all the principal Music Warehouses; of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO—ARTOT.

(*Times—June* 22.)

La Figlia del Reggimento was given last night, for the first appearance (at this theatre) of Mdlle. Desirée Artot, who was received with much the same favor and achieved much the same success as at Her Majesty's Theatre a twelvemonth since. Why the name of Mdlle. Artot vanished from the bills of the Haymarket Opera, after she had only sung in three characters—Maria (*La Figlia*), Violetta (*La Traviata*), and Adalgisa (*Norma*)—was never satisfactorily explained; but at the present moment it was, perhaps, fortunate for Mr. Gye that her services should be at disposal. The departure of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca—solely and wholly for reasons of health, whatever the Berlin papers may have invented and laid to her account—not only necessitated the engagement of a singer to play the heroine in *L'Etoile du Nord*, but, as Mdlles. Lagrua and Adelina Patti cannot undertake everything, to find a substitute for Mdlle. Lucca in other operas. Mdlle. Artot, if not one of the most finished, is certainly one of the mort showy and energetic singers at present on the operatic boards. Her Maria, as a dramatic impersonation, belongs to what is not inappropriately styled the "demonstrative" school. A *Vivandière pur sang* to all intents and purposes, we are not surprised at her vehement dissatisfaction when her parent, the Marchioness, comes, unexpectedly, to snatch her away from her pet companions, and transport her to a sphere so utterly uncongenial to her habits. The same notion of the character is borne out in the second act, where the newly-imposed trammels of high life evidently vex Maria, and her disinclination to assume the attributes, moral and physical, of a fine lady is forcibly and vividly conveyed. This is, no doubt, the prosaically correct embodiment of the vivacious personage whom Donizetti, in his music, has, nevertheless, striven to refine, and in some sort idealize. Other singers (Jenny Lind, for example) have looked at it from a different point of view; but Mdlle. Artot may cite the very impulsive and graphic assumption of Sophie Cruvelli in support of her idea, no less than rely upon her own intuitive genius. As a musical performance Mdlle. Artot's Maria is remarkable for dash and brilliancy—though in the expressive parts, such as the leave taking of the regiment, she rather inclines to be over-elaborately pathetic, and to prolong indefinitely the assumed emotion. On the whole, the lovely melody, "Convien partir," has rarely been given with such slow and measured cadence, if as rarely with more studiously calculated "sensational" effect. Mdlle. Artot's reading of the tuneful and characteristic "Ciascun lo dice"—that glowing eulogium of "the worthy Twenty-first"—the only regiment (as the English translation apprises us)

"——— in all the town
To whom no inn denies to trust"—

is wonderfully spirited; and the same praise may be bestowed upon her bold and vigorous delivery of the *bravura* in the second act—in spite of the variations and preliminary flourish at the repetition of the exultant phrase, "Evviva la patria," which, clearly traceable to her instructress, Madame Viardot Garcia, partake rather of the exaggerations than of the legitimate style of that justly famous artist.

The lesson scene with the Marchioness (Act II.) affords Madlle. Artot an opportunity of displaying her command of florid execution in a *cadenza* composed of almost every variety of "*tour de force*," and seemingly interminable. Her acting in this situation, however, is so animated and life-like that a *cadenza* twice the length would be more or less endurable. But, without going further into detail, we may pronounce Madlle. Artot's *début* last night, at the Royal Italian Opera, a genuine and well-deserved success. Her performance, from beginning to end, was marked by a spirit and earnestness that never flagged; and—in the first act especially—she carried her audience triumphantly with her. The air "Ciascun lo dice" was encored, the "Convien partir" applauded with enthusiasm, and the descent of the curtain followed by a hearty and unanimous summons before the lamps—a compliment, by the way, repeated at the termination of the opera. Signor Neri Baraldi sang the music of Tonio extremely well; while Signor Ronconi showed (*for the first time*) that it was not impossible to pourtray the rugged and faithful Sergeant Sulpizio under a humorous aspect. The demeanour of this admirable comedian while Maria was bidding her plaintive "adieu" to the regiment of her affections—his attempt to master his feelings and to hide his tears—was as unctuously droll as it was natural and original. Madame Tagliafico played the "Marchioness of Berkenfield" (?)—as of old.

The *mise en scène* of *La Figlia* is irreproachable. Seldom has Mr. Beverley imagined a more picturesque *tableau* than the "rural scene in Switzerland;" never has Mr. A. Harris been happier than in the disposition and manœuvres of the "regiment." Nor do we remember on any previous occasion soldiers so really *like* soldiers, whether in costume or in deportment—from the Tambour-major downwards. The whole thing, indeed, is perfect. As for Donizetti's music—choral, orchestral, and solo—it is as fresh and charming as ever, and, strange enough to say, just as well suited to the Italian lyric stage as to that of the Paris Opéra Comique, for which it was originally composed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MARTHA—GROSSI.

(*Times—June* 21.)

Last night M. Flotow's *Martha* was performed, with Mdlle. Volpini as Martha, Signor Giuglini as Lionel, Mr. Santley as Plumkett, and a new *contralto*, Mdlle. Grossi, as Nancy. Of Signor Giuglini and Mr. Santley it is unnecessary to say anything. They have already this season appeared in the same opera. Mdlle. Volpini, however, is one of the most animated and intelligent representatives of Lady Enrichetta (Martha) that could possibly be desired. Her acting and her singing throughout were legitimate and good; and—to cite a single instance—her reading of the famous Irish melody, "The Last Rose of Summer" (Italianized into "Qui sola, virgin rosa"), was perfect in its unaffected simplicity. Mdlle. Grossi, the new *contralto*, has a voice, in musical richness of quality, almost without parallel since Alboni first enchanted London with her luscious tones (1847). As a singer Mdlle. Grossi has no present claims to be ranked in the same category with Alboni. Nevertheless, she has warmth of expression, considerable flexibility, and evident earnestness, which—combined with youth, a very prepossessing appearance, graceful stage presence, and lively qualities as an actress—justify a hope that she may eventually become an artist of the first class. She sang all her music well; but it was in the air of the third act that she was able to display her gifts and accomplishments to most striking advantage. Here the beauty of her voice—with its deep and mellow tones, always harmonious, because never forced—an instinct for well-rounded phrasing in the slow movement, and a certain "*laisser aller*" in the *allegro* ("Il tuo stral nel lanciar") produced an unmistakeable impression. The audience, taken by surprise, were doubly enchanted; and Mdlle. Grossi was unanimously encored. A new Italian singer of merit is a real boon to our Italian Opera; and it is long since such genuine promise was exhibited as by Mdlle. Grossi, who, coming unheralded by preliminary flourish, has a right to feel all the more proud of her success.

Although Signor Giuglini (for whom an apology was offered in doubtful English) omitted the favorite romance of Lionel, "M'appari tutt'amor," Mr. Santley made amends by singing the jovial apostrophe to beer ("Chi mi dirà di che il bicchier") twice; and the general performance of M. Flotow's lively music, under the able direction of Signor Arditi—in his particular sphere the mainstay of the establishment—was all that could be wished.

The first performance of *Fidelio* (Mdlle. Tietjens as Leonora) is announced for Thursday. It is to be hoped there may be no further postponement of this long-promised revival.

PAULINE LUCCA.

(*From the Times Berlin Correspondent.*)

What have they been doing in London to that capricious young lady Miss Pauline Lucca, or what has the Italian Opera come to if the insinuations of the Berlin papers have any foundation in fact? Insinuation is not exactly the word. Some of those journals deal, as usual, in terms more remarkable for energy than for elegance. On these it would be condescension to dwell. If we confine ourselves to matters of fact, as stated by the Berlin press, Miss Lucca was compelled to break her London engagement in order not to ruin her voice and her health. "The rehearsals lasted six hours; in the performances the parts had to be sung almost twice over by reason of the inconsiderate *encores*; besides this, the manager regularly hired her out to sing at parties—to say nothing of the detestation of everything German, especially Austrian and Prussian, which is now well known to prevail in London." Probably Mr. Gye does not trouble himself to read the Berlin papers, or he surely would feel crushed to the earth by this pile of charges brought against his management and his audiences. Another journal says that he stands wringing his hands and will not be consoled for the loss of his Lucca. She was partly induced to retire from the Covent-garden stage, says a third scribe, "by the bearing of the English towards Germany." On arriving in Berlin we learn, however, that she thought it advisable to consult three physicians, who have ordered her off to the baths for two months. Ten thousand thalers, we are further informed, is the sacrifice this disinterested songstress has made in order that the frequenters of the Berlin Opera-house, where she is engaged for life, may not suffer from the strain put upon her voice by the exertions of your greedy and unfeeling London audiences. Poor little Lucca, was ever anyone so ill-used and greatly to be pitied? Her Berlin admirers declare that if she has made a *fiasco* in London, it is because nothing that proceeds

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from the Prussian capital can at the present moment give pleasure in England. I doubt that your opera-goers are so susceptible, or that they allow their political partialities to interfere with their musical enjoyments. Through all the cloud of motives and imputations by which it is cought to cover her retreat from the London stage, the true reason has perhaps yet to be discerned. Certain foreigners who had had opportunities of judging at Berlin this German nightingale with an Italian name were surprised when they heard of her engagement as a *premier sujet* at one of our two great lyric theatres. If her musical qualifications passed muster, they yet strongly doubted whether her acting and general style would be approved by an audience so fastidious as that of our first opera houses. If it were necessary, in order to make France acquainted with Goethe's *Faust*, to turn that great poem into a sort of comic opera, it yet does not seem inevitable that the heroine should be transmogrified into a forward *grisette*. In days when the Italian Opera in London was certainly not less brilliant than at present it used to be held that the style and manner of a singer must not be less considered than her vocal powers, before an engagement was offered her, and it would be a pity if, under more recent managements, so good a rule should have been departed from. Although one may occasionally find a first-class singer upon the Berlin stage, as a whole it is most decidedly a second-class opera. What we shine in here is the *mise en scène*, and especially the ballet—romantic, fantastic, necromontic, panoramic, choregraphic spectacles which occupy a whole evening, and are sedulously followed by an indulgent public. The scenery is usually effective and well painted, and the music often pretty; the *corps de ballet*, which is not annually changed, but most of whose members are engaged for long terms, knows its business, and has an *ensemble* seldom surpassed—except, perhaps, at Milan, that great school of theatrical dancing. Such gorgeous pantomimes as *Elinor* or *Electra*, or that chief of all Berlin ballets. *Flick and Flock*—in which the adventurous brothers reach the bottom of the ocean by the assistance of the electric cable, and there dance quadrilles with gigantic lobsters, whose shells the property-man has thought it right to boil before serving them up—draw, so far as my observation goes, better houses than an opera, unless this be a special favorite, or adorned by stars of unusual magnitude. A. M. Niemann, from the Hanover Theatre, a remarkable fine tenor singer, who was here the other day, inspired a *furore*, and tickets for his performance were sold at twice or thrice their usual moderate price. But in general the Berliners seem greater patrons of good ballets than of operas indifferently rendered, and of this the example is set by some who make the fashion. If Miss Lucca, who is an *enfant gâté* here, has been unsuccessful in London, the highly favorable reception which the papers say has been given there to Madame Harriers-Wippern, in the part of Alice, may serve as a proof that in England, at least, individuals are not made to suffer for international discords.

REMINISCENCES OF MEYERBEER.

[The following sketch is from the pen of our excellent, (but of late very idle) correspondent, *Trovator*, who is at present, in addition to other literary pursuits, contributing to an amusing miscellany called *The Round Table*.—Ed. *M. W.*]

The most skilful of modern musicians is no longer living. The man who perhaps more than any other understood the art of making that splendid triumph of music, a grand opera, has for ever left the scene of his labors and his triumphs, and one of the few great composers of this age is already to us only a historical name. Meyerbeer is dead. He died on the 2nd of May, a little before daylight, at his hotel in Paris, from a disease of the intestines; and having been informed shortly before his death that there was no hope, he calmly gave orders about his funeral, and met his last moment with noble serenity. Knowing that he numbered thousands of friends in Paris, it is said he directed that his remains should lie there in state for three days, and then, by a certain fixed itinerary—the details of which he himself dictated—be conveyed to Berlin, the city of his birth, and the one which above all others he loved. It is not a really lovable city. It is flat and hot and artificial; but Meyerbeer was never weary of praising the charms which he deemed it to possess. His own residence was perhaps as pleasant a place as the Prussian capital contained. It consisted of a suite of rooms in a large building on the open piazza at the end of the famous avenue Unter den Linden, and near the magnicent Bradenburg gate. His apartments were on the second floor—the third, as we count floors in this country—and the abode of the world-renowned occupant was only marked by a small and simple porcelain plate bearing in neat letters the single word, "Meyerbeer." In these apartments we not long ago enjoyed the privilege of conversing with this remarkable man. He received his friends in an ordinary, square reception-room, and there would manifest the quiet courtesy and unpretending cordiality which marked his social life. To visitors from foreign lands Meyerbeer was peculiarly attentive, and he took a lively interest in American affairs. He was an admirer of Cooper the novelist, whose works he had read with great pleasure. He knew Washington Irving personally, having met him both in Paris and Madrid; and he was perfectly familiar with *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and other of Irving's tales. His opinion of President Lincoln was favorable enough to have suited the very warmest adherents of the Chief Magistrate. At the time of which we write, Adelina Patti had just appeared in New Orleans in his *Dinorah*, and he inquired somewhat anxiously about the abilities of the young girl who, a year later, was to become the favorite operatic star of Europe.

In speaking of musicians Meyerbeer was most generous, and set an example to his own adherents, many of whom considered that to admire his music it was necessary to depreciate that of other composers. There was none of this musical bigotry in Meyerbeer. He spoke highly of the Italian composers, Belleni and Donizetti, both of whom he had known personally, coming in for a large share of his sincere praise. In regard to Verdi, however, he was, to say the least, more reticent.

* * * * *

From the reception-room previously alluded to, Meyerbeer would take his musical friends into an inner apartment, very long, lined with bookshelves, uncarpeted, and lighted up by four windows which looked out upon the street. In the centre of this apartment, and on a platform raised about a foot from the floor, stood a grand piano, always open, and strewn with sheets of music and music-paper. Over the key-board, but at a sufficient height to allow free scope for a player, was a little desk, with inkstand and pens; and here it was that Meyerbeer composed his wonderful musical works. He was very industrious, and must have left a vast amount of unpublished music, for he showed the writer of these lines piles of bundles tied up in brown paper, which he said contained compositions which had never been printed—operas, oratorios, and cantatas.

* * * * *

As stated above, Meyerbeer loved Berlin, but much in the same way that Englishmen love England, for he stayed out of it as much as he could.* His position as chapel-master to the King of Prussia obliged him to live six months of the year in his native city, but the other six months he was engaged in praising Berlin—from the vantage ground of Paris. Death found him at the French capital, busily engaged in preparing for the stage his long-deferred opera, *L'Africaine*, of which so much has been said. It was a work by which he had expected to add largely to his reputation, and, after years of delay, he intended to produce it this summer at Paris. Its production, now that he is dead, will be attended with special interest.

While many of his Italian contemporaries gave to the world three or four operas annually, Meyerbeer spent eight years upon the *Prophète* alone. He spared no trouble, no pains to add to the effect of his operatic works. He made suggestions to the scene-painters and machinists. He tried chemical experiments to produce the most brilliant kind of light for a rising sun in the skating scene of the *Prophète*. He hesitated not to bring a goat on the stage to play with Dinorah, and bells and musketry are among the effects in the *Huguenots*. Yet these were only intended as decorations to the magnificent fabric of grand music first constructed.

If it is conceded that Meyerbeer has not the flow of melody of Rossini and other modern composers, it must be admitted that, whether it be from a combination of science, or what is carelessly termed "an inspiration," he has produced some of the most exquisite melodies existing. What can be more delicate than "Robert, toi que j'aime?" What more delicious than the pastoral love song in the *Prophète*, more sparkling than the dance music in the same opera, or grander than the Coronation March? What can be more passionate and effective in its way than the duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*? And what melody can haunt the ear more sweetly than Catherine's song in *L'Etoile du Nord*? In climacteric effects Meyerbeer was perhaps unapproachable, as the blessing of the swords in the *Huguenots*, the trio in the last act of *Robert*, with many other specimens, bear witness.

Meyerbeer's life was one of hard work, because he himself said it was work for him to compose. Rich from boyhood, he did not compose to make a living, but to gain fame, though his naturally economical habits added vastly to his wealth. Over thirty years ago—before many of those readers of the Round Table who think themselves mature men and women were born—the composer of *Robert* was famous. The early productions of his great operas are among the traditions of grey-headed opera-goers, and the singers who when his operas were first heard, were applauded as Robert, as Bertram, as Alice, as Isabella, as Raimbaud; as John of Leyden, as Fides, as Bertha, as Marcel, as

* Your pardon, excellent "Trovator"—that *is not* the way Englishmen love England. Dishley Peters.

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Valentine, as Raoul,—have all either retired from the stage, or preceded to the grave the great man whose compositions gave to them a temporary, to him an enduring fame. TROVATOR.

CONCERTS.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

The grand "morning concert" of the season took place on Monday, in St. James's Hall, and presented all its accustomed attractions. "Morning concert," by the way, is rather a misnomer for Mr. Benedict's annual entertainment, which rarely terminates earlier than six hours after mid-day. As, however, the materials of which it is composed are invariably the best that can by any possibility be obtained, it is more than probable that if the performances were to last till midnight there would still be a formidable minority in the room. During a residence in this country of nearly 30 years, Mr. Benedict has occupied a position which no musical emigrant, from Germany or elsewhere, ever occupied before, or is likely to occupy again. He came to England under the shadow of Malibran, and the glory of that departed genius seems still to hang over him. As a composer he was first known here by the pieces he wrote for Malibran. A more creditable passport could hardly have been shown; and its bearer has proved, over and over again, that it was not obtained under false pretences. Of Mr. Benedict's musical talent and acquirements it is wholly unnecessary to speak. Europe has endorsed the high opinion entertained by Carl Maria von Weber of his favorite pupil. But, independently of this, Mr. Benedict has possessed the secret of winning the universal good-will of his brother professors in this country; and while there is no one among us in his particular sphere more admired for his abilities, there is none more esteemed for qualities which cause a man to be respected, no matter what the field of his exertions.

The programme of Monday's concert comes fairly under the category of "monster"—a term invented by the late M. Jullien, but not often illustrated to such legitimate purpose. Of course the most interesting points in it were those in which Mr. Benedict himself was directly concerned—either as composer or executant. To begin from the beginning:—the first was the melodious romance from the last act of *The Lily of Killarney*, one of the most genuine operas ever composed to an English *libretto*. "Eileen Mavourneen" (we believe that is the original title of the song), translated into Italian, becomes "Figlia d'Erina;" and the melody, one of the freshest and most graceful of modern times, sounded just as agreeably to Italian as to English words. The singer was Signor Giuglini, who sang in his very best style, and was called upon to repeat the air. Next came *Richard Cœur de Lion*—a *cantata* composed for the last Norwich Festival, where it achieved a success that will long be remembered Worthy successor to *Undine*, this new *cantata* was described at length both in the reports of the Norwich Festival and on the occasion of its reproduction in London, at one of the concerts of the Vocal Association. All we have to record on the present occasion is the very admirable manner in which the principal parts were sustained by Mdme. Parepa (Matilda), Mdme. Sainton-Dolby (Urbain, the page), Mr. Santley (Richard Cœur de Lion), and Mr. Sims Reeves (Blondel de Neale). The orchestra, too, conducted by Mr. Benedict himself, was perfect. The chorus—that of the Vocal Association—was not quite equal to the magnificent body of singers at the East Anglian music meeting; but this was the only weak point in the execution—weak, it should be added, by comparison. The music of *Richard Cœur de Lion* loses nothing by closer familiarity. On the contrary, it gains; and the only regret is that a work so eminently dramatic should not have been composed expressly for the stage. Every personage in the story becomes a strongly marked individuality through the musical treatment; and the *cantata* is really much more of an opera than many compositions that virtually lay claim to the title. There was also a brief (too brief) selection from Mr. Benedict's charming little operetta, *The Bride of Song*—recently produced with such success at the concert of Mdme. Louisa Vinning. The pieces chosen were "My home in cloud-land," sung by Mdlle. Enequist (harp. Mr. J. Thomas); the martial air, "A trooper I was born," by Mr. Santley (cornet, Mr. Harper); and the graceful and ingenious terzetto, "My heart is beating," by Mdme. Vinning, Messrs Wilbye Cooper and Renwick. Add to these the vocal arrangement of the *Carnaval de Venise* (with Schulhoff's introduction), the peculiar difficulties of which were exactly suited to the very exceptional voice and means of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti; that most fanciful and elegant of pianoforte fantasias, on Arne's "Where the bee sucks," composed originally for Mdme. Arabella Goddard, who had the honour of performing it on the present occasion, and who played it in her most delicate, expressive and brilliant manner; and, last not least, the dashing fantasia on Irish melodies, called "Erin,"—written for the same lady, but now undertaken by the author himself—and we have named all the pieces from Mr. Benedict's pen which formed part of Mr. Benedict's programme. As an executant, however, the accomplished concert-giver further took part with Mr. George Osborne in an extremely well-written and effective duet, by that esteemed professor, for two pianofortes, built upon some of the most prominent melodies in M. Gounod's never-tiring *Faust*.

Of the remainder of the concert it is difficult to speak—impossible to speak at length. The overture to *Fidelio;* Mozart's "Ave verum" (by the members of the Vocal Association); the second air of Sarastro from *Die Zauberflöte* (Herr Fricker); the *bolero* from *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, by the Mdlles. Georgi (encored); a serenade by M. Gounod (Mdme. Vinning); Chopin's *Berceuse* for pianoforte, by "the young phenomenon," Master Fred. H. Cowen; with pieces of "Coop" (who is Coop?) and Litolf, by another very clever pianist, Miss Eleanor Ward (both pupils of Mr. Benedict): a duet, moreover, from *Falstaff* by Mdme. and Mr. Weiss; an air by F. Pixis, allotted to Miss Bettelheim; and the grand *soprano* scene from *Der Freischütz*—sung by Mdme. Harriers Wippern, and received with such favor that the German lady is not likely to complain of us (as Mdlle. Pauline Lucca *is said to have done*) on her return to Berlin—all preceded the *cantata* of *Richard Cœur de Lion*. But even with this unexampled "string of gems" added to the pieces already named we have scarcely half done with the prodigal banquet of harmony and melody offered to his patrons by Mr. Benedict. Signor Gardoni gave us the "Chemin du Paradis" (as usual "by desire"); Mdlle. Trebelli (accompanied by Signor Randegger) the quaint and original *chanson* of the old woman from M. Gounod's anxiously-expected *Mireille*; Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Mdlle. Volpini, Dr. Gunz (the coming Florestan), Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Trebelli, Mdme. Leschetizki, Mdlle. Enequist, Signors Bettini and Delle Sedie, Mdlle. Liebhardt, Miss Emily Soldene (Mr. Howard Glover's promising pupil), Miss Linas Martorelle. and the members of the Vocal Association a variety of pieces all more or less interesting, but to specify which in detail we have neither space nor inclination. Two performances, however, and those instrumental, *must* be mentioned. The first was a masterly *concertante* duet composed by Spohr, for two violins, without accompaniments. When it is stated that this was undertaken by MM. Joachim and Wieniawski, it is unnecessary to say how admirably it was executed, how it was listened to, or how it was applauded. It was the first time MM. Wieniawski and Joachim had played in public together; and to every amateur of the fiddle in the room it must have been a rare treat—the music of Spohr being as beautiful as the performance was irreproachable. The second was a violoncello *fantasia*, composed by Signor Piatti, and played (need we say how?) by the composer. The concert was to terminate (we presume it did, as Mr. Benedict invariably keeps faith) with the Wedding March of Mendelssohn. The conductors were Signor Arditi, Mr. Alfred Mellon, and Mr. Benedict himself. A more "fashionable" and brilliant audience was never assembled in St. James's Hall.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERT.

A more interesting and admirably miscellaneous concert of the "monster" species has, perhaps, rarely been held at Her Majesty's Theatre than that of Signor Arditi, on Friday sevenday. The band, chorus, and principal artists of the theatre assisted, besides Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, &c. The programme comprised a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—the introductory chorus and quartet, solos by Tietjens, Trebelli, Giuglini and Santley, "Cujus Animam" (Giuglini), "Quis est homo" (Tietjens and Grossi), "Pro peccatis" (Santley), "Sancta Mater" (Sinico and Trebelli, Gardoni and Santley) and "Inflammatus" (Tietjens, with chorus); Overture to *Leonora;* duet from *Roberto il diavolo* (Bettini and Junca); "Salve dimora" (Giuglini), "Le Parlate d'amor" (Bettelheim); and quartet (Sinico, Taccani, Volpini and Gassier) from *Faust;* "Batti, batti" (Volpini), and finale to first act of *Don Giovanni;* and the third act of *Falstaff* (Tietjens, Bettelheim, Junca, Gassier and Santley). These, however, made little more than half the programme. The first pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn, in G minor, was magnificently played (with orchestra) by Madame Arabella Goddard, who was rapturously applauded. Never did the young and richly endowed lady play the first movement with more vigor and fire, never sing the *andante* more divinely, never "carry off" the *rondo* with more lightning-like rapidity or exquisite neatness, the brilliancy of her execution in no way deteriorating from the beauty of her tone. Signor Arditi's *Canto Nazionale*, "La Garibaldina," composed expressly on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit to the Crystal Palace, was finely given by the chorus with orchestra and military band. Signor Arditi, moreover, contributed other pieces of his own, among which were three novelties. These were a *Grand Duo* for violin and pianoforte (written conjointly with Benedict), played by Mr. Carrodus

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and Madame Goddard, and received with unbounded applause; *Duo Brillante* "Il desio," sung by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mdlle. Trebelli (encored); and a vocal *Scherzo*, "L'Orologio" (Tic, tic, tic), piquantly delivered by Mdlle. Volpini. More familiar were his *Valse*, "L'Ardita," sung by Mdlle. Tietjens with wonderful spirit; his *Bolero*, "Leggero invisibile," by Mdlle. Volpini; the *Valse*, "Il bacio," introduced by Mdlle. Tietjens, at the end of *Falstaff*; and the *Romanza*, "Colli Nativi," exquisitively sung by Signor Giuglini. Other performances might be mentioned, but we must be content to add that the Mdlles. Georgi were encored in the duo from the *Diamans de la Couronne*, that Mr. Santley gave Signor Arditi's "The Stirrup Cup" superbly, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, to perfection. In short, this concert was eminently successful, and the zealous music director of Her Majesty's theatre may be congratulated on the result of his first appeal to the public.

ERNST'S CONCERT.

It is a pleasure to recall such an evening as that of the "Ernst" concert at St. James's Hall last week. Almost all musical London was there, either listening or playing, testifying in either case its sympathy and respect for a great artist whom a calamitous illness has kept for a time out of our sight. Out of sight, but not out of mind; for music such as Herr Ernst's is not easily forgotten. Herr Joachim's playing of the *Elegie* enchained every hearer by its eloquent tenderness. The mystic emotional power which can be made to flow from the strings of the fiddle is never felt more than when this great master plays, and it never seemed to flow more freely than when he was thus interpreting the conceptions of his brother artist. Music has dealt much with death—no art more grandly—but there are few death-songs to be found so tender, so impassioned, and yet so serenely hopeful as this *Elegie* of Herr Ernst. Hearing such music, one is reminded of what was the secret of his supremacy as an executant. A poetic instinct is breathed in every note, and the same instinct must have animated the hand of the player as well as the brain of the composer. Scarcely less impressive was the magnificent "transcription" of the "Erl King" in the masterly hands of M. Wieniawski. It seemed a complete dramatization of the wild legend. Herr Ernst's new quartet was listened to with genuine pleasure. The work leaves an impression of strength, compactness, and symmetry which bespeaks a mind and an imagination in full exercise of its powers. Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Meyer Dustmann, and Madame Leschetizki were the singers at this concert. We cannot quit the subject without expressing a hope that we may soon hear again some of the *Pensées Fugitives* written by Ernst and Heller. They are, "songs without words," of exquisite beauty.—*Reader*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Annual Choral Festival of the Metropolitan schools came off on Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, when, although the price of admission was raised to half-a-crown, nearly 20,000 were present. After deducting season tickets and the friends of the children who had free access, some 12,000 visitors may be supposed to have paid. The children numbered about 5,000, and, if all these had sung, the effect must have been extraordinary. In two or three instances, only, "Rule, Britannia," and "God save the Queen," for examples, the volume of sound was singular. The programme was divided into two parts, one devoted to sacred, the other to secular music. The choirs sang better in the last, their powers being occasionally overtaxed by the sacred pieces, especially Luther's "Great God! what do I hear and see," and the *chorale* from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* "We praise thy name, O Lord!" They were, however, encored in the Russian hymn, "Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing," and the chorus, "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Encores were also awarded to Mr. Martin's part-song, "Softly shines the pleasant morn," and the "Echo Chorus," from Locke's music to *Macbeth*, both of which were very effectively rendered. The echoes in the *Macbeth* chorus were from the Shakespere House, directly fronting the Handel orchestra. If the audience had had their wish every piece in this part would have been given twice; nevertheless, only those pieces vehemently demanded were repeated.

The Handel Festival Orchestra was completely filled by the young choristers, who, while never inattentive to business, took every opportunity of exhibiting the strength of their lungs. The band of the Royal Military Asylum (the Duke of York's School) performed between the parts two pieces with solos for euphonium and cornet, the solos being played by boys. There were other performances before and after the schools' concert. The proceedings terminated about seven o'clock, with a display of the Terrace Fountains.

MR. CHARLES FOWLER'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—Though Mr. Charles Fowler habitually resides in the salubrious and pretty town of Torquay, his name and reputation are not unknown to the world of London, as was evidenced by the crowd of fashionables who attended his pianoforte recital at the mansion of Miss Burdett Coutts, on Saturday last, when he was assisted by Mrs. Merest, Miss Banks, Signor Pezze, and Mr. Carrodus. The chief interest of the recital settled in the performances of the concert-giver, who, in the double capacity of composer and executant, excited the constant and hearty plaudits of the aristocratic audience. Mr. Fowler's own compositions were a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello; a grand fantasia on themes from *Der Freischutz*; a sonata in C minor for pianoforte and violin; and a *finale* and *tarantella* from a pianoforte sonata in E flat major. In addition to these pieces Mr. Fowler played a solo by Fumagalli on "a te o cara," known in England by the title of "Clarice," so that he had ample opportunities for showing his versatility, of which he made good use. Though not astonishing as an artist, Mr. Fowler plays with irreproachable ease and taste, neatness and graceful execution being evidently more his forte than brilliancy and *tours de force*. As a composer Mr. Fowler is somewhat ambitious; still this is a fault on the right side, and none of his works contains anything offensive to good taste, though they may not be sufficiently original in treatment to excite enthusiasm. All are pervaded by a genuine sense of melody, the second movement in the sonata in C minor being especially noticeable for this most essential quality. Mr. Fowler was very ably assisted by the artists associated with him, the vocal efforts of the two ladies pleasantly varying the performances of the male artists. Both Mrs. Merest and Miss Banks were in good voice, and the former, in her own ballad of "The chain is broke that bound me," sang with an amount of genuine feeling which elicited warm and deserved applause. The whole concert was a very agreeable one, though the noise of the street traffic of busy Piccadilly marred the more delicate *nuances* of the instrumental performances. Mr. C. J. Hargitt accompanied the vocal performances on the pianoforte with his well-known talent and effectiveness.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MORNINGS AT THE PIANOFORTE.—Another concert-lecture was given in St. James's Hall last Thursday, which brought the present interesting series of afternoon performances to a successful close. Mrs. John Macfarren exhibited her artistic appreciation of the composers she interpreted, no less than her complete mastery of the difficulties of the key-board, in the several pieces she played; but more particularly by her felicitous rendering of Beethoven's impassioned Sonata, familiarly called "The Moonlight," and by her delightful phrasing (despite the showers of brilliant arpeggios in which they are imbedded) of the cantabile subjects which occur in Prudent's "Lucia Fantasia." That rising young artist, Miss Emily Soldene, sang most admirably a charming setting, by Mr. Howard Glover, of some lines that Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Juliet, which well displays the composer's power of giving a further expression to poetry than words alone can convey. Miss Robertine Henderson sang Mozart's exquisite little song "The Violet," and Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "Mine and Thine" from the "Lyrics" with true musicianly expression, and joined Miss Emily Soldene in a duet from *She Stoops to Conquer*. The two last named vocal pieces were encored, and, in obedience to a very general demand, Mrs. John Macfarren repeated Brissac's caprice "The Babbling Brook." She was also re-summoned to the platform after her performance of Prudent's Fantasia, and the whole entertainment gave unqualified satisfaction to an elegant and crowded audience.

MR. W. G. CUSINS'S ANNUAL CONCERT (St. James's Hall) was, as usual, interesting. A capital orchestra, some fifty strong, played Bach's overture, or *Suite* in D major; the march from *Tannhäuser*; Mr. Cusins' overture to *King Lear and Scherzo* "Queen Mab,"—the overture being loudly applauded. Mr. Cusins played Hummel's *Introduction and Rondo*, "Le Rétour à Londres," and Thalberg's *Moïse*. After Thalberg's piece he was "recalled." Herr Lauterbach (violin) played the *Adagio* and *Rondo* from Kreutzer's 19th concerto, and M. Paque (violoncello), Boccherini's sonata in G, both with effect. The singers were Mdlle. Trebelli, Mdlle. Louise Liebhardt, Mdlle. Carolina Zeiss, Miss Fanny Armytage, Signor Gardoni, Signor Delle Sedie and Herr Gunz. Mdlle. Trebelli produced a great sensation in "Voici la saison mignonne," from Gounod's *Mireille*, and was forced to repeat it. Signor Gardoni sang "Adelaida" and "Le chemin du Paradis" in compliance with a unanimous request. Dr. Gunz, gave the air from *La Dame Blanche*, which he had already introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts, Mdlle. Liebhardt sang Mendelssohn's "O jugend, O Schoene

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Rosetzeit" and Abt's "Vögelein in Tannenwald" (composed expressly for her). Mdlle. Carolina Zeiss essayed the *cavatina* from *I Due Foscari*—"Tu al cui sguardo." Furthermore, the Orpheus Glee Union introduced two part-songs, "Three fishers went sailing" and "As the sunshine to the flower,"—both composed by Mr. Cusins, and both well received. The "Three fishers" created a sensation. The concert was under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mdme. Puzzi's Concert.—A well-varied programme interpreted by some of the most accomplished singers and players of the day and a brilliant and crowded audience as usual distinguished the concert of Mdme. Puzzi, which took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was as brilliantly attended as any of its predecessors. The singers were Mdme. Parepa, Mdlle. Enequist, Mdlle. Louise Liebhart, Miss Banks, Miss Lascelles, Miss Susan Pyne, Signors Giuglini, Gardoni, Solieri, Delle-Sedie, Gassier, Fortuna, Frizzi and Ciabatta, and Herr Reichardt; the instrumentalists, Mr. Ascher and Signor Andreoli (pianoforte), Signor Pezze (violoncello). A genuine "sensation" was created by Signor Giuglini in the ballad from Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, "Figlia d'Erina" ("Eily Mavourneen"), which he sang with refined taste. Being encored, he repeated it, as a matter of course. "Figlia d'Erina" promises to be as popular with Signor Giuglini as "Tu m'ami" ("When other lips") from the *Bohemian Girl*. Mdlle. Liebhart also obtained an encore for a German *lied*. Other performances deserved particular mention, as for example Herr Reichardt in his new song "Eine Thräne," Signor Gardoni in "Le Chemin du Paradis," Mdlle. Enequist in two national Swedish songs, Mdme. Parepa, Miss Lascelles, Signors Giuglini, Delle-Sedie, and Gassier in the quintet from the *Ballo in Maschera*, "E scherzo ed è follia." Among the instrumental performances entitled to especial praise were Mr. Ascher's *transcription* of "Alice," and his *Rondo des Elfes*, both admirably played.

Miss Eleanor Armstrong gave a concert on Saturday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. This young lady—one of our most promising sopranos—selected for solos "Ah, non credea," a scene from *Stradella*, "Jung frau Maria," and Osborne's song, "The Merry Flower Girl." The air from the *Sonnambula* made a deep impression, and was indeed excellently sung—voice and style both exciting admiration. An attempt was made by the audience to encore the air, but Miss Armstrong modestly declined. M. Flotow's music—at least the music to *Stradella*—is not particularly well suited to the concert-room. The song of Mr. Osborne, on the other hand, was so pleasing in itself and given with such fine taste as to please universally. Miss Armstrong, moreover, joined Miss Lascelles, Messrs. Brewster Wylie and Patey in the quartet "Un si ben di" from *Rigoletto*, and Mr. Brewster Wylie and Mr. Patey in Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," both effective performances. The instrumental pieces were Wolff and Vieuxtemps' *Duo Brillante* for pianoforte and violin, played by Messrs. Adolph Ries and Louis Ries; *fantasia* on the violin by Herr Louis Ries; Duet for two pianofortes, by Messrs. G. A. Osborne and Lindsay Sloper; *fantasia* on the harp by Mr. Frederick Chatterton; and solos on the pianoforte by Herr Adolph Ries. The conductors were Mr. George Lake and Herr Adolph Ries.

Miss Marian Moss gave a *Matinée musicale* on Wednesday in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, assisted by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Mohns, Mr. George Perren and Mr. Patey (vocalists), Miss Agnes Zimmermann (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello). Miss Moss, one of Madame Sainton's cleverest pupils, showed how well she had profited by her instruction in her excellent style of singing "Angels ever bright and fair," Bellini's "Ma la Sola" (*Beatrice di Tenda*) and a ballad by Claribel, "Dreamland." The audience applauded each and all of these with genuine warmth. Miss Moss also joined in several concerted pieces; among others a duet from *Roberto Devereux* with Mr. George Perren, and a quartet by Signor Biletta, in which she was associated with Madame Sainton, Mr. George Perren and Mr. Patey. Madame Sainton was much admired in a song by Mr. Duggan, "To find thee sorrowing" (accompanied by the composer), and Mr. Patey was very successful with "In sheltered vale." Mdlle. Christine Mohns sang Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga," and some Danish melodies. MM. Sainton and Paque both won laurels—the former in his *Fantasia* on Scotch airs, the latter in a romance and *Tarantella* of his own composition. Miss Agnes Zimmermann played Beethoven's "Thirty-two variations" with spirit and artistic finish. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Mr. Deacon and M. Tours.

Myddelton Hall.—Miss Lizzie Wilson gave a concert at the above hall on the 19th ult., assisted by Madame Taccani, Madame Helen Percy, Signor Martini, and Signor Salviati. Madame Charlotte Tascher played two solos on the pianoforte in place of Mr. Van Noorden, who did not appear. Madame Taccani was encored in "Il Bacio," Madame Percy in "Comin thro' the rye," and Miss Wilson in "Far off in yonder vale." The concert was very successful. Mr. A. Mullen conducted.

A Concert Historique was given by Signor and Madame Marchesi at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday last embracing specimens of the old Italian masters from the period of 1600 to 1735. The concert was intended to illustrate "the origin and development of the air and the duet," and to this end selections were made from operas by Peri, Caccini, Rossi, the two Scarlattis, Carissimi, Cavalli, Stradella, Handel, and Pergolesi. Signor and Madame Marchesi were the vocal illustrators of this historical sequence and acquitted themselves in a highly artistic manner. Some instrumental music was introduced as a relief, amongst which was the *chaccone* of Bach played by M. Wieniawski, and Mozart's duet for two pianofortes, played by Herr Blumner and Mdlle. Marie Wiek.

The Late Charles Glover.—The widow of the late Charles Glover, a well-known composer of popular ballads, will have an evening concert, on the 28th inst., next Tuesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mrs. Glover is a daughter of the celebrated engraver, the late William Hall, and a sister of Henry Hall, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, and of Mark and William Hall, the well-known engravers. Mrs. Glover is a professor of singing, and one of her daughters (Miss Ravenscroft) will make her *debut* on this occasion. The programme includes the names of the Swedish vocalist, Mdlle. Enequist, Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Mdme. Weiss, and Miss Poole, Messrs. Cummings, G. Perren, Patey, Lewis Thomas, Carrodus, Ap'thomas, H. Banmer, and J. F. Barnett.

Miss Elizabeth Stevenson, pianist (a pupil of Moscheles), commenced a second series of classical pianoforte recitals on Monday last. The classical features were a fantasia and sonata by Mozart, *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* by Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor (The "Moonlight"), in all of which Miss Stevenson acquitted herself to the satisfaction of her audience, and showed herself a worthy pupil of the Leipsic Professor. Miss Stevenson was assisted by Madame Henrie, who sang Pergolesi's canzonetta "Tre giorni son che Nina," and "Le Parlate d'amor" (*Faust*) with taste and expression.

Which is Right?—The Chorus at the Lower Rhine Festival in Whitsun week consisted of 122 sopranos, 96 contraltos (including 13 boys' voices), 98 tenors, and 135 basses; total, 451. The orchestra included 52 violins, 18 tenors, 17 violoncellos, 12 double basses, 29 wind-instruments, besides kettledrums and organ. This is a very different arrangement, as regards proportions of voices and instruments, from that commonly adopted by our large choral societies. Which is right?—*Reader*.

Mdme. Grisi.—The only chance of hearing this renowned artist in London this season is at Signor Ciabatti's concert to-day. Our provincial friends will be glad to know that Mr. George Dolby has succeeded in engaging Mdme. Grisi for a provincial tour. Mdme. Sainton, M. Sainton, Mr. Patey, and Signor Mario will form the party, with Herr Meyer Lutz as the accompanist. The tour is to commence about the end of September.

Benefit Concerts.—Of the crowd of benefit-concerts which fills our musical calendar at this season a larger and larger proportion every year becomes interesting as showing something like an intelligent purpose. The dreary entertainments by which a few years back our resident musicians used to urge their personal claims upon the public have given place in a great measure to performances in which the music is at least worth listening to if the prices charged for it are rather capricious. The utter unreasonableness of the benefit-concert tariff, as compared with the average cost of the very same kind of music when obtained by means of regular subscriptions, is only one of the many confusions and absurdities incident to the present disorganised state of the musical profession. The practice of asking half-a-guinea for what everybody knows would be adequately remunerated by half-a-crown, if the listeners really *paid the money*, is a sort of mendicancy in disguise, a relic of days when music was a vagabond craft, humbly dependent upon such largess as it could get. Though it has now grown to be an artistic pursuit, doing its share of useful work for the community as honestly and steadily as the more matter-of-fact professions, it is still infected with this odour of vagabondism. It will get quit of the taint, no doubt, as it progresses towards a state of healthy independence, just as literature has done. Sixty years ago poets were more or less vagabonds. Begging guineas of great people as payment for lean subscription quartos was a fashion which passed away as literary people came to have healthy relations with the great body of the public. So we may hope that, as refined music becomes more and more a habitual enjoyment of the working world, and not a mere dawdling pastime for idlers, its professors may adopt a more manly tone, and find out how to get the fair remuneration for their labor without resorting to a system of shifts and fictions.—*Reader*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Chappell & Co.—Four Harmonium Pieces, by J. Lemmens.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH CONCERT,
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 27th, 1864.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MR. SIMS REEVES.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C, Op. 33, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI . . . *Haydn.*
SONG, "Total Eclipse" (*Samson*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES . . . *Handel.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON . . . *Cherubini.*
SONATA, in A, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Mozart.*

PART II.

DUET, "Mira la bianca luna"—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and Mr. SIMS REEVES . . . *Rossini.*
ELEGIE, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (by desire)—Herr JOACHIM . . . *Ernst.*
SONG, "Adelaida"—Mr. SIMS REEVES (Accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD . . . *Beethoven.*
NEW SONG, "A Grenade" (first time of performance)—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON . . . *Rossini.*
ROMANCE, "Salve dimora" (*Faust*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES (Violin Obbligato, Herr JOACHIM) . . . *Gounod.*
SONATA, in G, Op. 30, for Pianoforte and Violin . . . *Beethoven.*

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS (ST. JAMES'S HALL).—The EIGHTH and LAST RECITAL will take place on Friday Afternoon, July 1st. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. *Programme:*—PART I.—Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3—Beethoven; Prelude, Sarabande, Bourrées I. and II. and Gigue, from "Suite Anglaise," in A minor (first time)—Bach; 17 "Variations Serieuses," in D minor, Op. 54 (first time)—Mendelssohn. PART II.—Sonata in E minor, Op. 90—Beethoven; Study in D flat, Op. 90, No. 15—Heller; "Moment Musical," in F minor, Op. 94, No. 3—Schubert; Impromptu in A flat, Op. 29—Chopin; Scenes Carnavalesques (by general desire)—Schumann.
Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Ollivier & Co., Old Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 *Regent Street.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Errata.—It was Miss Robertine Henderson who sang so charmingly "My Home in Cloud-land" (Harp *Obbligato*, Mr. Aptommas) from Mr. Benedict's *Bride of Song*, at Victoria Hall, Bayswater, on Saturday evening last.

Notices of the last NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT. The concert of the Musical Society of London, and other important matters are in type and will appear next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

TIETJENS IN LEONORA.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—To achieve even tolerable success in a part like Fidelio demands gifts, physical and mental, of no common kind. It taxes to the utmost the resources, vocal and dramatic, of its interpreter—and this without a instant's intermission. Beethoven had little sympathy with singers, and paid as little regard to the capacities of voices; hence the enormous difficulties presented in his vocal scoring—difficulties, moreover, which, when overcome, are not seldom *caviare* to the multitude, leaving the deserving artist without a fair reward in the immediate acknowledgment and applause of the audience. But Beethoven must be regarded as an exception, not a rule. His genius, essentially dramatic and original, towered above conventionalities, and the ambitious singer who aspires to the approbation of judges would rather be raised up to Beethoven by entering into the spirit of his works, than win the *ad captandum* admiration of the crowd by pulling him down to an ordinary level. It is one thing to sing an Italian *aria*, another [to execute one of the pieces of *Fidelio*; one thing to give the music of Beethoven on its integrity, another to alter it in such a manner as to bring it within the province of mediocrity. Mdlle. Tietjens understands this, which in some measure accounts for her almost extraordinary success with the most arduous part in the lyric drama. To enter fully into the excellence of Mdlle. Tietjens' Leonora, it must be closely watched throughout. Leonora is almost always on the stage, and when not on the stage, always in the confidence of the audience, who listen with her to the wicked machinations of Pizarro, and sympathised with her on the miserable condition of Florestan. Not a scene, dialogue, or air, scarcely a speech or recititative, which does not in some measure advance the progress of the action and take us a step nearer to the dramatic climax. The labour of sustaining such a part with anything like efficiency may easily be comprehended. How much greater to realise, as Mdlle. Tietjens has done, the whole meaning and intentions of the author and composer. Mdlle. Tietjens's first scene before she has obtained the confidence of Rocco and before she has overheard the revelations of Pizarro, would alone proclaim her a consummate actress. The eagerness with which she listens to the gaoler in the hope of obtaining tidings of the prisoner, whom she suspects to be her husband, is touchingly beautiful. Her exhibition of horror and subsequent burst of resolution when the treachery of Pizarro has been disclosed is equally fine, and her acting throughout the grave scene poetical and masterly. I have remarked few touches of natural instinct more exquisite than when, hearing the unconscious Florestan speaking of Leonora, she checks an almost irresistible desire to rush into the arms of her husband and reveal herself. It is scarcely requisite that I should invite attention to the great points of the declaration to Pizarro and the drawing forth the pistol; these must strike everyone immediately. Nor is it necessary to point to the ardour, the overwhelming affection with which she regards Florestan throughout the subsequent duet—one of the most absorbing pieces in the opera. But when the task is accomplished and her husband saved, a more delicate stroke of histrionic art—one which might possibly escape all but the most absorbed observer—is the seeming prostration, mental and bodily, which has seized upon Leonora, rendering her, amid the fulness of her happiness, almost an apathetic spectator of what is passing around. Such a point could only have suggested itself to rare intelligence; and this, with others which I cannot stop to mention, shows Mdlle. Tietjens to be an actress of the highest sensibility. About her singing especially—her reading and execution of Beethoven's wonderful music—I shall, with your permission, say a few words in another letter. Enough at present to add, that had poor Meyerbeer been living to witness this new Fidelio, he would have claimed his "Africaine" on the spot and carried her away with him to Paris.

GROKER ROORES.

SIGNOR SCALESE.—We are glad to report that this excellent buffo has entirely recovered from the effects of his accident.

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MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent).

"Col tempo e colla pazienza tutto si fa," or, as the Chinese say, "In time, the mulberry leaf becomes silk." I would have couched the last adage in the original idiom, but, in the first place, it struck me that your intelligent printers, Messrs. Henderson and Co., might not possess the necessary type to set it up, and, in the second, even if they did, I do not know a word of the Chinese language. I trust these two reasons will be considered by you, O my respected Editor, sufficient to excuse, nay justify, my employing the vernacular of these islands in my quotation, which I introduced in reference to a certain Herr Niemann (Alfred), who lately commenced an engagement at the Royal Opera-house, in Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and achieved a decided success, though a few years ago, everyone here, critics and laymen, pronounced him a wretched stick. I did not hear him myself at the period of his failure, since which ten years have already elapsed, but learn from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* that the character he selected was that of Sever, in *Norma*. His voice was uneven and hard; his style unrefined and totally deficient in dramatic power; while his long spare figure was ungainly in the extreme. The impression he produced upon the management was not more favorable than that which he had created among the public, and he received a courteous but decided intimation that his services would not be required at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin. Upon this, Herr Niemann, (Alfred), instead of giving himself up to despair and blowing out his brains, adopted the very sensible course—a course which I would respectfully recommend to aspiring young tenors in general—of fitting himself by study and hard work for the position he yearned to occupy. Accordingly, he got an engagement at the Stadtheater, Stettin. There he made such progress that his fame reached the capital of Hanover. He received an invitation to go and sing at the Theatre Royal there; he did so and was engaged on very favourable terms. From Hanover his reputation travelled as far as here. The result was that a short time ago he made his *début*, as I have already recorded, as the hero in Herr Richard Wagner's rigmarole—I beg pardon, I mean opera—of *Tannhäuser*. Everyone who had seen and heard him ten years ago were greatly astonished at the change those ten years had effected, both in his personal appearance and in his professional powers. The papers, generally, pronounce him one of the first dramatic singers who have ever trod the boards. With this opinion I cannot agree, any more than I can concur in the universal belief here that Herr Wachtel is a great tenor, because he can hurl an *ut de poitrine* at your ears whenever he likes, which is pretty often. In fact his frequent habit of using that exceptional note always reminds me of the interview between Nicholas Nickleby and Mr. Crummles:

"We'll have a new show-piece out directly," said the manager. "Let me see—peculiar resources of this establishment—new and splendid scenery—you must manage to introduce a real pump, and two washing-tubs."

"Into the piece?" said Nicholas.

"Yes," replied the manager. "I bought 'em cheap, at a sale the other day, and they'll come in admirably. That's the London plan."

Herr Wachtel certainly patronises "the London plan," as far as his *ut de poitrine* is concerned, for he introduces it into nearly all his efforts, just as German confectioners flavour with vanilla most of the dainties which issue from their establishments. As, however, I am not, at present, chronicling the singings and doings of Herr Wachtel, but those of Herr Niemann, I may as well return at once to the last named gentleman.

Though I cannot agree with the general opinion of the press here that, as I said, Herr Niemann is one of the very best tenors that ever raised his voice behind the float, I think him fairly entitled to rank among the first-rate second-rates. I must say I like him, and besides that, I admire him for having by sheer hard work, and by the proper cultivation of his natural gifts, made his way to the undoubtedly high position he now holds. "O si sic omnes," there would not be such a plentiful lack of tenor singers in Germany, and, as a natural consequence, such a lamentable series of failures as I have witnessed of late years on the part of the *débutants* at the Royal Opera-house. Herr Niemann does not possess a very fine voice, but what voice he does possess he turns to the very best account. His pronunciation of the words, too, is exceedingly clear. Every syllable he utters is intelligible to all. This is a great recommendation. Herr Niemann's acting is exceedingly good, and much enhanced by a fine person and graceful, manly bearing. His Tannhäuser is, on the whole, one of the best I have seen and heard. Another "*Gast*" or visitor, Herr Schüller, sang and acted the part of Walter von der Vogleweide respectably. Herr Niemann's second part was that of Ferdinand Cortez, in Spontini's opera of the same name, or rather names, Christian and surname. I am aware what a purist you are, O my Editor, and therefore I must speak by the card. The other parts subsequently enacted and ensung by Herr Niemann were: Joseph, in Méhul's *Joseph in Egypten*; Lohengrin, in Herr R. Wagner's samely called opera; Max in *Der Freischütz*; and Johann in the *Prophète*. In some of these he sang more than once. His engagement has been most successful. All the time of its duration the houses have been crowded with admiring and enthusiastic audiences, who appeared indescribably delighted to find that the race of good tenors is not yet quite extinct in their native land—passed away like the mastodon and the dodo, like the genuine ripstone pippin, or the wine of Madeira. In fact, what with the impunity enjoyed by the Prussian government from any evil consequences for their conduct towards England, and what with the success of German vocalists in London, the worthy Berliners are beginning to occupy a very high position—in their own estimation. Being a man of a peaceable turn of mind, I should not like to hint, just at the present moment, to any male inhabitant of this capital that I did not believe Prussia to be the first nation in the world, but that—reflecting on the efforts she is compelled to make in order to keep her place as one of the "great powers" of Europe, and of the drag her enormous army is upon the progress of her people in intelligence and material well-being—I often thought of a certain "grenouille" mentioned by a certain La Fontaine, and which, after going through a vast number of spasmodic attempts to attain the size of a certain Bull (John?), of whom it was envious,

"S'enfla si bien qu'elle creva."

Indeed, to tell you the truth, I have lately heard so much about the grandeur of Prussia and the wretched state of decadence into which England has fallen, that I begin to grow nervous, and tc doubt exceedingly whether our Ambassador would be able to lend me any assistance in case I should get into trouble for having dared at times to speak in a somewhat depreciating tone of the Royal Operahouse. It is true that I do not append my address to my signature. If I did, I can assure you that a very perceptible change would be apparent in the tone of my articles. Perhaps that change would not be unfavorable to Teutonic *amour propre*. Though I entertain very profound respect for the vocation of a critic, and quite as much veneration for truth, I have no desire tc be included in some future Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. If, therefore, my pen should be indiscriminately lavish of praise during the present state of feeling of the people of this country towards England, perhaps you will be kind enough to drop a hint to Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson that they need not instantly rush off to Berlin to secure the services of any eminent singer I may happen to laud to the skies, but of whom neither they nor any one else ever heard before. I confess frankly that while willing to shed the

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last drop of my—ink, in the service of my MUSICAL WORLD, I have a foolish respect for my own safety—a respect highly inconsistent with the position of a newspaper correspondent in these troublous times, but extremely natural for all that. By the way: Since I last received a number of the MUSICAL WORLD I have changed my place of abode, and will trouble you not to send me any more numbers until further notice.

But to return for a moment to Herr Niemann. On the first night he appeared in *Le Prophète*, it was, also, the first time any opera of its great composer had been performed since his decease, and the management very properly seized the opportunity to pay a tribute to his memory. Nothing particular had been announced in the bills, but, after the conclusion of the fourth act of *Le Prophète*, the *cantilena* (with harp accompaniment) from *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* was heard in the orchestra, and the curtain rose, displaying to the audience Meyerbeer's bust, placed upon an eminence in the midst of a blooming flower-bed. On each side were living groups from *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète* and *Das Feldlager*. Opposite the statue stood the mourning Muse of Music, veiling the composer's features with a black veil. The audience were moved as well as taken by surprise at the spectacle presented to them. They all rose and remained standing until the descent of the curtain.

I have not much more to tell you about the Operahouse. The only item of news worth recording in connection with that establishment, and still remaining to be told, is the appearance and disappearance of Madlle. von Murska, from Pesth, in Donizetti's *Lucia*. Neither in a vocal nor dramatic sense was she able to please. Herr Adam—the American artist of whom I have already spoken in previous letters—was the Edgardo, but whether he did not wish to eclipse the *débutante*, or whether he was ill, he certainly did not distinguish himself on the occasion.

At Kroll's Theatre, there is an opera-company which is doing very good business, with the regular old operas, such as *Martha*, *Stradella*, *Der Freischütz*, etc., a tenor of the name of Böhlken being the great attraction. The Victoria Theatre will be opened on the 19th inst., for an operatic season, under the direction of Herr Woltersdorff, manager of the Königsberg Stadttheater. Among the operas to be represented are *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the comic opera, performed in Leipsic lately, and entitled *Der Abt von St. Gallen*. The composer is Herr Herter. The company will include the regular artists of the Königsberg Theatre, but they will be reinforced by Mad. Marlow, of Stuttgart; Dr. Gunz, of Hanover, and other singers of good repute.

I mentioned, in a former part of my letter, that the Berliners are very proud of the success achieved by their professional compatriots in London. In a very well-written and gentlemanly letter sent from London to the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, the writer says, among other things: "The present season must fill us Germans with just pride; I, at least, am strangely moved on seeing my compatriots occupy so completely the place where a few years since only full-blood Italians were permitted. Giulia Grisi was the last great representative of Italian dramatic singing. Her successors were merely so many dolls, and it was our fair German vocalists who were the first once more to show the public the power of the mimic art. Mdlle. Tietjens is well-known, and noticed frequently in my letters. Mdlle. Bettelheim, a young artist who has not been attached to the stage for more than a few years, has thrown the whole public into a state of enthusiasm; her first appearance was a triumph, and she became one of the favorites of the London public. Mdlle. Destin, also, pleased very much, and produced a particularly strong impression as Fides. * * * * Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, the spoilt little *prima donna* of Berlin, has sung the parts of Valentine and Margaret. * * * * She appeared first as Valentine, and that under the most unfavorable circumstances. Dr. Schmidt was ill, and Atri had to undertake the character of Marcel; the *débutante* was herself indisposed, and yet she worked up the audience by the fiery power of her passion; all her pieces were accompanied by most liberal applause. Even more admirable was her impersonation of Margaret; the press dedicated long and exhaustive articles te her, and I think I cannot do better than to quote the criticism in the *Times*. The critic of that paper exclaims with Goeth's Faust:—

"'Now have I studied Miolan,
And Tietjens and Sherrington,
And, hap'ly, also Lucca,
Throughout, with unremitting zeal,
And am no wiser than before.'

and compares the four representatives of the part with each other." The writer then goes on to give the opinion of the *Times* critic—that is to say, all that is favorable in his criticism, conveniently and discreetly omitting the rest.

Apropos of Mdlle. Lucca I read the following in one of the papers here:—

"The English have been severely punished by our *prima donna*, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, for their shameless attacks upon the Germans. She was once more in Berlin on Sunday, for she had fled most suddenly from London. She was most dissatisfied with her sojourn there. 'I am an Austrian,' she said, 'and engaged for life by the King of Prussia; I can no longer stop and hear the Emperor and the King, as well as all other Germans, turned into ridicule by this dreary nation; I will not sing you a note more.' Thus did she speak, and then suddenly disappear, after having, in three performances, raised the Londoners to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The performances, themselves, were, it is said, extraordinarily fatiguing, on account of the numerous rehearsals with the Italian artists, and the shameless system of encoring all the principal pieces—some of the latter being encored even two or three times. The consequence was that Mdlle. Lucca seldom reached her residence before 4 o'clock in the morning. 'I shall ruin my voice in your fog and coal dust, where you get a black nose from every flower you smell, and am I to stop and listen to your insults in addition to all this?' she replied. She had the medical certificates written out, after her arrival here, and sent them to her manager in London. She has gone to drink the waters for six weeks at Reichenhall, and abandoned all other intermediate engagements, in order to delight the Berliners with her singing a month sooner than she otherwise would have done. By her patriotic resolution, Mdlle. Lucca loses a considerable sum, as she was engaged for several more performances in London. The performances, too, which it was already settled she was to give there next year will come to nothing."

There! If the above does not make your hair stand on end, I do not know what would! I suppose all the inhabitants of the great metropolis are trembling in sackcloth and ashes and regretting the attacks which caused them to be "severely punished by our *prima donna*, Madlle. Lucca." It is bad enough for them to live in such an atmosphere that even the act of sniffing a flower bestows a black nose upon them; but when in addition to this they are actually deserted by Madlle. Lucca, their lot is indeed a hard one. I need not say, I presume, that the patriotic *prima donna* will be the idol of the Berliners whom she is going to "delight with her singing a month sooner than she otherwise would have done," and I sincerely trust she will think it her duty to intercede for such un-patriotic Germans as Madlle. Tietjens, Mad. Harriers-Wippern, Madlle. Bettelheim, Madlle. Destin, Herren Joachim, Lauterbach, Schmidt, etc., who have failed to display in their movements the same sudden tendency homewards as she did, and have remained in the midst of that "dreary nation" which so much excites Madlle. Lucca's ire. Really, I blush for my country! All throughout, the poor young lady seems to have been treated in a very shocking manner. Fancy anyone having the impertinence to encore her! No wonder she could not reach her residence till 4 o'clock in the morning. By the way, I am glad she mentioned the fact of these encores as well as of the great number of rehearsals. Had she not done so, I could not have satisfactorily accounted for

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the very un-young-ladylike hour of the morning at which she dragged her weary limbs to her own doorstep, unless, indeed, on the supposition that she had fixed her quarters at Birmingham or Plymouth and took the night mail train every evening after she had finished her performance. Thank goodness! she is, once more in her dear Fatherland, and I trust that the waters she has gone to imbibe will entirely repair any ravages which the coal-laden air of London and the brazen faced system of encores patronised by its inhabitants, may have made in her voice. I trust that—but no!—I can write no more this week! I am too much agitated with a host of conflicting emotions: sorrow, shame, indignation, terror and despair! I must, for the present, retire within myself and decide whether I ought not to leave Berlin and Germany for ever! I shall never be able again to confront, far less to address, and still more far less to criticise the innocent creature England has used so badly. No! I do not think I *can* remain here—unless at a considerably increased salary. I will reflect seriously over this alternative, and perhaps you will do the same. I shall await with anxiety any reply—or advance—you may choose to make me, and now add merely VALE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Huguenots* was repeated.

On Monday *Marta* was reproduced, for the "*rentrée*" of Mdlle. Volpini and the first appearance in England of Mdlle. Grossi. Mdlle. Volpini's Lady Enrichetta, a lively, clever, and thoroughly natural performance, which could not fail to please, pleased accordingly. Mdlle. Grossi, who played Nancy, possesses one of the richest and most beautiful *contralto* voices that Mr. B. B. can remember. She is, moreover, easy and graceful as an actress, though at present incomplete as a singer. With youth, however, in her favor, she may gradually acquire (if she is studious and perseverant) all that is now wanting; and then——and then—what then?—Mr. B. B. positively does not know. Mr. Santley is the best and heartiest of Plumketts, both musically and dramatically; Sig. Giuglini the most sentimental and silver-voiced of Lionels—so silver-voiced and sentimental that Mr. B. B. was angry with him for omitting "M'appari tutt'amor." Sig. Bossi played Lord Tristan; and the performance was altogether an agreeable one (see another column).

On Tuesday, the *Huguenots* again—Tietjens "in fine voice and play."

On Wednesday (thanks to Harriers-Wippern, who is less "patriotic" than Pauline Lucca—little spoiled Pauline) *Robert le Diable* was given for the third time, and with the same success. Moreover, Herr Fricke (Signor Fricca) sang for the first time this season, and took the grimly part of Bertram. Herr Fricke has a tall and commanding person.

On Thursday the long-promised *Fidelio* was performed before a crowded and very musical audience, achieving a brilliant and legitimate triumph. Madlle. Tietjens was Leonora, Dr. Gunz (from Hanover) Florestan, Madlle. Liebhardt Marcellina, Signor Bettini Jacquino, M. Junca Rocco, M. Gassier Pizarro, and Mr. Santley the Governor. The performance generally was too excellent and the Leonora of Madlle. Tietjens in every respect too remarkable to be dismissed in a brief notice. Mr. B. B. must, therefore, be satisfied at present with adding that the dramatic masterpiece of Beethoven was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, and that since she first appeared before a London audience, Madlle. Tietjens has never obtained so great and legitimate a success. The opera is to be repeated this evening.

BUTCHER BAKER.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Faust e Margherita* again. Oh that Margaret! Oh that Gretchen! Oh that Adelina! (Oh that Mario!) The town talk—and a fair theme!

On Monday *The Barbiere*—in which Mdlle. Nantier Didiée, very courteously, with sisterly artistic feeling, and extreme ability (as she had already done, the previous Friday, in Zerlina) replaced Mdlle. Patti as Rosina.

On Tuesday *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with Mdlle. Desirée Artot (her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera) as Maria, Sig. Neri Baraldi as Tonio, and (pleasant to relate) Ronconi as Sulpizio (see another column).

On Thursday *Don Giovanni*—with Mdlle. Nantier Didiée, again, as Zerlina. Last night *Faust e Margherita*. To-night the second performance of *La Figlia*. (With many apologies for brevity, added to the welcome piece of news, that Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*,—MARIO,—Ronconi and Adelina Patti, in the three chief characters, is in preparation,— BAKER BUTCHER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OUR NATIONAL OPERA.

SIR,—Whether our National Opera be under the wing of the English Opera Association, or of the Opera Company, is of little moment, provided that it have the true character given to it. We do not want a National Opera made subservient to the aggrandisement of two vocalists or two music publishers. (The special delight, may I remark, of all these is an opera cram full of taking ballads.) The directors of the late English Opera Association laid particular stress upon the fact that there were no professional names on the directorate. When I read in the columns of the *Musical World* that the balance in the hands of the directors was so little as £231, I wondered how it would have commenced business in October, and it occurred to me, that should a similar contingency be the fate of the Opera Company, probably the firm which announced themselves proprietors of a new comic opera, by Mr. Balfe, might place such opera at the disposal of the directors, and as I learn that another eminent composer is engaged on an opera for another eminent firm, I conclude a similar desire to advance the cause of our "National Opera" might induce similar disinterestedness. But this is not what we want, sir; a National Opera in the hands of the music publishers would be as objectionable as a recurrence to the Pyne and Harrison management. The object is the establishment of an opera-house in which a class of music much superior to that which has of late been obtained shall be encouraged. We want to have operas impartially chosen by the directors, according to the amount of talent and musicianship displayed in them, care being taken also that such operas have the elements of success with the public in them. Now, the most successful of the English operas produced of late years were *Robin Hood* and the *Puritan's Daughter*. The libretto of *Robin Hood*, founded on an English tale, was singularly clear and easy to follow, and was not so overburthened with out-of-place ballads as its predecessors. It was not necessary that the audience should bother themselves with books of *Robin Hood*, they had merely to look on the stage and listen to the music to understand the whole thing. Words and music went hand in hand, and a great success was accomplished. Almost the same, word for word, might be said of the *Puritan's Daughter*. How puzzled, on the other hand, must numbers have been when witnessing a performance of *Love's Triumph* to distinguish between Miss Pyne, the princess, and Miss Pyne, the peasant, or pained to observe the uncomfortable situation of Messrs. Harrison and Corri, whilst those gentlemen stood listening to the two long bravura scenas, utterly unnecessary to the plot, though given it must be acknowledged with most unaccountable skill by the untutored Indian maiden, the Desert flower. We want lots of operas like *Robin Hood*, and no more of the *Desert Flower* character. We want Wallace and Balfe without any dilution by means of Fitzball, Pyne, Harrison and Co., &c. We cannot be badly off with even two such librettists as Mr. John Oxenford and Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, and we know that if let alone all of our composers can do better things than they have done of late. English opera has a chance, I firmly believe, and can support itself I firmly believe, but if it has dealings with outsiders another failure will have to be recorded.

R. W. C.

SIR,—I regret that the notice of our last Pianoforte Quartet Matinée (9th inst.) should have been headed "Mr. Henry Baumer's third matinée," instead of "Pianoforte Quartet Association." I am much obliged for the kind notice which was given, which was gratifying to all parties concerned in the performance, and I merely mention this because it may be scarcely considered fair to my colleagues that their names should not appear in conjunction with mine at the heading of the affair. We can fairly call ourselves an Association, having given four matinées together for three seasons; obtaining subscribers together, arranging the programmes together, (that each member may take an equal part,) rehearsing together, and dividing the spoil. The third matinée was altogether not one that would be likely to be given by a pianist, as, with the exception of the Schumann quartet, the most important pieces in the programme were, a *violoncello concerto*, by Molique, and a new *stringed quartet* (MS.) by Baetens. Trusting you will find room for an equally gratifying notice of our fourth and last matinée (June 30),

I remain, with thanks, obediently yours, HENRY BAUMER.

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MUTTONIANA.

Dr. Shoe informs Mr. Pontifex Fouracres that communications declined by the Editor cannot be hung on the wire of Mr. Ap'Mutton. Professor Post has invited Dr. Shoe to insert, "A good plea for Monster Concerts,"—a paper in the form epistolary of his most recent composition. Dr. Shoe complies with the request of that Professor :—

Sir,—Signor Arditi gave a superb concert on Friday morning at Her Majesty's Theatre, one which included several fine works belonging to various schools and periods of art, with nearly every performer of celebrity at present in London. There are persons who condemn this class of entertainment, of which Mr. Benedict and Mr. Howard Glover have provided us with so many specimens. These so-called (to use the slang of the day) "monster concerts" have been sneered at as tasteless things, showing a barbaric profusion of merit, a "wild heap," and confused mass of musical wit, which makes no distinct impression on the memory, and leaves nothing but satiety and indigestion behind. We can very well understand the *blasé* critic and constant frequenter of concert-rooms being teazed and irritated by the multitudinous appeals to their very somnolent sympathies which must necessarily be made in so comprehensive an entertainment as Signor Arditi's; but the feeling of the general public upon this subject is widely different, and however the sense of order and consistency supposed to regulate the artistic judgment of the "judicious few" may be offended by what they please to term an "olla podrida" of music, the many are still attracted and delighted by concerts which afford them the opportunity of hearing in a few hours all, or nearly all, the finest artists known to fame.

And surely it ought to be something, even for the *connoisseur* of severest taste, to hear such executants as Tietjens, Lemmens-Sherrington, Trebelli, Harriers Wippern, Bettelheim, Volpini, Madame Arabella Goddard, Giuglini, Gardoni, Gassier, and Santley, besides others of the same order, if not the same degree of merit, with a fine band and admirable chorus, employed in one concert upon such monumental works as those of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer, the poetical conceptions of Gounod, the masterly music of Molique, the vivid dramatic colourings of Nicolai, or the brilliant melodies of Arditi Choice gleanings from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Gounod's *Faust*, Nicolai's *Falstaff*, with Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor, played by a consummate artist like Madame Arabella Goddard, and Beethoven's colossal overture to *Leonora*, executed by one of the finest bands ever heard in this country, ought surely to be enough to dignify a concert of the most mixed character; and it was of these, and such as these, artistic excellences that Signor Arditi's splendid entertainment consisted. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Willington Street, June 23. M. Post.

Dr. Shoe is exactly of the opinion expressed by Professor Post. He (Dr. Shoe) attended the concert of Signor Arditi—also that of Mr. Benedict—also that of Mr. Howard Glover—and was extremely pleased at each. He hopes to attend many more such concerts.

A Reader of *Muttoniana*, who heard the same concerto which Mr. Pauer played at the last Philharmonic (old), asks Dr. Shoe whether Dr. Shoe heard the same concerto played by Mr. Charles Hallé some years ago at the same Philharmonic (old). Dr. Shoe remembers the hearing well, and, furthermore, the rhyme which he composed on the occasion and put into the album of a certain pretty young lady. Here is the rhyme :—

There was an old pianist called Hallé,
Who said—"Let's have no shilly-shally;
For Beethoven in G
There's no other than me;
As to Pauer, he's a 'taw' to an 'alley.'"

Dr. Shoe was also, the other day, at Dr. Ella's Musical Union, where he respectfully heard Jael—after which he composed the following brace of rhymes :—

There was an old pianist called Jael
Who thrashed the keyboard like a flail;
When up got John Ella,
And said—"My dear fella'!
"Play soft, or I'll send you to jail."

There was an old key-thumper, Jael,
Who made all his audiences quail;
They said it was thunder;
But this was a blunder—
For there's nothing electric in Jael.

Dr. Shoe is happy to inform the countless readers of *Muttoniana* that Mr. Ap'Mutton, during his sojourn off Heligoland (he resided in his own smack) has not been idle. On the contrary he has been laboriously diligent. By last mail Dr. Shoe received a rhyme composed by Mr. Ap'Mutton, which he at once and respectfully lays before the readers of this column :—

There was an old dinner of whitebait,
From which, if you sat down a light weight,
You got up a heavy,
Unable to chevy
The girls on the "Pavé de Whitebait."*

Dr. Shoe respectfully calls attention to the foot-note. Mr. Ap'Mutton also witnessed the naval engagement between the Kearsage and Alabama (read Alabama first), having gone seawards. After the engagement Mr. Ap'Mutton invited Captain Semmes to dine in his smack, but the letter did not reach that captain.

Pips from Punch.

Mr. Punch presents his hearty compliments to Dr. Shoe, and takes the liberty of soliciting the favor of obtaining the insertion of four prose epigrams, which have already appeared in his (Mr. Punch's) sheet, but for which he (Mr. Punch) is solicitous of the far wider circulation of *Muttoniana*.

P.S.—Mr. Punch has the honor of being an intimate friend of Mr. Ap'Mutton.

85 Fleet St., *June* 24.

With regard to three of the epigrams, Dr. Shoe willingly consents—the more willingly inasmuch as he has no option in the matter, which the subjoined letter of recommendation (marked "private," but now by Dr. Shoe made public) will show :—

(*Private.*) *June 1st—Smack—off Heligoland.*

Dr. Shoe,—Whatever Punch sends, in my absence, insert—good or bad. Yours ever. Ap'Mutton.

P.S.—How's Pidding's toe?

Here are three of the four epigrams :—

I.

At the Opera.—"Oh, that dear duck, Mario, how like a nightingale he sings!" exclaimed a gushing girl the other night to Lord Dundreary, "W-well, no, I c-can't see that p-p-precisely," said his Lordship, "if any fella's like a n-n-nightingale, it must be Jug-jug-lini!"

II.

Bishop Tamberlik.—It is rumoured that Signor Tamberlik is to be created an Italian Bishop, with a see in alt.

III.

Leah.—The Great *Leah* Bateman has left us: let us console ourselves with a Greenwich dinner, and the little White Bait, man.

The fourth epigram—"Hercules on the Fiddle"—Dr. Shoe declines for reasons which he will be ready to explain to Mr. Ap'Mutton on that gentleman's (speedy, Dr. Shoe hopes) return.

Taylor Shoe.

Boot and Hook, Shoesbury, June 24.

ADELINA PATTI'S MARGARET.

(*From "The Reader."*)

'Adelina Patti as Margaret, the fifth Margaret seen by London opera-goers, would be a tempting text for a long æsthetic discourse; but we feel that it would be almost profanation to dissect an impersonation of such transcendent beauty. Thinking over it after an interval sufficient to allow the critical impulse to revive, one can recall points where one or another piece of detail might have been varied, perhaps, with advantage, and places where the poetical coloring she gives to the character is a little paler than at other moments; but, while looking at and listening to the Margaret as she walks about the scene and pours out her soul in song, it is really impossible to do otherwise than wonder and enjoy—less, indeed, to wonder than to enjoy, for her assumption is so perfectly natural in its simplicity and loveliness that no question of how or why arises to disturb the delight of looking at it. The fair young creature, whose innocence and sorrows kindle our

* The favorite promenade of Dr. Taylor Shoe at Eaux Bonnes.

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sympathies, moves before us as so entirely real a person that it is only at rare moments that one recollects that she has any other individuality. She is, for the time, only the Margaret of the legend, and it requires quite an effort of the memory to recall in her the dark-haired Señorita that we have seen on another evening. Speaking soberly, we cannot remember any piece of acting on the opera stage in which the character and the person are so merged. And yet the naturalness of this new Margaret is far from being her greatest charm. The fascination of it resides in its perfect beauty. A more entirely lovely presentment of any character it would be hard to imagine. The total of this impression is made up by beauty of face, figure, and voice, and by the enchaining power of exquisite music exquisitely sung. How much of each of these elements enters into the result we scarcely care to inquire. If Mdlle. Patti's first appearance among us had been in this character it would have gone nigh to produce another Lind mania. As it is, her Margaret will captivate all hearts; but the proof she had already given of her powers made us expect nothing less than this. Yet she has in one way exceeded expectation—namely, that one or two characteristics previously noticed in her acting, and which seemed likely to be blemishes upon the conception of the ideal Margaret, are happily absent here. Her Zerlina, Adina, and Rosina seemed to show that she would be a coquette in any character which could bear such a reading; but, as the Margaret of *Faust*, as Goethe's "Gretchen," she has dropped all coquetry: she is simplicity itself. Even in her gait the change is marked. Instead of hopping, bird-like, about the stage, as is her wont in lighter characters, she moves gently along with a step which is in itself music.

—o—

FLORENCE.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The third season of the *Società du Quatuor* of Florence was brought to a termination on the 26th of last month with a brilliant "Festival" dedicated to Mendelssohn. It was not indeed a "festival" like that of M. Pasdeloup at the Cirque-Napoleon in Paris, in which the oratorio, symphony, and pieces with grand chorus and orchestra prevailed, but a concert in every respect appropriate to the end and the resources of the society which has already produced such good results in Italy through the dissemination of the best chamber music. The programme was made up of pieces composed by Mendelssohn which had produced the greatest effect in the preceding *matinées*, namely, the Quintet in B flat major, the Pianoforte Quartet in F minor (No. 2), and the famous Ottet. According to *Boccherini*, local journal of date May 31, the execution of these pieces has been "veritably magical." A violinist, Signor Papini, aged only eighteen, is said to have electrified the audience. This young *virtuoso*, it seems, has already eclipsed all the masters of the bow in Florence. The same journal speaks in unmeasured terms of praise of the *Ottetto;* and indeed the performance of that extraordinary work appears to have created a *furore*. "This colossal composition," writes *Boccherini*, "was marvellously executed by Papini, Del Buono, Sasso, Biochierai, Chiostri, Mattolini, Panzani, and Jandelli. Each movement was rendered with the conscientious scruples of true artists. The performance indeed will leave unfailing souvenirs in the memory of those who were present. It is to be hoped that teachers and disciples will endeavor, from next year, to persuade themselves that listening to such music is not a loss of time; and that it would be infinitely better to learn to understand and appreciate the beauties of such a work than occupy leisure time in writing romances, polkas, and other compositions of an ephemeral kind;"—all which may sound very new and æsthetic in Florentine ears, but is simply a string of truisms to Englishmen, to whom Mendelssohn's *Ottetto* is as familiar as a household word.

—o—

PLEASANT AMERICAN NEWS (*For Once*).—In the interest of all the playgoers, *Mr. Punch* contradicts (on authority) the statement that Miss Bateman "is about to leave the stage, and marry a gallant officer in Her Majesty's Service." Miss Bateman is not going to leave the stage, nor to marry any officer, gallant or otherwise. It is true, however, that she is engaged, and it is to Mr. Webster, and will fulfil her vow by appearing at his theatre early in the new year. Public writers have no business to rend our bosoms with false tidings, and those who spread perturbing reports ought to be made to pay for the cab we took to ascertain the fact, and the champagne we had to drink before we could allay our agitation.

TAMBURINI has been singing in Florence at a concert of the "Societa Filarmonica Fiorentina." He was received with immense applause.

NONSENSICAL RHYMES FOR NONSENICAL TIMES.

(NEW SERIES.)

XII.

There were two great fierce German powers,
At whose terrible tone England cowers,
For she stands tamely by,
Her *protegé* and ally
To see crushed 'twixt these two German powers.

XIII.

There was an old Conference, or something,
Congress, Diet, or some other rum thing,
That's been sitting in London;
But what's done or undone
By this Conference don't matter something.

XVI.

There was a young singer called Lucca,
More spicy than spicy molucca,
But for reasons erotic—
Some say patriotic—
We're deprived of this spicy young Lucca.

XV.

There was an old minister, Gladstone,
Who now and then seemed quite a sad stone
Round the necks of his brethren,
When he broke out a bletherin'
Of the working-men's rights in a rad's tone.

XVI.

There was an old General Grant,
Who rejects such a phrase as "I can't;"
But that Lee, the old 'possum,
May cram a "*non possum*"
Down the throat of this Grant, Heaven grant.

Advertisements.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI has the honor to announce that he will give a Morning Concert on Thursday, June 30, at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square. To Commence at Three o'clock precisely. On which occasion Signor GIULIO REGONDI will play, for the first time in public, several original Compositions, on both the Guitar and Concertina. *Artistes*—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Linas Martorelle, Miss Lascelles, Signori Gardoni and Delle-Sedie; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Harp, Mr. Boleyne Reeves; Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Guitar and Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductor, Mr. Francesco Berger. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each; Tickets, 7s. each; to be had of the principal Musicsellers; at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; at the Hanover Square Rooms, and of Signor Giulio Regondi.

HERR CARL DEICHMANN'S MORNING CONCERT, on June 29th, at Three o'clock, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge and H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide; on which occasion some Part-Songs for Male Voices, and a Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, composed by Mr. Deichmann, will be produced. *Vocalists*—Miss BANKS; Messrs. FIELDING, CARTER, MONTEM SMITH and LAWLER. *Instrumentalists*—Messrs. EDWARD DANNREUTHER, DEICHMANN, WIENER, H. WEBB, DAUBERT and C. P. MANN. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; Tickets, 7s. each; to be obtained at Messrs. Schott & Co.'s, 159 Regent Street; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; through the principal Musicsellers; and from Herr Deichmann, 2 Morpeth Terrace, Victoria Street, S.W.

HERR JOACHIM will appear at MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SECOND PERFORMANCE of PIANOFORTE MUSIC (varied by VOCAL MUSIC), together with Mesdames ARABELLA GODDARD and LESCHETIZKA, Herr REICHARDT, Messrs. BENEDICT and OSBORNE, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Wednesday Afternoon, June 29, commencing at Half-past Two o'clock. Sofa Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Balcony, 5s. Tickets may be had of all Musicsellers, and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MADAME WEISS will sing "LOVE IS A GENTLE THING," composed by HOWARD GLOVER, at Mr. Buckstone's Benefit, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Wednesday Evening, July 6th.

MADAME HELEN PERCY will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," composed by EMILE BERGER (Poetry by H. HERSEE, Esq.), at Madame Gordon's Concert, Thursday Evening, June 30.

MADAME PAREPA will sing ASCHER'S Alpine Song, "THOUGHTS OF HOME," and "LA MARGUERITE," at the Composer's Concert, Monday, June 27.

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MADAME PAREPA, SIGNOR GARDONI and SIGNOR GASSIER will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at M. Ascher's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Morning, June 27.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY," composed by WALLACE, at Myddelton Hall, July 8th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing at Mr. Desmond Ryan's Concert, July 1st; Mr. Ignace Gibsone's Matinée, July 4th Miss Helen Hogarth's Concert, July 7th; and at Myddelton Hall, July 8th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing the New Song "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," composed expressly for her by EMILE BERGER, at her Matinée at Collard's Rooms, Monday, June 27.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed for him by BLUMENTHAL, at the Worcester Festival.

MR. WILBYE COOPER will sing VAN PRAAG'S New Song, "THE DREAM HATH FLED," at the Concert for the Marylebone Eye Institution, Hanover Square Rooms, 29th June.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing VAN PRAAG'S New Song "THE DREAM HATH FLED" at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 29.

SIGNOR GARDONI will sing ASCHER'S "ALICE QUAL INCLITA STELLA?" ("Alice, where art thou?") at the Composer Concert, Monday, June 27.

HERR REICHARDT will sing his new Song, "MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLAND'S (Mein Herz ist im Hochland"), at Miss Louise Van Noorden's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, June 29.

M. ASCHER will play his "Pensée Dramatique" on *Faust* (first time of performance), at his Concert, Monday, June 27.

HERR WILHELM GANZ will play his New and Popular Mazurka, "VOGLIANA," at his Soirée, June 30th. 15 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Mezzo Soprano (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedrals of Christ's Church and Saint Patrick, in the City of Dublin) sings in Italian, German, and French; she sings also all the popular, English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. All Communications respecting Engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at No. 7, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE (Contralto). All engagements to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, at Messrs Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MADLLES. GEORGI (Contralto) and CONSTANCE GEORGI (Soprano). All Engagements to be addressed to Mr. JARRETT, Musical and Concert Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

MONS. LOTTO.—The Provincial Tour of M. LOTTO (with the Pyne and Harrison party), which has been attended with such great success, having terminated, M. LOTTO has returned to London for the season. Arrangements for *public* or *private Concerts* for May and June can be made on application to Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

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MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY," composed by WALLACE, at Myddelton Hall, July 8th.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FIDELIO—TIETJENS.

(*Times—June* 27.)

On the 13th of April, 1863, when Mr. Lumley was at the head of affairs, the *Huguenots* was produced at this theatre, with a singer till then unknown to England, in the part of Valentine. At the end of the performance, which was an extraordinary success, the unanimous praises accorded to her impersonation of Meyerbeer's heroine were accompanied by a general conviction that in the new Valentine the musical world had also found a new Fidelio; that she who had represented so well the erring and unhappy partner of Nevers would still more forcibly pourtray the character of Leonora Florestan—that loving, faithful, and heroic wife, whose noble example, set forth in a simple and touching story, which all can understand, and with which none can fail to sympathize, raises the book to which Beethoven's one dramatic composition is wedded above all other operatic pieces, just as the music itself, in pure and lofty aspiration, no less than in artistic power and beauty, soars above all other operatic music. "When will Mdlle. Tietjens play Fidelio?"—has been a question more frequently put than perhaps any other concerned with the doings at our Italian Operas during the last seven years. Strange that in all this period—with the well-known and universal opinion prevailing of her thorough aptitude for the part, and an always increasing popularity that made everything she essayed acceptable, even when going out of her legitimate path to display her versatility—Mdlle. Tietjens should have persistently refrained from what all her most zealous partisans were inciting her to attempt, convinced that the attempt would end in triumph. True, on one occasion, when Mr. Mapleson held a brief season at the Lyceum Theatre (1861), she did sing, in the costume of Fidelio, the splendid recitative and air of the first act ("Komm Hoffnung"); but that, not bringing with it the long-anticipated sequel—a complete performance of *Fidelio*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as the heroine—was rather vexatious than satisfying. It was equivalent to saying to the public, "What do you think of this?—will you have the rest at once, or wait till you get it?" The least welcome alternative was perforce submitted to; the public were compelled to wait for the whole Leonora, till it might please the petted and wilful German songstress to accommodate them. At last, however, their patience is rewarded. They would doubtless rather have been gratified sooner; but better late than ever. They have now got the whole Leonora, and are evidently inclined to retain her as long as possible. The first performance of *Fidelio* was recorded in a short paragraph; the second, which attracted a much more crowded house, and elicited even greater enthusiasm than the first, took place on Saturday night. The new Fidelio seemed inspired, and fairly electrified her audience. On the whole we cannot remember a more striking exhibition. The success of Mdlle. Tietjens was by far the most brilliant she has achieved in England, and one of the most genuine ever achieved on the operatic boards. At the end of the magnificent quartet, when the devoted Leonora, physically exhausted by her almost superhuman efforts, clings, as though for protection, to him whose guardian angel she has been, and gives utterance to the fulness of her love in rapturous accents—the finest piece of dramatic music in existence—the house rang with cheers as loud and prolonged as they were thoroughly spontaneous; and at the termination of the scene, as the curtain fell, Mdlle. Tietjens was thrice summoned before the lamps, the applause each time being more vociferous, till, when she stepped forward the last time, unaccompanied, it was positively deafening. Never was a crowd in a theatre more excited.

The story of *Fidelio* has become so familiar to our audiences through repeated performances—in German, Italian, and even English*—and the conspicuous incidents in its progress are so well remembered by every frequenter of the Opera, that a long description is wholly unnecessary. The Leonora of Mdlle. Tietjens is the Leonora of Schroeder Devrient, revived. Her conception of the character generally, and of every situation in particular, is very nearly the same, and her execution—as well as we are able, after so many years, to draw a comparison—in all respects equal. In one sense the portraiture of Mdlle. Tietjens, like that of Malibran and that of Sophie Cruvelli—the two other great representatives of the character on our own operatic stage—is superior to the one which we in England must perforce regard as the original. The only fault in Schroeder Devrient's Leonora was that it appeared too masculine. She was too entirely at ease in her male attire, and strode the boards with a vigour and *aplomb* that could hardly be deemed feminine. In the impersonation of Mdlle. Tietjens, the gentle nature of the woman is continually made apparent; and this invests it, so to say, with a halo of purity that enlists with twofold strength the sympathy of the spectator. Every now and then, when Leonora would seem to be sinking under the arduous task she has imposed upon herself, and which she is, nevertheless, intent upon accomplishing, the true woman involuntarily peeps out, and in admiration for what she has already suffered and undergone, we could almost pardon her for abandoning her great design, as beyond her force and, therefore, impracticable. Certainly this is the ideal view of Leonora—the most poetical, as well as the most winning and most attractive. How grandly Mdlle. Tietjens declaims and sings the first recitative and air, after Leonora has overheard the mysterious conversation between Pizarro and Rocco, we need not say. But all the rest is to match; and from the intensely interesting dialogue with the gaoler, who explains to her that she is to assist him in preparing the grave of the condemned prisoner in the lowest vault—her own husband, Pizarro's intended victim—to the scene itself, unparallele i in opera, where she is conducted to the dungeon-cell, and, in the act of performing the sad office assigned to her, recognizes the voice of the man she adores, thus knowing that so far, at least, her daring enterprise is successful, the performance of Mdlle. Tietjens reaches all that Beethoven could have imagined. Her acting and singing in the lugubrious duet with Rocco, when digging the grave (we quote the German original):—

"Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
Es währt nicht lang, er kömmt herein"—

are alike truthful and impressive; while in the succeeding trio ("Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten"), the eagerness with which, the relenting gaoler consenting, she gives the piece of bread to the famished prisoner, averting her face as though apprehensive that all will be lost if he chances to recognize her, is as wonderfully touching as it is natural. In the quartet—where, at the instant the remorseless Pizarro is about to wreak his vengeance, Leonora suddenly interposes, and, proclaiming herself Florestan's wife, paralyzes the efforts of the astounded governor, which, when, with a moment's hesitation, renewed, she further and more substantially baffles by presenting a pistol at his head—Mdlle. Tietjens approaches the climax of her superb endeavour, only reached when, Florestan saved, Leonora rushes to his embrace, and the two give vent to their hitherto pent-up feelings in that most rapturous of duets, "O namenlose Freude!" This is the culminating point; and—considering the matchless eloquence with which the music paints the dramatic situation, and the singular beauty and vigour of the performance—that it should, both on Thursday and on Saturday, have raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, is not at all surprising. In the concluding scene—the most brilliant and exhilarating *finale* ever composed—Mdlle. Tietjens has little to do beyond making her voice heard, in penetrating tones, above the waves of choral and orchestral harmony; and this she does to perfection.

As we hope to return to this really first-rate performance of Beethoven's masterpiece, we must be satisfied at present with a brief summary of what remains to be spoken of. Mdlle. Liebhardt—as might be expected from a German and a practised musician to boot—is a really excellent Marcellina, alike valuable in the charming little air allotted to the Jailor's daughter (Act 1), and in the concerted music, to which—no less than Signor Bettini, a careful Jacquino—she is an important auxiliary. Signor Junca acts the character of the rough though kindly Jailor extremely well; Signor Gassier is, without any exception that we can call to mind, the very best representative of the arduous and not over-grateful part of Pizarro since the famous Staudigl; Dr. Gunz (from Hanover) has the genuine traditions of the state-prisoner, Florestan, Leonora's husband, and Pizarro's victim; and—last, not least—Mr. Santley merits unqualified praise, both for his artistic feeling in accepting the small part of the Minister and for the admirable manner in which he sings the music. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of such aid as Mr. Santley affords to the general effect of the last *finale*, which so nobly crowns the noblest of musical dramas. Signor Arditi, the zealous and able conductor, has won and merited new laurels. His orchestra is pretty nearly irreproachable, from the overture to the end; and his chorus gives every promise of the same excellence. This part of the subject, however, we must postpone discussing until another occasion. Meanwhile, Signor Arditi has acted wisely in rejecting an innovation which bade fair to became rooted as a tradition. Beethoven wrote four overtures to *Fidelio*; and it has been the custom to perform the fourth (in E) at the beginning of the opera, and the third (the grand *Leonora*, in C) before the second Act—thus strangely disturbing the impression intended to be produced by the subsequent gloomy introduction to the prison scene. On the first night Signor Arditi gave both overtures; but on Saturday he dispensed with the light and brilliant prelude in E (composed for the revival of *Fidelio*, in 1814), contenting himself with the magnificent *Leonora* of Beethoven's own preference, which was played before the curtain rose, and encored with enthusiasm. Better executed it could hardly have been.

* Malibran was the first English Leonora—at Covent Garden, in 1835, the year before her death. *Fidelio* was also given in English at Drury Lane, with Miss Rainforth as Fidelio, and Staudigl as Pizarro.

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ANTONIO SALIERI.

(*Continued from page* 279).

There is no account of any composition by Salieri in the year 1777: and after the success of Umlauf's operetta the Emperor, being full of the matter, gave his Kapellmeister leave to visit Italy, where his growing fame had now brought him three invitations to come and compose so many operas. In Milan a new opera house was to be opened—no less a one than the now famous Scala—and all the old and well known composers of the Italian cities were passed over, to call their young countryman—now about 27 years of age—from Vienna to write the opening piece. This was *Europa riconosciuta*, text by Verazi, in two acts, with choruses and an analogous ballet in the middle of each act. The piece had great success spite of a miserable text, and long kept its place on the stage, though Mosel thinks it one of Salieri's poorer compositions.

From Milan the composer went to Venice to compose *La scuola de' Gelosi*, an *opera buffa*, text by Mazzola, which was brought out early in 1779 and had extraordinary success. Salieri had with him on this tour a young German, now for the first time in Italy, who lodged with him in Venice, and accompanied him everywhere. The day succeeding the opening of the theatres after Christmas is, or rather was (while Venice was), a day for the assembling of all who cared for music and the drama, in the coffeehouses, about St. Mark's place, to discuss or inquire about the new pieces, with which the various houses had opened. It is the custom in that city to name the theatres from the nearest church, but in talking about them to call them by the name of the saint only.—instead, for instance, of saying "the theatre near the church of St. Samuel," or "Teatro Sant' Angiolo," to say merely "San Samuele," or "Sant' Angiolo." On this morning Salieri with his companion took his coffee in one of the largest houses on the square, where the theatrical news was of course the main topic of conversation. "Saint Benedict was hissed off," said one. "The Angel was pretty successful, but Saint Samuel went to the devil," said another, and so on. On leaving the house, the young German, astounded and indignant, remarked to Salieri: "How disrespectfully they do talk here of the saints!"

From Venice the composer journeyed to Rome to compose the opera buffa, "*La partenza inaspettata*," text by Petroselini, which, with its beautiful, flowing melodies, corresponding exquisitely to the text, and its fine but simple accompaniment, in some of the vocal pieces consisting only of the quartet of bowed instruments, was another complete triumph. These successes led to offers of new engagements, which with Joseph's permission he accepted, and therefore in the spring of 1779 he returned to Milan to compose *Il Talismano*, text by Goldoni, for the opening of another new theatre—Alla Cannobiana. This was also an opera buffa with choruses, in two acts. Passing through Florence on his way north, he found the manager of the principal house just ready to bring out his *Fiera di Venezia*, and that functionary besought him to, at least, be present at the general rehearsal, to which he consented. The rehearsal was set for the evening, and at the hour soloiste and orchestra were ready, but not a chorus singer. "Why are they so late?" asked Salieri. "Because the shops are not shut," was the answer. The explanation of which was, that most of the Italian choruses then were made up of shopkeepers or their assistants, who, knowing not one note from another, learned their parts by rote, and never made a mistake,—but they had only Italian choruses to sing. The directors of the new Cannobiana theatre, three noblemen of Milan, had arranged to open the house with three works: Salieri's *Fiera di Venezia*, *Il Talismano*, and finally, an opera to be set by a composer named Russ. While the vocalists were studying the first, Salieri set himself to work upon the second, of which Goldoni had sent the first act and the plan of the whole. The second act was delayed by the sickness of Goldoni. Then the theatre was not ready in time, and, as the singers were only engaged up to a certain date, it became impossible to produce the third of the proposed operas, and poor Russ saw himself deprived of the opportunity of proving his talents, and must perforce content himself with the present made by the directors and the written invitation or engagement for the next season. Salieri pitied the man in his bitter disappointment, and, satisfied with having one of his operas performed, he proposed to the directors, that they give the second act of *Il Talismano*, which had now arrived, to Russ. They did this; Russ composed it, and the work was a complete success. A change in the management of the theatre in Venice, the old manager having died, and the want of sufficient security that his time and labor would be adequately rewarded, led Salieri to give up the composition of *L' isola capriccioso*, which the poet Mazzola had already sent him, and of which he had already several numbers finished. He therefore remained some time longer in Milan, and then returned to Rome to compose another opera, text by Petroselini, *La dama pastorella*, for the Carnival of 1780, a work which he himself says "neither pleased nor displeased."

In Rome he received an invitation to Naples, where Joseph's disreputable sister Caroline was queen, to compose a serious opera for San Carlo to be brought out in May, 1780, and to prepare his *Scuola de' gelosi* for production upon the so-called Florentine Theatre. A third leave of absence was therefore necessary. The composer was long in doubt whether he could with propriety apply again for an extension of his leave; but as it was for only three months, and as he had received the invitation through the Austrian Ambassador, Count Von Lamberg, and with the approbation of the King of Naples—Joseph's brother-in-law—he took courage and sent on his application to Count Rosenberg, chief chamberlain, and head of the court theatre at Vienna—who had the previous year obtained the prolongation of his leave of absence—and went on to Naples to begin his work and await the reply. His petition was written in the most respectful terms, and his reasons displayed in the clearest light, and there is no doubt that, had Joseph read it, the three months would have been granted him at once. But Rosenberg, as he afterwards confessed, placed the petition in his cabinet and forgot it, and made Salieri's desire known to Joseph in few words and with no explanation of the circumstances under which the petition was written and which certainly justified it. The result was that the composer received the following answer:—

"In reply to the petition addressed to his Majesty for leave to remain still longer in Italy, All-highest-the-same makes it my duty to write you, that you are your own master to remain so long there as you please or think for your good; yes, that you, if you find yourself better off there than here, may remain there for ever. I am pained to be unable to make you any pleasanter reply and remain, &c., &c."

It was a very unlucky mistake of Salieri's not to have sent word to Rosenberg with his petition, that, in the hope of receiving the desired leave, he was going on to Naples in order to save all the time possible. The ungracious reply was sent to Rome and thence forwarded by a friend to him in Naples. Meantime Salieri had waited upon Count Lamberg and had been presented at court, where the king and queen had received him with great favor. He had also begun the composition of his opera, *La Semiramide*. The surprise and fright with which Rosenberg's letter filled him were overwhelming. He hastened to Lamberg to ask his advice, who sought to calm him, by persuading him that if the queen should apply to her brother in his behalf the matter would have no serious consequences. Salieri therefore determined to apply at once to the queen, but as he returned to his lodgings, and thought it over, it presented itself in a very different light. He remembered that Joseph, friendly as he was, invariably, towards every man and especially to those constantly about him, did not like to be forced to say yes, where he had once said no. Filled with anxiety lest the mere refusal of his petition might not be all, but that a loss of his master's favor might follow, he returned to Count Lamberg and, most urgently entreating him to find a way of cancelling his engagement with the Neapolitan court, departed on the instant for Vienna. Before entering his carriage he wrote to Count Rosenberg, entreating forgiveness for his too great freedom, and announcing his immediate departure from Naples.

At noon, April 8, 1780, he joined his delighted family—that is on the second anniversary of the day on which he began his Italian journey. His first call was upon Rosenberg; but, not finding him at home, he went to the palace and, as a mark of his submission to the will of the Emperor, instead of proceeding into Joseph's apartment, as his right was and as he had always done, remained without in the corridor, where petitioners awaited their monarch, who came thither every afternoon at three o'clock to hear them and receive their papers. There, a little apart from some twenty persons, mostly country people, who awaited the Emperor, Salieri took his place, not a little afraid of a cool reception. At the hour Joseph returned from a ride, came as usual through the corridor, listened to the petitioners, talked with them more like a father than a monarch, and suddenly caught sight of the Kapellmeister. Hastening to him he exclaimed:—"See, here is Salieri! I did not expect you so soon; have you had a pleasant journey?" "An excellent one, your Majesty," he answered timidly, "notwithstanding, in order to repair my fault, for which I humbly pray forgiveness, I felt bound to travel day and night, that I might so much the sooner resume my duties here at court." "It was not necessary to hurry so," said Joseph, kindly, "still it is a pleasure to me to see you again. Now go up stairs, we will try some pieces out of your new operas, which have been sent to me from Italy."

These good words so calmed and encouraged the musician that he forgot all the troubles which his hurried journey had caused him. On entering the ante-chamber he found some of the older members of the Court Chapel, who rejoiced all the more to see him, as a report had obtained currency that he had fallen under the Emperor's displeasure. Half an hour later came Joseph, put the petitions and documents, which he had received, into his cabinet, seated himself in the music-room to his dinner, and had Salieri called in to talk with him during his solitary meal of fifteen minutes duration. "Had he found his family all well?" he asked and put various questions in relation to his tour, to his compositions while away, and the like. Salieri told his

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story, and of course came at last to the Neapolitan business. As in some confusion he confessed that he had left home for Naples without waiting for permission to do so, in full faith that this permission would follow him, Joseph, with a sudden turn of his head—one of his peculiarities—fixed his eyes upon him with an expression of surprise. Salieri ceased and there was a moment's pause; during which he (Salieri) thought his master, who had not known that the matter had gone so far, was sorry not to have granted his petition; still he said nothing, and gave the conversation a new turn by the question: "Where did you find the best orchestra? Salieri saw that nothing more was to be said on the Naples affair and bore himself accordingly. After his meal the other musicians were called in, and Joseph devoted his usual concert hour to pieces from *Europa riconosciuta*, and *La Scuola de' Gelosi*." The concert over, Salieri was told to visit in the evening the new "National (Singspiel) Sing-drama," for so Joseph called his German opera. "You must then tell me," added the Emperor, "if the company and the establishment have made progress during your absence." At the next private concert, Joseph asked as soon as he saw Salieri. "How do you find our national Sing-drama?" The composer, really pleased with what he had seen and heard, replied, that he had found it in all respects wonderfully perfect. "Now you shall compose a German opera," said Joseph, Salieri proposed the translation of one of his fine operas, composed in Italy. "No translation," returned the other, smiling, "an original sing-drama." "Your majesty, I do not know how to set about the work of an opera in the German language, I speak it so badly." "Very well," said Joseph, still smiling, "the labor will answer for an exercise in the language. I will to-morrow morning give Rosenberg the order to have a German operatic poem prepared for you." This, which was proposed in joke, Salieri had to carry out in full earnest—for which, however, he had plenty of leisure, as Maria Theresa happened to die soon after (Nov. 29, 1780), and the court theatres were of course for some weeks shut up.

MUNICH.

The following are the programmes of the Concerts of the Musical Academy this season, under the direction of Herr Lachner, and which, having been interrupted by the death of the king, were not brought to a termination until the 13th May:—

First Concert: A major Symphony, Beethoven; Soprano Air, with *obbligato* clarinet accompaniment from Spohr's *Faust*; Violin Concerto, by Lafont; two Vocal Quartets, by Mendelssohn; Taubert's overture to *Tausend und eine Nacht*.—*Second Concert*: Suite in E minor, No 2, by Franz Lachner; Aria, by Rossini; B minor Concerto by Hummel; two Songs by Franz Schubert and Esser; Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*.—*Third Concert*: A Symphony in C major, by J. Haydn; Duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*; Symphonie Concertante, for violin and tenor, by Mozart; three Songs (one by Franz Lachner and two by Schumann); Violoncello-Concerto, by Lintner; Overture to *Les Abencerrages*, by Cherubini.—*Fourth Concert*: Mozart's A major Symphony; Two Trios, for female voices, by Franz Lachner; Romance for the Violin (op. 40) by Beethoven; "Columbus" a Symphony, by J. J. Abert.—*Fifth Concert*: Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; the 63rd Psalm, by Franz Lachner; Suite for Stringed Band, by J. S. Bach; two Duets for female voices, by Weber; "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," by Mendelssohn.

Thus, thirty-one compositions by eighteen composers were performed. Of these, five were by Herr Franz Lachner; four by Mendelssohn; three by Beethoven; two each by Mozart, Schumann, and Spohr, and one each by the rest, including Bach, Cherubini, J. Haydn, and Franz Schubert. The novelties were Abert's Symphony; Taubert's overture and Franz Lachner's Psalm and second "Suite," which latter may be called a novelty because, though performed a year ago, the original first movement (a prelude thoroughly worked out) was cancelled by the composer, who substituted a lively and brilliant instrumental fugue. The "Suite" and Abert's Symphony were exceedingly successful.

The Philharmonic Society.—Through the instrumentality of this excellent society we shall enjoy the supreme pleasure of hearing the justly celebrated Cantatrice, Mlle. Adelina Patti, during the season. One of the special concerts at the Etablissement des Bains is fixed for the 24th of August next, when Mlle. A. Patti, in concert with Miss Arabella Goddard, and Joachim, the celebrated violinist will appear. The appearance of Mlle. Adelina Patti at Boulogne is a compliment highly flattering to us, as she has not previously appeared in any provincial town in France.—*Boulogne Paper*.

MUSIC IN PRAGUE.

This year again the Bohemian Vocal Association "Hlahol" invited, as it invited two years ago, all Bohemian-Moravian Vocal Associations, as well as the Sclavonic Vocal Associations of Vienna and Bautzen, to a musical festival in the Moldavian city. The Festival was grander than any ever previously given in Prague. One hundred and two Associations from Bohemia, six from Moravia, one from Vienna, and one from Bautzen (Lusatia), numbering fifteen hundred singers, took part in it. On Sunday, May 15th, the different Associations met in the Jacobskirche, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the Hlahol Association executed Durante's Three-part Mass, substituting for the "Graduale" the choral "*Hospodine pomiluj dy*" of the tenth century, and instead of the "Offertorium" a Motet by Palestrina. The performance, under the direction of the chorus-master, Herr Fried. Smetana—who enjoys, by the way, a high reputation in Germany as a pianist—was unusually good—for delicacy and precision leaving nothing to be desired. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a general rehearsal, for all the Associations, of the music to be performed at the concert in the Neustädter Theater, took place in the large hall of the Sophieninsel, and lasted more than four hours. In the evening, there was, as usual, a display of fireworks, to usher in St. John's day. The Bohemian Associations, namely: those from Prague itself, Brünn and Vienna, went on board three large boats, lying off the Schützeninsel, and the Sophieninsel, and illuminated with large lamps and torches. They proceeded down the river, accompanied by four other boats, likewise illuminated, to below the suspension bridge, where they stopped. They then sang several choruses and songs, among which may be mentioned more particularly the dashing chorus, "Na Prahu," by the late Herr W. H. Veit; "Divca," chorus by Krizkovsky; the songs, "Auf, ihr Slaven," "Ich bin Slave," and others, which were received with enthusiastic cheers by the crowds assembled on the banks of the river.—On Monday, May 16th, St. John's Day, was the day fixed for the Festival proper. Even before nine o'clock A.M. the Vocal Associations had assembled once more on the Sophieninsel, to attend the last rehearsals, and then proceed in solemn procession to the Neustädter Theater. The rehearsals were under the direction of Herr F. Smetana, chorus-master of the Hlahol Association, and Herr Förchtgott, chorus-master of the Sclavonian Vocal Association of Vienna, in which capital he occupies a very high position as a ballad singer. The procession was so arranged that the splendid flags belonging to the Associations from Prague, Brünn and Vienna, headed it together, the flags of the other Associations following according to the alphabetical order of the towns whence they came. A number of ladies received the singers, and decorated the flags with wreaths of fresh laurel. The procession then set out, and moved slowly and imposingly through the expectant multitude, down the Neue Allee, the Obstgasse, and the Wendelplatz, to the Neustädter Theater. When the curtain went up, disclosing the many hundred singers, numbers of whom were unable to find room on the stage, there was a tumultuous outburst of applause on the part of the audience. The conductor-in-chief was Herr Smetana, assisted at the two sides by Herren Förchtgott and Kavan. The concert commenced with the old Bohemian choral, dating from the sixteenth century, "Bože, otze" ("O God, O Father"), which, with its broad harmonies, executed by such large masses, was highly effective, and produced a deep impression. This was followed by an allegorical and clever poem, rather too long, by the way, entitled, "O laske k vlasti" ("From the Love of one's Native Land"), written by Zlingl and spoken by Mdlle. Maly. The next chorus, "Mohyla," by Vogl, is but a mediocre composition without spirit. It was coolly received. A favorable impression was produced, on the other hand, by the exceedingly piquant chorus, "Pocestny" ("The Wanderer"), by J. L. Zvonar, which was given with great precision, despite the drawback of its having had only one rehearsal. A similar success awaited the chorus, "Odrodilac" ("The Renegade"), by Herr Smetana. After all these more or less successful vocal displays, the chorus, "Cyril und Method," by Paul Krizkovsky, concluded the programme in a most refreshing and agreeable manner. The imposing masses of voices had room to exert themselves, and produced a marvellous effect upon the audience. Mdlle. von Ehrenberg also sang an air—totally unsuited for the occasion—from Rossini's *Semiramide*, and some national songs which were rapturously applauded. Herr J. Lukes

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sang the song, "Der wahre Böhme," by Lud. Prohaska, and "Das Lied des Mährers," with deep feeling and expression, achieving, despite indisposition, a brilliant triumph. Lastly, Herr Joh. Hrimaly, from Amsterdam, performed a "Légende" by Wieniawski, and the "*Otello* Fantasia" by Ernst, with marvellous precision, creating a great sensation by his mechanical dexterity, which he has already brought to a high pitch, and his fine style. After the concert, the procession returned, in the same way it had come, to the Söphieninsel, to deposit the flags. In the afternoon, the visitors devoted their attention to the creature comforts they had so well earned, and which were so much needed to give them strength to go through the exertions of the evening on Sophieninsel. The Concert began there at 7 o'clock, and ended at about 11 o'clock P.M. That excellent and careful chorus-master, Herr Förchtgott, from Vienna, conducted three choruses, namely: "Staroceska" (the old Bohemian Song) by Joh. N. Skroup, which was admirably sung and most favourably received; his own effective chorus: "Orle, pestry Orle," ("Eagle, Eagle of the many Hues"), also highly successful; and the comic chorus: "Kalendar a ne Farar," ("A Monk but no Parson,") by Theodor Brodsky of Berlin, which quite answered all expectations, and had full justice done it. Herr Smetana conducted the chorus: "Sbor Strelcu," ("Hunting chorus"), by the talented Polish composer, L. Zielinski; the piquant chorus: "Mlatectecka". ("the Threshing chorus"), by Martin Novaeck; "Jus Suita," ("It is beginning to dawn,") by Jos. Krejci; "Svoji k Svému," etc. etc. All these choruses were sung with great spirit and correctness, eliciting loud and frequent applause.

DR. SCHMID.

Dr. Carl Rudolf Schmid, Son of Decan Schmid in Aaran, was born on the 9th of April, 1827. He received his first instructions in the house of his father, and, having a fine voice, he soon became a great favorite of his master, Sachokke.

When young, he had a strong inclination to study physic, went, in the year 1847, to Tübingen to become a member of the university, and in less than six months he, on account of his quick comprehension, was one of those pupils who were most liked by the Professors. Now he has the finest Bass voice existing. At first he used to sing a great deal in private circles, churches, and various grand Festivals. Herr Silisher, the celebrated German composer, wrote *Lieder* for him especially, in which he appeared for the first time in concerts with great success. The intendant of Stuttgard heard him and offered him an engagement for his Hof-theatre, but he would not accept.

From Tübingen he went, in 1850, to Nürzburg, Switzerland, and nearly every town in Germany, chiefly to visit the various hospitals, and to improve and cultivate his knowledge as a medical man. In Dresden he witnessed the great works of Mozart, Meyerbeer and Wagner. The last mentioned, who was on intimate terms with him, advised him to go on the stage, but Herr Schmid, being too fond of his medical studies, could not at first make up his mind to attend to the musical profession. However, after some persuasion, he took his lessons of Herr Ozabone, the well known teacher of singing, and in scarcely less than five months he made his first appearance on the stage, in the part of *Sarastro* in *Die Zauberflöte*, and had an immense success.

Engagements followed him from all the principal theatres in Germany, Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, Stuttgard, Berlin and Vienna. None of these he accepted at that time; he went to Prague for a year and a half, where he was much liked and highly esteemed; the greater part of his leisure time there he spent in Hospitals.

Another offer from Vienna arrived, and he at last signed the engagement, went there, sang, and created a *furore* in the part of Sarastro. He succeeded Herr Staudigl, who had just left the stage. His position was rather a difficult one at first, the more so, as Herr Staudigl was an immense favorite of the public.

When Meyerbeer first heard him, he tried all he could to persuade him to sign an engagement for the grand Opera in Paris, but he, like so many others, did not succeed in persuading him. His principal parts are Osmin, Figaro, Rocco, Caspar, Falstaff, &c. Mr. Gye, who heard him in Vienna last Spring, made him an offer at once, as he knew very well that there was not a second bass voice like that of Dr. Schmid. His success in London has been very great. He made his first appearance as Oroveso, in *Norma*, and at once took up a high position. He afterwards played Walter in *Guglielmo Tell*, and the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*, and on each occasion advanced a step in public estimation. He was also to have appeared as Marcel, in the *Huguenots*, and Bertram, in *Robert*, but, unfortunately, was taken ill and unable to accomplish what would no doubt have greatly added to his reputation. As it was, however, Dr. Schmid has stamped himself as an artiste of the first rank, through the medium of those parts in which he had actually appeared. He also created a marked impression at the Concerts of the New Philharmonic Society and Crysta' Palace, by his noble voice and dignified singing.

Parliament.

STREET MUSIC (METROPOLIS) BILL.

On order of day for going into committee on bill, Bass presented petition signed by 100 barristers, solicitors, and clergymen, in favour of measure (laughter). On first clause, Hankey asked whether it was contemplated to abolish "Punch" (laughter)? Bass,—Certainly not. I regard "Punch" as one of institutions of country on no account to be disturbed (laughter). Hon. Member.—"Punch" is generally accompanied by drum and fife, which, under bill may be removed on account of music. Bass.—If hon. gentleman will introduce clause to provide remedy it shall have my hearty concurrence. On proposition to insert "on account of illness or interruption of ordinary occupation,"

Ayrton wished to have definition of phrase "ordinary occupation." If left to complainant might mean anything. "Ordinary occupation" might mean knife-cleaning. House ought not to be led away on question. There was not only right of person making complaint to be considered, but right of person complained against (hear, hear). Amendment did not appear to be amendment in reality. Bill seemed to aim—that owner of house had right to regulate what was done within sound of house. Was that assertion of rights of property? (hear, hear). Some persons interpreted "rights of property" to mean exclusive enjoyment; but if owner of park so regarded his (Ayrton's) rights doubted whether such rights would be respected. If claim to remove musicians was based on property bill ought to be made conformable to principles on which it was founded, and owner limited to what was annoying to him from front of house to middle of road. What right could man have to regulate every kind of noise within ear-shot? That was real principle of bill. Public street was no more property of man than house of neighbour. Hon. member was backed up by book which he had published himself, containing all kinds of pleasant letters from ladies inviting him to musical parties (a laugh). Then literary *Punch*, it appeared, had declared war against dramatic rival, which would be worth nothing without overture. House had made concession in favour of "Punch." Peace of literary *Punch* would be destroyed, because writers would be unable to compose jokes, if there were jokes (laughter). Could understand why Germans said sarcastic and bitter things about street music. Could understand why editor of newspaper was in favour of bill and abolition of harmony in streets. These were characters of letters to which he had referred; but they were tainted with misanthropic feeling and total contempt for everything that amused people (oh, oh, and hear). Were about 100 people in metropolis of such sensitive character that two or three millions were to be interfered with for benefit (hear, hear, oh). If people did not like to sit at front window for purpose of being annoyed could easily go where could get out of annoyance (oh, oh). Music in London streets must be faintly heard at backs of houses.

Bass.—You may have it both back and front (laughter).

Ayrton.—People who were sensitive ought not select houses inconvenient. Majority of houses were not exposed behind and before; and if in great metropolis man required seclusion ought to endeavour to procure it, and not apply for law to enable him to enjoy quietude (laughter). Was one much greater annoyance in London than street music, that was rolling of carriages (cheers and laughter). If people were ill were obliged to take means for preventing annoyance arising from noise of carriages; but no one would say that because he was nervous carriages should not be allowed to roll by door (hear, hear). If we got rid of street music we should come to condition of places where people could not hear it without being seduced into public-houses; and such result would not be for public benefit. Street music would not be annoying unless occupants of houses encouraged people to play. How was it that gentlemen who did not encourage street music found it playing before houses? Because they kept domestic servants buried below surface of ground (hear, hear, oh). It was easy to understand how delighted poor buried people when having nothing but vacant area before them, they caught sight of musician (hear). Never saw wandering Italian looking up at drawing-room window for money. Always looked down to kitchen window (hear, hear, laughter). That being case with respect to music in private streets, asked hon. gentlemen would it be wise or decent to pass law against wandering Italians when it would be law against domestic servants, who paid street musicians to

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play for amusement. If gentlemen could not control household better leave them to quiet enjoyment which they now possessed, no real annoyance to people up stairs unless of sensitive character which rendered every noise annoyance (hear). In order to place matter on right footing proposed to leave out words "near house," and substitute words "in front of house" (hear).

Pakington concurred in opinion that "Punch"—whether *Punch* of literature or "Punch" of streets—ought to be privileged, for both "Punches" were national institutions. Hon. Member.—With music? Pakington.—Certainly, with music (cheers and laughter). Beyond that, he doubted whether inhabitants of Tower Hamlets would agree with representative. Thought amendment of hon. friend (Bentinck) scarcely worth pressing, seeing there was no difference between proposition and that of hon. member for Derby. Question before house was —either to leave law as it stood, or else enact that householder should have right to send away street music annoying or unpleasant. Should be sorry to get rid of German bands (cheers and laughter), for some of them were worth listening to. Thought, however, should be in discretion of householder to have everything annoying removed from front of dwelling. Shelley said he would be last to say that annoyance to person in front of house should be allowed to continue against will, but bill was ridiculous, since special exemption was to be inserted in favour of "Punch" (hear, hear). Right hon. gentleman who had just sat down was in favour of German bands; then it was to be assumed that he would desire exemption in favour. Hon. gentleman had fine ear for music, and he believed had fine voice as vocalist (laughter); and he cultivated his taste at opera. Those who delighted in street music had no opportunity of going to opera, but took as much delight in music as those who could pay to listen to Patti (cheers). If this bill was good for metropolis would be equally good for Brighton and towns. Had simply been brought forward at instance of such persons as Babbage, now commencing a crusade against harps and tip-cat (laughter). Where were they to stop if bill were to pass? They must legislate against noise of carriages in streets. Believed if bill passed it would be inoperative. Grey said bill as it originally stood would have enabled any person to remove street music simply because he did not like it, but bill now was merely alteration of existing law which would enable householder to object to street music if it interfered with calling. Such case would be Babbage's or that of music-master giving lessons. It would be left to magistrate to decide what was reasonable interference with person's calling. No magistrate would say that music could interfere with knife-cleaning, as suggested by hon. member for Tower Hamlets, but if gentleman were writing speech or writing article magistrate would hold, on complaint, that street music would be annoyance. Bill had nothing to do with rights of property.

Bass said existing law would have been strong enough for all purposes if provisions of Metropolitan Police Act had not confused it. Had received thousand communications in favour of bill, and letters from Dickens, Laureate, and Carlyle, with others from between 300 and 400 musicians. Could be no doubt that street music was nuisance. Only last week hon. friend was on way to house to take part in division, in which vote would have turned scale, but met with street band which horse could not be induced to pass, and hon. friend was prevented voting. He knew musician was prevented by street music from working during day, and began composing at eleven o'clock at night (a laugh). Had authority to state that Tennyson was induced by inconvenience he suffered from music to live out of London, and late Thackeray was driven by same cause from street to street, and did not know where to put head. Ought not to have prosecution of important avocations prevented by practical nuisance.

Trelawny could not help thinking that they were engaged in peddling legislation (hear, hear). Admitted that some persons suffered from street music; but there were evils of greater magnitude which no one sought to remove. People suffered from rolling of carriages at two or three o'clock in morning, yet it was not proposed that practice should be discontinued. Would remind house that working classes might have opinion upon subject, but they had no opportunity of expressing opinion. Bentinck said object of bill was to give effect to existing law. Highways were meant for passage of Queen's subjects, and street music was *prima facie* illegal. Rolling of carriages, on other hand, was of special object for which highways were constructed, and was no analogy between that case and case contemplated in present bill. Existing law was inoperative, and ought not to be allowed to remain as it stood. Object of hon. friend was simply to make present law operative, and he hoped committee would allow bill to pass in present shape.

Hankey thought this not fit subject for legislation. Considered bill of tyrannical character, and designed to legislate for higher classes at expense of lower.

Clay thought some means should be taken to abate nuisance, against which complaints were numerous. Frequently had German band playing in front of residence, while at same time within hearing were couple of street organs; and when all were playing different tunes at same time some idea might be formed of discord (laughter). House divided:—

For amendment	201
Against it	87
Majority against amendment	—114

Bentinck proposed, in line five, after "shillings," to insert, or at the discretion of magistrate before whom he shall be convicted, may be imprisoned for any term not exceeding three days. But opposed amendment. Enfield thought imprisonment would be too severe penalty in some cases. Bentinck thought amendment was reasonable. Ayrton opposed. Crawford said amendment made no provision for monkey in event of owner being sent to gaol. Was monkey to be sent to workhouse? Bentinck thought monkey ought to be maintained at expense of metropolitan members (laughter). Grey supported amendment. Committee divided—

For insertion of words "three days' imprisonment	121
Against	111
Majority for imprisonment	—10

Ayrton said they now came to last clause, authorising policeman to take offenders into custody. Clause was consistent when first inserted; but commencement of clause having been altered doubt arose as to what offence might be. Submitted that clause should be omitted and subject left to general operation of Metropolitan Police Act. Peacocke hoped clause would be persevered in. At present, if one ordered musician to go and he did not go, only remedy was by summons, and so it would be if clause were struck out. What chance remained of conviction if street musician would not go when told, and one had to find residence and summon him? Chancellor of Exchequer, if he understood argument of hon. member for Tower Hamlets, thought it very strong. Original bill gave power to householders to order departure of street musician, and if he refused offence was complete, and police could take musician into custody. But amendments had essentially altered character of enactments. Demand for departure of musician was to be effectual when connected with sufficient cause, sufficiency not lying on judgment either of householder or constable, but of police magistrate. Thought clause should be omitted.

Malins said if this were done bill would be deprived of efficacy. Object of bill was to give householder summary remedy. Nuisance being immediate and pressing, remedy ought to be immediate, and removal of power of arrest would destroy value of bill. Had been said this was tyrannical bill (cheers from ministerial side). But what was tyranny of bill compared to tyranny of wandering minstrels, whose annoyance was intolerable? (opposition cheers). Locke said as ill originally stood householder had power of taking man into custody who did not move off. Bill as amended stated there must be reasonable cause for requiring him to remove. It would be unreasonable to take man into custody unless previously told inmate of house was ill or engaged in ordinary pursuits. Bass said clause contemplated such warning. Words were "after being required to depart." Butt rose, but was interrupted by loud and continuous cries of "divide;" moved "chairman report progress," on which question committee divided numbers—

For reporting progress	54
Against	175
Majority	—121

Butt said there was another provision in clause besides that of person bill or disturbed in occupation, and was that musician might be taken into custody for other sufficient and reasonable cause. That was too indefinite, for under such provision person might be kept in custody from Monday to Saturday, and it might be discovered that no sufficient or reasonable cause had been assigned. Shelley said it was something new to propose that such extraordinary confidence should be placed in policeman by giving him arbitrary power. Ayrton said give constable power of taking a person into custody was practically to withhold from him any remedy. Grey said provisions of Police Act no person could be taken into custody for certain offences unless committed within view of constable. Bentinck said if such provision were introduced into bill it would make it inoperative. Policeman was seldom to be found when required. Salomons said, in assault case it was not necessary for officer to see assault; sufficient if he perceived marks upon person complaining. Committee divided, and numbers were:—

For amendment	68
Against	151
Majority	—83

Grey proposed addition of words, "within view of constable." Attorney General said, unless house designed to introduce exceptional legislation, it would be advisable to introduce these words. Bentinck protested against insertion of words. Committee divided;—

For proposal	83
Against	118
Majority	—35

It being ten minutes to six when numbers were announced, house proceeded at once to orders of day. (*Seen and approved*).

T. Duff Short.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIXTH CONCERT,
(The Last of the Season),
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 4th, 1864.

THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti . . . . . *Mozart.*

CANZONET, "Name the glad day"—Miss Banks . . . . *Dussek.*

CHARACTERISTIC PIECES, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Arabella Goddard . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

DUO CONCERTANTE, for two Violins—Herr Joachim and M. Wieniawski . . . . . *Spohr.*

RECIT. & AIR, {"Deeper and deeper still" / "Waft her, angels" . } (By desire)—Mr. Sims Reeves *Handel.*

SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for Pianoforte and Violin (by desire)—Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim . . . . . *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO in G, for Violin, Viola and Violoncello—Violin, M. Wieniawski; Viola, Herr Joachim; and Violoncello, Signor Piatti . . *Beethoven.*

SONG—Mr. Sims Reeves . . . . . *Gounod.*

SOLOS, Pianoforte alone, {Prelude, in D flat . / "Nuits Blanches," in E} . . . . . *Heller.* / Impromptu, in A flat . . . . . *Chopin.*
Mr. Charles Halle.

SONG, "O'er the bright flood"—Miss Banks . . . . . *Schubert.*

RONDEAU BRILLANT, Op. 70, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. Charles Halle and Wieniawski . . . . . *Schubert.*

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48 Cheapside; and of Austin, 28 Piccadilly.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

The Season will close on Saturday, July 30.

EXTRA NIGHT.—COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT.
FOURTH APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. ARTOT.
On MONDAY NEXT, July 4,
"LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO,"
And the Second and Third Acts of "MASANIELLO."

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 5,
"L'ELISIR D'AMORE" and "L'ILE ENCHANTEE."

EXTRA NIGHT.—MARGHERITA, MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI.
On THURSDAY NEXT, July 7,
"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

On SATURDAY NEXT, July 9,
'L'ELISIR D'AMORE" and 'L'ILE ENCHANTEE."

Conductor - - - - - Mr. COSTA.

Commence at Half-past Eight.

Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.
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NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Webster (Melbourne).—Mr. Plaisted is now in London. He arrived by the "Pride of the Ocean," 75 days from Melbourne.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF ROSSINI.*

AFTER Rossini's name had found its way all over Italy, subsequently to the performance of his *Tancredi*, first produced, in Venice, at the Teatro Fenice, in 1813, and while the composer himself was still compelled to work under the hardest conditions, living in very straitened circumstances, good fortune, in the form of the Neapolitan manager, Barbaja, entered, one fine day, his modest chamber at Bologna, where Rossini was on a visit to his father and mother, who had moved to that city.

Barbaja, originally a waiter in a café of Milan, had, from luck at hasard, and successful theatrical speculations, become a millionaire. Rossini accepted all the clauses in the agreement offered him by Barbaja, and left Bologna after the abortive attempt of Murat to recover his kingdom. In Naples, Barbaja paid Rossini 200 ducats a month. For this sum, Rossini had to write two operas a year, and undertake a great deal in the way of getting up operas and other work. Rossini used to say subsequently, however: "Had Barbaja made it a condition, also, that I was to superintend his kitchen, I should have consented to do so!"—In addition to his other occupations, Barbaja was, by the way, lessee of the gaming table at Naples, and granted Madlle. Colbrand, the singer whom Rossini married, as well as the composer himself, an annual share in the profits of the table, which brought the two in a thousand ducats a year.† If Rossini desired to accept the offers of other managers to write operas for them, he was obliged to obtain permission from Barbaja and give up his salary while he was so employed. This was in the autumn season of 1815, when *Elisabetta*, the master's first opera in Naples, achieved an extraordinary success.

Shortly after the performance of that work, Rossini proceeded to Rome, where he produced, at the Teatro Valle, his opera *Torwaldo e Dorlisca*, which, despite the excellence of the singers, was not particularly successful, owing principally to the badness of the *libretto*. Previously to the first night, Rossini was an actor in a scene which he never forgot, and which he frequently describes.

On coming to Rome, Rossini sent for a barber, whose services he retained because the man shaved well; and was taciturn and well-behaved. After the lapse of a few weeks, when the grand rehearsals of the opera were about to commence, the young barber shaved the *maestro* in silence as usual. When, however, he had finished his task, he offered his hand confidentially to Rossini, and said: "I shall see you again!"—"What do you mean?" enquired Rossini, in astonishment.—"All right.—I shall see you shortly in the theatre."—"In the Theatre?"—"Yes, of course, I play the first clarinet in the orchestra."

In fact, nearly all the musicians at the Teatro Valle in addition to playing, which they did *con amore*, or for only a trifling remuneration, exercised some handicraft or other; for instance, the individual who played the first double-bass was a celebrated saddler, who was not particular about playing in the middle of an air a page from the overture, that had got misplaced, and who, in reply to the remonstrances of the conductor, said: "I am playing what I have before me," holding up at the same time his part. Rossini, who was exceedingly hasty when at the head of the orchestra, not always expressing himself in very flattering terms, and on no

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

† According to the authorities consulted by Alexis Azevado for his sketch of Rossini's Life in the *Ménéstrel*, and among which is the information supplied by Rossini himself, the above is the correct sum, though Stendhal in his *Biography of Rossini* speaks of only 80 to 40 louis d'or.

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occasion sparing an instrumentalist, never addressed a harsh word to the first clarinettist at rehearsal; however much the latter played out of tune, Rossini did not notice it; for—he thought that he ought not to make an enemy of the man to whom, every day, he confided his throat. On the following morning, when he was clean-shaved, he would point out, in the most amiable fashion, the faults made at rehearsal the previous day. In this way, he succeeded in obtaining a good clarinettist and a trustworthy barber.

Meanwhile, an engagement was offered him by the manager of the Teatro di Torre Argentina, also in Rome, and he accepted it. This engagement is too important in enabling us to form an opinion of theatrical affairs in Italy, and of the position of operatic composers, for us not to give it, in its entirety, to our readers; it is only by our pursuing this plan, that the anything but commendable, and, to our mind, insupportable state of things there, a state of things which, on the whole, still exists, will be believed possible. The engagement as is follows*:—

"Nobil Teatro di Torre Argentino,
"Rome, the 26th December, 1815.

"In virtue of the present private deed, and according to the conditions on which the contracting parties are agreed, it has been settled that:

"Signor Puce Sforza Cesarini, *Impresario* of the above mentioned theatre, engages *Maestro* Gioachino Rossini for the next Carnival season, of the year 1816; the said Rossini promises and undertakes to set to music and put upon the stage the second comic play produced in the above mentioned season and at the above mentioned theatre, and that, too, *in conformity with the libretto the Impresario shall give him*, whether that *libretto* be *new or old*. *Maestro* Rossini binds himself to deliver his score *by the middle of January*, and to fit it *to the voices of the singers*. He binds himself, further, in case of necessity, to make *all the alterations* which may be deemed requisite both for the execution of the music and *for satisfying the opinions and requirements of the singers*.

"The *maestro* Rossini furthermore promises and binds himself to be in Rome, to fulfil his engagement, not later than the end of December of the current year, and to deliver the first act of his opera, *completely finished* to the copyist on the 20th January, 1816; the 20th of January is fixed upon in order that the rehearsals and ensembles shall take place rapidly, so that the opera may be put upon the stage without fail the day the manager shall mention, the first representation being now fixed for the 5th February, or thereabouts. Moreover, the *maestro* Rossini must give his second act also, to the copyist, *at the date to be named by the manager*, so that there may be time for arranging and holding the rehearsals, and for producing the opera on the day above mentioned; *otherwise* the *maestro* Rossini is liable *to make good all the loss sustained*, for so *and not* otherwise must he do.

"Moreover the *maestro* Rossini will be bound *to conduct*, according to custom, his opera, and *personally to superintend, on the wish of the manager*, as often as necessary, all the vocal and instrumental rehearsals both in the theatre and elsewhere; he further binds himself to be present at the first three representations, which will take place one after another, and to conduct at the piano, for so and not otherwise must he do.

"As remuneration for his *labours* (*fatiche*) the *maestro* Rossini receives from the manager the sum and value of 400 Romish scudi" (about eighty-six pounds sterling) "immediately after the first three evenings when he shall have conducted at the piano."†

A characteristic feature in this contract—which, however, contains nothing unusual for Italy—is the word *fatiche*. Mention is made only of "trouble," "labours"—the man has racked his brain and must have something for it—talent, genius, and everything really connected with musical creation are not considered worth mentioning. And to this contract, which so thoroughly harnesses Pegasus to the yoke, we owe—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia!*

* From Escudier's *Vie de Rossini*, Paris, 1854.

† Rossini has stated in Paris that this sum is a typographical error; as far as he can recollect, he did not receive more than 300 scudi.

"Moreover, it is of course understood that, in case of an injunction or of the closing of the theatre, *either by the authorities, or from any unforeseen accident*, the practice usual under such circumstances in the theatres of Rome and everywhere in the country, will be followed.

"As a guarantee for the due performance of this contract, the latter will be signed by the manager as well as by the *maestro* Giochino Rossini; the *Impresario*, moreover, will, during the term of the contract, provide the *maestro* Rossini a free lodging in the house appropriated to Signor Zamboni."

If we now turn our attention to the even still more oppressive usages in connection with the composer's right in his work, as that right existed during Rossini's career in Italy, we shall find that the lot of a composer in that country was, and, to some extent, still is, anything but enviable.

In Rossini's time, the *impresario* retained, for two years, the exclusive right of performing any vocal score he had purchased. When the two years were at an end, any theatre could produce the opera without more ado. The sole right the composer had left in his work was that of demanding possession of his original score at the expiration of the first year. But in the hurry and confusion of his labours, Rossini very frequently omitted to profit by this right, and the consequence is that, for instance, we have lost the original overture to *Il Barbiere*, and the lesson-scene at the commencement of the second act, the whole of the music having been composed for it by Rossini himself (though singers now interpolate *bravura* pieces of their own selection).

But the greatest abuses took place in connection with the copying. The copyists, as a rule, badly paid by the managers, and often frankly told to pay themselves by the plan we will immediately mention, were bound by no oath, and wrote out the score for themselves as well as for the manager. At the expiration of two years they disposed of their scores not only to managers, but even to publishers, for, after the lapse of the period mentioned, any one might sell a work either in manuscript or print. But even during the stipulated two years, the copyists drove a lucrative trade in the sale of separate pieces, a source of profit diminished, however, by the fact that the purchasers in their turn made copies of the pieces.

Thus the price the first manager paid the composer constituted the only recompense for the latter's talent and labour. Now, as there were usually four seasons—namely: 1. the Carnival Season, from 26th December to Shrove Tuesday; 2. the Lent Season, commencing on Ash Wednesday, but not observed in every city; 3. the Spring Season, beginning on the 10th April; and 4, the Autumn Season, beginning on the 15th August—Rossini wrote three, four, nay, even six operas a year, to defray the expenses of his household, economically as that was conducted, while all the theatres in Italy gained large sums by his work, and Ricordi, of Milan, who published them, amassed a large fortune.

Rossini had but a short time allowed him to carry out the contract we have cited above. The first performance was fixed for the 5th February; the first act had to be sent in on the 20th and the second on the 24th January, it being the custom in the theatres of Italy to give the singers twelve days to study and rehearse an *opera buffa*. Twelve days! And Meyerbeer's operas in Paris! Thus the *maestro*, who was not free till the 29th December, since he was occupied on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of that month in conducting the first three performances of *Torwaldo e Dorliska*, had only *two-and-twenty* days in which to compose the first and the greater portion of the second act, since he reserved only four more days for the latter. Altogether, therefore, he composed the *Barbiere* in six-and-twenty days!

(*To be continued.*)

SOME MORE BERLIN TRUTHS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have found in a Berlin paper some particulars about Pauline Lucca, which I have translated, and now forward, thinking your readers would like to get all the *trustworthy* information possible about that young lady's singular escapade. I omit nothing:—

"With regard to the sudden disappearance of Madlle. Lucca from the city of fogs, I am in a position to let you know the truth.

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Immediately after her arrival, Madlle. Lucca suffered a great deal from the climate, the weather happening to be very bad. In consequence of this, her first appearance had to be postponed three times. Even when she did, at length, appear as Valentine, an excuse had to be made for her, on account of indisposition. At first she hardly sang at all, but husbanded her strength, and it was not until the duet with Raoul, in the fourth act, that she put forth her power, and created a perfect *furore*. She then sang with magnificent success the part of Margaret in *Faust*. Fire was instantly opened upon her from all the batteries of the Italian clique. First and foremost, Madlle. Patti insisted upon having the exclusive right of singing Margaret, and her brother in-law and business man, Herr Strakosch, sprang all his mines to blow his adversary into the air. The point in dispute was of no slight importance, for what *Faust* will do here in two years you may imagine, when I inform you that, after it had been given, last year at Her Majesty's, twenty-eight times with Madlle. Tietjens, and ten times at Covent Garden, with Mad. Miolan, besides being played in English more than thirty times during the winter, it still draws so much this year again that it is given twice a week at both houses. Patti, too, is the star for the moment, and Gye himself says that only when she sings are all the places taken—at higher prices than on the evening of performance—the day previously. So, one fine morning, after Madlle. Lucca had got up, and was looking through the paper, she saw, under 'Arrangements for the Week,' '*Faust*: Margherita, Signorina Adelina Patti; her first appearance in this character in England.'"

You will smile at the allusion to Strakosch and Adelina Patti, being well aware that the latter was never advertised to play Margaret until Pauline Lucca had fled, except in the prospectus, where they had both been announced for the part. Moreover, it was well understood that Patti objected to play the part while it was in the hands of Lucca, and that her objection was taken into consideration and favorably entertained by the manager. You have no notion of the lies that are invented and circulated on the subject. As to Adelina Patti—I read in a Berlin paper that her star was on the decline (!), that she had failed in Margaret (!!), and that the houses were empty (!!!).

Berlin, June 28. YAXTON LAST.

CRAMER, BEALE AND Co.

THE establishment of Messrs. Cramer and Co., the music publishers, is about to be constituted as a limited company, with a capital of £100,000., in shares of £10. The firm has enjoyed repute for more than half a century, and according to certified statements its business is now more extensive than ever. The board of directors is respectable, and Mr. George Wood, the only surviving partner, will continue the management and give security for *minimum* dividends of 10 per cent. for five years. The fact of the other partners having died off is the reason for the proposed transformation, and it is chiefly under circumstances such as these that the convenience of the facilities afforded by the law of limited liability is felt by the trading classes.—(*City article of the Times*).

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Every month and week brings forth a new *debutante* at the Grand Opéra, and *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, or the *Huguenots*, is the piece selected for, it may be, the trial of a novice. Strange! that there should exist this rage among the uninitiated for coming out in difficult parts, or rather, that directors of great theatres should entrust the most important *rôles* to singers of no reputation—or small provincial reputation, which amounts to the same thing. A new Bertram has appeared at the Opéra, and has been much lauded by the press. He comes, I hear, from Marseilles. He has a good voice, a good appearance, and does not want for intelligence. His voice, however, wants depth and power for Meyerbeer's music, and he must look for success in some other part than in the "fiend-father," as Mr. Rophino Lacy called Bertram. Madame Pascal, who some time since had made a rather successful debut as Matilda in *Guillaume Tell*, was not so fortunate in the Princess in *Robert*.

Norma at the Théâtre-Lyrique. M. SHOOT.

MILAN.

(*From our own Correspondent*).

I intend leaving Milan (D.V.) the 27th of next month, please therefore do not, after that time, send the *M. W.* until you hear from me, for at present my plans are undecided. Now for the slight epitome of news I have to send. At the Canobbiana, Pacini's *Saffo*, with Mdlle. Demi, much admired by some, while others insist that her performance is dreadfully exaggerated. *Rigoletto* and a new ballet entitled *Shakespeare Il Sogno d'una notte d'Estate*, brought the season to a conclusion last night. At the Taccano, *Il Domino Nero* (not the *Domino Noir*) is given every night, so I suppose it is drawing pretty well, for the theatres are nearly deserted this hot weather. *I due Italiani* is being performed at the Stradera (open and smoking allowed), as well as Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*, the ballet *Violetta* and *L' Elisir d'Amore*. There was an opera company for a short time at the Teatro Res, who gave *Lucrezia Borgia*, *I Radegoneta*, *Don Checco*, *I due Foscari* and *Michele Pereni*. A new *opera-buffa* by Cagnoni—first performed at the Filo-dramatico, where three performances were given for the benefit of the Hungarians—was so much approved of that it has since been given several times at the above mentioned theatre. I see that *Nabucodonosor* (the *Nabuco* of the Royal Italian Opera) is announced for the Carcano shortly. On the 5th (being the national fête of the *Statuto*), a military concert, in which eight bands took part, was given in the piazza fronting the palace. It lasted from 8.30. p.m. till 12.30. a.m. The principal piece, entitled *La Battaglia di S. Martino*, was most effectively executed, the bands being distributed amongst the mass of people, the notion of the gradual awakening into life and motion of a far spreading camp most truly and gradually increasing until, with the aid of powder, in cannons and guns, the idea of the roaring tumult of a battle was so well rendered that it did not require much stretching of the imgination to fancy it was reality and not play. To-night a grand concert at La Scala (it being the week of the Trio Nazionale and Milan very gay and full) 300 voices and orchestra in proportion, fourteen pianos forming one part; the solos by the pupils of the Conservatoire. Verdi's hymn (composed for the opening of last year's Exhibition), with English words, is to be given. As very few, if any of them, understand a word of that language, the meaning will, I should think, be most intelligibly conveyed. Blondin has performed twice in the arena; and here I stop, having nothing more to write about, except that to-morrow there is to be a *Bal Masqué* at La Scala, not much chance, I should think, of there being many there, the weather too warm. A. R.

Milan, June 24.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The performance of the competing quintets took place on Monday afternoon, at Messrs Collards' rooms, Grosvenor Street, before a large and critical audience, consisting chiefly of well-known professors and amateurs. The proceedings were opened by a short address, made, on the part of the committee, by Mr. C. E. Stephens, who announced that eleven quintets had been submitted in competition, and that several meetings had taken place for their trial by Messrs Carrodus, Watson, H. Webb, Aylward, and Reynolds; in presence of the umpires, Messrs Cipriani Potter, Alfred Mellon, and G. A. Macfarren, who had unanimously awarded the first prize to a quintet, bearing an inscription "What's his name?" And the second to one endorsed! "All that is left of me now." It was also stated that Herr Molique had kindly undertaken to assist as umpire, but, having been unable to attend the trial of all the works submitted, his name could not appear in the award. The two successful works were then performed in most admirable style by the five executants already named, and were received with great and well-merited applause; after which the corresponding letters were opened, and the winner of the first prize proved to be Mr. James Lea Summers, of 10 Great Marlborough Street, and of the second, Mr. W. Gibbon, of 14, Dyke Road, Brighton. Mr. Summers was present, and received quite an ovation, as did also the umpires and executants. We hope to have other opportunities of hearing these works, and much commend the committee of the Society of British Musicians for their spirited and disinterested endeavours to advance the cause of their art, in which we were glad to learn that they have been assisted by subscriptions from several professors and amateurs, whose names were announced.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Mr. Costa's new oratorio, *Naaman*, is entirely finished. A new *cantata* by Mr. Henry Smart is also accepted by the festival directors. An orchestral trial of Mr. Costa's work will take place in the Hanover Square Rooms on the 6th of July.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifth and last concert, given on Wednesday evening, was a remarkable one. The symphony was Beethoven's C minor, No. 5; the concertos, Weber's *Concert-Stück* for the pianoforte, played by Madame Arabella Goddard, and Sphor's Dramatic Concerto (*In Moda di Scena Cantante*) for the violin, played by Herr Lauterbach; the overtures, Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*. It would be no easy matter to improve such a programme; and, with such a band as that under Dr. Wylde's direction, we need not say how admirable and perfect was the performance. The symphony was a great triumph, the last movement more particularly indicating the immense power and brilliancy of the players. The famous *Concert-Stück* created the same sensation it had recently done at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, when entrusted to the same artist, and the extraordinary success of which no doubt stimulated Dr. Wylde to insert it in his last programme—one of the most fascinating and exciting of pianoforte compositions (and let us add, *par parenthesis*, one of the most puzzling and tantalizing to the players) executed by one of the most accomplished of living artits could not but enchant the audience, who indeed were in ecstasies throughout, and applauded Madame Goddard with enthusiasm throughout the programme, and with redoubled enthusiasm at the conclusion. Herr Lauterbach is an excellent fiddler, and played Spohr's well-known and magnificent "Scena Cantante" with marked effect. If there was no great demonstration in his favor when he had concluded, Herr Lauterbach must bear in mind that Sphor's Concerto has been played by Joachim, Sivori, Vieuxtemps, and other eminent masters of the violin, and that his ordeal was a severe one. Nevertheless, he passed through it unscathed and with success. The overtures were not equally well played, nor indeed treated with equal consideration. Dr. Wylde did his utmost for Mendelssohn, and the result was the magnificent prelude to *Athalie* was magnificently executed. Dr. Wylde did not do his utmost for Rossini—did his very least for him, indeed, when he cut out the slow movement from his overture and took the *allegro* at such a pace as almost to convert it into a slow movement. It is very trying to a band and the conductor to have a piece played while the audience are all on the move, and no one attending. No doubt Dr. Wylde thought to himself, "who cares just now about the *adagio* of the overture—who indeed wants to have it at all?" But that idea should have occurred to him before, and an important orchestral prelude should not have been introduced into the programme unless it could have been performed with care and in a complete state. It is difficult to know what to select for the last piece of the programme, and even were it customary to play a voluntary while the audience were departing, the penultimate piece would be subject to the same interruption as the last piece is now.

The vocal music was sustained by Mdlle. Lagrua, Signor Naudin, M. Graziani, and Herr Schmidt—all from the Royal Italian Opera. Herr Schmidt made a powerful impression in the air from *Die Zauberflöte*, "In diesen heil' gen Hallen," and was loudly encored. Seldom has that grandest of bass songs been given with voice of richer quality, or in steadier and firmer accent. Herr Schmidt repeated the second verse, and a second time left the platform greeted by cheers from all parts of the Hall. Mdlle. Lagrua sang the air "Quando lascia la Normandia," from *Roberto il Diavolo;* Signor Graziani the romance, "Vien, Leonora" from the *Favorita*, and the air of Renato, "Eri tu macchiavevi," from the *Ballo in Maschera;* and Signor Naudin Fernando's air, "Spirto gentil," from the *Favorita*—all with more or less effect, Signor Graziani carrying the palm in the air from Verdi's opera.

Dr. Wylde's thirteenth season has proved eminently successful, and already he has announced his fourteenth season to open in April next.

RIPPINGTON PIPE

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MORNINGS AT THE PIANOFORTE.—These interesting performances, which for some time past have been given every Thursday afternoon, in St. James's Hall, were brought to a successful close last week; when Mrs. John Macfarren gave great delight to an elegant and very crowded audience, by the expression, the animation, and the brilliancy of her playing, which was never shown to greater advantage than in the admirable and varied selection from the works of the great pianoforte writers, provided for the occasion. The instrumental music was agreeably relieved by some vocal pieces, two of which were encored; Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "Mine and thine," from his "Lyrics," charmingly sung by Miss Robertine Henderson, and the same composer's admired duet from *She stoops to Conquer*, given by Miss Henderson and Miss Emily Soldene (Mr. Howard Glover's clever pupil). The enjoyment and appreciation of the whole was further promoted by some intelligent remarks and anecdotes with which the fair pianiste varied the programme. At the conclusion of the first part, Mrs. John Macfarren had to acknowledge the very cordial and prolonged applause that greeted her, and in the second part she was unanimously encored in "The bubbling brook," a sparkling caprice by Brissac.—*The Press.*

SIGNOR CIABATTA'S CONCERT.

The great feature at Signor Ciabatta's concert, which on Saturday afternoon drew a crowded and fashionable audience to St. James's-hall, was precisely the same as last year. Madame Grisi—Giulia Grisi, of course—took part in it, and a liberal part, too, inasmuch as she sang (including three encores) no less than nine times. The reception accorded to this, for so long a period of years, wholly unrivalled public favourite was, as may be readily imagined, hearty and enthusiastic. Madame Grisi's first performance was "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*—an opera composed expressly for her (in association with Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache), and produced at Paris exactly 30 years ago (1834). This being encored with rapture, "the original Elvira" returned to the platform and gave "The Last Rose of Summer," in a style that may be justly described as the perfection of ballad singing—so simple was it, so unaffected, and at the same time expressive. But the middle movement of the famous *trio-finale*, in the first act of *Norma* ("Oh di qual sei tu vittima") afforded Madame Grisi a still better opportunity of showing that the strength and beauty of her middle tones were but little, if at all, impaired, and that her dramatic fire could still blaze forth as vividly as of old. In this the original Adalgisa (*Norma* was first played at the Scala, Milan, in 1832, on New Year's-day—the fête of Santo Stefano—with Pasta as Norma and Giulia Grisi as Adalgisa) exerted herself to the utmost, and with such powerful result as to cause general regret that the preceding movement, containing "Ah non tremare, o perfido"—that overwhelming burst which was wont to scare the faithless and peccant Pollio—should not have been also included. This was the second encore, an encore in which every one in the hall, man, woman, and child, joined spontaneously. Need we add that the "Diva" (whose companions were Mdlle. Parepa and Signor Gardoni) affably assented, and that the trio was repeated? We have said as much in asking the question; but it was wholly superfluous. Madame Grisi next took part in an "Ave Maria," the melody by M. Gounod, who has forcibly enlisted, as recruit for the occasion, J. S. Bach's First Prelude (from the *Clavier bien Tempéré*, known in England as the "48 Preludes and Fugues")—which, as Bach was not living to receive the "shilling," must be looked upon as a somewhat arbitrary proceeding. Whatever the merit of M. Gounod, the notion of his making John Sebastian Bach his accompanist is a little strange. Only a modern musician—and that modern musician a Frenchman—would ever have conceived such an idea. The "Ave Maria," as performed on Saturday (in another shape fantastically denominated "*Meditation*"), was for voice (Madame Grisi), with harmonium and violin *obbligato* (Herr Engel and Signor Romeo Accursi)—the prelude itself (poor thing!) as usual. It produced little effect: at which, we must confess, we were rather pleased than surprised. A duet from *Il Turco in Italia* (with Signor Ciabatta), and one of Moore's *Irish Melodies*—"The Minstrel Boy" (the last—declaimed with as much emphasis as "The Last Rose of Summer" was warbled with exquisite sweetness—loudly encored)—were the other pieces for which Madame Grisi had been announced. Nevertheless, in the *finale* of the concert—Rossini's admirable *preghiera* from *Mose in Egitto*—although all the other solo singers had taken their departure, Madame Grisi, staunch to the end, joined in the solos; and for this act of courtesy to her audience, as well as for the delight she had afforded by her more important offices, was rewarded with a "leave-taking" of the most demonstrative and touching character. Waving of hats and handkerchiefs were accompanied by cheers and plaudits; and the *prima donna* of 30 years' supremacy retired, no doubt with the consciousness both of having enchanted a vast assembly *quand même*, and of having recalled the past with vivid reality to a large number present, in whose minds Giulia Grisi must for ever remain the *beau idéal* of dramatic song.

The concert of Signor Ciabatta was in other respects well worthy notice; but when Madame Grisi appears only once in a year it is natural that the chief attention should be concentrated in her efforts. A number of eminent singers and players, foreign and English, enhanced materially the attractions of the programme—so many, indeed, that it is out of the question to think of reciting their achievements. We must, nevertheless, pick out from the rest Madame Sainton Dolby's irreproachable delivery of "Auld Robin Gray;" the marvellous execution of an *aria* by Herr Ascher, entitled "Danza di gioja," by Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti—in which the "*staccato*" passages seemed to proceed rather from an instrument that could not possibly err than from a human voice; and the pianoforte playing of that genuine "phenomenon," Mademoiselle Marie Krebs. The last two were enthusiastically encored—Mademoiselle Patti, in response to the compliment, substituting for Herr Ascher's air the delicious laughing-song from Auber's *Manon L'Escaut*. Mademoiselle Krebs—whose first piece was an outrageously difficult, but by no means musically interesting, *fantasia*, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*—on returning to the pianoforte, played Thalberg's "Home sweet Home." Since Miss Arabella Goddard first appeared in the National Concerts, at Her Majesty's Theatre (1850), we remember

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no such absolutely perfect mechanism in a youthful aspirant; and if Mademoiselle Marie Krebs does not become one of the greatest pianists of her time it may be reasonably laid to the charge of those who at present guide her studies. Meanwhile, we think it would be advisable to direct her attention to something more sterling than the *fantasia* on *Lucrezia Borgia*. Now (we believe Mademoiselle Krebs is only 15) is the time to form her mind; her fingers are already unerringly obedient ministers. It is very long since we have been so entirely satisfied with a new instrumental performer, young or old.

NONSENSICAL RHYMES FOR NONSENICAL TIMES.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XVII.

There was a young singer, called Lucca,*
Who's out of the way, like Dan Tucker,
But, wherever she's wandering,
'T seems lying and slandering
Is the chief occupation of Lucca.*

* Pronounce Lucker.

XVIII.

There was a young singer, called Lucca,*
Who's by no means a "judicious Hooker,"
For when lately she hook'd it,
The people all book'd it
A sign of the failure of Lucca.*

* Pronounce Looker.

XIX.

There was a young singer, called Lucca,*
Who doesn't appear to be plucky,
For she, at the height
Of good fortune, took flight,
And bolted—that is, cut her lucky.

* Pronounce Lucky.

XX.

There was an old Rippington Pipe,
Who'd about as much wit as a snipe,
Yet he still scratched his head,
To write papers not read,
And used only to light up a pipe.

XXI.

There was an old Welshman, Ap'Mutton,
Whose head, if a Welsh wig you put on,
It will cover no brains,
Tho' he's at great pains
To hide this weak point of Ap'Mutton.

XXII.

There was an old doctor, C. Pidding,
Whose aspect is mostly forbidding;
But make him a present,
He'll smile and look pleasant—
So common a mortal's C. Pidding.

XXIII.

There was an old doctor, called Shoe,
Who, not knowing on earth what to do,
A fool'scap did put on,
The cap of Ap'Mutton;
That is—put his foot in his shoe.

MISS MADELENA CRONIN'S *Matinée Musicale*, on Friday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, attracted a very large attendance. Miss Cronin is a pianist of considerable talent, and proved herself entitled to be called so by her performance of Wœlff's difficult sonata known as "*Ne plus ultra*." Her execution is neat and her taste unexceptionable. Thalberg's Fantasia on *Norma* and his Study in A minor both pleased greatly, the first being encored. Miss Cronin was assisted by Madame Parepa, Miss Banks and Mdlle. Elvira Behrens (the last two encored in the duet, "Dolce Conforto," from the *Giuramento* of Mercadante), Signors Delle-Sedie, Solieri, Frizzi and Fortuna, as vocalists, and Signor Accurzi (violin), and MM. Pilotti, Hargitt and Ganz as accompanists at the pianoforte. We must not omit to mention that the *beneficiare* is a composer as well as a pianist, and that Miss Banks sang two pleasing songs of Miss Cronin entitled "The Slave's Dream" and "'Twas long, long ago," which were both admired and applauded.

STREET MUSIC.*

"You are treading very near to dangerous ground," said Mr. Gladstone on Wednesday to the little clique who are endeavoring to suppress the music of the people; and the warning was well timed. Mr. Bass's bill, which at first was treated with good-humored derision, bids fair to become law; it is wriggling through committee; and even the attempts of the Government to make it reasonable have been without effect. The member for Derby and the member for Taunton are quietly dictating laws to London. Henceforth no organ-grinder shall venture to play; any policeman is to be empowered to take him into custody; and if his "offence" be proved, he is to be liable not merely to fine, but imprisonment. In a word, these good Conservative gentlemen are bent upon treating the metropolis to a little "paternal government;" and it is high time that the metropolis itself should pronounce whether it likes that mode of treatment. Whatever may be the merits of our police, it will scarcely be affirmed that a constable at eighteen shillings a week is likely to be profoundly versed in the law; and yet into the hands of A 1 or Z 999 it is deliberately proposed to place a power equal to that of a magistrate. Let Mr. Babbage complain that his calculating machine has been thrown out of gear—let any surly and selfish curmudgeon, hating to see his neighbours enjoy themselves, protest against the music—and forthwith the player is to be arrested. What is "reasonable cause?" The question requires the trained intellect of a lawyer; it cannot be answered by a policeman, and yet the policeman is empowered to be judge in such a case—to deprive a man of the means of earning his livelihood, and to pronounce sentence without hearing the defence. Well might the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Home Secretary, and the Attorney-General unite in protesting against such a monstrous enactment. It is possible that they manage these matters better in France; but we in England have a deeply-rooted objection to being over-policed. We would rather bear the little evils that we have, than see them set right at the mere will and discretion of a constable. We view with jealousy any interference on the part of the Executive with public amusements; but that which we would not tolerate at the hands of a Government we are expected to endure at those of any raw-boned country lad who, to get out of a poaching scrape, runs away to London, manages to get a blue coat on his back, and a glazed hat on his head, and certain cabalistic letters and numerals on his collar. That the police, as a rule, do their duty well, we are ready to admit; we are *not*, however, ready to extend their authority—*not* ready to entrust them with almost despotic powers, even against little Savoyards with hurdy-gurdies and white mice, Germans with trombones, or Italians with flutinas.

But Babbage, Bentinck, and Bass have a special plea; "the public," we are told, "really want the nuisance to be abated;" and in proof hereof we are favored with selected facts. Sundry eminent individuals, with highly sensitive nervous organisations, are pressed into the witness-box. We are told that the late Mr. Thackeray used to be "driven into the fields" by street music—a statement which we take leave to doubt. It is urged that the contributors to *Punch* are unable to make jokes within hearing of a barrel-organ; we admit their incapacity, but we doubt whether it would be cured by the removal of the instrument. Then we are informed that Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Carlyle object; and it would, certainly, be amusing to learn in what terms they couch their remonstrance. The Laureate might, perchance, assert that "uneasy is the poet's mind, and broken discords are his lays, who hears throughout the summer days Italian organs near him grind!" and it is easy to imagine with what fervid emphasis the author of "Sartor Resatus" would adjure an itinerant musician to "move on:" "Begone, thou and thy Instrument, multiform inextricable Chaos of steel-piping, with stops more or less artfully adjusted for emission of drawling, clamorous, miserably *unvocal* Sound, heart-rending, ear-deafening to the Sage, pleasing mainly to Nursemaid, John Footman, and other the like dissonant Individuals!" But Mr. Bass has not yet exhausted his catalogue. He tells us a distressing tale of a gifted young man who has absolutely been obliged—poor fellow!—to compose at night instead of the morning; and he asserts that between three and four hundred musicians are unable to carry on their profession. Two of a trade never agree; and it is possible that here and there some "professor" may find it unpleasant to listen to his unrecognised brother in the street; but we take the liberty of observing that three or four hundred musicians are not the people of London. Mr. Bass, however, calls another witness. The worthy brewer has a hair-dresser; and this Figaro, to whose authority we are expected to bow down, tells him that the street-bands are encouraged chiefly by scullery and nursery maids. We have scarcely any patience with this feeble twaddle. To please two or three men of letters, a crotchety mathematician, sundry long-haired fiddlers, and Mr. Bass's

* From the *Daily Telegraph*.

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barber, the police are to have the power of arresting any musician who happens, in the judgment of a soi-disant connoisseur, to play a little out of tune.

"Punch," indeed, is an "institution;" Judy is sacred, Toby is to be undisturbed, the Pandean pipes are privileged, the drum is hallowed; but woe betide the man who gives us the chorus from *Faust* on a really good organ. Off with him; off with him at once; drag him away; never mind whether he has a wife and family to support; never mind whether your neighbour likes his tunes: the law awards it, and—not indeed the court, but—the constable doth give it. A serious discussion of Mr. Bass's bill would be out of place, for the simple reason that all the objections to this petty and peddling piece of legislative oppression and impertinence have been already stated by the press, and repeated to the House of Commons by such orators as Mr. Gladstone. But it is as well to warn the member for Derby and his congenial coadjutors that they are doing their utmost to excite a most inconvenient and dangerous feeling in this great city. If there is one thing the people hate more than another, it is class legislation, and Mr. Bass's bill is class legislation in its worst, its most odious, and its most offensive form. To him and to his friends an organ or a street band may not be necessary or agreeable. They can go to the opera, they can *buy* their music in the best market; but what of those who never wear a dress-coat, and whose weekly wages do not amount to the price of a stall? Why are *they* to have no music at all? The street performances are *their* opera, *their* concert; rob them of that, and they have nothing—they are left to grow up without any of the soothing influences that music, even of the humblest kind, exerts. We join issue with the police-invoking philanthropists on every point; we assert that the music now heard in our thoroughfares is a vast improvement upon that which was formerly to be met with; and that every year it improves still more. But, no matter how rude it may be, no matter how distasteful to the connoisseurs of the West end, we say further that the bulk of the people like it; that the objectors are in a wretched minority; that it never interferes with the working man at his toil; that it does not disturb the shopkeeper; that it sets the little children dancing instead of groping in the gutter; that it helps to keep men, and women too, out of the public-houses, and supplies them with cheap, rational, and harmless amusement. Convinced of these facts—and we appeal to all fairly-informed Londoners to confirm us—we call upon the metropolitan members to fight the bill, inch by inch, at every stage—to delay its progress by every form that the customs of the House of Commons will permit; and we urge upon the Government the duty of persevering in their resistance, and of summoning a sufficient number of sensible representatives to checkmate the hundred and twenty *dilettanti* who vote with Mr. Bass.

Herr Wilhelm Ganz's Matinee, given on Wednesday at his residence, Queen Anne Street, was honored by a full and fashionable attendance. The pieces played by Herr Ganz were Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Stephen Heller's "Feuillet l'Album" and "Wanderstunden," "Song without words" by Mendelssohn, and fantasia on *Falstaff* and new Mazurka "Vogliana" of his own composition. Beethoven's sonata was remarkably well played, as was also the *Mazurka*, which is written with much brilliancy, and was greatly admired. Loud applause, too, followed the fantasia on *Falstaff*. The singers were Madame Parepa, Mdlle. Enequist, Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, Herr Reichardt and Mr. Allan Irving. Mdlle. Enequist created the usual sensation in one of her National Swedish Songs, and was encored. Madame Parepa received the same compliment in Herr Ganz's very popular song, "Sing, birdie, sing;" and Herr Reichardt, in his new song "Die Thräne," created a different kind of impression, filling the eyes with tears rather than the heart with gladness. The concert began and ended with a trio by Mozart; the first being "Protegge il guisto cielo" from *Don Giovanni*, the last "Soave sia il rento" from *Cosi fan tutte*. Messrs. Benedict, Emile Berger and Edouard Ganz were the conductors.

Mr. John Watson.—A concert was given at the Music Hall, Store Street, for the benefit of Mr. Watson, the Photographer, who has been totally blind for the last two years. We trust the proceeds were sufficient to be of service to him. The artists who kindly gave their services were Miss Edith Wynne, and the members of the West London Madrigal Society, Miss Fynnes, Mr. James Lea Summers, and Mr. J. B. Chatterton: Mr. Joseph Heming, conductor. The principal instrumental pieces were Andante and Rondo for the pianoforte, composed and capitally played by Mr. James Lea Summers (the blind pianist); a fantasia of his own composition, played by Mr. J. B. Chatterton; and a *Saltarello* by Stephen Heller, played in brilliant style by Miss Fynnes, who improves daily, and who, on the present occasion, came in for no inconsiderable amount of applause from the audience, who were greatly pleased both with the composition and the performer. The fair pianist also played a *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn's with marked success. The accompanist of the vocal music was Mr. J. G. Callcott.

Signor Regondi's Concert.—To amateurs of the concertina and guitar this entertainment, given on Thursday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, presented many attractions. Signor Guilio Regondi is the greatest master of the concertina, and scarcely less remarkable as a player on the guitar. Doubtless there are people who do not greatly care for the guitar as a musical instrument, nor even greatly affect the concertina, but none can hear Signor Regondi on either of the instruments of his predilection without being sensible of his marvellous executive power, and his thoroughly refined taste. His performances on Thursday comprised, *Duo Concertante*, for violoncello and concertina, by Bohren, played with Herr Lidel; two guitar solos —*Réverie* and *Fête Villagesite*—from his own pen; Concerto in D, for the concertina, by F. Boren; *Duo Concertante*, for harp and concertina, on airs from *Etoile du Nord* (with Mr. Boleyne Reeves); and Guitar Solo, *Introduction et Caprice*, composed by himself. Boren's Concerto for the Concertina, judging from the favor with which it was received, pleased most of all these performances. So loud and persistent was the applause at the end that Signor Regondi was compelled to return to the platform. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Linas Martorelle, Miss Lascelles, Signors Gardoni and Delle-Sedie; and Mr. Charles Hallé contributed two solos on the pianoforte. Mdlle. Bido, too, the young Hungarian violinist, whose name did not appear in the printed programmes, played in a very attractive manner a piece by Vieuxtemps. The room was extremely well filled. Mr. Francesco Berger presided at the pianoforte.

Mr. Ascher's Matinee Musicale.—A very excellent concert, with Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Parepa, Signor Gardoni, and Gassier assisting Mr. Ascher as vocalists, and Signor Andreoli and M. Paque as instrumentalists. Mr. Ascher contributed the following pieces from his own pen:—"Grande Fantaisie de Concert" on airs from *Semiramide* —a brilliant composition brilliantly played by the composer; song, "Alice, qual inclita stella," sung by Signor Gardoni and loudly encored; three solos for piano. "A Leonora," *Contemplation*, *La Source Limpide*, *Caprice Etude*, and *La Ronde des Elfes*, *Féerie*, played by Mr. Ascher; Duo on *Guillaume Tell* for two pianofortes, performed by Herr Kühe and Mr. Ascher; pianoforte solo, "Pensée Dramatique sur *Faust*, played by Mr. Ascher; two songs—"La Marguerite" and "Thoughts of Home"—finely sung by Madame Parepa, more particularly the second, a happy imitation of an Alpine song; and "Marche des Amazones," pianoforte solo, played by Mr. Ascher. Need we say that most of these are old favorites and that the audience renewed their acquaintance with pleasure when presented in so graceful and taking a manner by the composer. The piece from *Faust* was the only novelty in Mr. Ascher's selection, and that seemed to afford universal gratification. Mr. Ascher had to return to the platform and make his bow after a very hearty call. The room was full, and the company fashionable.

Aptommas's Last Harp Recital.—To the amateurs of the harp, the series of "Recitals" given at Collard's Pianoforte Rooms, and brought to a termination on Tuesday afternoon, must have proved in the highest degree gratifying. The last indeed was the crowning performance of the set, and comprised for the harp pieces, a study by Bochsa, study by Aptommas, "Home, sweet home," by Aptommas, *Lucia*, fantasia by Parish Alvars, "Sounds from the Highlands," (Scottish melodies) by Aptommas, second "Sounds from Home," (Welsh melodies) by Aptommas, duet for harp and piano. "La Tarentella," by Bianchi and Aptommas. All these pieces pleased infinitely and were received with distinct marks of favor. Mr. Aptommas is not only one of the most expert of harpists, but his playing is distinguished by many qualities, among which are great delicacy and refinement of style—qualities, by the way, which greatly commend his playing to lady amateurs. Weber's *Concert-stück*, arranged for the harp by Aptommas, with the orchestral parts for the piano, Mr. C. J. Hargitt pianist, if not altogether legitimate, was one of the capital performances of the concert.

The Royal Dramatic College Fete will be held at the Crystal Palace, on the 16th and 18th of July. Among the leading features will be the usual stalls, presided over by the most popular of the Metropolitan Actresses, including Madlle. Stella Colas, who will make her first appearance at these Fêtes. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are to inhabit a grotesque edifice, resembling a huge fan opening and closing, the design of Mr. R. Phillips, of the Adelphi Theatre. They will sell an elegant little Dramatic College Fan, devised by Mr. Howard Paul, who is at present in Paris superintending their production. Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford are to give an exhibition of Wax Work. Clarke of the St. James Theatre is to have a Cat and Dog show. The Wombwell Menagerie will be repeated, with wonderful additions of curious monsters. So that what with the usual Aunt Sallies, Minstrels, Serenaders, Gipsy Tents, Richardson's Booth, and other pastimes, the Fair this year promises a great deal of fun and amusement.

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MUTTONIANA.

Since his last issue Dr. Shoe has been persistently peppered with epigrams in verse, some with too many feet, some irregularly footed, and some footless. He has selected the best and forwarded them by mail to Heligoland, where they will undergo the investigation of Mr. Ap'Mutton, who will doubtless retouch those in which he detects the largest quantity of salt, and transmit them for publication in *Muttoniana*. With the weaker effusions—lopping off feet from some and straitening the feet of others—Dr. Shoe proposes to divert his readers until the anxiously looked for return of Mr. Ap'Mutton to a post the duties of which no other lettered ontosophist can perform with the same delicate irony, copious diction, rich metaphor, magnanimous sentiment, and urbane consideration for the *amour-propre* of his contributors. The subjoined (from the pen of Sir Caper O'Corby, of Creamside, near Kettlehurst) is (Dr. Shoe respectfully apprehends) as ill an epigram of its rhymes as could well be imagined :—

There was an old pianist, called Kuhe,
Who said, "Hallé, mein freind, How d'ye do
Dat bassage I heard
Mit two notes fon ein bird?"—
To which Hallé responded "Cuc-koo."

One such example will (Dr. Shoe is of belief) suffice for this issue. The other examples may stand over without ceremony.

Dear Shoe,—I read in the *Neus Musik-Zeitung* of Berlin (where I am on a short visit to Count von Bismark) the following:—

"Die Eigenthümer des Journals *Musical and Dramatic Review*, haben das Ableben desselben angezeigt. *Requiescat in pace!* Möge ihm das *Orchestra* bald folgen."

What does it signify? Yours faithfully. A. Longears.
Schloss-Esel, bei Graff von Bismark.

Dr. Shoe thinks it signifies nothing particular. Perhaps, however, Pauline Lucca (Dr. Shoe's spoiled *Kind*) may be able to explain it to Mr. Longears more at length and purport.

Mr. Purple Powis presents compliments to Dr. Shoe, and would gladly know the age of Mdlle. Marie Krebs. Some say 15, others 13, others 12. Mr. Powis would gladly be set exact on the subject.
Pin and Lion, Autumnside, near Walsall, June 29.

Dr. Shoe has found a copy of the certificate (*Taufschein*) of the young maiden's birth and baptism, on Mr. Ap'Mutton's wire. He appends it, with a translation :—

Stempel.—Im Iahre Tausend acht Hundert zwei und fünfzig (1852) den eilften *März* hat zu *Dresden* von Sr. Hochwürden, dem Sonntagsfrühprediger Herrn Johann Bellermann ein ehelich erzeugtes, am fünften *December* des Iahres Tausend acht Hundert ein und fünfzig (1851) gebornes Kind nach dem Gebrauche der Katholischen Kirche die heilige Taufe empfangen und ist genannt worden: *Augusta Calixta Maria*. Die Eltern sind: Herr *Carl August Miedke* genannt *Krebs*, Königlich sächsischer Kapellmeister allhier, und Frau *Aloysia Anna*, geborne *Michalesi*. Die Taufpathen waren: Frau *Auguste Fürstenau*, Hof-Lithographs Ehegattin allhier; Herr Graf *Calixtus Mierzejewski* und Frau *Auguste Leonhardi*, Directors der Dampfschiffahrts-Gesellschaft Ehegattin allhier.

Solches wird auf Grund des bei der Königl-Katholischen Hofkirche geführten Taufbuches attestirt. Franz Bernert,
Dresden, den 6 *April*, 1864. *Superior u. Pfarrer*,
Pfarrsiegel.
Parroch. Temp. x Aul. Reg. Saxon.

(*Translation.*)

Stamp.—In the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Two (1852), on the eleventh of March, a child born in the bonds of wedlock, on the fifth of December, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-One (1851), was baptised at Dresden according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, by the Reverend Johann Bellermann, Sunday Morning Preacher, and named: Augusta Calixta Maria. The parents are: Herr Carl August Miedke, called Krebs, *Capellmeister* of the King of Saxony, and of this place; and Mad. Aloysia Anna, formerly Mdlle. Michalesi; the Godfather and Godmothers were, Mad. Auguste Fürstenau, wife of the Royal Lithographer of this place; Count Calixtus Mierzejewski, and Mad. Auguste Leonhardi, wife of the Director of the Steamboat Society of this place.

The above is attested, on the authority of the Baptismal register kept in the Royal Catholic Court Church.

Franz Bernert,
Parochial Seal. Superior and Rector.
Parroch. Temp. x. Aul. Reg. Saxon.

Dr. Shoe trusts that the foregoing will set all doubts at rest in the mind of Mr. Purple Powis. If the contrary, he (Shoe) advises him (Powis) to wait the return of Mr. Ap'Mutton, who is sure to know the truth and have noted it in a document.

Dr. Shoe has been favoured with the following substitute for a well known nursery rhyme, the rhythm and rhyme of which it echoes, exchangiug its simple significance for a subtler sense. Thus a child is presented with an apparent nut, and finds within, not the kernal of nature but the savoury confection of art. Dr. Shoe omitted, but now submits that the favour alluded to above, but inserted below, came from a quarter dear to his affections—namely, the two Misses Shoe, rolled into one—*videlicet* Miss Two Shoes, the Dr. having one only daughter on whom he continually harps, using the seven strings of his cordial lyre.

Jack and Jael,
Came, one by rail,
The other up by water;
Jack, in town,
Charged folks a crown,
While Jael thumped a sonata.

Dr. Shoe is compelled to decline, however willingly, the hexametric poem of Mr. Pitt P. Pill, entitled *The Far-spreading King*. Mr. Pill should try his hand at something less ambitious. Dr. Shoe has been honored by the subjoined :—

Mr. Ap'Lamb presents his compliments to Dr. Shoe and would be obliged if Dr. Shoe could inform him whether Mr. Ap'Mutton can tell him (Ap'Lamb) if he (Ap'Mutton) be of the female, or Ap'Ewe line of the Ap'Muttons, or, of the male, or Ap'Ram line; or again, if he be neither (neuter)—in which case he must be of the Ap'Wether line, as he cannot fail to admit, after due rumination, the logic which Ap'Lamb chops being as good as any which Ap'Mutton chops.

His (Dr. Shoe's) Ap'Lamb.
(Of the firm of Ap'Lamb, Pease & Co).

P.S. Answer, weather or no.
Shepherd's Bush.

The genealogy (family-tree), pedigree (or *pied-de-mouton*) of the Ap'Muttons is kept at Wool-Stapler's Hall, Lambs Conduit Street, emblazoned on sheepskin, by Wolf, King-at-Haunches. Dr. Shoe has examined it.

To Dr. Shoe, A.S.S.

Sir,—The enclosed *nonsensical rhymes* I accidentally picked up while at play, and as in the original there only appeared the initials P. and I. I have taken the liberty of filling up the spaces, feeling assured that I am perfectly right, with this assurance, I remain,

yours respectfully,
Breakneckornothing Hall, Brecknock S. T. Table.

Dr. Shoe has only received the nonsensical note of Mr. Table. The "nonsensical rhymes" have not come to foot.
Boot and Hook, Shocsbury. Taylor Shoe.

Miss Kate Gordon has been giving a series of two *Matinées* at Messrs. Collard and Collards' rooms. The second came off on Wednesday morning. Miss Kate Gordon is a modest and unassuming young artiste, who, by her gentle and ladylike manners, as well as by her talents, is sure to make her way with the public. The young lady deserves every encouragement on account of her perseverance in studying after her sad calamity. A correspondent informs us that "when Miss Kate Gordon was a little child she exhibited great aptitude for the pianoforte, and was placed under Mr. Benedict. Unfortunately, while studying with him, she met with a severe accident (by fire) which deprived her of the use of her left arm for nearly four years." The young pianist has made good use of her time since, and she plays with great sensibility and correctness. The pieces which Miss Kate Gordon played at her second *matinée* were Weber's "L'Invitation à la valse," Mozart's trio in E flat (Op. 14) for piano, clarionet and violin, with Mr. Lazarus and Mr. H. Webb; a duet for two pianos on airs from *Don Juan* (Herr Lehmeyer being her coadjutor) and a piece by Mr. Boscovitch, entitled "Les Tambours," which terminated the concert. The other artists were Miss Eleanora Wilkinson, who sang "Non so più cosa son," and Signor Randegger's song, "Peacefully slumber;" Mrs. Merest, who, among other songs, gave her own ballad "The chain is broke;" Mr. George Perren, applauded after his ballad, "When first the bells," and Mr. Renwick. A Signor Padovani also played a solo on an instrument entitled violinottavisono (i.e. a violin with eight strings). The accompanists of the vocal music were Herr Lehmeyer and Mr. George B. Allen.

Mr. Aguilar's Second Reception took place last Tuesday week at his residence, Westbourne Square. The last is announced for Tuesday next.

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(With power to add to their number.)

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GEORGE WOOD, Esq. (Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.), 201, Regent St.

Public Accountant:—FRED B. SMART, Esq., 38, Gresham Street, E.C.

Secretary:—MARTIN CAWOOD, Esq.

Temporary Offices:—ST. JAMES'S HALL, 69, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

PROSPECTUS.

The Opera Company (Limited) is registered under "The Companies' Act, 1862," and is intended to carry out, with extended provisions the objects sought to be attained by the "English Opera Association," now being voluntarily wound up in consequence of its constitution having been found inadequate for its requirements.

Ample powers have been taken in the Memorandum of Association and Articles of Association for the performance of Operas, the encouragement of Musical Art, the employment of operatic and other artists, and for musical purposes generally, as well as the establishment of a school of Music in this country, and the education of artists for the lyric stage, on the principle of the Conservatoires of Paris and Brussels.

The Shareholders of the English Opera Association will have the option of entering into the Opera Company Share for Share, being credited in full with the amount paid on their allotment of Shares in that Association, the Opera Company adopting the liabilities for preliminary expenses in the English Opera Association of every Shareholder availing himself of this opportunity, and receiving the balance of the amount so paid.

PRIVILEGES OF SHAREHOLDERS.

There is attached to every entire number of five Shares of the Company's original capital, a free admission to any part of the house, according to the *Tariff of Prices* published by the Company at the commencement of each season, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
5 Shares will have admission to any part of the House to the amount of	1	15	0
10 Shares " " "	3	10	0
15 Shares " " "	5	5	0
20 Shares " " "	7	0	0
25 Shares " " "	8	15	0
30 Shares will have admission to any part of the House to the amount of	10	10	0
35 Shares " " "	12	5	0
40 Shares " " "	14	0	0
45 Shares " " "	16	15	0
50 Shares " " "	17	10	0

And so on, in like proportion, making for every 100 shares admissions to the value of £35.

Every endeavour will be made by the Directors to render these privileges as available and convenient as possible to the Shareholders consistently with the welfare and prosperity of the Company.

Each season will consist of about 140 nights.

The Directors have provisionally secured, on very favourable terms, the use of Covent Garden Theatre for a term of years, commencing the second Monday in October next. Mr. Gye has covenanted to allow the amount of his rental to depend on the receipts of the Company instead of demanding a fixed rental, and has further very liberally consented to forego, in the first year, a portion of his share of the receipts, in order to provide for the preliminary expenses incurred by this Company in adopting the liabilities of Shareholders of the English Opera Association joining the Opera Company. The amount abandoned by Mr. Gye will be nearly, if not quite, sufficient to defray the preliminary expenses of both the English Opera Association and the Opera Company. Thus practically the Opera Company is brought before the public unburdened with any preliminrry expenses, and at the same time has secured to itself a very large body of Shareholders.

The Directors will also have the advantage of the excellently organised staff of Mr. Gye's Theatre, who have for so many years worked together under his direction. Mr. Alfred Mellon will be the Musical Conductor; Mr. William Beverly the Scenic Artist; and Mr. Augustus Harris the Stage Manager.

By this arrangement the Directors will not only have a Theatre ready in every respect for their occupation, but will also have the use of a large amount of Scenery, Properties, and other material, without any outlay on their part. The amount of capital necessary to commence operations will therefore be but small, and the Directors do not at present recommend a larger issue than 6,000 Shares, a considerable number of which have already been subscribed.

In a commercial point of view the Directors have every reason to believe that the undertaking will be a great success. Calculations based on the average receipts of former undertakings in English Opera and a liberal estimate of expenses have been made; and with a fair regard to the prospect of increased attraction which the Company hope to offer to the public a very handsome dividend may be expected in addition to the privileges granted to the Shareholders, which it may be observed are of themselves a return of 17½ per cent. on the Call of £2 per Share. A profit of only £10 per night will yield a dividend of 12 per cent. on the capital paid up; the capabilities for seating an audience in Covent Garden Theatre, at English Opera prices, admit of a profit of twenty times that amount.

*** *Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained at the Company's Office, 69, Regent Street; the Solicitors'; the Brokers'; the Bankers'; and the principal Musicsellers in town and country, to whom application may be made, accompanied by a deposit of 10s. per Share, without which no application can be entertained. Should a less number of Shares be allotted than are applied for, the balance of the deposit money will be appropriated towards the payment of the allotment call.*

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MISS ELEANOR WARD and MISS CONSTANCE RODEN have the honor to announce their MATINEE MUSICALE, on Wednesday, July 20, at 66 CADOGAN PLACE (by kind permission), to commence at Three o'clock. *Vocalists*—Mdlles. Linas Martorelli, Georgi, Constance Georgi, Constance Roden and Madame Weiss; Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Weiss, Allan Irving, Frank Elmore and Santley (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.) *Instrumentalists*:—Pianoforte, Madame R. Sydney Pratten and Miss Eleanor Ward; Flute, Mr. R. S. Pratten; Clarionet, Mr. Lazarus; Harp, Mr. John Cheshire. Conductors—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, C. J. Hargitt, W. Ganz, E. Berger and Benedict. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or three for £1 10s.; to be had of Cramer, Wood & Co., 201 Regent Street; Olivier & Co., No. 19 Old Bond Street; Miss Ward, 61 Albany Street, Regent's Park; and Miss Roden, 91 Cambridge Street, Eccleston Square.

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN" (Words by H. HERSEE, Esq.), composed by EMILE BERGER, at Mrs. Vernon's Concert, Tottenham, on Tuesday, July 19; and at the Glasgow City Hall, September 17 and 24.

MADLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing "A THOUSAND MILES FROM THEE," composed by FRANK MORI, at Scarborough, on Friday, July 22nd.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed for him by BLUMENTHAL, at the Hereford Festival, on Wednesday Evening, August 31.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "WAVERLEY," at Tottenham, July 19; Crystal Palace, July 25; at Myddelton Hall, August 5; and Richmond, August 17.

MR. WALTER PETTIT will play a FANTASIA for VIOLONCELLO (M.S.), by CHARLES LUCAS, at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, THIS DAY. 26 Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND, MR. H. BLAGROVE and MR. W. PETTIT will play MENDELSSOHN'S "TRIO in D Minor," at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, THIS DAY, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing at the City Hall Concerts, Glasgow, September 17 and 24, and will be happy to accept engagements for other dates between September 12 and September 30. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W. C.

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MIREILLE—GOUNOD—TIETJENS, ETC.

(*Times—July* 11.)

M. Gounod's *Mireille*—or *Mirella*, as it is newly christened—grows upon acquaintance. It is not another *Faust*, but that merely proves the author's versatility, the subject having nothing whatever in common with *Faust*, while the music, it may be stated without reserve, is in every sense happy and effective. *Mireille* shares two peculiarities with *Faust*. It does not contain a single example of elaborate writing—a single example either of the grand "*morceau d'ensemble*" (to employ an untranslatable compound), or of the grand *finale*, in which the most famous dramatic composers, from Mozart to Rossini, have delighted to exhibit their strength. On the other hand, an individuality of style which, in spite of occasional resemblances to Auber and occasional imitations of Meyerbeer, reveals the fact that M. Gounod's music is M. Gounod's and no one else's—an individuality of which, seeing how few living composers can boast anything of the sort, the accomplished French musician has a right to be proud—is apparent in *Mireille*, just as it is apparent in *Faust* and in *La Reine de Saba*, the unsuccessful predecessor of that singularly popular work; but further, we repeat there is nothing in common between M. Gounod's last opera and his last but two. That *Faust* should be immediately understood and its worth acknowledged, not alone in Paris and London, but wherever it has been performed, while *Mireille* in Paris was laid aside after twenty-four representations, is solely attributable to their respective books. The book of *Faust* is built upon a story and comprises personages familiar to the whole civilized world,—familiar through poetry and prose, through ballad, painting, statuary, and engraving. The book of *Mireille*, on the contrary, comes from a source wholly unknown to any except lettered Frenchmen—and even to them, until of late years, chiefly known through the eloquent description of Lamartine. When the *Mireio* of M. Frederic Mistral, of Marseilles—esteemed by readers of universal poetry, of poetry wherever to be found and in whatever language written, a sort of Homeric troubadour—first appeared, being composed in the Provençal tongue, it was inaccessible to all except a narrow range of appreciators. But for Lamartine, and the prose translation from the author's own pen, to which Lamartine's eulogium possibly contributed (some ten years ago), and through which M. Gounod became intimate with the poem, *Mireio* might to this day have been as little known to ordinary readers even in France (parts of the south excepted) as the poetry of Roumanville and Aubanel of Avignon, of Benedit of Marseilles, with other zealous promulgators of the Troubadour legends and Troubadour rhymes, labourers in the honorable, if not very thankful, task of reviving and spreading the taste for an idiom which rivalled even the Italian idiom of its period, who, had not Mistral produced his great work, would hold a rank scarcely inferior to his. With this disadvantage M. Gounod had to contend in writing his new opera; but, in love with his subject, like a true enthusiast, he spared no pains to do it justice. He visited, it is said, the country where M. Mistral had placed the scene and imagined the incidents of his poem, imbuing his mind with the spirit of Provençal legend, and filling his ear with the strains of early Provençal melody. How much he gathered while in Provence, and for how much we are indebted rather to his research than to his invention, it is for future explorers to discover. That, however, is just now a point of little consequence. M. Gounod has given to the world another genuine and charming work, which, if not revealing absolute genius, shows something next akin to it. The first place can only be allowed to such as are more richly endowed than M. Gounod with the gift of spontaneous and continuous melody, better able than he to translate into music the emotions of which tragedy is the legitimate exponent, and more skilful in those elaborate combinations which, while belonging to the highest art, lie only within the province of the highest genius successfully to contrive. To such exceptional endowments he may not pretend; but, apart from them, he has more than enough to charm the world and create for himself a brilliant name, the ultimate endurance of which will rest entirely with himself.

The poem of *Mireio*—an epic-idyll in the strictest sense—is in 12 cantos, the loves and adventures of the daughter of Maitre Raimon and Vincent, the basket-maker's son, serving as connecting links in a whole which might have been built up just as well with the aid of any other legend, and which has been poetically described as "*La Provence elle-même, avec un cœur de femme et les traits d'un ange.*" It was a hard task for M. Michel Carré to dig out an operatic libretto from such materials as the great work of Homer's "umble escoulant" (M. Mistral thus describes himself) presents; and really on the whole, though three acts (or even two) would have served the purpose more readily than five, he has not performed it ill. If not dramatic, he is at least not uninteresting. But, tempting as is the theme, we are forced by considerations for which our musical readers in general, and the zealous admirers of M. Gounod's music in particular, will easily appreciate, to refrain from entering into further detail. The plot with which M. Carré has furnished M. Gounod may be described in a very few lines. Mireille, daughter of the wealthy farmer Ramon, is enamoured of Vincent, a poor basket-maker, by whom her love is reciprocated. But Ramon has destined her for Ourrias, the bull-tamer, who, rich like himself, he considers a more suitable match. Deaf to the entreaties of his old friend Ambroise (Vincent's father), Ramon is obdurate; and on Mireille declaring she will have no other than Vincent, he spurns her and threatens her with his curse. Ourrias, hearing Mireille's confession, becomes furious. Following his rival to a remote and unfrequented place, he assaults and leaves him for dead. Remorse for this crime soon follows, and, wandering from the spot, the exasperated bull-tamer loses his way and is drowned in attempting to cross the Rhone on the very night of the murder he believes he has committed. Vincent, however, not being mortally wounded, is tended by a friendly "wise-woman," called Taven, and ultimately cured. Meanwhile Mireille, receiving the news of her lover's supposed disaster, from his sister, Vincennette, sets out on a pilgrimage to the Church of the Saintes Maries, consistently with a pledge formerly entered into between Vincent and herself, in case of misfortune occurring to either. She has to pass, on foot and unaided, the vast plain of the desert of Crau, and only arrives at the place of her destination in time to die, of fatigue, exhaustion, and "sun-stroke," at the threshold of the church, and in the arms of her inconsolable lover. This is the bare outline, omitting some supernatural machinery, since suppressed in the French version, and never included in the Italian one prepared for Her Majesty's Theatre—where, by the way, instead of dying, Mireille recovers. That so few incidents, and these so essentially undramatic, should be expanded into five acts and yet not induce a sense of utter weariness, can only be laid to the account of the music—music which enlivens every situation, gives tongue to every emotion, and graphically distinguishes the personages of the drama one from another. But we will not do M. Gounod the injustice to dismiss his clever and interesting work in the brief paragraph to which at present any critical notice of it would necessarily be limited, and therefore content ourselves, until a more favorable occasion, with the few general remarks embodied in the foregoing.

The performance of *Mireille* at Her Majesty's Theatre is worthy all commendation. The characters, large and small, are alike well-sustained. Madlle. Tietjens, in Mireille, presents us with a fair pendant to her Margaret, the character being pourtrayed with the same dramatic intelligence, the music sung with the same power, expression, and—where that is called for—brilliancy. In the last two scenes—that of the Desert and the Saintes Maries—she is as superb as in the earlier scenes, where the gentle emotions of innocent love are to be depicted, she is graceful, and in that of the *finale* to the second act, where Mireille's devotion to Vincent cowers not even before the terrors of her father's anger, she is impassioned. The "make-up" of Mdlle. Trebelli as Taven, the old "wise-woman," is as appropriate as her delivery of the characteristic air ("La stagione arriva"), in which the reputed sorceress warns Mireille of her danger, and which (as in Paris) invariably wins an encore, is striking. Madlle. Volpini, as the shepherd-boy—the strains of whose bucolic music restore the despairing Mireille to sense (in the Desert scene)—is equally perfect in her way, warbling the delicious little air ("Io sono pastore") with a sweetness and unaffected simplicity that could hardly be surpassed. This, too, is a sure "encore;" as is the *cavatina* of Vincent ("Ah se de'prieghi miei"), as good in its way and very much in the style of "Salve Dimora," and given by Signor Giuglini with no less feeling and refined expression than marked his delivery of its well-known precursor in *Faust*. The two "heavy fathers"—Ramon, father of Mireille, and Ambroise, father of Vincent—are capitally sustained by MM. Junca and Gassier. Ourrias, the bull-tamer, disdained of Mireille—with an air—("Se l'Arleesi son regine") just as characteristic in its way as the romance allotted to Taven—is represented by Mr. Santley, who acts the character as admirably as he sings the music. The little part of Vincennette (Vincent's sister) devolves upon Mdlle. Reboux, its original representative in Paris, and could scarcely be in better keeping. Signor Arditi, as usual, has taken extraordinary pains in rehearsing the new opera, and with the best results. His orchestra may be commended without reserve; and no one can complain of being forced to listen twice to the pretty, light, and essentially pastoral overture, played as it is played under his direction. The chorus is almost, if not quite, as good. The *mise en scène* has been scrupulously cared for; and while each of the *tableaux* painted by Mr. Telbin extorts the warmest encomium, the view of the Desert of Crau, with the incidental *mirage* of the New Jerusalem, may be singled out as one of the most natural and beautiful stage-pictures that modern art has produced. The opera pleases more and more each time it is heard; and at the third performance—which, on Saturday night, attracted a densely crowded audience—in addition to the encores we

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have named, Madlle. Tietjens was forced to repeat the last movement of her grand *scena* in the second act, which she sang with extraordinary brilliancy. It is unnecessary to specify the "recalls."

Mirsilla is to be repeated to-morrow and on Thursday. On Saturday a "miscellaneous" performance is announced for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson.

[In consequence of the increasing success of M. Gounod's new opera, Mr. Mapleson has abandoned the idea of a miscellaneous selection for his benefit, and substituted *Mireille*.—ED.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

L'ELISIR—PATTI—MARIO—RONCONI.

(*Times—July* 11.)

The revival of Donizetti's best comic opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, after a seven years' rest, was one of the most agreeable incidents of last season. Signor Ronconi's inimitably droll and thoroughly original impersonation of Dulcamara, the most grotesque and diverting of stage charlatans, would alone have sufficed to recommend it; but this was accompanied by the unexpected apparition of a new Adina, who, while warbling the bright and flowing melodies, which the composer—never, perhaps, in a happier vein—has placed in the mouth of the most engaging and prettiest of village flirts, as well as any and better than most of her predecessors, presented an embodiment of the character which, for winning grace and natural vivacity, was wholly without precedent. An Adina so evenly balanced in musical and dramatic excellence as that of Mademoiselle Adelina Patti had perhaps never before enticed, tormented, and ultimately recompensed the pains of a love-lorn Nemorino. One thing only was wanting to complete the illusion—the Nemorino who had been announced in the prospectus, and who nevertheless was not forthcoming. This year, however, the subscribers and the public, who, with the best face they could put on, submitted patiently to the disappointment, are rewarded for their generous forbearance. Signor Mario, after eight years' hesitation, again assumes a part in which he has known no equal; and to crown all, M. Faure, now the Recruiting Sergeant, is in many respects the most easy, bluff, and genial representative of Belcore that could be wished. The four principal characters thus supported, and the rest of the performance to match—Mr. Costa heartily appreciating, as he always does, the merits of this lively, neat, and sparkling music, and directing his band and chorus *con amore*—no wonder that *L'Elisir d'Amore* should recover all its pristine attraction, and be listened to with fresh gratification. Seldom has a crowded audience been more enchained and fascinated than that of Saturday night. The new Adina—or, "to speak by the card," the Adina of one summer—fairly, to use a common phrase, "surpassed herself." The first duet, in which the rustic beauty cruelly plagues her lover, urging him to the impossible feat of bestowing his affections elsewhere, gave an inkling of what was to follow. The "Tu non puoi?—*perchè?*"—when Nemorino vows that to think of any other than herself is out of his power, was uttered with incomparable archness. Then, the Nemorino of the evening being in every sense worthy of his partner, the refined and delicate bye-play was not, as too frequently happens, all on one side, but honestly divided. The audience beheld, as it were, a vision of the past. So it was in the duet with Dulcamara, who in the spoilt coquette finds no such willing purchaser of his vaunted panacea—no such dupe, in short, as the perplexed and amorous Nemorino. If of the latter the charlatan might well declare that, though in his travels he had met with many a fool, he had never till now met *such* a fool as his village acquaintance, of the former he is compelled to admit that she is better than a match for himself:—

"Ahi, Dottore e troppo scaltra,
"Più di te costei ne sa!"

Adina's elixir is more potent than Dulcamara's; it exists, as she slyly insinuates, in her face and in her eyes:—

"La ricetta è il mio visino,
"In quest' occhi è l'elisir."

And doubtless it was a very similar elixir, the legend notwithstanding, by means of which "La Beale Isonde" enthralled Sir Tristram de Lionès, in their sea passage from Ireland to the Cornish coast. The duet in question was sung and acted, from begining to end, by Mademoiselle Patti and Signor Ronconi, with a point, a humour, an unflagging spirit, that raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch; and there was no choice for the performers but to return to the stage and repeat the final movement. Notwithstanding this, the plaintive and beautiful "Una furtiva lagrima," which comes immediately after, was given by Signor Mario with such depth of sentiment, such finished phrasing, such truly natural and touching expression, that again the audience were enraptured. A repetition of the romance, demanded with unmistakable unanimity, was not to be resisted; and Signor Mario showed his sense of the compliment by singing it, if possible, even better the second time than the first. Only a few of the most striking features of this admirable performance have been alluded to; the rest, with a glance at the barcarole for two voices, "Io son ricco, e tu sei bella," where Dulcamara mockingly woos Adina, he as a "senator," she as a modest "gondoliera"—into the genuine "fun" of which both Mademoiselle Patti and Signor Ronconi entered with a well-sustained vivacity that elicited the continued merriment of the house—must be left to the imagination.

The programme for the current week includes the last performance of *Don Giovanni*—Madlle. Patti as Zerlina (to-night); the *Traviata*—Madlle. Artot as Violetta (to morrow); the *Prophète*—Signor Tamberlik as Jean of Leyden (Thursday); *Faust e Margherita*—Madlle. Patti's last appearance this year as Margherita (Friday); and the last performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Saturday). The *Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Miolan Carvalho as Catarina, is announced for Saturday week. Meanwhile the season—one of the most successful on record—is rapidly drawing to a close.

MIREILLE.

By the Late P. A. FIORENTINO.

Mireille, or *Miréio*, is the heroine of a Provençal poem, which contains some great beauties. Nothing can be more fresh, more poetic and more gentle, than this charming story, commencing like an idyll and concluding like a legend. It is the simple and touching history of the loves of a farmer's daughter and of a poor basket-maker; but if the fable is of the most artless description, the details and episode, which heighten its effect and serve as a frame-work for it, display astonishing richness and variety. At times its tone rises to that of an epic, and some of its pages might really compete in vigor and grandeur with the works of the Ancients, of whom the author, M. Mistral, says he is a humble disciple. The poem has twelve cantos. The piece follows it as best it may, condensing and turning it into stanzas, more or less successful; but I greatly prefer a literal translation, in the absence of the Provençal verses, which unfortunately the reader would not comprehend. It is Mireille, who, with the chaste ingenuousness of adolescence, takes the initiative, and induces Vincent, the handsome basket-maker, to avow his passion for her by courageously declaring that she loves him:—

"So you think me prettier than your sister, do you?" says the young maiden to Vincent.—"Much prettier," he replies.—"Yet what is there in me more than in her?"—"Divine Mother! what is there in the goldfinch more than in the shrill wren, except it be beauty itself, and song, and grace! My sister, from running about the pasture-lands, my sister, like the branch of a date tree, has scorched her neck and her face in the sun; as for you, beautiful creature, I think you resemble the flowers of the asphodel; the tan-colored hand of Summer does not dare to caress your white forehead. My sister is still as slim as a libellula of the brook. Poor girl! She grew up in a year! But you, Mireille! . . . ."

And he looks at her with so beaming an eye, and tells her so artlessleasly in what she differs from his sister, that the maiden, letting fall the mulberry-branch from which she is plucking the leaves, replies with a blush: "Oh, Vincent, how you talk!" Nothing can express all the content, the joy, the tender reproach, and the modest tenderness contained in this name thus pronounced. The two young creatures discover a tomtit's nest, and, after a most charming scene, which we might fancy borrowed from the most pleasing pages of *Daphnis et Chloé*, the mulberry-branch to which they have been clinging snaps and suddenly breaks off. Mireille and and Vincent, "entwined in each other's embrace, like twins," fall upon the supple darnel-grass. After the lapse of an instant, the poor girl, freed from the young basket-maker's arms, sits down, quite pale, upon the sloping ground, while poor Vincent, trembling with anxiety, says:—

"You have not hurt yourself, have you, Mireille? Oh, shame of the Alliée, tree of the Devil, tree planted on a Friday, may atrophy wither you up; insects devour you; your owner abhor you!" But, with emotion which she cannot overcome, she says: "I have not hurt myself." Vincent overwhelms her with questions. Is she afraid her mother will scold her for stopping so late to pluck the mulberry leaves? Or has, perhaps, the sun of May burnt and *intoxicated* her?

"No, no!" replies the daughter of La Crau. "Why should I deceive you? My breast can no longer contain the secret! . . . Vincent! Vincent! shall I tell you?—I love you!"

The poor basket-maker is, at first, stupified, crushed by so much happiness. Humbling himself at the feet of this queen, *before whom everything bends*, and re-assured at length by her reiterated avowals, he says, abruptly:

"Are you a magician, then, for the sight of you to fascinate me as it does—for your voice to rise to my brain, and render me mad, like a man under the influence of wine? Do you not see that your embrace

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has filled my thoughts with fire? For, listen! if you would know it, at the risk of your making me—the poor carrier of fire-wood—a butt for your laughter, I, too, love you! I love you! Mireille! I love you with so much love that I could devour you!"

Unfortunately, Mireille's father, a harsh and avaricious man, will not hear of his daughter's making a bad match, and becoming the wife of a wretched basket-maker. He would prefer for his son-in-law Alari, the shepherd, whose flocks cover the plain, or Véran, who tends the troops of horses, or even Ourrias, the robust and savage neatherd. But the young girl cannot repress her aversion for her rich suitors, especially the last, the boldest of all, and the one who displeases her the most. Not only, indeed, does she reject him as she rejects the others, but she rallies and insults him into the bargain. The rage of Ourrias falls upon the young man whom Mireille dares to prefer to him. In the poem, the two rivals have a bodily struggle, reminding one of the combat between Goliath and David. The giant succumbs, but as the conqueror is leaving the spot, and thanking Heaven for having been allowed to overthrow his formidable adversary, the latter brandishes the cattle-goad he has concealed among the furze, and inflicts a terrible blow upon the young man, whom he believes he has killed.

After the murder, the neatherd, pursued by remorse, and fleeing at full gallop upon his affrighted steed, sees the waters of the Rhone suddenly gleam before him. He calls loudly to the boatman to come and ferry him across. We now have a Dante-like vision, full of fearful horrors. The moment the assassin places his foot upon the stern, the boat sinks and staggers like a drunken man.—"Wretch! you have killed some one!"—"I killed some one? Who told you so?"—"Ah!" continues the pale-faced Boatman, "I am wrong; I forgot that it is the night of St. Médart. Every poor drowned wretch—from the frightful gulfs, from the sombre whirlpools—no matter at what depth he is buried beneath the waters—must this night return to earth. The long procession has already commenced. Yonder they are, poor things, bathed in tears! Yonder they are upon the stony bank, which they ascend with their naked feet. From their garments covered with mud, from their dank hair, the thick water runs down in large drops. In the shade, under the poplars, they advance in rows, each holding in his hand a lighted taper." At length the boat sinks in the Rhone. The members of the mournful procession throw a rope to the boatmen, who cling to it and save themselves by swimming. Ourrias also endeavours to catch hold of it; he cannot reach it, however, and the waters close over him. The conclusion of this fifth canto, one of the finest in the poem, is characterised by a truthfulness and energy which make one's blood run cold. A few words will suffice to explain what follows. Vincent is not killed. He has been tended and cured by a kind old woman, the witch Taven. But poor Mireille, while crossing the arid wastes of La Crau, on a pilgrimage to the Saintes, has a sunstroke, and dies on the threshold of the church, whither she was going to pray for Vincent.

STREET MUSIC.

(*From "The Book of Bass.."*)

32, *Manchester Street, Manchester Square, June* 15, 1864.

Sir,—You will, I trust, excuse the liberty I take in writing to thank you for the great boon you are conferring on my profession in particular, and society in general. I am perfectly certain that all the ladies who keep schools will be most grateful to you for your efforts to remove, or limit the present nuisance of street music. You are, I presume, aware that the majority of the unfortunate men who torture London society with the dismal strains of their organs, and other instruments, are not *bond fide* beggars, but the hired servants of some speculating individual in the City, who provides the instruments. I have frequently heard you spoken of by a very talented pupil of mine, and the fact of your acquaintance with her family has emboldened me to send you these few remarks. I beg again to thank you for your exertions regarding the nuisance of street music, very much indeed; and I feel sure that the measure will be most highly appreciated by the greater part of the inhabitants of London.

I beg to remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,

M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P. J. Balsir Chatterton,
Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen.

To M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P.

Sir,—Your undersigned correspondents are desirous to offer you their hearty thanks for your introduction into the House of Commons of a Bill for the Suppression of Street Music; and they beg to assure you that, in the various ways open to them, they will, out of Parliament, do their utmost to support you in your endeavour to abolish that intolerable nuisance. Your correspondents are all professors and practitioners of one or other of the arts or sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, driven nearly mad, by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads; for, no sooner does it become known to those producers of horrible sounds that any of your correspondents have particular need of quiet in their own houses, than the said houses are beleaguered by discordant hosts seeking to be bought off. Your correspondents represent to you that these pecuniary speculations in the misery they endure are far more destructive to their spirits than their pockets; and that some of them, not absolutely tied to London by their avocations, have actually fled into the country for refuge from this unmerited persecution—which is none the less grievous or hard to bear, because it is absurd. Your grateful correspondents take the liberty to suggest to you that, although a Parliamentary debate undoubtedly requires great delicacy in the handling, their avocations require at least as much, and that it would highly conduce towards the success of your proposed enactment, if you prevail on its opponents to consent to state their objections to it, assailed on all sides by the frightful noises in despite of which your correspondents have to gain their bread. (Signed):—Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, John Everett Millais, Francis Grant, John Forster, J. R. Herbet, John Leech, W. Holman Hunt, Wilkie Collins, J. E. Horsley, W. P. Firth, F. Seymour Haydn, R. Doyle, T. Carlyle, Alfred Wigan, W. Boxall, George Jones, Alfred Elmore, Thomas Faed, John Phillips, Thomas Creswick, James Sant, E. M. Barry, J. H. Robinson, S. Cousins, L. Stocks, W. C. Dobson, Thomas Woolner.

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph.

Sir,—Without entering into the merits of street music—in which, however, I am a sincere believer—there are one or two remarks in your recent leader for which I am particularly grateful, and, coinciding so thoroughly with my own impressions, I am induced to write you a line on the same subject. When you say, "We would rather bear the little evils that we have than see them set right at the mere will and discretion of a constable," you echo my sentiments thoroughly and completely. The reports, time after time, in your columns, of the conduct of the police, as individuals, do not justify us with entrusting them with individual power. The other day a woman was brought up for assaulting a constable, and it was proved he was wrong. Some short time back, after hearing the evidence, one of the West-end magistrates said (I quote from memory), "I have so often committed prisoners on the unsupported evidence of a constable that I am sorry this case has come before me. I hope this officer will never offer evidence before me, for I should not believe him." Primrose-hill was not in favor of the police as a body. Set a beggar on horseback and he rides you know where; but my notion is, that if you put a man into a blue coat and a glazed hat on his head, he tries to overtake the beggar. If you will allow me, I should like to state one or two instances of Myself *versus* Power and a Policeman. When Garibaldi came to the City, I, being in Moorgate-street, wanted most particularly, on business, to get to St. Mildred's-court in the Poultry. Power in Moorgate-street said, "You must go round." This I translated for myself, and went round, arriving at the corner of King-street. Power in Cheapside said, "Can't pass yeare." Self said, "I must." Police, in a body, grinned. Self inquired for superintendent. Power "hadn't got one." Self found out superintendent, who passed me through to next barrier, where I had to undergo a worse ordeal, until, finding an inspector, I got to my appointment in time to be too late. I have plenty of other instances in mind; but I should probably overstep your limits. If you grant me space for the above I shall be obliged; and remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

One who has a Better Opinion of an Organ-Grinder than a Policeman.

The Church Choral Society.

The fifth annual public meeting of friends and supporters of Church Choral Society was held at rooms of Messrs. Collard and Collard, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, on Monday, under presidency of George C. Bentinck, M.P., supported by Hon. H. Walpole, G. W. M. Reynolds, Rev. S. Bushnell, &c. Hon. Chairman, introducing business of meeting, explained objects of Society, as being to assist choirs in London and elsewhere, not only by general superintendence and inspection at stated intervals, but also weekly training and tuition of choirs and congregational classes, as well as sending voices from society's choir for Sunday services and week-day practices. To carry out these objects an efficient permanent choir was maintained by Society, services of which were always granted to consecration of churches or opening, or at opening of parochial institutions. Society in giving aid did not stipulate for particular form of service, or seek to

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alter character of music in church, but endeavoured to promote congregational psalmody, taking musical portion of services as found. Secretary read report of Society's operations during past year, from which it appeared that upwards of 2000 visits had been paid to 50 churches in London and elsewhere, and distance of 14,500 miles traversed. Register had been opened for boys' and leaders' voices, first examined in vocal and musical proficiency, and, if competent, certificated. It was now under consideration to establish Church Choral Institution.

Report unanimously adopted.

Hon. H. Walpole moved—"That having regard to results already accomplished by Church Choral Society affording assistance to 50 churches, to character of instruction given, as well as efficiency of pupils, and moral influence brought to bear, meeting is of opinion that Society deserves every support." G. W. M. Reynolds seconded resolution, which was unanimously adopted. Other resolutions in support of Society having been carried, usual compliment to Chairman brought proceedings to close.

T. Puff Short.

Muttoniana.

Mr. O'WAIN AP'MUTTON apprises the readers of this Column that he has suddenly returned to his post, contrary to his own expectation and that (no doubt) of his many and zealous disciples. He mildly thanks Dr. Chidley Pidding—his deputy for a short period; and would be (if he could—but it is not in his nature) profuse in acknowledgments to the very original and enlightened Dr. Taylor Shoe. Meanwhile, he begs that Dr. Otto Beard—who, by Dr. Shoe's desire, was to have been his (Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton's) sub-substitute, pending the operation to be performed on an Alderman's jaws—will attend to his (Dr. Beard's) own affairs, and not puzzle his brains with the conduct of *Muttoniana*. The majority in favour of Ministers, in the last great debate at Westminster, proved clearly to Mr. Ap.'M that he (Mr. Ap. M) had nothing more to expect from Herr von Bismark, of Shloss-Escl (where Mr. Longears, showing himself worthy his patronymic, still continues to hang out). Mr. Ap.'M, therefore, precipitately quitted the Little Belt, sold his smack (at considerable loss), and now resumes those important functions confided to him by the editor of the M. W.

On looking wistfully at his Wire, Mr. Ap'Mutton finds that Drs. Pidding and Shoe have disburthened it of all its contents, with the solitary exception of a brief (addressed to the latter), which he (Mr. Ap'M—who is not the latter), failing to apprehend, lays all the more timidly, before his (Mr. Ap.M's) readers:—

DEAR SHOE—Having met with a nail merchant of the name James Marlin Spike, while at the Opera on Saturday evening last, and who, during our conversation, made enquiries after Dr. Shoe, as he intended to open new accounts in London, and I gave him the address, 244, Regent Street, trusting that you will do your best for him as he is a stranger in London; a simple country fellow, you will say so when I tell you. The Opera-house he visited was Her Majesty's Theatre, and the performance was the new opera, *Mirella*, and you know, dear Shoe, that in the first act there is a vineyard scene, where the fair Mirella plucks the grapes and fills the baskets. Well, we waited until the *finale* of the opera, which was very beautiful; I accompanied Mr. Marlin Spike home; we traversed the Hay Market, when walking along he said to me, in his Lancashire way—"Eh lad, it was rare and hot in yon play-house, I never seed the loik afore, not as I mind of." Poor Marlin Spike never saw an opera before. Well, sir, we had just arrived at the top of the Hay Market, where we came opposite a fruit shop, and Mr. Marlin Spike again hollowed out in his Lancashire lingo—"Eh, lad, there is a fruit shop, let's have some of yon grapes, for my mouth have been running water all the neet since yon lass was plucking them from the trees;" so the fruit was purchased, and thus ended with a laugh. "So much"—said I—"for Mr. Telbin."

I am, Dear Shoe, yours, BUCKNOLE BAT.

Perry Cellars, Spinster Alley.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has not attempted to bleach the foregoing, under the apprehension that Mr. Bucknole Bat might be an intimate friend of Dr. Shoe's. Moreover, a pretty compliment to Mr. Ap'M.'s respected friend, Telbin, delicately peeps out from amid the rusticity of style which Mr. Bat assumes—no doubt with an end.

EPIGRAM.

The only difference I doubt
'Twixt Tietjens and Alboni,
Is one of 'em eats *saur-kraut*
And t'other macaroni.

SIMPLE SIMON.

The above epigram was picked up by Mr. Ap'M., in a railway carriage (first-class) between Harwich and the capital. Mr. Simon is possibly less simple than his prename.

The subjoined, mislaid by Dr. Shoe, is now laid properly by Mr. Ap'Mutton:—

Opera Company.

(*Omitted from Dr. Shoe's Last.*)

Opera Company, established to carry out, with extended provision, objects sought by English Opera Association, voluntarily wound up, in consequence of constitution being found inadequate to requirements. Following opinion has been given on case submitted by directors:—

"We are of opinion that legal effect may be given to privileges of shareholders and to extension of them by dissolving Company and re-constructing on new basis. Company has no power to alter memorandum to extent required, and we think no alteration of present articles of association alone by statuary, special resolution or otherwise, could be safely relied upon; but we think privileges would be valid if Company were re-established with memorandum and articles of association framed so as to show plainly nature and effect of privileges proposed to be conferred on shareholders, and made to appear on face of memorandum that grant of privileges was one of objects for which Company was established.—H. M. Cairns, W. G. Harrison, Joseph W. Chitty."

After receiving opinion, directors of English Opera Association agreed to recommend its being wound up voluntarily; and shareholders have since confirmed same. Opera company commences with articles of association drawn up by Mr. Chitty, clauses of which are sufficient to meet almost any requirement. Company have also provisionally secured Covent Garden Theatre, and arrangements with Gye appear to be of most satisfactory kind. Now remains with musical public and those who desire to support lyric art in higher branches, to give hearty support and confidence to undertaking. (*Seen and approved.*)

T. Puff Short.

Mr. Ap'Mutton should feel obliged to Mr. Short if he (Mr. Short) would condescendingly keep time. His (Mr. Short's) communications are invariably a seven-day in rear; and Mr. Ap'Mutton would prefer to have them a sevenday in van—especially when such an important matter is under rumination as the new Opera Company. He appeals to auditor G. Wood.

To the Editor of Muttoniana.

REVERED SIR,—Recently, at Hong Kong, I fell over a copy of an old *Athenæum*, or an old copy of an *Athenæum*. In a column devoted to music, I fell over the enclosed. It immediately occurred to me that the famous Mr. Ap'Mutton might like to fall over the same. I consequently forward same, with compliments—and am, respectfully,

Chang-chow, May 22. ULYSSES PLUM

(*Private in Major Gordon's force*).

P.S.—You will be glad to hear we have whacked the four Wangs—including Hoo-wang, who now lies headless (or trunkless, if head make the Wang).

Mr. Ap'Mutton is beholden to Private Plum, and glad that he (Plum) fell over the paragraph, of which he (Mr. Ap'M.) unreluctantly avails himself:—

"Some misunderstanding seems to be abroad *in regard to* the Double Pianoforte Concerto by Mendelssohn, one of his earliest works, *which we* EXAMINED and heard at Leipsig in the course of autumn last, as though a rule of reserve and secresy had been indiscreetly broken *with respect to* it. Such is not the case. The Concerto had been already performed some time previous at one of the Concerts of the Conservatory Pupils, which *include* a numerous and competent audience. The name of the *composer* not being announced, not any *of those out of the secret*—even among the persons the most familiar with its author's manner—ascribed it to Mendelssohn. It* was attributed to this and to the other known *master*, but by universal consent was agreed to be weak, poor, and mechanical, not worthy the trouble of performance *or of* the fame *of* any great German musician."

* The composer?—or its author's manner?

* The composer?—or &c.

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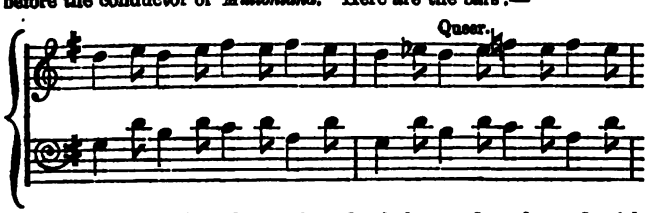
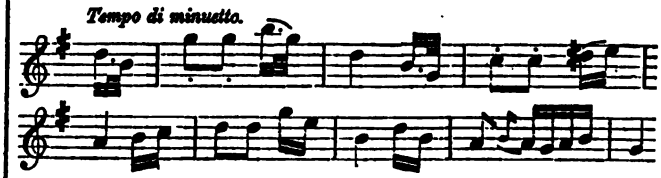
The understanding of the *Athenæum* would seem (in Mr. Ap.M's advice), "to be abroad in regard to" the whole affair. If the MSS. of Mendelssohn are, for family reasons (or even for good reasons), to be witheld from the eye of an anxious public in general, and from the eye of Mr. Ap'Mutton in particular, it altogether eludes Mr. Ap'M's intellectual grasp upon what grounds they should be placed under the eye of a representative of the *Athenæum*, to be *examined*, and then performed for his edification. "In regard to," and "with respect to" (echoing the jumble which Mr. Ap'M has been at pains to *italicise*, here and there) the performance by the "Conservatory Pupils"—Mr. Ap'M is of advice that those in whom the care of Mendelssohn's MSS. is vested, ought to be sternly called to account for a flagrant abuse of the honourable charge confided to them. This is not the only instance of the dead master having been thus unceremoniously brought before a tribunal to which, living, he would have disdained appeal. His Reformation Symphony, Mr. Ap'M has been informed, was tried some time since, by a party of amateurs at Berlin—and *condemned!* Who were these amateurs?—Who authorised them to sit in judgment upon Mendelssohn?—and worse, the test being their own amateurish performance! "In regard" to and "with respect to" the Double-Concerto—Mr. Ap'Mutton would fain be made acquainted with the names of the persons *not* "out of the secret" who thus exposed an unknown work by so great and revered a master to contempt and contumely. He (Mr. Ap'M.) presumes that the representative of the *Athenæum* was one of them; and if *cæteris paribus* be accepted here as a rule, their opinion is as little to be respected as their discretion in playing so unwarrantable a trick. Mr. Ap'Mutton trusts and believes that Herr Moscheles, Herr Rietz, Herr David and Herr Hauptmann—the indefatigable "Four"—never gave *their* sanction to such a proceeding as that of bringing Mendelssohn up to judgment before Conservatory pupils and a critic in the *Athenæum*. That critic, after all, gives but an incoherent account of the transaction, and speaks mincingly as well as ungrammatically. How if the work was pronounced "by universal consent to be weak, poor and mechanical, not worthy the trouble of performance *or of* the fame *of* any *great German musician*," it could at the same time be "attributed to this and to the other *known master*," the *Athenæum* may perhaps explain; not that Mr. Ap'M. would care to read the explanation. This is the first time, moreover, that Mr. Ap'M. has heard of a concert "of Conservatory Pupils" *including* "a numerous and competent audience." He, Mr. Ap'M., is as full of meekness and charity as he is full of magnanimity; but he must condemn such a tampering with Mendelssohn's MSS., such a hocus-pocus juggling with Mendelssohn's name and reputation, as thoroughly disgraceful and wholly unpardonable. Mr. Ap'M. apologises to his readers for thus momentarily putting aside that calm urbanity for which he is invariably distinguished; but his choler overtook and overcame him. Nevertheless, he is beholden to Private Plum; is pleased to hear that he (Plum) has abetted in whacking the Wangs (including Hoowang); and will write to his (Mr. Ap'Mutton's) intimate friend, Major Gordon, in his (Plum's) behalf—which may or not (as the case may or may not be) procure him (Plum) promotion.

Mr. Pontifex Fouracres has two bars of music running in his head, from midnight to noon, and can't, for the ears of him remember whence they came. One of the bars is queer. Mr. P. F. lays his case before the conductor of *Muttoniana*. Here are the bars:—



Mr. Ap'Mutton has also at times been haunted or hunted with these bars. They have run in his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) head at times. They are the 28th and 29th bars of the prelude to the song of the *Berger*—"Le jour se lève"—in M. Gounod's delicious pastoral opera of *Mireille* (to see which the Misses Ap'Mutton—especially Miss Fleece, who is musical—would thank Mr. Mapleson for a box). The second bar is only "queer" non-poetically weighed. The song itself is omitted from the performance in the Haymarket—for which (Mr. Ap'M. thinks) Sig. Arditi should be called to account.

Mr. Purple Powis presents his respects to the conductor of *Muttoniana* and would be glad if he could inform him where the subjoined theme can be found, or whether he (Mr. Powis) has unconsciously generated a melody:—

By a singular coincidence Miss Fleece Ap'Mutton was, last night, playing the very piece from which it comes, to solace her papa during his laborious duties as compiler of *Muttoniana*. The theme is the theme of the *rondò* of the first movement of the first sonatina of the six sonatinas, Op. 19, composed by Dussek, and published by Muzio Clementi and Co., 26 Cheapside. So that Mr. Purple Powis may relieve himself of the idea of having "unconsciously generated." Mr. Ap'Mutton has also generated a melody—but consciously.

Oswin Ap'Mutton.

King and Beard, Blackchapel, July 15.

P.S.—Mr. Ap'Mutton stops the press for the sake of an *erratum*:—

In the seventh line of the letter to Herr von Bismark in last week's *Musical World* read *through* instead of *though*, in page 438.

S. T. Table.

Mr. Table may read the line as he pleases; Mr. Ap'M. will continue to read *though*.

N.B.—Dr. Shoe being indisposed, has gone to be healed at Little Deal. When healed Dr. Shoe will return to this post, as sub-editor of *Muttoniana*.

O. Ap'M.

NONSENSICAL RHYMES FOR NONSENSICAL TIMES.

(*New Series*).

XXVI.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who came up to London by rail;
But his patron, John Ella
(Though now so much sweller)
Had to come up on foot from Kinsail.

XXVII.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who liked to be paid on the nail;
So his patron John Ella
Had to go out and sell a
New paletôt, to settle with Jael.

XXVIII.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who to please those he played for did fail,
When a few notes they heard,
They cried, "How absurd
"To set up as a pianist, this Jael!"

XXIX.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who fell on the keyboard like hail,
So up got John Ella,
With his umbrella,
Wide open, to screen him from Jael.

XXX.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Whose progress was slow as a snail;
So his patron, John Ella
Nearly broke his patella,
In trying to kick on this Jael.

Liverpool.—The entire company of the London Strand Theatre, commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on the 27th ult.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE SEVENTH SEASON
OF THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS
WILL COMMENCE
EARLY IN NOVEMBER.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber of Ten Years' Standing is thanked for his amenitous retort to our note of last week. He will probably find that, in a short time, the "curious anecdotes and stray bits of information" will be multiplied—and, moreover, in the same Column. It is impossible to fit a periodical exclusively to the taste of any one subscriber; and we cannot, therefore, undertake to discontinue what has met with a hearty response from so very many quarters. As our correspondent is in a more amiable mood, we are the more ready to inform him that Mr. Dishley Peters has consented to undertake the department of "Reviews," in the *Musical World;* and that he will commence his labors next week, or the week after. Of Professor Bennett's new symphony, anon. Surely also Herr Joachim's concerto was worth an inquiry. We presume that in answering "A Subscriber of Ten Years' Standing" (which we are compelled to do, notwithstanding his injunction), we are also answering "A Very Old Subscriber." We are aware that Oxford is not in Scotland, like Perth and Edinburgh;—but——, &c.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

THE conversion of the great music-publishing firm of Cramer, Beale & Co. into a Limited Liability Company has become one of the leading topics of conversation in London musical circles. Why one of the oldest establishments of the kind in the kingdom, and one which held the highest repute, not only in England, but throughout Europe, should resolve itself into a company of shareholders, has afforded abundant matter for speculation;—or, more properly, did afford it until the prospectus was issued, which at once set the business in so clear and full a light that all wonder and speculation was at an end. The company, which is entitled "Cramer & Co.," has been founded by a few thoroughly experienced men of business, who perceived that the concern carried on under the name of Cramer, Wood & Co. was capable of being turned to larger purposes than came within the aim and compass of one proprietor, and conceived that by getting the establishment into their own hands, and transforming it into a limited liability company, the public and shareholders would both be benefitted to a great extent. The company was started, and so feasible was the undertaking on the threshold, and so assured the advantages held out, that the shares sold off rapidly, and we believe are now nearly all disposed of. The history of a house which has made for itself a world-wide reputation is worth recording. The establishment was originally founded by Beale and Addison, under whose respective names it was carried on. Thomas Beale of Manchester, a name of the highest respectability in the Queen of Manufacturing Cities, purchased the lease of the House, 201 Regent Street, for his son Frederick Beale, and Frederick Beale took Addison for partner. After the business had been a few years established Beale and Addison induced the famous pianist and composer, J. B. Cramer, to add his name to the firm, which thenceforward became "Cramer, Addison & Beale." Addison was subsequently bought out by Frederick Beale; and in the same year the well-known William Chappell (who holds so high a place in the literary world) was received as Beale's partner. In 1861 William Chappell was bought out by Beale, and George Wood of Edinburgh took his place. Frederick Beale died in 1863; when George Wood, having, as surviving partner, the option of purchasing the whole business, purchased it accordingly, the value of the business being determined by arbitration. It will be seen, by this brief history, that the late Frederick Beale — whose name figured so conspicuously, and always honorably, with the most stirring musical transactions of the day (the foundation of the Royal Italian Opera, to wit)—was in reality the origin and principal element for 34 years of the great firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co.; and that while, throughout the whole career of the establishment, all other names come and go, his alone remained a fixture until his death. It is satisfying to find his son, Mr. Willert Beale, who inherits all his father's well-known love of art, among the directors of the new undertaking. Mr. Willert Beale's knowledge of music and large experience in all musical matters will be of great advantage to the company, while his association with the house will sustain the *prestige* it acquired during his father's lifetime.

So much for the past. As regards the future, we may state that it is the intention of Directors to carry on the business upon the present basis and not to embark in any speculative undertaking. The stock of music and instruments is very large. There are nearly 1000 pianofortes, more than 500 of which are out on hire at a high remunerative price. The property further consists of the valuable musical copyrights of the firm, embracing, it is said, (including many valuable MSS.), the largest collection extant. For further information we must refer to the prospectus itself—a well-laid out and well-explained document, thoroughly frank and evoking public confidence at a glance—which will supply all that is required.

A VOICE FROM PRAGUE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—the pianist, Herr Leo Lion, succeeded in exciting the expectation of the entire public. By means of gigantic "preparatory announcements" of his concert, posted at the corner of every street, he gave us dull-minded, province-born Praguers a fortnight to reflect upon the great treat, thanks to him, in store for us. In the name of all that is good, if Herr Richard Wagner thought fit to inform us some time beforehand of the concerts he intended giving, why should not Herr Leo Lion do so too? It is true that only a few years ago he was a very little personage in the Prague Organ School, but now he is a very great man: Berlin "Professor of Pianoforte Playing" forsooth. We certainly will not quarrel with him for this, and we are truly grieved at our inability to look up admiringly to him as a pianist and composer. The only thing which consoles us is the thought that the critical pen which Herr Leo Lion is said to wield with great facility, the result of long experience, will certainly compensate for this want of discrimination on our part, and manage to write up in the Berlin papers our poor little Leo. Respect for truth compels us to add that Herr Leo did not feel called upon to treat us Praguers again to his "Pianoforte Trio," so we can only hope to see, once more, next year, his "preparatory announcements."

I will here refer to the concert for the benefit of the German

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Reading Hall, because it was at that concert the public heard a *débutante*, endowed with genuine talent, first play a piece of any importance—namely, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3—and accorded her a very favorable reception. Mdlle. Sophie Dietrich has, in consequence of Schulhoff's instructions, made such progress in a comparatively short period, that we are able even now to declare that the favorable expectations expressed last year with regard to her are fulfilled. Her execution of the beautiful Sonata was, artistically considered, the great feature in the programme. A German national character was given to the concert by the choruses, "Ermanne dich, Deutschland," by A. M. Storch, and "All Deutschland," by Franz Abt.

More interesting for those at a distance, and more important for our own musical progress, were the three concerts of the Cecilia Association; the concerts of the Conservatory; the "Easter Oratorio," and the farewell concert got up by the *Capellmeister*, Herr Jahn. The programme of the Cecilia Association consisted of works by J. S. Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Schumann. This list alone is sufficient to prove the great energy and activity characterizing the Association, a body so important for all musical matters among us, and we should really much regret if—as is reported—the members intend dissolving the Association next year, that is, in the twenty-fifth year of its existence. With regard to the value of the concerts this year, we must state, as a general characteristic of them, that, at each of the three, all the pieces were, as a rule, performed very well, and some in a more than ordinarily successful manner. Our warmest thanks, as usual, are due to Herr Abt, for the disinterested attention and trouble he exhibited at the rehearsals, as well as for his care in conducting the public performances.

With regard to the separate pieces of the programme, I must be allowed to remark, in reference to J. S. Bach's Suite in C major, performed at the first concert, that—though the various pieces ("Gigue," "Gavotte," "Courante," &c.) are in themselves highly interesting compositions—as a natural result of the dance-music form which is the foundation of them all, the rhythmical is the preponderating element, and thus the effect produced upon the hearer is frequently not so much a musical as a mathematical one. Instead of warm and blooming music, we feel, so to speak, the cold and barren bar-line. However refreshing, and, after a long course of modern musical hodge-podge, to a certain extent startling, may be the effect produced by the sharp and vigorous introduction of a fugal theme, that effect becomes painful when certain parts are sharply present for a considerable time, and contrapuntally treated, while, on account of the form selected, a regular fugal development is manifestly impossible. Each separate piece, therefore, in a Suite by J. S. Bach, will certainly, in consequence of the masterly treatment of the form and significance of the musical expression, excite our admiration; but a whole series of such pieces—unlike our modern symphony—held together by no internal bond, by no red thread in the form of a leading poetical idea, will only produce upon us an impression of fatigue. This last circumstance I believe probably impelled Franz Lachner to try if it were possible to retain, on the one hand, the old forms, as they exist in J. S. Bach's Suites, and, on the other, not to place them one after the other, like a simple string of beads, but to make them—inwardly connected with each other—the foundation and essential elements of a tone-picture in the sense of the modern Symphony. Whether Lachner has really attained his object appears, after all, still a matter of doubt. On us, at least, his last "Suite, No. 2, for Grand Orchestra"—performed at the concert for providing necessitous students with a free table—produced the impression of being a thoroughly sterling and correct work, affording a fresh proof of the composer's high musical acquirements, but sadly deficient in the "Pride, pomp, and circumstance" requisite for the poetical plan of a Symphony, in the modern sense, established by Beethoven as a final model.

To return, after this digression, to the programme of the concerts given by the Cecilia Association, the second piece of the first concert—(Cherubini's *Requiem*) is too well-known to need any comment. What Mendelssohn thought of this work of genius, may be seen in his letters; and its relation to Mozart's *Requiem* was admirably set forth, a short time since, by your Berlin correspondent*

Nor does Haydn's Symphony require any detailed notice, the most I have to observe being that it is impossible to understand why it should be entitled a "Symphony in C minor," when the first movement begins and closes in C major, while, in all the other movements, there predominates a joyous "major" character. In the variations of the "Adagio," those given to the violoncello were more especially well executed by Herr Brichta.

Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* is a wonderful work, unique of its kind, and yet, in its essence, it is a failure. What did the Royal Mecænas really want, when he commissioned Mendelssohn to compose music to this gigantic drama of the Ancients?—Scholars have settled that the ancient chorus did not simply recite, and was not merely an objective witness of the drama, or the judgment of the public merely personified and placed upon the stage, but took an active share in the plot, and declaimed in such a fashion its reflections—accompanied with appropriate plastic movements, expressing the various emotions, and a decided intonation of the verse—that, strengthened by the *unisono*, there arose a kind of melody, which was traditionally preserved, and, as a fresh charm, could not fail to excite agreeably the Athenian ear, so susceptible to beauties of versification. But the ancient chorus can scarcely lay claim to be considered an actual song in the modern sense of the term.—What was Mendelssohn to do? Was he, by a zealous study of the verse, and by his delicacy of musical feeling, again to discover and restore the old style, which had been lost, of declamation, as well as the melodic fall of the verse, and thus render his art merely the handmaiden of dramatic recitation, renouncing music, properly so called in the modern acceptation; light, singable melody; dramatically moving polyphony; power, and fulness, in orchestration—in a word, all that renders music an art? Or was he to cast aside all the subtleties of antiquarian research, and, on the foundation of Greek tragedy, as it swept forward in moving majesty, construct a musical composition something in the style of our modern oratorio?—What his Mecænas really desired, it would not, perhaps, be quite so easy to state, but it is very certain that Mendelssohn himself long hesitated what course to pursue. With the conscientious feeling peculiar to him, he thought himself into the subject, which, after all, was but little in accordance with his own taste; and went through a whole course of Greek prosody and versification. In this way it came to pass that we have his music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles. The very first chorus affords the best proof of the exhaustive nature of Mendelssohn's course of study; it approaches, probably, nearer than any other to ancient melody, and yet in a musical sense it is the weakest of all. Where, however, Mendelssohn saw most clearly that he had to solve the problem as a modern artist, as the standard-bearer of the musical romanticists, and in the style of a secular oratorio—where, in fact, he was in the most striking opposition to the whole nature, the whole notion of the chorus in ancient tragedy, he is wonderfully fine, and his sixth chorus (the "Hymn to Bacchus") the most prominent of his compositions, is the gem of his work.

As I have already mentioned, the execution of the latter was

* See MUSICAL WORLD, No. 28, Page 360.

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admirable throughout. The connecting text by Küffner, and Kreon's melo-dramatically accompanied verses, were spoken excellently by Herr Fischer, and those of *Antigone* respectably by Herr Huvart. There is one rock ahead, however, which the best delivery can never clear: the superabundance of interjections indicative of grief in the part of Kreon. The Greek tragic writer, it is true, could manage, owing to the great richness of the Greek language, to introduce diversity in this respect, and make "ἰώ, ἰώ" alternate with "ἀιαῖ, ἀιαῖ" and "οἴμοι." Unfortunately, the German language possesses really no more than two such interjections, and they are of one syllable. Consequently, that distinguished translator, Donner, could not avoid introducing those interjections as frequently as the verse required. Where, therefore, in the original, Kreon exclaims "οἴμοι, οἴμοι" or "ἀιαῖ, ἀιαῖ," in German he expresses his sorrow by a four-fold utterance of the word "Weh" ("Woe!"). The reader may easily fancy what monotony, closely bordering upon comicality, is the result; no delicacy of elocution can dissipate this impression, and when, in a few lines, Kreon wails forth his "Woe!" for the *twentieth* time, we may be sure that the audience will burst out into a fit of laughter. This evil is to be remedied only by a somewhat freer translation.

At the third concert, in addition to Schumann's *Manfred*, the charming women's chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence*, was executed and encored, notwithstanding that, in consequence of their being no ladies in the Cecilia Association, it was necessary to have recourse to the aid of choir boys. With regard to the scenes performed from Gluck's *Orpheus*, instead of giving you a criticism of my own, I will cite the admirable remarks made on the work by Hector Berlioz in his *A travers Chants*.

"Gluck's *Orpheus* is now a hundred years old, and yet, after a century of intellectual movement and revolution in art, as in all our other affairs, it still possesses its original magic power; in the scene in the lower world, the instrumental introduction, the music to the dances of the Furies, the chorus of infernal spirits, who are at first so threatening, but who, overpowered by the strains of Orpheus, become moved more and more, lastly, the touching and yet melodious entreaties of Orpheus himself—in a word, everything is incomparably beautiful."

Madame Prochaska-Schmidt (Orpheus) sang the above scenes in the lower world, as likewise Handel's air, finely, and was rewarded with genuine applause.—*Recensionen* (*per* GROKER ROORES).

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE following Resolution was, we understand, unanimously adopted at the last Council Meeting on the evening of July 4th:—

"The experience of the last five years having shown, that the Fellows' Meetings for discussion of Musical subjects have not been supported by the Fellows of the Society to the extent that was necessary to render them useful;—that the Choral practice has also failed to attract such a number of Members as would render its continuance desirable;—and that the Conversazione and Soirée have involved an amount of personal labor and pecuniary expense far exceeding the advantages derived therefrom by Members, especially as regards the advancement of the Art of Music;—the Council is of opinion that these Meetings should be omitted from the Scheme of 1865, and that the operations of the Society for that year should be limited to four or five Grand Orchestral Concerts, and two Orchestral Trials."

A wider revolution, or one more likely to meet with general approval, could not have been suggested.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The directors for the ensuing season are Messrs. G. F. Anderson, W. G. Cusins, Marmaduke Wilson, Ferrari, Mc'Murdie, Joseph Calkin and C. Lucas.

THE WIDOW of the celebrated composer, Cherubini, died recently—aged 91.

M. HENRI WIENIAWSKI, the violinist, is in Paris.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual concert given by the professional students on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall was one of great interest. It was, we are pleased to record, eminently successful and highly creditable to the Principal and the Professors. There was a large attendance of the friends and relatives of the students, while the numbers in the balcony and galleries clearly indicated that the concert had awakened attention abroad. The fact that the London Academy of Music now boasts of 200 pupils is sufficient proof that its reputation is widely spread, and that so eminent and experienced a musician as Professor Wylde being placed at the head of the establishment is guarantee for the efficiency and completeness of the instruction in every department.

Of the pianists, Miss Fynes (associate) and Miss Fanny Baker took the lead, the former more particularly, achieving a remarkable success. Miss Fanny Baker's performance of Hummel's *Andante* in E flat was highly commented, and would have done credit to an established artist. Miss Dolby in Beethoven's Sonata in G for Piano and Violoncello (M. Paque, professor, violoncellist); Miss Ibbotson in Mendelssohn's *Adagio and Presto Agitato;* and Miss Clara Gottschalk in a *fantasia* by Pudent, showed themselves able and expert performers. As violinist Master Saunders, pupil of Herr Molique, astonished every one by his performance of Mayseder's Air with Variations. Of the vocal artists, Miss Jane Smith, Miss de Rossi and Mr. Gay may be mentioned as exhibiting great promise and likely to take a good position as concert singers. To Mr. Renwick's singing we have frequently alluded with satisfaction. This gentleman has in a short time acquired a position as a singer which few have been so fortunate as to obtain. He appeared first in public at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts, and his reception there doubtless stimulated him on to further labor in his art.

Cimarosa's famous trio, capitally sung by Mrs. Pace, Debenham, and Jane Smith, was one of the vocal hits of the concert.

The pianists, we understand, are all pupils of Professor Wylde, and the singers pupils of Sig. Schira and Sig. Garcia.

Herr W. Ganz accompanied at the pianoforte.

Altogether the concert gave unbounded satisfaction, and showed the very great advance made in their instruction by the pupils since their last exhibition in public last year.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Theatrical monopoly is at an end in Paris. The first of July saw stage-toryism quietly inhumed or ingraved, and from its place of rest the Spirit of Liberty arises. What will be the result who can tell? Everybody seems to think hopefully and to look with confidence to the future. I say nothing. Only I so think that if bakers, butchers (no allusion to the curt and cogent operatic reporters of the *Musical World*), glovers, hatters, fishkeepers, horsemongers, greendealers, teagrocers, druggists and poulterers were allowed to sell what they pleased, it would lead to confusion more than it would benefit. I do not pretend to argue; I merely echo a passing thought. If "Chacun à son gout" be a good French motto, why should not "Every trade to its line"—"Every playhouse to its play"—"Every operahouse to its music"—be good French mottos—in English? For my part I do not see the good, even *in futuro*. However, the originators and legislators will soon find out its utility. The Porte St. Martin was the first theatre that took advantage of the liberty and transported to its own stage the repertory of the Théâtre-Français and the Italian Opera. There is no more difficult opera to render perfect in the execution than Rossini's *Barbiere*. The most accomplished singing and acting are required to do it justice. And yet this was one of the first works selected by the manager of the Porte St. Martin to exhibit the power and versatility of his company according to the new law. The boldness of the attempt was entitled to praise and pleaded extenuation for short-comings. The other operatic work selected was *Norma*, which, it seems, had even less success than the *Barbiere*. In the *Barbiere*, M. Capone, in the *rôle* of Count Almaviva, displayed a very agreeable voice and a pleasing style, but was sadly deficient in his acting. Madlle. Balbi, on the other hand, in Rosina, acted better than she sang, but was nothing particular for that. M. Reynal, who played the Barber, has a good voice and is an excellent comedian, but wants facility. M. Guillot, the Basilio, has a real bass voice—a *basso profondo*. The execution of *Norma* was altogether inferior. Madame Ecarlat-Geismar has many recommendations for the part of Norma, but her voice is worn and she is no longer young. Madame Ismael was no

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better in Adalgisa. The voice of this lady is too coarse and heavy for the delicate priestess, and she is not sufficiently juvenile for the character. The manager of the Porte St. Martin must now be convinced that, when introducing operatic performances into his theatre, to commence with the most difficult work was a glaring error. For such performances his artists and his audiences were, for different reasons, unprepared. The *Avare* of Moliere, though another bold attempt for the company of the Porte St. Martin, was far more successful than either Rossini's or Bellini's opera. This of course would be naturally anticipated.

The performance of Racine's *Esther* at the Théâtre-Français, with choruses by M. Jules Cohen, was a success, due alike to the drama, to the music, and to the general performance. Madlle. Favart will hardly recall Rachel, who played Esther on the revival of the piece some twenty years ago, but she has eminent merits notwithstanding.

The *France Musicale* writes that Rossini has composed a funeral homage (*hommage funèbre*) to Meyerbeer, which "the author of *Guillaume Tell* improvised at the moment when the convoy of that great genius, whom he had cordially loved, passed under his windows at Paris."

The funeral obsequies of Fiorentino have been celebrated at his native place in Naples. The Neapolitan journal *Il Tempo* writes as follows:—"The remains of Fiorentino arrived yesterday and were deposited on a rich catafalque in the Church of Saint-Nicolas-de-la-Douane. A French priest and an undertaker from Paris organised a solemn funeral service to which the public were invited by announcement. Fiorentino had here a great reputation, and his admirers often appealed to his name to show to Alexandre Dumas that the Italians had still as much literary merit as the French. There is indeed one journal here which contends that Fiorentino was the author of *Monte-Cristo*, which Alexandre Dumas took the trouble to deny. After the funeral service the body of Fiorentino was placed in a vault of the Campo-Santo, where a monument, already ordered, is about to be erected by the family, or the heirs of the celebrated critic."

SMART AND SPARK.

PARIS (*by Electric Telegraph*).

Mr. Henry Smart, of London, and Dr. Spark, of Leeds, have been some days in Paris, examining the organs at Cavaillé-Coll's manufactory. They are greatly impressed by the purity of tone (especially of the reeds) and the exquisite workmanship of this maker. The result will be probably, an order to build an organ for St. George's Church, Leeds, which will then possess the only instrument of its kind in England made by a French manufacturer.

BADEN-BADEN.—Previously to the commencement of the operatic season, which takes place on the 15th inst., liberal arrangements have been made to amuse the visitors with concerts. Among the artists who have already appeared may be mentioned, the violinist Herrman, and his wife, a harpist; the violoncellist, Ondshorn; Mdlles. Favetier and Organi, pupils of Mad. Viardot, and Mdlle. Pruckner, of Vienna. The Matinees of Mlle. Elise Lang, who founded a Choral Association for mixed voices, with which she gives a concert every week, are well attended. M. Leonard and his wife have arrived from Brussells. The Mannheim orchestra, conducted by Herr Lachner, will commence their concerts very shortly. The programmes of the various entertainments contain some of the best names, such as those of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann. Herr Rubinstein is here, but does not play in public as yet. Meanwhile, every Sunday morning he gives a pianoforte performance in his own rooms, to which the best society flocks in shoals. Similar entertaiments will shortly be given by Madame Viardot-Garcia, in the music hall she has had built on purpose, and which is to be opened next month.

EMS.—The operatic performances have commenced. Among the artists at this season's concerts will be Vivier, Servais, Batta, Alard, Vieuxtemps, Joseph Wieniawski, Arban, Mad. Escudier, Mdlle. Marion, and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington.

HOMBURG.—The "Kursaal" is becoming fuller everyday. The splendid theatre will shortly be inaugurated, and the following operas given, namely: *Martha*, *Ernani*, *Don Juan*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Don Pasquale*, *Stradella*, and *Semiramide*.

NAPLES.—Antonia Montenegro, formerly a very favourite singer at the Scala, Naples, and other theatres of Italy, has just died here. Her name is inscribed upon a marble tablet in the *foyer* of the Scala.

BEETHOVEN, AS SEEN BY A PAINTER.

AFTER the campaigns of 1813-1814, I left the army, and continued my artistic studies in Vienna, where already at that time the rich galleries of the princes, not then to be found in Berlin, offered the best occasions for study.

A late brother-in-law of mine, Baron von Skebeusky (the owner of an estate in Austrian Silesia), begged me to paint for him a portrait of Beethoven for a gallery of celebrated Vienna artists of that time. To make the acquaintance of Beethoven, but especially to induce him to sit, was a difficult task. The happy and accidental acquaintance of a friend of Beethoven's, the violoncellist Daut of the Imperial Opera House, helped me to it, especially as the latter was himself much interested in the sitting. Daut advised me to wait till summer, as at that season Beethoven usually spent some time in Mödling, near Vienna, and was then the most open and accessible. By a letter from his friend, Beethoven was advised of my arrival there, and also of my desire to draw him. Beethoven had consented, but only under the condition that he would not have to sit too long. I was announced early in the morning. His old housekeeper told me that he would soon come, he was at breakfast yet; but there were books by Goethe and Herder, which could, in the mean-time, entertain me. At last Beethoven came and said: "You wish to paint me, but I am very impatient." He was very deaf already, and when I wanted to say anything, I had either to write it down, or he used his trumpet, unless a young assistant (a relative of about twelve years old), who was present, spoke the words very loudly into his ears. Beethoven now sat down, and the boy had to practice on the grand piano, which was a present from England. The instrument stood four or five paces behind him, and, in spite of his deafness, Beethoven corrected the boy's every mistake, and made him repeat several things. Beethoven always seemed very serious; his extremely lively eyes generally looked upward with a sombre, sullen expression, which I have tried to represent in the picture. His lips were closed, though the mouth did not look unkind. He liked to talk of the arrogant vanity and absurd taste of the Vienna aristocracy, of which he never thought much, for he found himself in a measure neglected, and not sufficiently understood. After about three quarters of an hour, he began to be restive. After friend Daut's instructions, I now knew that it was time to stop, and only begged him that he might allow me to return the next day, as I lived in Mödling. Beethoven consented kindly and said: "Then we can be often together yet, for I cannot sit long at a time. You must look around in Mödling, for it is very beautiful here, and as an artist, you must be a lover of nature." In my walks about Mödling, I met Beethoven more than once, and it was very interesting to note how at times he stood still, a piece of music and a pencil in his hand, as if listening, how he looked up and down, and then wrote something on the music paper. Daut had told me that if I met him thus, I should never speak to or notice him, because he would get embarassed or disagreeable. Once when I was sketching a woodland, I saw him climbing up a height that separated us, his large, broad-brimmed, gray felt-hat under his arm. Having reached the top, he threw himself down under a pine tree, and gazed for a long time at the sky.—Every morning he sat for me a short hour. When Beethoven saw the portrait, he observed that he liked the hair very much; other painters had always represented him so *sleek*, as if he had to appear at Court, and he was not so at all. I must observe that the oil-painting for my brother-in-law is larger than the well-known lithography, that in the former Beethoven holds a piece of music in his hand, and that the background consists of a landscape.

"Beethoven's residence in Modling was very simple, like his whole appearance. His dress consisted of a light-blue coat, with yellow buttons, a white vest and neck-cloth, as worn at the time; but every thing was very negligent with him. His complexion was healthy, the skin a little pock-marked, his hair already turning gray. His eye was a bluish-gray, and very animated. When a storm tossed his hair about there was really something demoniacal about him. In friendly conversation, however, he assumed a kind expression, especially if the conversation touched him agreeably. Every movement of his soul was instantly expressed forcibly in his features. He told me himself that he often went to the Opera, listening to the performance from one of the upper boxes, partly on account of his inclination for seclusion, and partly, as he said, because you hear the *ensemble* better up there."

PROFESSOR A. VON KLOBER (*Berlin*).

MUNICH.—According to good authority, the Baron Oscar von Redwitz has been appointed by the King, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Richard Wüerst's *Vineta* has been successfully introduced.

ROME.—Liszt and Remenyi played on the 10th ult. at Cardina Nardi's, Dr. Haynald, Bishop of Transylvania, also being present.

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THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you would allow me to reply, through the medium of your columns, to the letter on the subject of the "position of the body at the harp," which I see in your last week's impression. It is asserted therein that the prevailing manner of resting the harp upon the right shoulder is 'wrong'—I say it is 'right:' it being the position formed from the best methods of the greatest performers upon the instrument—viz., Madame Krumpholtz, Count Neubourg, Viscount Marin, Dizi, Nadermann, Labarre, Godefroid, Bochsa and Parish Alvars. To put the question in the most practical and common sense view, let any person totally unacquainted with the harp, be seated at the instrument; and I am convinced that he will at once naturally see the utter impracticability of gaining any command over it when resting it upon the left shoulder, from the crampness of such a position, and the certain loss of that equilibrium to the player while playing. According to these remarks (in your journal), the harpist would require a continual movement of the body as well as the fingers: to prove which, a person playing with the left hand in the treble has only to try and look at his fingers when playing, and he will at once find the difficulty of doing so. Besides, I will ask any person, whether the fact of seeing the right hand in its prevailing position is not only of immense importance, but infinitely easier, both for the exercise of the fingers and the pedals too. Their being again, a corresponding facility with the '*right*' foot for the pedals as there unquestionably is with the *right hand* for executing passages, is a strong reason why there are four pedals upon one side and three upon the other. It is to the touch that the player's chief attention should be given during performance, but which must be of little consideration if the performer is left-handed, as your correspondent considers correct, because he sees four pedals upon the right side of the instrument. Sebastian Erard, who had studied harps of all descriptions made during a period of three centuries, surely knew how his modern harp '*ought*' to be used, after his having digested every conceivable plan for perfecting the harp as his genius has done, as also did the highly eminent men I have mentioned, or they would not, for the cultivation of their works advise a course so feasible, but yet entirely opposed to your correspondent's theory. Bochsa, in particular, I am quite certain gives *no* countenance, whatever, to anything the writer has yet insinuated against the prevailing position at the harp: and to accuse so great a master, '*he* alone' of being '*wrong*' is, to say the least, a strong accusation. Your correspondent thinks an equal strength with both hands desirable now-a-days; so do I, but I cannot forget that, to arrive at this, an elegant position at the instrument should be one of the first studies, but which, assuredly cannot be obtained if the harp be supported upon the *left* shoulder. Up to the present date the exercise of '*gymnastics*' has not been considered indispensable for one who would perform elegantly upon the harp—but if the left-handed style of playing be adopted, a special gymnasium for harpists had better be erected immediately. Your correspondent having always reversed the position of his hands from the modern school of playing, finds greater facilities in favor of it; but the authorities above enumerated strongly disapprove his remarks upon their style as being '*a modern innovation*,' it being clear that their school is the only one that ever existed of harp playing. I deny most emphatically that the left hand as now used in the bass is misplaced, as the writer remarks. On the contrary, I contend that the right hand, which is (to one not left-handed)the stronger of the two, is very well placed where it is, as the soul of the execution of a piece is entrusted to it, from its superior strength and natural capabilities of performance. As to the want of space, the writer of the letter complains of as the strings are now placed, I can only say that there has been no legitimate passage of any notable effect ever written but what has, and still can be, played as the instrument is constructed. If the harp is to be considered an instrument upon which an educated or intelligent musician can study, I think the less said the better about the old Welsh harp as one for his choice. Allowing it to be ingenious and characteristic for its period, it offers nothing more than ingratitude for the pains bestowed upon it; and however enthusiastical the ancient minstrels were, it is remarkable in all instances, that their style of playing has been abandoned by all modern '*Welsh harpists*' (excepting your correspondent), who have taken any position as '*educated*' performers upon the instrument. Your correspondent's remarks, I consider, apply to the Welsh manner of harp playing, which he himself adopts, and which obliges the performer to rest the harp upon the left shoulder, otherwise he could not play upon that instrument as it is constructed. His remarks have no reference, nor certainly the slightest importance to Sebastian Erard's splendid invention, nor to modern harpists whose instructions have been built upon the above standard authorities. The two instruments should not be confounded. To change the prevailing position at the harp would be to me the same as inverting the key-board of the pianoforte.

In conclusion, your correspondent's remarks, as applied to modern harp-playing, and the modern harp, are as erroneous as they are impracticable, and in saying so, the productions of the eminent men I have quoted are my authority; *their* school being, I repeat, and having been the standard one of modern harp-playing for nearly half a century. Apologizing for taking up so much of your very valuable space, I am, sir, yours obediently,

JOHN CHESHIRE,
Professor and Member of the R.A. of Music, and principal Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, etc.

16, *Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, July* 14, 1864.

CONCERTS.

AT MR. JOHN THOMAS'S CONCERT, given on Wednesday evening, the 29th ult., at St. James's Hall, a new dramatic cantata, entitled, *Llewellyn*, was produced with genuine success. The cantata has been written in Welsh by the well-known Cambrian bard, Talhairn. Mr. Thomas Oliphant has supplied the translation, and the music is from the pen of Mr. John Thomas. That a great deal was expected from the new work may be inferred from the fact that a first-rate band, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, had been provided, and that Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, had been secured as principal singers. Moreover, to do every justice to the Welsh music, a band of harps was employed, the harpists being Messrs. J. Balsir Chatterton, T. H. Wright, J. Cheshire, H. C. Trust and George, Miss Trust, and the composer, Mr. John Thomas. The band included the *élite* of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, with M. Sainton as first fiddle. With such aids in the instrumental and chief vocal department, added to an efficient choral force, a fair chance of success was secured for the cantata before hand. But this fair chance was converted into a certainty by the agreeable quality and decided character of the music. The audience was pleased, nay, delighted, and the cantata was pronounced excellent and Welsh to the fibres. On another occasion we may enter into details about the story and the music; at present our readers must be content with learning that Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, Ab Gruffydd, Tywysog Cymru, spurns the iron rod of Edward, the Saxon King, partly invades England, concludes a treaty of peace with the tyrant, and marries his betrothed, Eleanor de Montfort, at Worcester; the piece concluding at Llewelyn's castle at Aber, with a grand bridal display, and a demonstration in memory of those who fought and fell. This fertile theme affords abundant and varied opportunity to the musician, of which Mr. John Thomas has made good use. The cantata is very long, and we shall, therefore, merely cite a few of the pieces which, on the night in question, created most effect in the performance. There is much spirit and character in the opening chorus—Morning Hymn, "Ye hundred bards, awake! arise!"; and the Martial Air, with Chorus, "I call on old, I call on young," was worthy of especial note, if only for the singing of Mr. Lewis Thomas, as Y Bardd, Gruffydd, Ab yr Ynad Coch. The recitative, "Obedient to my country's wish," followed by the war-song, "Firm as the sea-girt rock," for Llewelyn, magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, created a furor. Great applause also followed the prayer for Llewelyn and chorus, "Oh, Pow'r Supreme!" The air for Eleanor (Miss Edith Wynne), "Oh! fain would I recite the days gone by"—one of the most tuneful pieces in the cantata—was greatly admired; as was also the legendary ballad, "The chase was o'er on Snowden's side," so powerfully recommended by Madame Sainton Dolby's singing. Perhaps, however, the best composition in the cantata is the terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass, "Long may ye live and long enjoy," perfectly sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Thomas, and which the audience liked so much that they insisted on hearing it a second time. Without entering into further particulars, we may state that Mr. Thomas's new work afforded general satisfaction, and that at the end of the performance he was called for, and when he came on was received with cheers. Of the second part it is unnecessary to say more than it consisted entirely of Welsh pieces, vocal and instrumental, in most of which the harps played a conspicuous part.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The third concert of Easter term, given by the students, took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday morning. The first part was devoted to manuscript works by the students, and on the whole was creditable to their talent. Two overtures—one by Mr. Hall and one by Miss Agnes Zimmermann (King's Scholar)—are characterised by skilful writing if not by brilliant ideas. Miss Zimmermann's overture is scored very effectively, but we fancied we had met with the themes before. A Pianoforte Caprice by Mr. T. W. Walstein, performed by the composer, has a good deal of merit and was liberally applauded. The caprice was introduced at the last orchestral trial of the Musical Society of London and favorably received. The first movement of a Concerto for pianoforte, by Mr. Arthur Fox, is also entitled to a word of strong praise, although

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the composer was so nervous in his playing that he did it anything but strict justice. The remaining pieces comprised a part-song, "The day is done," by Mr. Prentice (Potter's Exhibitioner); song, "Solitude," by Mr. Arthur Fox, sung by Miss Sophia Kellner; song, "Heartsease," by Mr. W. T. Walstein, sung by Miss Macdonald; and song, "The Slave's Dream," by Miss Madelena Cronin, sung by Miss Fanny Armytage. The part-song was entitled to most consideration. It is to be hoped that the introduction of compositions by the students into one of the parts of the Concert will form a standing rule. It is in accordance with the course we have always advocated and will always continue to advocate. Little need be said of the second part. The Andante and Last movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto was admirably played by Mr. Ralph and enthusiastically applauded. Miss Fanny Armytage gave the cavatina "Come per me sereno," from the *Sonnambula*; Miss Emily Pitt "Una voce"; Miss Edith Wynne "Should he upbraid"; and Miss Margaret Halle in Mercadante's "Se m' abbandoni," all singing well. At the conclusion of the concert, the prize medals were distributed by the Countess of Wilton and the Duke of Leinster, in the following order:—The Silver Medal, on the ladies' side, to Miss Agnes Zimmerman; that on the gentlemen's to Mr. Walstein; bronze medals to Miss A. Thinkel, Mr. Arthur Fox and another young gentleman whom we failed to recognize and whose name escaped us.

Mr. Kuhe's Pianoforte Recitals.—A very admirable selection of classical and modern pianoforte music was performed at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, June 23rd, by that talented professor and excellent player, Mr. Kuhe, in presence of a large and distinguished audience. The examples of the classic master's comprised Beethoven's Sonata, in A major, No. 2, and Scarlatti's Sonata in C. The modern samples were more numerous, and included Thalberg's "Ballade"; Liszt's "Valse" (*Faust*); Chopin's "Nocturne" in E flat, and "Valse" in A flat; Blumenthal's "Les Ailes"; and compositions from his own pen, "Harp Eolienne" (song without words), "Etude de Concert," and "Fantasia on Irish airs." The last was new, but was received with all the warmth of an old acquaintance, the airs introduced being all well-known. Mr. Kuhe played these various pieces not only like an expert manipulator, but like a thorough musician, who knew and felt the value of each piece, and could impart to it its proper expression. He also performed three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," namely: No. 1, Book 2; No. 3, Book 5; and No. 3, Book 3. As Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" may be placed in the category either of "Classical" or "Modern Pianoforte" works, we forbear to include them in either. In his execution of these, nevertheless, Mr. Kuhe seemed to please the audience most. All three "Songs" were listened to with rapt attention, and followed with murmurs of applause from the tenderer sex and loud plaudits from the rougher. Mr. Kuhe was assisted in the vocal department by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Herr Reichardt. The first named lady sang the "Air des Bijoux" from *Faust*, and the romance "L'Abeille" from *La Reine Topaze*; to Madame Sainton-Dolby was assigned Herr Engel's romanza "Irene," and two ballads by Claribel, "Norah's Treasure" and "Maggie's Secret"; and to Herr Reichardt his new song "Eine Thräne." Moreover, the duet "Della Mosa," from the *Prophete* was given by the ladies, and Biangini's duet "Per Valli per bosco" by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Reichardt. Need we say how such well-known pieces were given by such singers?

Mrs. Merest's Soirées Musicale.—The last of these soirées was the most fully attended. Mrs. Merest, in excellent voice, gained special approbation for her expressive delivery of "O rest in the Lord," (*Elijah*). Her own ballad "Ruth" was also singled out for marked applause. The other solos of Mrs. Merest were Winter's "Sommo Dio," her own ballad, "Oh chide me not, my mother," and "The Mermaids' Cave," by the late Charles Horn. Mrs. Merest also joined Miss Minnie Poole, Messrs. Carter and Seymour Smith, in a quartet by Dr. Crotch, "Lo! Star-led Chiefs;" Miss E. Wilkinson, Messrs. Carter, Shoubridge and Smith, in a glee by "Hindle" (harmonized by Mr. Henry Baumer); the same in Elliott's glee, "Come see what pleasure;" Miss Wilkinson and Miss Minnie Pool, in Mozart's "Gia fan ritorno" (*Die Zauberflote*); and Messrs. Carter, Shoubridge and Smith in Spofforth's "Hail, Smiling Morn." Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and the effect she produced by her graceful, finished and exquisite performance of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and her fairy-like interpretation of Mr. Benedict's "Where the bee sucks," may be readily imagined. Among the vocal pieces that deserve special eulogy was Signor Randegger's Cradle Song, "Peacefully Slumber," which Miss Eleanor Wilkinson gave with genuine taste. A duet for flute and piano, exceedingly well played by Mr. Henry Baumer and Mr. Graeff Nicholls, and Mr. T. H. Wright's clever performance of his own *fantasia* for the harp on National Airs were both features. Mr. Henry Baumer accompanied the vocal music.

Miss Helen Hogarth—daughter of our oldest, most esteemed and most accomplished musical critic—gave her first *Matinée* on Thursday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to an elegant and numerous assembly. The singers were Miss Florence de Courcy, Madame Weiss, Miss Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Signors Giuglini and Gardoni, Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss; instrumentalists, Madame Arabella Goddard and Miss Madeleine Schiller (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and Mr. Edward Howell (violoncello). The pieces which elicited the most applause were Mr. Benedict's pianoforte fantasia, "Where the bee sucks," played by Madame Arabella Goddard, and unanimously encored, when "The last Rose of Summer" was substituted, the fair pianist in the "Bee" and the "Rose" alike enchanting the audience. Signor Giuglini' "Figlia d'Erina" ("Eily Mavourneen," from the *Lily of Killarney*), encored; and Arditi's "Stirrup Cup," by Mr. Santley, also encored. There were other performances which, if they did not create so great an effect, had equal claims on the admiration of the hearers—as for instance, Thalberg and De Beriot's Duet on the *Huguenots*, for pianoforte and violin, executed by Madame Goddard and M. Sainton—a faultless display; Mr. Santley's "Non piu andrai," and M. Sainton's playing of his own admirable fantasia upon *Faust*. Much deserving of praise, too, was Miss Florence de Courcy in Arditi's bolero "Leggiero invisibile," and Madame Sainton in the song, "To find thee sorrowing,"—the last the perfection of ballad-singing. On the whole Miss Helen Hogarth's aristocratic patrons must have felt thoroughly gratified.

Madame Shepherd Ley's annual concert attracted a large audience to the Hanover Square Rooms. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Merest, Signor Nappi, Mr. Garter, and the concert-giver. The instrumentalists were Madlle. Bido (the Hungarian violinist), Herr Coenen and Mr. H. Baumer (pianists), and Herr Lidel (violoncellist). Madame Shepherd Ley exhibited her acquaintance with the dramatic style of "Robert toi que j'aime," which she gave to the entire satisfaction of the audience. An Italian aria, "La Rosa dell Alpi," equally well sung, showed her proficiency in another school. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gave Mr. Boscovitch's "Sweet Nightingale"; and Mrs. Merest Mozart's "L'addio" (which is *not* Mozart's) both with remarkable success. Mr. Henry Baumer played Weber's "La Gaieté" admirably, Madlle. Bido and Herr Coenen joining in a Sonata for violin and pianoforte by Beethoven, and the fair violinist concluding the first part of the programme with an excellent performance of a *Morceaux de Salon* by Vieuxtemps. The second part included, among other things, an effective performance by Herr Coenen of Vincent Wallace's *Cracovienne*, some songs by Mr. Carter, Signor Nappi, and Madame Sherrington. Mrs. Merest's ballad "The chain is broke that bound me," excellently sung by the composer, and "Le faccio un inchino," by Mesdames Sherrington, Shepherd Ley, and Merest. The accompanists were Messrs. Kallmark, Baumer, and A. S. Pearce.

Miss Elizabeth Stevenson's seventh and last "Recital of Pianoforte Music" took place on Monday last, at Messrs. Cramer's rooms, which were fully and fashionably attended. Miss Stevenson is (as we think we have before stated) a pupil of Moscheles, and a worthy pupil of an eminent master. Her sterling qualities as pianist will be better appreciated when they are more known. The selection of pieces was, as on previous occasions, chiefly made from the works of the classical masters. On this occasion Miss Stevenson gave Weber's grand Polonaise in E flat; Moscheles' Variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith;" a Sonata by Scarlatti; Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28); some of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn; a *Schlummerlied* by Schumann; *Marche Funebre* by Chopin; and a Romance by Mozart. Miss Stevenson was assisted by Madame Henrie, an intelligent and pleasing vocalist, who gained the applause of the audience by the agreeable manner in which she sang two songs by Mr. Henry Smart, and "My Home in Cloudland" from Mr. Benedict's operetta *The Bride of Song*.

Mr. Ignace Gibsone, the well-known pianist, gave his second *matinée* at his residence, Sunderland Terrace, Westbourne Park, on Monday, and was honored by a full and fashionable attendance. Mr. Gibsone played the *Andante* and *Allegro Finale* from Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 27; "Deux Valses," Op. 64, by Chopin; and several pieces of his own composition, all with great effect. Of his own pieces the "Chanson a Boire" (*Scène Caracteristique*) pleased most, and Mr. Gibsone was called upon to repeat it by general desire. Mr. Gibsone also contributed two vocal *morceaux*—"Song of the Fairy," sung by Miss Florence De Courcy, and "The Memory of thy Voice," sung by Miss Palmer Lisle—the first very pretty and tuneful. Other vocal pieces were given, among which we may specify Arditi's *bolero*, "Leggero Invisible" by Miss De Courcy, brilliantly sung and deservedly encored, and Mr. F. Romer's song "Thyri the Fair," by Miss Rose Milton, who has an agreeable contralto voice—also encored.

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CRYSTAL PALACE—(*Communicated and abridged*).—For the coming few days a host of attractions is announced. To-day and Monday the great fêtes of the Dramatic College will be held. As at these nearly all the principal actresses and actors of the day take part no wonder they draw large attendances. The programme issued by the council of the college will show that unusual exertions have been made to render these great popular fêtes attractive. Numerous excursions are advertised for Monday: one particularly noticeable bringing people from Bradford, Sheffield, Leeds, Nottingham, Leicester, &c., to London and back in a single day, at the cost of six shillings. In the grounds the Pneumatic Passenger Railway, interesting to all connected with railways, is approaching completion. By this locomotives are dispensed with, pneumatic suction or pressure being the motive power. A large hippodrome has been erected in the lower part of the grounds, in which for some weeks performances will be given by a troop of equestrians. The gardens and Park were never in such perfection; the shrubs and plants having reached maturity. The great rosary, the marble vases and geometrical beds filled with the choicest flowers, present a spectacle which, when heightened by the display of the numerous fountains, is not to be surpassed.

ST. MARYLEBONE EYE INSTITUTION. — A concert in aid of the funds of this excellent institution took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, and went off with spirit. All the artists exerted themselves as zealously as if they had been paid double terms. Mad. Arabella Goddard's chaste and brilliant execution, with M. Sainton, of a Sonata by Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin, and again of a showy and splendid *concertante* duet for two pianofortes, composed by Mr. G. A. Osborne (on *Faust*), with the composer, elicited special marks of approbation. Mr. Santley was encored in Signor Arditi's "Stirrup Cup." The same compliment was paid to Mr. Weiss, in "When we were boys together," to Madame Parepa, in "Bid me discourse," and to Mdlle. Enequist in some Swedish airs. A *duo concertante* (harp and concertina) by Mr. Boleyne Reeves and Signor Giulio Regondi, a clarinet solo by Mr. Lazarus ("Traditions of Shakespeare"), and a violin solo, on *Faust*, composed and played by M. Sainton, were all much admired; the whole concert, indeed, gave satisfaction.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S SOIREES.—The last of Mr. Handel Gear's *Soirées Musicales*, on Thursday evening, was one of the best of the series. Several of Mr. Gear's pupils assisted; and among them may be singled out, as reflecting credit alike on their instructor and on themselves, Miss Lonsdale, Miss Forbes, Miss Elden, and Mr. Assur Keyser. To impart variety to the programme, which consisted chiefly of vocal music, Master Churchill Arlidge played some solos on the flute, which greatly pleased the audience. Mr. Handel Gear, besides singing several duets with his pupils, gave, at the conclusion of the programme, Mr. John Parry's travestie of "Blue Beard," which afforded infinite diversion.

A TRIFLE TOO SMART.—The *Smart Snob's Organ* is grinding frantically for the benefit of the other organs for whose utterance pennies are also pitched into the street by people who like coarse amusement. While we recognise the sacred sympathies of such brotherhood, we must protest against downright falsehood. The "tops of the busses" like a grin as preparation for the day's work, and we allow that the *Smart Snob* supplies grin, and occasional gush, in a very honest manner. And one would not be hard upon claptrap necessary in the way of trade in these days of pushing and bawling. But as it is simply false, and not at all funny, to say that Mr. Bass's bill for the protection of the sick and the dying (to say nothing of classes with whom Snobs have little in common) from the cruelties of the organ-fiends, is a measure for depriving the poor of music, we may hint that such writing tends to excite a contempt which we are far from feeling, as a general rule, for any one who strives to please the harmless tastes of his customers. The bill is calculated to give the poor ten times as much music as they get at present, for it is meant to drive the organs from quarters where they are not wanted. The organ-owners now derive their chief income from hush-money, we wish them to receive it as payment for welcome service. If the profits of the miscreants who import the unhappy Italians, treat them brutally, and mainly live upon the blackmail they extort, be lessened by a police measure, we do not see in this prospect any case for the lamentations of a respectable journalist. As to sneers at the alleged feelings of the late Mr. Thackeray, or at those of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Babbage, and the musical artists of London, such things are matters of taste, and the tops of the busses are not, perhaps, very appreciative of true art or science. But tell the truth, even to smart Snobs.—*Punch*.

DRESDEN.—The Theatre Royal, which has just been renovated, was re-opened lately with Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, preceded by Weber's "Jubel-Ouverture."

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 42.—No. 30. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864. PRICE {4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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AT
CHEAP PRICES.

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MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

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SANTLEY, GASSIER BETTINI, GARDONI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 23RD,
Will be reproduced Weber's Grand Romantic Opera,

"OBERON."

Rezia, Mdlle. TITIENS; Puck, Mdlle. GROSSI; Fatima, Madame TREBELLI; Mermaid, Mdlle. VOLPINI; Scherasmin, Mr. SANTLEY; Babekan, Signor GASSIER; Oberon, Signor BETTINI; and Sir Huon, Signor GARDONI (his first appearance in that character).

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The new and extensive Scenery by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin.
The Incidental Dances invented and arranged by M. Petit.

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POSITIVELY FOR THE LAST TIME THIS SEASON.

MONDAY NEXT, JULY 25TH,
Gounod's Last New Great Work,

"MIRELLA."

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Vincenzo, Signor GIUGLINI; Orrias, Mr. SANTLEY; Ramon, Signor MARCELLO JUNCA; Ambrogio, Signor GASSIER; Taven, Madame TREBELLI; Vincenzina, Mdlle. REBOUX; Andrelh, Mdlle. VOLPINI; Clemenza, Mdlle. MOZA; and Mirella, Mdlle. TITIENS.

Conductor - - - SIGNOR ARDITI.

The new and extensive Scenery, and Original Effects, by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin.

TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 26TH,
Weber's Grand Romantic Opera,

"OBERON."

(For Particulars, refer above).

"FAUST."—LAST TIME BUT ONE.

THURSDAY, JULY 28TH,
Will be performed, for the Last Time but One, Gounod's celebrated Opera,

"FAUST."

Faust, Signor GIUGLINI; Valentin, Mr. SANTLEY; Mephistopheles, Signor GASSIER; Wagner, Signor BOSSI; Siebel, Madame TREBELLI; Marta, Madame TACCANI; and Margherita, Mdlle. TITIENS.

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LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR.
On TUESDAY NEXT, July 26,
"L'ETOILE DU NORD."

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On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 27,
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF MR. A. HARRIS.

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LAST NIGHT BUT TWO.—EXTRA NIGHT.
On THURSDAY NEXT, July 28,
"L'ETOILE DU NORD."

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.—EXTRA NIGHT.
On FRIDAY NEXT, July 29,
"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT.
On SATURDAY NEXT, July 30,
"L'ETOILE DU NORD."

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN" (Words by H. HERSEE, Esq.), composed by EMILE BERGER, at the Glasgow City Hall, September 17 and 24.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing RANDEGGER'S admired Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," and the duet (with Miss ROSE HERSEE) "OH, GLORIOUS AGE OF CHIVALRY" from Howard Glover's popular Operetta of *Once too Often*, at the City Hall Concerts, Glasgow, September 17, 24, and October 1.

MISS ROSE HERSEE AND MISS JULIA ELTON will sing at the City Hall, Glasgow, September 17 and 24; and will be happy to make engagements in the North of England and Scotland for other dates between September 12 and 30. Communication to be addressed to No. 2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed for him by BLUMENTHAL, at the Hereford Festival, on Wednesday Evening, August 31.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "WAVERLEY," at the Crystal Palace, July 25 at Myddelton Hall, August 5; and Richmond, August 17.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Vocalist (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedral of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, in the City of Dublin), sings in Italian, German and French. She sings also all the popular English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. All communications respecting engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at 7 Well Walk, Hamstead, N.W.

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SIGNOR AND MADAME MARCHESI beg to inform their Pupils and Friends that they have left town for the Season, and will return to London, September 1, for the Winter Season. Communication for engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to the care of Mr. W. Fish, concert agent, 19 Whitehart Street, Kennington, S.

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22nd July, 1864.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The Nobility, Shareholders, and the public are respectfully informed that THE OPERA COMPANY (Limited), will commence their First Season on the second Monday in October next. By Order, MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary.

22nd July, 1864.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE APPOINTMENT OF A MINOR CANON

TO THE

VACANT PLACE IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL,

Will be made by the Dean and Chapter,

On WEDNESDAY, the 28th day of September next.

The Trial of Candidates selected will take place at the times and manner to be fixed by the Dean and Chapter.

All applications and Testimonials must be sent in, addressed to Mr. EDWARD PEELE, Chapter Clerk and Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, at his Office in the College, Durham, by whom further information as to the office will be given, on or before Wednesday, the 7th day of September next.

Durham, 21st July, 1864.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MIREIO—MIREILLE—MIRELLA.

(*Times*—*July* 18)

Mirella was given for the sixth time on Saturday night. The music of M. Gounod's new opera is winning its way into general acceptance as surely as did that of *Faust* last year. Its beauties may be less immediately apparent to the uninitiated ear; but this is wholly attributable to the subject. Another such drama as that the materials of which are furnished by Goethe's philosophical poem was not to be expected; and even had such another been attainable M. Gounod would scarcely have acted wisely in measuring himself against himself. The delicate pastoral of *Mireio* offered a new field for the exercise of his graceful fancy; and the music it has suggested is fair compensation for all that his colabourer, M. Michel Carré, was compelled to reject, in dramatizing, after the prevailing fashion, a poem the incidents and personages of which were never conceived with a view to the theatre. If M. Carré's raid into the unfamiliar realm imagined by the genius of M. Frederic Mistral may be likened to the progress of an eager woodman, axe in hand, through a virgin forest of the New World, felling, right and left, every object that impedes his advance; if, too—as an accomplished French critic (M. Jouvin) has remarked—the desert of La Crau, dreamt of by the Provencal poet, became realized in the work of the Parisian librettist; on the other hand, M. Gounod has contrived, with the assistance of his own beautiful art, to endow the meridian fiction with new interest, to present it under a new aspect, to breathe into it a new life. For every young tree cut down from the poet's woodland the composer has substituted a melody, as young and fresh; while the music of the careless shepherd, which consoles even the worn and stricken Mireille, is an oasis whence the spectator can survey the wide and desert plain with self-satisfied complacency. To set *Mireio* to music, and preserve intact its characteristics as a poem, would never have occurred even to that scorner of improbabilities, M. Richard Wagner (whose *Tristan* and whose *Rheingold* are, nevertheless, unanimously judged *impossible*). But why the pretty idyll round and about which the modern "*trovatore*" has built up his poetic structure should not be used, in its primitive condition, for the purposes of opera, it is hard to guess. What M. Mistral effected for it as a poet M. Gounod has effected for it as a musician: and we are greatly in error if M. Gounod's new production does not hold its own, even against the overwhelming popularity of Faust and Margaret. In the representation at Her Majesty's Theatre there are omissions which make it difficult for those unacquainted with the poem to know exactly what the story is about. The contest between Ourrias, the furious *dompteur de taureaux*, with Vincent, the basket-maker, whose possession of Mireille's affections has aroused the jealousy and exasperated the temper of his rival, is essential to a proper understanding of the context. It is because Mireille supposes her favored lover to have been killed by her rejected suitor that she undertakes, in consonance with an old vow, the pilgrimage of the *Saintes Maries*. The duet, then, in which this incident is set forth, should certainly be restored, even if in a curtailed form, and even if the supernatural episode of the "*Nuit de St. Médard*," where Ourrias meets the punishment due to his crime in the waters of the Rhone, be altogether abandoned. Moreover, we cannot help thinking that, though the duet might be reconsidered, some of the very best music in the opera accompanies this situation—the instrumental prelude and chorus ("Voici le Val d'Enfer") especially, the opening theme of which has been arraigned as a plagiarism from Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando*, for the piano, though beyond the fact that both are in six-eight time and in the key of F sharp minor, there is no resemblance whatever. Next, in the scene of the Desert, the original song of Andreloux, the Shepherd ("Le jour sè leve")—preceded and followed by the etherially monotonous symphony *à la* "Pifferari" for oboe and clarinet—should be restored, and the delicious air "Heureux petit Berger," now allotted to the Shepherd, given back to Mireille, its proper owner. This would not only preserve the delicate musical framework in which the composer has set this incident—intended, no doubt, as a grateful relief to the music of the *Val d'Enfer* immediately preceding, and the mirage of the "New Jerusalem," conjured up by Mireille's distracted brain, immediately succeeding it—but it would also account for the apparition of the Shepherd, who now has positively nothing to do with the story, standing much in the same light as "Sir Harry with a song" in the *School for Scandal*, and without the very natural excuse of having some convivial companions to listen to it. Madame Volpini, who gives the song which is not the Shepherd's with such piquant liveliness, would give the song which *is* the Shepherd's just as cleverly; Mdlle. Tietjens (Mireille) would be reinstated in her rights; the Shepherd's advent, and his temporary influence on the spirits of the wearied pilgrim, would be intelligible; and the whole would have a meaning plain enough for the comprehension of the slowest-witted looker-on. The time saved by omitting the Shepherd's original song is scarcely three minutes, and for this "salvage" both author and composer are ruthlessly sacrificed. To have done with objections: we must also protest against Mireille's sudden recovery, in the last scene, as inconsistent, absurd, and superfluous,—indeed, as a poor and commonplace expedient. By all means let her die, as in the original. As well might Margaret be brought to life in the last scene of *Faust*. Because there is an apotheosis in *Faust*, that is no reason why the *dénoûment* of *Mireille* should be turned topsy-turvy. The first act is perfect in every sense—compact in form and everywhere effective. The overture is as pretty and lively as it is characteristic; every phrase of the two-part chorus for women's voices ("Chantez, Chantez magnanarelles")—sung at the "Cueillette," by the gatherers of mulberry leaves—is fresh and tuneful; the entry of the "wise woman," Taven, is effectively contrasted with the joyous strains of the young girls; the love duet between Mireille and Vincent ("Vincennette a votre age"), in which the most graceful melody of the overture reappears, is faultless in its way; and the return to the first subject of the opening chorus, at the close, is not alone grateful, inasmuch as the repetition of so engaging a melody can hardly be unwelcome, but endows the whole with a completeness thoroughly artistic. This act—which is so brief that it might more reasonably be designated "prologue" than what is so entitled in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*—must have occurred to M. Gounod just as it stands; at any rate, it seems to have been written off with a single "*trait de plume*." The second act, opening no less happily, with a spirited dance and chorus, "La Farandole"—a sort of characteristic *danse du pays*, kept up with unflagging vigour and instrumented for the orchestra with the composer's accustomed felicity—though not, like its precursor, one uninterrupted scene, is of higher musical importance, and illustrated with far greater variety. Besides the quaint and melodious *Chanson de Magali* ("La brise est douce et parfumée")—that sweet and fantastic love song of the South, with its changes of time from bar to bar (not a new expedient, by the way), which, sung by Mireille and Vincent, arrests the progress of the after-resumed "Farandole,"—this act contains three solos, all excellent, but one especially noticeable. The song of Taven—"Voici la saison, mignonne" (so admirably given by Mdlle. Trebelli)—is among the most original and genial pieces in the opera. Strongly marked character was never more happily united to genuine and spontaneous melody. Here, again, too, admiration is inevitably excited by M. Gounod's masterly accompaniments; but as in the treatment of the orchestra he excels most living composers, and as, moreover, his *Mireille* displays his genius as a musical colorist more or less brilliantly in every piece, it would take up a greater amount of space than we can possibly afford to dwell upon any single instance. In its way, too, the one solo given to Ourrias (how well sung by Mr. Santley has been recorded)—"Si les filles d'Arles sont reines"—is just as good and quite as original as that of Taven. Rude and at the same time earnest courtship has rarely found more eloquent interpretation in musical sounds. The slow movement of Mireille's grand air ("Mon cœur ne peut changer") is extremely beautiful, both in its theme and in the harmony which clothes it; less new, if not less effective, is the *allegro* ("A toi mon âme, je suis ta femme") with which it terminates, and which the glowing and superb delivery of Mdlle. Tietjens renders so striking and impressive. The *finale* to this act, although embodying the most dramatically important situation in the drama, is not, in our opinion, that in which M. Gounod has been most successful. The freshness, the attractive individuality, which we find in every other part of *Mireille* is, in a great measure, absent from this. The declamatory phrases allotted to Ramon, indignant that his daughter should presume to reject the advances of Ourrias, whom he has selected as her future husband, are vigorous, no doubt (and Signor Junca recites them with unmistakable emphasis); the impassioned appeal of Mireille ("A vos pieds, hélas!") is wedded to a really impassioned melody; the respective characters of Ambroise, Vincent's father, and Vincennette, his sister (in which M. Gassier and Mdlle. Reboux show how much can be done by intelligent acting, for parts comparatively of little significance) are prominently brought out; and the *stretto*, or conclusion, in which the chorus and all the principals, including Vincent, are engaged, is sonorous and massive, though but timidly developed. Nevertheless, the *finale* is not a grand *finale*, not entirely up to the situation, and, as we have hinted, not so exclusively M. Gounod's own property, rare passages excepted, as anything else in the work. This, however, merely strengthens an opinion which prevails with musical judges, that in the composition of elaborate concerted pieces M. Gounod lacks the faculty to shine. Were it otherwise, he would possess an undisputed right to the commanding position claimed for him by his most zealous partizans, among living composers for the stage. Of the third act it is unnecessary to add anything to what is contained in the preamble to this short analysis. Nor, after the observations on the scene in the Desert of La Crau, is it requisite to

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do more than point to the harvest chorus ("Amis, voici la moisson faite"), which, full of character and genuine tune, opens, in M. Gounod's happiest and most brilliant manner, the fourth; if not, indeed, to bestow a word of unqualified praise on the very charming and melodious duet, "Ah parles encore" (sung and acted to perfection by Mdlle. Tietjens and Reboux), in which Mireille, learning from Vincennette the disaster supposed to have occurred to her lover, resolves upon undertaking the pilgrimage to the *Saintes Maries;* and to invite attention to the solo of Mireille, on beholding the mirage on the far horizon of the Desert, as at least (if nothing more elevated) one of the most forcible declamatory passages of the opera, and one in which the splendid vocal powers of Mdlle. Tietjens are exhibited to singular advatage. The last act—where the goal of the constant and intrepid pilgrim is reached—is short, but to the purpose. The opening march and Chorus of Pilgrims ("Vous qui du haut des cieux"), *naif* in melody and unambitious in construction, is at the same time gorgeously instrumented, and paints the situation with a master hand. The soliloquy of the despairing Vincent ("Mon cœur est plein du noir souci") is expressive, and sung with such refined expression by Signor Giuglini as would enlist the sympathies of an audience under any circumstances. Still we cannot but think that the absence of a carefully worked out duet between the lovers—who, having each faithfully redeemed the pledge of days gone by, unexpectedly meet before the Church of the *Saintes Maries*, would naturally indulge in a certain amount of rapture after their forced severance—is hardly atoned for by a more or less sentimental solo for the tenor. The *finale*, however, in which the church organ, heard from within, plays its part with appropriate solemnity—is truly impressive, the principal theme, like that in the final trio of *Faust*, being one of those large and penetrating melodies which M. Gounod, after the late Meyerbeer, whose disciple in this instance (as in some others) he may be fairly proclaimed, has best the secret of producing. There are certain alterations in the last act which we can scarcely regard as improvements on the original, but not of sufficient consequence to interfere with the general effect. To conclude that the opera of *Mireille* is worthy the composer of *Faust* seems to us incontestable, and that it will steadily make its way in public esteem can hardly admit of a doubt.

The performance, of which we were able to speak so favorably some days since, has ripened into excellence. The principal singers—Mdlle. Tietjens, Trebelli, Volpini, Reboux and Moya, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Santley, MM. Junca and Gassier—one and all do their best, while Signor Arditi and his band merit unqualified eulogium. To cite a solitary instance—the duet between oboe and clarinet (Messrs. Crozier and Pollard), in the charming pastoral symphony of the Desert scene, is as perfect an example of delicate instrumental execution as we can remember. The chorus, wherever the men's voices are employed, is unexceptionable; but in the chorus of the "Cueillette," in the delicious idyll with which the opera commences, either the difference of pitch between the Paris and London orchestras (fully half a tone) distresses the singers, or the women's voices in Mr. Mapleson's theatre want reinforcement. Of Mr. Telbin's work we have spoken. From the scene of the mulberry plantation (Act I.) to that of the *Saintes Maries* (Act V.) every *tableau* is so picturesque and true to nature that we should regret the omission of the *Val d'Enfer*, if only for the sake of Mr. Telbin's share in it.

THE NAVAL YARD, DEAL.—By order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the important freehold estate, containing the whole of the Naval Yard with the extensive buildings, dwelling houses, &c., with a large house in Queen Street formerly the Port Admiral's residence, and ground in Prospect Place, Deal, was sold by auction yesterday at Garraway's by Mr. Murrell, auctioneer, under the direction of Mr. Bristow, the solicitor to the Admiralty. In consequence of the opening of the new pier, which extends far out into the sea, and the proposed erection of harbour and docks, the sale excited more than ordinary interest. Garraway's was crowded to excess. After various questions had been asked the bidding commenced at £5000, and after a most spirited contest the property was knocked down to the Conservative Land Society at £13,200. A portion of the property can be retained as a Naval Yard and the remainder turned into building land, the want of houses being much felt at Deal. The esplanade frontage to the sea is 800 feet, and the frontage to the Dover and Walmer Road is more than 800 feet. The property abuts on Deal Castle and commands fine views of the sea coast, and is also opposite the anchorage of the fleet when in the Downs.

DRESDEN.—The conference of the General Committee of the German Vocal Union (Sängerbund) with the Select Committee for the Second German Vocal Festival, will, at the especial desire of the former, be held here on the 25th and 26th September next.

THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—May I add the following remarks to those which you kindly inserted in your valuable journal. If the notion, that a theory is good because it is universally adopted, had prevailed with every one, where would now be those improvements and inventions by which the world has been made better? It may be true that within the last fifty years harpists have been in the habit of playing upon the right-hand shoulder, and it is equally as true that horse-power once supplied that of steam, which we now enjoy.

To clearly demonstrate the absurdity of thus sitting upon the left-hand side of the instrument, let me again point out that, by doing so, the extreme pedal, A, is so inconveniently placed, that the effort of the right foot to gain access to it causes the body to shift awkwardly to and fro, whereas, by sitting upon the opposite side, the *pedal work is equally divided* (allowing one less for the left foot), *and the performer can be posed right behind.* The process of pulling, peculiar to the harp, requires that the hands, on quitting the strings, should escape towards the body; and hence the absolute necessity for the equilibrium which is obtained by this *central* position. It is easy to realize how such a disposition of the body must ensure steadiness upon the seat, to the neglect of which must be attributed the bodily contortions so common to harpists. Indeed, any mode of holding the instrument which has a tendency to dislodge it from the performer's grasp must affect the touch, besides giving him an inelegant appearance. If the player is ill at ease, there will be an uncertainty in taking the note; and common sense is sufficient to show, that, if the pulling power is directed *sideways*, instead of towards the body, the capacity for execution is materially diminished. That the idea of placing the right hand in the treble was conceived at the time the pianoforte began to be known, is proved by every representation of harp players from the earliest ages up to that time. And it is easy to understand that pianists studying the harp would naturally give the left hand to the bass, as they did upon the piano, without entering upon the question of choice in the matter. If it were necessary to corroborate my previous statement, I could produce the individual who would give substantial evidence, that Mr. Bochsa, with his own lips, gave the preference to sitting on the side of the extra pedal. And if we examine his instruction book ("six weeks, first day"), we shall discover another potent reason which led him to this conclusion. The elevation of the bass hand, and its consequent lack of support upon the edge of the sounding board, he considered so serious an impediment to its manipulation as to necessitate the introduction of a "bracelet," which "machine," he said, was intended to *hold the arm*, and thus "*diminish the stiffness and fatigue attending this circumstance.*" But why not allot this, comparatively speaking, arduous responsibility, to the more powerful right hand, which would need no "relief," nor a sling to prop it up. Now it is, we can account for the absence of a proper *timbre* in the bass, complained of as characterising the playing of harpists in general; the placing of the weakest hand at the bottom of the harmony producing an unsatisfactory inequality. But although Mr. Bochsa was alluded to, *en passant*, it would be as unreasonable to quote him as an undisputed authority in elementary matters connected with the harp at this period, as it would be to quote Mozart in criticising modern pianoforte playing. Bochsa's pupils are old men, and he was young when he wrote his instruction books fifty years ago. The harp itself, too, was then in its infancy, "the extent of the strings taken horizontally," as he said, "from the smallest to the thickest, not exceeding 21 inches." Let me add that his music is now unpopular; and I mean to bring to light other great defects in his school, which his pupils have inherited from him.

It is not tenacity of grasp so much as delicacy of touch which the hand, engaged among the finer strings needs; and it is a mistake to imagine that the left hand is less susceptible than the right one of cultivation for the execution of difficult passages. But even admitting its supposed inferiority as an argument against placing it in the treble, no harpist can deny the unpleasant fact of his being obliged positively to flatten the right hand in order to get its fingers upon the uppermost strings, where the space between the brass plates and the sounding board, in which to manipulate, is *exactly two inches!* Let the pianist thrust one of his hands inside the case, when it is down, in order to play upon the wires inside, and he will have some idea of this serious obstacle.

To imagine that playing with the left hand up is suited alone, or at all, to the Welsh harp, would be to manifest a total ignorance of that instrument; for, on account of the strings being placed on the *contrary* side of the curve to the pedal harp, *the very same impediment occurs as that which belongs to the prevailing manner of holding the latter.*

And, although I am a Welshman (and enjoy a reputation of playing Welsh melodies with good effect), I am not essentially a "Welsh harper," but an assurant for the honors due to musicians that can

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interpret every style of music. Nor am I left-handed in anything whatever; but I should certainly consider myself to be so upon the harp if I reversed the natural order of things, as those do who bestow the strength which a house needs at its foundation in the garret above. I congratulate myself upon being a self-taught harpist, so as to have escaped the faults which I am now exposing. No! my remarks are especially intended to apply to Sebastian Erard's newly invented double-action harp, and quite as particularly to the manner in which that noble instrument is now played; and, in conclusion, I would say it will be impossible for it to regain its former popularity as long as this and other obstacles in the way of learning it are left unremoved.

APTOMMAS.

ADELINA PATTI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The seventh of the series of grand opera concerts, on Saturday (July 9th), drew together an assemblage of nearly eight thousand visitors. On this occasion the programme was rendered exceptionally brilliant by the presence, for the first time during the present season, of Mdlle. Adelina Patti. Those who listened to this incomparable vocalist when she sang at the Crystal Palace last year will not need to be reminded with what marvellous clearness and beauty the bright and penetrating tones of her delicious voice rang then throughout every part of the vast area of the central transept, and the same precious quality characterized her singing on Saturday, enabling those who were most remote to derive full enjoyment from the liquid beauty of her exquisite organ and her matchless skill in its management. Mdlle. Adelina Patti was enthusiastically greeted when she made her appearance in the great Handel Orchestra; she was in admirable voice, and her singing has never been surpassed even by herself. She first gave "Vedrai carino" with all the vocal perfection and emotional delicacy which she has already rendered familiar to every frequenter of the Royal Italian Opera in her rendering of this charming inspiration; the aria was vociferously encored and applauded to the echo on its repetition. But she achieved a still more signal triumph by her delicious singing of our own native "Home, sweet home." Perfect simplicity, thrilling tenderness, and deep though gentle pathos could not have been more strikingly combined than in her delivery of this delightful song, which is connected in almost everybody's mind with some cherished associations: she not only gave the keenest gratification to the ear, but stirred the heart and moistened many eyes. As a matter of course she was encored, and listened to the second time with wholly undiminished pleasure.

The other singers were Madame Fricci, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Attri and Herr Schmidt, whose exertions were rewarded by warm and deserved applause. The orchestra played the overtures to *Leonora* and *Guillaume Tell*. The charms of the Crystal Palace are at this moment at their zenith. Within doors the nave is everywhere richly decked with luxuriant verdure, offering a *coup-d'œil* which it would be impossible to match elsewhere; and in every part of the park the profuse beauties of Nature, which Art has trained without trammeling, are in the rich fullness of their ripest bloom.

COVENTRY FISH.

THE DUNDEE ORGAN.

The *Dundee Advertiser*, of June 25, has an article on the inauguration of Messrs. Forster and Andrews' first organ in Dundee, of which we reproduce as much as our limited space will permit:—

"The fine instrument which is erected in St. Andrew's Catholic Chapel was opened last night by Mr. Broughton, organist of St. Anne's Catholic Chapel, Leeds. The audience was large and highly influential, and comprised many of the musical *élite* of the town. The programme consisted of the entire of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, selections from *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, the *Creation*, &c., and organ solos. The vocal soloists were Miss Lindley, Miss Seager, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Rutherford. Miss Lindley's most successful effort was, "With Verdure Clad," which she sang with much taste and expression. Miss Seager was also well received in the duet, "Quis est homo." Mr. Inkersall's abilities as a concert tenor singer are well known amongst us, but this is the first time we have met with him as an interpreter of oratorio music. His "Cujus Animam," "If with all your hearts," and "In Native Worth," were most satisfactory. Mr. Rutherford, of Dundee, fully sustained his reputation. The chorus, which consisted of the choir of St. Andrew's Chapel and a number of amateurs, assisted by the Messrs. Conolly, from Edinburgh, was under the direction of Mr. Pearman of this town. There were two chorales from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers, wake," and "To God on high," and two choruses from the *Creation*, "The Lord is great," and "Achieved is the glorious work," all creditably sung. The solos played by Mr. Broughton were Mendelssohn's "Grand Organ Sonata," No. 4, and the *Andante* from Haydn's No. 3 Symphony, known as the "Surprise Movement." Mr. Broughton's "Surprise" was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. The audience evidently wanted more of such playing, and Mr. Broughton humoured them by playing the March from *Athalia*, by Mendelssohn, which served as contrast to Haydn's popular *Andante*."

A full and elaborate account of the new organ follows, which we also lay before our readers:—

"The capabilities of the organ were so thoroughly brought out by the organist as to create but one opinion of its excellence. The diapasons—a portion of which stand in the front of the organ—are especially noticeable for their full, massive, and pervading firmness of tone; and would themselves sustain a choir. Excellence in diapasons is a crucial test of good organ building, both as showing that the builders understand their business, and that they have not stinted the quantity of metal. The relation which these stops bear to the rest of the organ will be seen by the contents of the following specification:—

"GREAT ORGAN—CC to G—56 Notes.—1. Open Diapason, 8 feet; 2. Dulciana, 8 feet; 3. Stopped Diapason, bass, 8 feet tone; 4. Stopped Diapason, treble, 8 feet tone; 5. Principal, 4 feet; 6. Dulcet Harmonic Flute, 4 feet; 7. Twelfth, 2⅔; 8. Fifteenth, 2; 9. Mixture—3 ranks, various.

"SWELL ORGAN—CC to G—56 Notes.—1. Lieblich Bourdon, 16 feet tone; 2. Open Diapason, 8 feet; 3. Rohr Flöte, 8 feet; 4. Flute d'Amour, 8 feet; 5. Spire Flute, 4 feet; 6. Fifteenth, 2 feet; 7. Oboe, 8 feet; 8. Cornopean, 8 feet.

"PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to D—27 Notes.—1. Bourdon, 16 feet tone; 2. Violoncello, 8 feet.

"COUPLERS.—1. Great to Pedals; 2. Swell to Pedals; 3. Swell to Great. Three Composition Pedals, double acting.

"In addition to the Diapasons, we must notice the Dulcet Harmonic Flute in the Great Organ. This is one of the German Stops introduced into this country by Herr Schultze, and is the nearest approach to the flute of any stop yet manufactured. It was used very prominently in the accompaniment to "With verdure clad," for which its sweetness rendered it peculiarly suitable. Another of the German stops is the Lieblich Bourdon, in the Swell, the treble of which being metal forms a beautiful solo stop. We must notice, too, the Rohr Flöte and the Spire Flute—also German stops—both of which are charming stops of their kind—the former the deeper and fuller of the two, and the latter lighter and more elegant. But of all the German stops commend us to the Flute d'Amour for quality. The tone of this stop, when the venetians were closed, was so soft and mellow that one could scarcely believe it possible that it proceeded from so majestic an instrument. Of the reed stops we must also speak in terms of the highest praise;—the cornopean—which will do duty as a trumpet—being a powerful and rich stop, without any signs of that harshness so difficult to avoid in reeds. The oboe is a close imitation of the instrument it represents, and is the lightest of the reed stops.

"It may be judged from what we have above written regarding the individual merits of the stops, that their combined effect was also very fine. In the instrumental solos and in the accompaniments, the body was entirely satisfactory—full, round, and ringing, without shrillness or undue predominance of either. The sound, indeed, blended so sweetly with the voices in the solos that in the sympathy between them the ear sometimes failed to distinguish the one from the other. The musical part of the audience, one and all, as far as we have heard their comments, were well satisfied with the instrument; and the opinion of the organist was to the same effect. Mr. Forster's next organ for this quarter will be the one for the Rev. Mr. Davidson's new church in Lochee—a much larger one than that now opened. It is expected to be ready by September, when our music-loving citizens may again expect a treat."

GERMAN THEATRICAL STATISTICS.—There are at the present time in Germany 165 theatres. Of these 19 are really "Court-theatres," or theatres supported by reigning princes; 12 Town-theatres of the first class; 28 theatres of the second class; 39 Town-theatres of the third class; and 67 strolling companies, 20 of which enjoy a very good reputation and are in a satisfactory financial condition. The number of actors, singers and dancers living in Germany is 6000, and that of the choristers and officials about 8000.

ROBBERY AT MESSRS. CRAMER AND CO.'S.—A robbery was discovered on Wednesday morning to have been committed at Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.'s establishment in Regent Street during the time of closing on Tuesday night and the re-opening on Wednesday morning. About £20 was abstracted from the till. A large iron safe containing money and valuable securities, however, defied the efforts of the burglars, and they decamped with but a small portion of their expected booty.

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REMINISCENCES OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

By J. P. Lyser.*

The grief caused by the unexpected and sudden death of Meyerbeer is so general and sincere, on both sides of the ocean—being shared even by those who never had an opportunity of knowing him personally—that I need not, probably, assure the reader that I, too, was deeply shocked at the sad event. With Meyerbeer died the *last* of the great German composers, with whom I was, at an early period, on terms of friendship—having partially commenced my modest artistic career simultaneously with them—and with whom I remained on the same terms to their decease, which, alas! happened too soon!

After what I have said, the reader will easily understand that I was not, immediately after Meyerbeer's death, in a fit state of mind to give the public my reminiscences of the deceased composer, my late friend. I thought, too, how painfully so early a publication of those reminiscences would affect the noble-minded widow and the daughters, to whom Meyerbeer, scarcely buried at the time to which I refer, was, during his lifetime, so lovingly attached. For this reason more especially, I should have deferred still longer the publication of the following facts had I not found, by sad experience, that the rude spirit of speculation, with its want of feeling, had already begun to collect everything relating to Meyerbeer's life and deeds, and, mixing up falsehood with truth, in the most inconsistent fashion, to extol, in the open market, to the deceased master's friends and admirers, a conglomeration of more than ordinary imbecility and lies. To meet, in a spirit of decided opposition, this unworthy conduct on the part of unconscientious speculators, I look upon as a duty all the more sacred, because, even among those who were personally more closely related to the master than I, there was, perhaps, scarcely one who felt an inclination or the vocation to undertake what I resolved to undertake. Rossini and Auber, who certainly possess the power, would hardly think of such a thing. For Meyerbeer's nearest relatives the matter would, I should say, be attended with the greatest difficulties, because in more intimate family and social circles Meyerbeer spoke but seldom of art generally, and never, except by way of allusion, to his own productions. He required to have with him persons who could comprehend his hints quickly and correctly—who could even continue the subject, and who, when such a course was needful, did not fear to contradict him; then, though not till then, he would, like Goethe under similar circumstances, grow warm and communicative, giving utterance to much which he would otherwise have kept back even from his most confidential friends.

My acquaintanceship with Meyerbeer's talent and views was brought about a long time since by the articles published by Gottfried Weber and Rochlitz in the *Cäcilie* and the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung;* to Meyerbeer, the man, I was first introduced by my countryman and his own, as well as Gottfried Weber's fellow-pupil under the Abbé Vogler: I mean Carl Maria von Weber. As we all know, Meyerbeer's earliest operas met with but small encouragement in Germany. Even *Die Kreuzritter* would not really take, though Carl Maria von Weber gave himself all the pains in the world to prepare the Dresden public for rightly understanding it; Weber never for a moment, in any instance, doubted Meyerbeer's unusual natural gifts. "Let him quietly proceed in his search for what is right," Weber used to reply to Meyerbeer's opponents of that period; "he will soon find it, for there is too much of the German element in him for him to remain long contented with foreign tin-kettle playing." Weber was pretty safe in prophecying, for, neither to himself nor to others did he disguise the fact that Meyerbeer had studied music more thoroughly than he had. "I have still got a great deal to acquire which Jacob and Gottfried learned while with the Abbé Vogler," was Weber's confession. Vogler himself declared Gottfried Weber to be his most profound pupil; Meyerbeer, his most cultivated and clever; and C. M. von Weber, his most giddy-headed one—as, indeed, at that period, Weber was. He said, however, that all three were endowed, though differently, with genius.

When Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was first produced at Leipsic, I happened to be there, writing for my friend, Julius Campe, the musical pocket-book: *Cäcilie*. The extraordinary sensation created in Germany by *Robert*, induced me to make two sketches from subjects in the opera, and to affix to the *Cäcilie* one of the sketches: "Alice hastening to the Cross, while Bertram rushes from the Cave." Though the execution was very defective—I myself had jotted down the sketch upon stone—it was this very sketch which attracted Meyerbeer's attention to my humble self. He afterwards said to me in Vienna that my wild lines pleased him far more than the magnificent engraving on copper which Winckler (Theod. Hell) had had engraved for his pocket-book *Penelope*, after a masterly drawing by the celebrated Moritz Retsch, in Dresden. On my taking what he said for a joke, and laughing, Meyerbeer became almost angry, and observed: "You know that I never joke about such matters! Retsch has drawn the *scene!* You, the *music*." The remark struck me somewhat, and nearly made me feel quite proud, for I recollected how Goethe had previously requested me: "To draw him, in outline, upon a piece of paper, the overture to the *Zauberflöte*." Just as I was about to set about the task, Goethe died; the sketch is now finished, but no publisher can be found for it.

When Robert Schumann, in conjunction with Friedrich Wieck, Carl Bank, and that talented poet, August Bürck, afterwards so indescribably unfortunate, founded the *Neue Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, which was soon joined by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Dr. Glass, Alfred Becher (shot under martial law, at Vienna, in 1848), and the present editor of the paper, Dr. Brendel, I wrote for my friend Schumann the story of *Vater Doles und seine Freunde*. I did not sign it, but simply published it as: "From the journal of an old Pupil of the Thomas School," and Friedrich Rochlitz was pointed out by all the people of Leipsic as the author. Even Finck thought for a long time he was so, and Rochlitz subsequently complimented me "for having, on the whole, so well caught his tone." Two persons, however, not in the secret, singled me out: Mozart's son, Wolfgang Amadeus, and Meyerbeer. The former said to me in Dresden: "My mother told you that, did not she?" While Meyerbeer, a master in musical style, immediately perceived from sundry: "cross capers and cabrioles," that no one but myself could have written *Master Doles*. He asked: who was the model of Lenchen* Doles. As I did not feel inclined to return an immediate answer, he named Clara Schumann, and now, after the lapse of thirty years, I frankly confess that, up to this day, I do not know with whom I was then, at one and the same time, most desperately in love, Clara Wieck, Livia Gerhardt, or Francilla Pixis. I think I loved them all with equal fire, and all three floated before my mind when I conceived the picture of my Lenchen.

(To be continued.)

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* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*

Death of M. Zelger.—The death of that very excellent and popular artist, M. Zelger, who for nearly a dozen years held the post of *primo basso* at the Royal Italian Opera, is announced in the French and Belgian papers. M. Zelger died at Ghent after a long and painful illness, supposed to be brought on by a poisoning of the blood caused by the use of white lead. It is said that some three years since M. Zelger, having to perform the part of Walter in *Guillaume Tell* at Covent Garden, and having to whiten his moustache and beard, made use of a new composition which in the course of the night brought on a violent fit of vomiting which was succeeded by a long lethargy. From that time his health was never completely restored, and he sank in all probability a victim to his imprudence or heedlessness. M. Zelger had been honorably known in England previous to his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, and came over in 1846 as one of the Belgian company, with M. and Madame Laborde, M. Massol, &c., &c. Although hardly entitled to be called a first class artist, his fine voice, correct style of singing, and imposing appearance, made him a great acquisition at the Covent Garden Opera; and indeed it has been found no easy matter to fill up the void he has left in such parts as Walter in *Guillaume Tell*, Baldassare in *La Favorita*, Oroveso in *Norma*, the Doctor in *La Traviata*, and the Sherriff in *Martha*.

Signor Tamberlik left London for Madrid on Wednesday. The new opera-house opens shortly, and Signor Tamberlik is to sing on the first night.

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* "Lenchen" is the German diminutive for "Ellen."

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SHAKESPEARE IN HIS RELATION TO MUSIC.

A Lecture delivered on the 23rd April, 1864, before the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein"

By

EMIL NAUMANN.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other;
Thou lov'st to hear the soft melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes,
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes;
One God is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

These lines emanate from the pen of the poet whose close and profound connection with music will form the subject of the words which I shall have the honor to address to you—from the man whose natal hour struck three hundred years ago to-day, and whose name is, at the present time, encircled with the admiration of the whole world.

Shakespeare, the greatest poet of any age, first beheld the light of day on the 23rd April, 1564, at Stratford-upon-Avon.—Next to his countrymen, the English, we Germans have, probably, especial reason to honor the memory of this prince of poets. It was by him no less than by the intellectual civilization of classical antiquity that our own literature raised itself into independent and national life. In opposition to the influences of bastard French art, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe and Schiller, pointed, as far as a century back, to Shakespeare, as to a model, never to be equalled, and as to the deliverer, who alone could lead us back again to truth and nature. Such men as Schröder, Kaufmann, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Count Wolf von Baudissin, Karl Simrock, and Franz Dingelstedt, were actuated in their labors by the same spirit, and, by presenting us with masterly translations, followed up the impulse given by the heroes of our classical literature. These translations are, to some extent, of such high value, and we Germans are so familiar with them, that they have completely rendered the great Englishman a part of the intellectual wealth of our nation.

But, besides the German nation generally, *we musicians more especially* have reason to remember the great poet with gratitude and admiration. We refer the reader to the motto prefixed to our observations, and, starting from it, dwell to-day with more than ordinary emphasis on the maxim, so frequently quoted, that a bond of most intimate relationship twines round all the arts. In consequence, however, of the still more intimate connection which we find existing, within this relationship, between separate art-groups, our—that is, musicians'—right to yet nearer affinity with Shakespeare may, perhaps, be rendered more apparent than any other. Just as, on the one side, the plastic arts—Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting—grasp each other by the hand as sisters in a peculiar kind of art, on the other side, music and poetry stand opposite them, as sisters bound together in a manner no less intimate and peculiar.

That I may be able to exhibit to you Shakespeare as the poet in whom the musical element is most lavishly and most frequently wedded to the poetical, I must beg permission first to attempt a survey of the mutual influence of poetry and music upon one another, as they are *historically* known to us.

In the most remote times, we find music and poetry blended in an almost indissoluble manner. All primitive poetry is of a *religious* purport, and, when we first meet with tune, that, also, is most undoubtedly employed to offer up hymns in honor of the Divinity or the gods. Nay, the connection between the two arts, on this their first appearance, is so close, that, in many cases, it is absolutely impossible to decide which of the two art-elements, *tune* or *language*, was the first to gain a definite shape in the breast of untutored man, following unconsciously his natural inward impulses. At any rate, the one did not remain long without the other, and, in most cases, both probably grew simultaneously like two branches of one and the same trunk, as we learn from national songs.

The proof of this is furnished by Indians, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Jews, the oldest civilised peoples known to us, in the progressive connection in which music and poetry are exhibited among them. With regard to the Indians, we will remind our readers only of the religious songs intended for music in the Vedas; of the dance, accompanied by religious hymns, of the sacred virgins (Bayaderes); of the song accompanied by the "Wina" (most probably a stringed instrument) in *Sakontala*, etc., etc.—Herodotus says of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and races near them, when he is touching upon a most primitive religious song common to them all: "The Egyptians have a song, the 'Linos,' found, also, in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and elsewhere, but having different names according to the different peoples. It is proved, however, to be the same the Helenes sing under the name of 'Linos.' But, in Egyptian, it is called 'Mancros.'"

Even still more developed and close than among the above civilized nations before the epoch of Grecian Antiquity appears the connection between Music and Poetry among the Israelites. As early as in the second book of Moses we read after the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea: "And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them: Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."—But it is in the Psalms that the old indissoluble connection of religious poetry with song is exhibited in its last and most complete shape. Here even the most varied and practical musical directions have been preserved. For instance, at the commencement of the 4th Psalm we read: "To the Chief Musician on Neginoth, a Psalm of David."* Or, "To the chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminith," as at Psalm 6.† Or, "To the chief Musician upon *Gittith*," as at Psalm 8. Or lastly, "A song of degrees,"‡ as at Psalm 120, &c. Still more essential evidence of this complete blending with song is exhibited by the Psalms in their parallel system of verses, calculated for delivery by alternate choruses, and by the refrains, in this fashion significant only with musical treatment, such as we meet with in the 136th and other Psalms.

With the Greeks begins a new section in the history of the connection between poetry and music. It is true that here, too, we find the most ancient religious hymns indissolubly connected with song.—But poetry and the plastic art soon became so *exceptionally* developed, that, despite the perfection to which they had attained in and of themselves, music and painting, as far as the first two arts were concerned, adopted more than aught else a relation of imitation, or of subordinate development pursued in a kindred manner. It is, however, significative for the blending of poetry and music, a blending which, among the Greeks as among other nations, was primitively one of perfect equality between the two component parts, that, when speaking of the influence of the "singers," Homer evidently employs the term "singer" quite as much to designate the poet as the composer. It is here perfectly plain that the matter declaimed and characterized merely by the word "song" applies quite as much to the subject-matter as to the strain. How intimately the Greek poet was acquainted with the most touching and moving effects of music upon the human mind; how strong is the relationship of the two arts to each other, and how complete the understanding existing between the poet and the composer, is proved us by the fact that when Penelope, in her apartment up-stairs, hears "the heavenly strain" of the singer, singing of Troy, she comes down weeping into the mens' apartment, and asks for another song, because the first breaks her heart, or that when Odysseus, among the Phœacians, conceals his head, as the singer, striking the golden chords, speaks of the hero's brothers-in-arms who have fallen, or of the woes of the weeping hero himself, not supposing that the latter is listening to him.

(To be continued.

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* The German rendering of the above is: "*Vorzusingen auf Saitenspielen*"—literally: "To be sung publicly on stringed instruments."

† In German: "*Vorzusingen auf acht Saiten*"—"To be sung publicly on eight strings."

‡ In German: "*Ein Lied im höheren Chor*"—"A song in the higher chorus."

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE SEVENTH SEASON
OF THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS
WILL COMMENCE
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NOTICES.

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To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

BIRTH.

On Friday, the 15th instant, at her residence, Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, the wife of Desmond Ryan, Esq., of a daughter.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

Zur Erinnerung an Louis Eller (*A Memoir of Louis Eller*) is the title of a small work (Rud. Kuntze, Dresden, 1864) which is well got up, and attempts, in only a few leading outlines but in an agreeable style, to present us with a picture of the above extraordinary artist. We cannot, indeed, refrain from regretting that the book is not more complete, though we are obliged to give the author credit for having disdained to swell his work out by æsthetical or psychiological verbiage, such as we find in many biographers, or, to speak more correctly, book-makers. What he presents to us excites the profoundest sympathy for the man and the artist who, at the early age of forty-two, and far from his home, was snatched by death from a circle of loving friends and from the musical art. Even those persons who did not know, or who never heard, him, will read with interest the few pages written concerning him, and the disciple of art derive from the example of a German artist fresh and elevating encouragement, when he finds that an artistic nature is capable of developing itself and attaining a lofty end, by the force of will and industry, even when not favored by material circumstances.

Thus, though Eller—born on the 9th June, 1820, at Gratz—enjoyed the benefit of a good education under the roof of parents themselves well-educated, his father, an attorney, fell, through peculiar misfortunes, into a state of actual want. It was a piece of good fortune for the boy that, on account of his fine voice, he was received as a chorister in the Monastery at Kremsmünster, where he attended a good school, and, in the person of Herr Hysel, the *Capellmeister*, found one who carefully fostered his musical talent, and was, at the same time, his first and only violin-master.

When he was only a boy of nine, Eller created a sensation, at a concert given to show the progress made by some young musicians, but the sterling character of his father and of his master preserved him from the career of a boy phenomenon. It was not till the year 1836, that, on the solicitation of a high patroness, the Countess Pallavicini, his father went with him to Vienna. It so happened that, one day, the youth, then sixteen years of age, was asked, a few hours before a concert already announced, to take the place of Herr Harfner,* a violinist, who had been suddenly attacked with illness. He consented, and requested only—a dress-coat and a better fiddle. His play afforded very great satisfaction. Even then the excellences for which it was afterwards especially distinguished were evident; they were purity, good-bowing, certainty and facility in all double stopping, and tasteful but unaffected execution.

Unfortunately, he soon afterwards was robbed by death of the patroness he had scarcely gained. He could not stay at Vienna. In the year 1842 we find him as leader, *Concertmeister*, at Salzburg. Prompted by his own inclination, he continued to raise himself more and more above the then popular productions of Mayseder and De Beriot. Instead of these works, he played the concertos of Vieuxtemps and Paganini, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. He was also considered, even at that period, an excellent quartet player.

But his aspiring spirit did not allow him to remain long in so circumscribed a sphere. As far back as 1843 he took his violin literally upon his back; wandered on foot through the Tyrol and Switzerland, and arrived, by the way of Geneva, at Grenoble, with the notion of pushing forward, if possible, as far as Paris. It was in France that he obtained fame and happiness. On the 30th January, 1844, he gave his first concert at Lyons, and thence visited the large towns of the South, always with results in every respect gratifying. The news of his father's death called him home. But to his artistic aspirations there was now added his anxiety about his mother, to whom he devoted himself with the profoundest affection. In the following year, therefore, he once more, full of courage and confidence, left his native town; went, by way of Trieste, Venice and the north of Italy, to the south of France again, and a second time proceeded to Grenoble, where, in the family of a certain Colonel, he was, so to speak, at home.

He would willingly have gone off without delay to Paris. But he had still a bad instrument. He was compelled, therefore, to resume his tours in the South. During this second sojourn of his, he met with warm sympathy and an enthusiastic welcome everywhere. "One city"—says his biographer—"strove with the other as to who should best receive the young artist, and send him on, loaded with marks of distinction and honor, to the neighbouring town. The years 1846, 1847, thus glided away in a series of concerts, which caused him to remain a considerable time in Toulouse. It was here that a M. Séroz, a passionate lover of music, carried away by Eller's talent and character, made him a present of a valuable Straduarius. Though the latter would not have satisfied any very high artistic requirements, still it was an instrument on which Eller could rely at his concerts more than on the old one.—There would now have been nothing to prevent his making a journey to Paris, had it not been for an event which exercised a decided influence in causing him to make a longer stay in the South of France. This was his casual meeting with Ole Bull, whom he first saw in the house of the French Colonel, already mentioned, at Grenoble. The meeting had such an effect upon Eller, that it induced him to enjoy as long as possible the society of the distinguished visitor.—Eller's efforts, in the treatment of the violin, were always more especially exerted to bringing out all the peculiar character of the instrument, as opposed to the character of every other instrument, irrespective of what the violin can do, as an integral part of a whole, such as an orchestra, or a quartet, for instance.

"From an early period, he had felt convinced that the violin was capable of attaining greater independence than that usually attributed to it. On this account, he had especially cultivated the art of playing simultaneously upon several of its strings. How dear to him had Bach's 'Sonatas for the Violin alone' become for this reason, and how acutely did he regret that, in his early youth, the impulse towards the theoretical and productive side of music had not been

* Karl Harfner, born in 1815, a pupil of Mayseder and Jansa.

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sufficiently excited and developed in him! He now met in Ole Bull an artist who was not only master of most of that which he thought ought to be got out of the instrument, and who not merely offered to tell him what he knew when asked, but did so unsolicited. As Eller was easily captivated and profoundly moved by everything great, he willingly abandoned himself altogether to the influence of his peculiar visitor, and, not without advantage to his art, enjoyed the pleasure of some weeks' friendly association with him."

The storms of 1848 frightened Eller from France, though in the beginning of 1850, we find him again in Toulouse, Pau, Bayonne, etc., and, finally, at the end of October, in Paris.

"The reception with which he here met, from the critics as well as from the public, was decidedly favorable, and men like Scudo, Henry Blanchard, Fiorentino, Boucher, Senr., and others, who, nine months previously, had applauded young Joachim, felt themselves carried away, by what Eller did, and manifested a lively appreciation of his peculiar excellencies."

How Eller made, in 1851, a journey to Spain, which he traversed in all directions; how he was welcomed, in 1852, at Lisbon, where, unfortunately, the germs of consumption which lurked in his system were so developed by a cold he caught, that thenceforth he could travel only in summer, spending the winter at Pau in the south of France, where, captivated by the bonds of deep and hearty friendship connecting him with a family of the town, and the mildness of the climate, he had found a second home; and how, in 1854, in Germany, which he travelled through for the first time, and afterwards in London, he met with the same high appreciation of his talents with which he had met on his repeated visits to Paris, are facts for which we must refer the reader to the book itself.

After his journey in Spain and Portugal, his health was greatly shaken. Enthusiasm for his art alone sustained him during the last six years of his life, and directly he grasped his instrument—he had purchased in 1855, at Paris, an excellent Joseph Guaneri for 5000 francs—gave his fingers and arm their old strength again. He visited Germany more frequently, the last time being in 1860, when he went to Hanover, for the express purpose of making the acquaintance of Joachim; but he never could wait for the regular musical season in the winter. Still he continued till the end of his life the winter Quartet Matinées he had established in Pau.

"On the 12th July, 1862, the hand of friendship closed his eyes in that town. May that hand, to whose unremitting care alone it is due that Eller was kept alive as long as he was, be blessed by all those who were dear to him far away! To that hand we are indebted for the thought that the great German artist did not die abandoned in a foreign land, but where he felt at home, and where his heart had taken fresh root."

At the close of the book mention is made of several compositions for the violin by Eller (Op. 1-24) which, in the absence of brilliant and, at the same time, sterling productions for that instrument, might probably be worthy attention, and require a first-rate master for their performance.

[The foregoing—for the materials of which we are indebted to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—must be perused with reserve. The influence exercised over Eller by such a man as Ole Bull does not say much for the artistic judgment of the former; and we are the more inclined on that account to view the *memoir* as a friendly panegyric rather than as a fair appreciation. We may, however, be wrong, and shall be glad to be corrected.—Ed. M. W.]

New York.—The Philharmonic gave their closing concert for the season last month, at which Mr. Richard Hoffman performed Hummel's Concerto in A minor, and at the Brooklyn Philharmonic the following week the same gentleman played Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor.

Madame Grisi is about to make a *tournée* in the provinces with Signor Mario, M. and Madame Sainton, and other artists. Previous to her departure she will sing in a concert at the Crystal Palace for Mr. Gye. At the end of the *tournée* she returns to London for a series of concerts at the same place.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Baker Butcher is again in arrears and again hastily atones.

On Saturday (July 9th), *Mirella* for the third time. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (12th, 14th and 16th), *Mirella*, *Mirella*, *Mirella* (see another page). The fifth performance of *Mirella* was for Mr. Mapleson's benefit, which Mr. B. B. thought was the case with all the performances, whether of *Mirella*, or of any other opera.

On Monday (18th)—beginning of the "cheap nights"—*Faust*. Tuesday (*Mirella*—7th time). Thursday *Il Trovatore*, Mdlle. Grossi as Azucena—the rest as before, Mad. Harriers Wippern having thrown up the part of Leonora (which, however, fell safely into the arms of Mdlle. Tietjens) at the eleventh hour.

To-night *Oberon*, for the first time this season, and with almost every good singer in Mr. Mapleson's company included in the cast. *Tant mieux pour* Carl Maria Von Weber. Baker Butcher.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday (9th inst) *L'Elisir d'Amore* was given for the second time, and followed by *L'Ile Enchantée*. On Monday (11th) *Don Giovanni* — last time this season, Mdlle. Adelina Patti enhancing the interest of the performance by resuming the part of Zerlina, in which she is unrivalled. Tuesday (12th) *La Traviata* (with Mdlle. Artot) and the ballet. Thursday (14th) *Le Prophète* (Sig. Tamberlik and Mad. Nantier Didiée)—last time.

On Friday (the 15th)—a "special extra night," announced as "the benefit of Mdlle. Adelina Patti"—that incomparable little artist played Margherita in *Faust e Margherita* for the last time this year. Finer acting, more finished singing, were never heard. In short this was the most wonderful performance of M. Gounod's wonderfully popular opera which has probably been witnessed anywhere. Mario was more than himself. Never can the delicious garden-scene, or the solemn scene in the church, be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present. The house was crammed to the ceiling. Adelina Patti, Mario and Faure had to come forward after every scene in which they appeared; and at the end Adelina was honored by an enthusiastic summons, especially intended for herself. Nevertheless she would not appear without her Faust, and so Faust came and picked up gallantly the bouquets. This was the eighth time Mdlle. Patti played Margherita; and these eight performances (although nearly all on non-subscription nights) have brought receipts to the theatre unexampled at the Italian Opera since the days of the "Lind-fever." Never did Adelina Patti's star shine more brightly in the London operatic firmament. Her popularity is at its zenith; and she is (as she well deserves to be) the idol of the public. Lucky Mr. Gye—to have found such a treasure! No wonder you made her a magnificent *cadeau* in diamonds on her benefit night.

On Saturday (16th), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Mdlle. Fricci as Amalia—the rest as before), for the last time. Monday (18th), the *Barbiere* (Patti, Mario, Ronconi, &c.),—the last time.

On Tuesday (19th) Mdlle. Artot essayed the character of Margherita, and was very favorably received. The performance, generally, however, was by no means good. Whether there had been no rehearsal, or not enough of rehearsal, or too little, or too much, of something, or of something else, it is impossible to say; but certainly so cold and careless a representation of M. Gounod's *Faust*, on the whole, has rarely been witnessed. Sig. Attri played Mephistopheles, for the first time here, and fairly justified the encomiums lavished on his impersonation of that character abroad. But of the execution generally, as has been hinted, the less said the better. Mdlle. Artot, a most diligent, conscientious and accomplished artist, must take her revenge. *She* and Sig. Attri alone can be reported to have done their best on this occasion.

On Thursday (21st) *L'Elisir d'Amore*—last time. House crammed. Duet between Adina and Dulcamara (perfection) encored with rapture.

To-night the revival of *L'Etoile du Nord*. On Wednesday Mr. A. Harris takes his benefit, and the entertainment begins with the first act of *Norma*—Norma by——by——by——Giulia Grisi!

Butcher Baker.

Erratum. In No. 29, page 456, article Musical Society of London—for "A widet revolution," read a wiser resolution.

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PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I perceive that the *Gazette des Etrangers* announces that the piece composed by Rossini on the day of Meyerbeer's interment is entitled :—

"Quelques Mésures Funèbres a mon pauvre ami Giacomo Meyerbeer,
"6 *May*, 1864, 8 *o'clock* A.M." GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

It is a chorus in four parts, the large rhythm of which is indicated simply by blows struck in equal times on muffled kettle-drums. The theme is solemn and of a melancholy character, and seems to have been suggested under the inspiration of deep emotion. The words were written by M. Emilien Paccini, co-laborer in all the vocal pieces which have recently proceeded from Rossini's pen.

The new grand Ballet of Action, called *Néméa*, some considerable time in rehearsal, has been produced successfully at the Grand Opera. It is a pretty affair, very clearly told in the action, and affords splendid opportunities for choregraphic display. The plot is a sort of mixture of *Don Juan*, *Zampa* and *Pygmalion*, in which the supernatural element is largely employed, and Cupid, or Eros, is made to play a conspicuous figure. The authors of the book are MM. Ludovic Halévy and Henri Meilhac; the composer of the music, M. Minkus, or Minkous, first violin of the Royal Theatre of Moscow. M. Saint-Leon came all the way from St. Petersburgh to superintend the choregraphic department. Mdlle. Mouravief distinguished herself in the part of the heroine, and showed some curious and brilliant steps. The *Berceuse*, which she dances in the first act, in dialogue with the flute, is applauded with enthusiasm nightly, and seldom escapes an encore. The music in general is light and agreeable, and now and then betrays glimpses of character, as though M. Minkus, or Minkous, could do better things if put to it. I hope somebody, or something, will put him to it. Mdlle. Fiocre—not the fair *danseuse* who sustained the part of the winged god in the divertissement of *Pierre de Medicis*, but a sister, Mdlle. E. Fiocre—made her *début* as Cupid, and with much effect, being at the same time a charming dancer and a charming person. The other chief parts were played by M. Mérante (the Count), Mdlles. Sanlaville, Beaugrand, Pilatte and Aline Volters.

The Opéra-Comique is even now busy in preparing for the winter, or autumn and winter season. Besides *Lara*, the great success of which will doubtless lead to a second prosperous career, we are promised the revival of the *Pré aux Clercs*, in which M. Achard will sing the part of Mergy. The novelties to be put successively into rehearsal are:—Felicien David's *Tout est bien qui finit bien* (Shakspere's *All's Well that ends Well*, I suppose), the translation or paraphrase of which has been supplied by MM. de Leuven, Michel Carré and Hadot; the opera of MM. Sardou and Gavaert —*Le Capitaine Gaston*; and lastly, *Les Tresors de Pierrot*, the words by MM. Michel Carré, and Trianon, the music by M. Eugene Gautiers.

The introduction of the ballet next season at the Theatre Italien, in accordance with the new General Permission Theatrical Act, is likely to exercise a powerful influence on the destinies of that theatre. We may now suppose that M. Bagier will throw down the gauntlet to the director of the Grand Opéra, and produce the great French operas of Rossini and Meyerbeer. M. Bagier is busy organising his *corps de ballet*, and already has secured forty of the loveliest and best *coryphées* Paris can afford. Moreover, he is making important alterations in the theatre, principally with a view to increased accommodation.

M. Adolphe Sax, the great brass instrument maker, has just completed a new saxotromba, which, it is confidentally asserted, will be the most perfect instrument of the kind ever invented. There is a long account of the new Saxotromba in the *Ménéstrel* of last Sunday, and had I thought it would interest your readers I should have translated it for them. The instrument is lauded to the skies and said to possess extraordinary advantages over old instruments of the same family.

Paris, July 20. M. SHOOT.

—o—

MADAME HARRIERS WIPPERN left for Berlin on Thursday.

NEW THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE IN LIVERPOOL.—A limited liability company, the directors of which include some of the most influential and wealthy "merchant princes" of Liverpool, have purchased a plot of ground in Lime Street, Liverpool, near the London and North-Western Railway Station, and opposite St. George's Hall, on which they are about to erect a handsome theatre and opera house. It is expected that the new building will be opened before next Christmas, though it is to be a very large and handsome structure, combining all the recent improvements. Especial attention will be paid to ventilation and to the comfort of the audience, for, though the theatre will be a large one, it is only intended to seat 1500 persons, who will, however, enjoy the novelty of having plenty of room to sit and view the performances with comfort and ease. During a portion of the year, operatic performances will be given in a style of completeness worthy of metropolitan opera houses, but the ordinary performances will consist of first-class entertainments of all descriptions. The theatre will be leased to a respectable manager of tried experience, the directors only exercising a general supervision; and it is rumoured that Mr. A. Henderson, the present popular and successful lessee of the Prince of Wales Theatre, has made a most satisfactory arrangement as to his managing their property with the directors. The building is to be called the Alexandra Theatre and Opera House.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MISS LOUISA PYNE.—On Thursday afternoon a select circle of Miss Louisa Pyne's friends and admirers met (by permission) at the mansion of the Marchioness of Downshire, Belgrave Square, and presented her with a magnificent piece of plate, as a testimonial to the services she has rendered to art and to her high worth in private life. Mr. Brinley Richards, who acted as chairman, prefaced the presentation with a speech, and afterwards read an address to Miss Pyne, both speech and address being received with much applause. Miss Pyne rose to return thanks, but was so over-powered by emotion that she could not proceed for some time. She, however, after a while, spoke a few words, sensible and to the purpose, and sat down amid hearty cheers from the whole company. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Richards and a very handsome volume presented to Miss Clift, the lady who acted as honorary secretary to the testimonial fund, and whose services were eminently useful in bringing the affair to so successful an issue. Finally, a vote of thanks was proposed to the Marchioness of Downshire for the use of her spacious and splendid apartments, and the company separated.

MDLLE A. PESCHEL'S CONCERT.—Mdlle. Peschel is one of the most talented pianists now resident in Paris. During her first visit to London she has had few opportunities of being heard; but wherever she *has been* heard she has won golden opinions. On Monday afternoon she gave a concert at the residence of Signor Campanella, and was listened to in various performances with the utmost attention and interest by a fashionable audience. Mdlle. Peschel played the Kreutzer Sonata (with M. Niedzielski), Chopin's Valse, Op. 34 (No. 1), a *Tarantella* by De Beriot the younger, Henselt's *Poème d'Amour*, a *Song without Words* by Mendelssohn, and an *Etude Caprice* by De Beriot the younger. Her tone is full and pleasing, her touch light and crisp, her taste wholly unaffected and her execution neat as well as brilliant. Mdlle. Peschel's success was complete, and she afforded entire gratification to her patrons. Some vocal music by Mdlle. Angèle, Signor Campanella and Mr. A. Irving (accompanists Signors Campana and Pilotti), and a violin solo by the gentleman who took part in the sonata, agreeably varied this agreeable concert.

THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS.—This extraordinary piece of mechanism is now being exhibited at St. James's Hall. M. Saguish, of Constantinople, is the inventor. It represents the head and shoulders of a human being holding in his mouth a trumpet, through which issues the sound of the human voice. This extraordinary automaton head sings a variety of songs in so perfect a manner that it is impossible to believe it produced by mechanism alone. The words of the song are heard quite distinctly, the quality of the voice (a tenor), though somewhat nasal, is exceedingly agreeable, and the invention altogether one of the most astonishing in this age of mechanical miracles. The programme at the private exhibition consisted of "The dark girl dressed in blue," "Polly Perkins," "Annie Lisle," "A gipsey's life is a joyous life," "God bless the prince of Wales" and "God save the Queen." The exhibition is to be varied daily. Every curious inquirer will go and hear "The Anthropoglossos."

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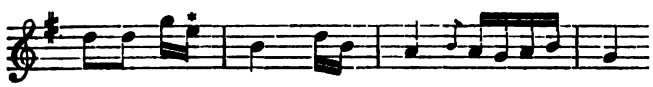
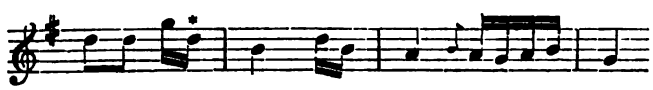
Muttoniana.

More questions have been posed since Mr. Ap'Mutton's return than he could under any circumstances undertake to answer. All he can possibly do is to cull. He therefore culls.

A Voice from the Skies.

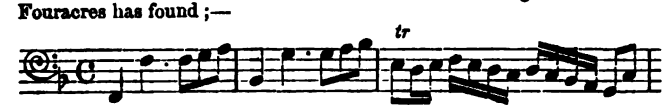
My dear Ap'Mutton,—The last time we dined together (at John Broadwood's—you remember?) you pledged your word to me that if I died before you, you would look to my posterior fame—that you would not only spread the knowledge of my works, but see that they were revised whenever a new edition appeared. Now, in last *Muttoniana*, I find a quotation from my Op. 19, with a wrong note in it—an E, instead of a D. I requote the last three bars of the quotation:—

It should be thus:—

Own this is a queer way of keeping your promise. What is Mr. Purple Powis, who fancied he had "unconsciously generated" my melody? He must be an arrant donkey. All the gods and goddesses read *Muttoniana*, especially Mercury, who says you are as great a thief as himself, and Diana, who declares that if she *could* forget herself for any one it would be "for that dear duck of an Ap'Mutton." Himmel is here (if he wasn't, he swears he would have changed his name to Hölle*); but not Woelfl, nor Steibelt, nor my poor Louis Ferdinand—though I am told by Venus that the Prince is shortly expected (*she* longs to see him). Meanwhile, I am as happy as I may be without a Broadwood. I cannot describe the instrument with which I am obliged to play Juno to sleep, when Jupiter wants to go out. It almost sends me off as well. Never mind—Hebe pours out my nectar. What a donkey the Governor was to abandon her for Ganymede!—Yours, as of old, dear Ap'Mutton (who'd think it was sixty years since we met!),

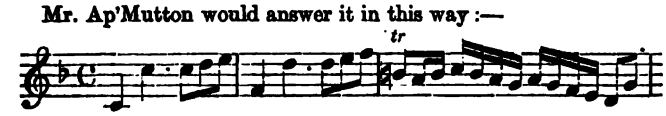
Johann Ludwig Dussek.

Olympus.

P.S.—By the way, why doesn't Arabella Goddard play my *Adieux à Clementi*, my *Elegie on Louis Ferdinand*, my Op. 35, and, last not least, my *Invocation?* Surely they are all better than Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* and Steibelt's *Madame Buonaparte*. Speak to S. Arthur Chappell about it, and thank him for republishing my violin sonatas and canzonets. Tell him also that there is *one* of my quartets still unplayed at his Monday Concerts (Apollo calls them "Pops"). But, for Heaven's sake, don't let him ask Hallé to play any more of my music. I heard him (Hallé), with my Olympian ear-trumpet, do *Le Retour à Paris* (why the deuce does he call it "*Plus Ultra*?"); and really it was too expansive for my nerves (thank Jupiter, I still have nerves). Luckily, Jaell can't play my music if he would, and Pauer thinks too much of Schumann and himself. How's John Ella? J. L. D.

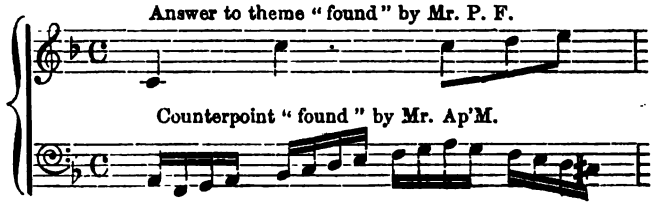
Mr. Ap'Mutton is delighted to hear from so ancient and esteemed a friend, but sorry that his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) age should have been thus (he thinks) indiscreetly revealed to his fairer readers. Mr. Ap'M. has no influence with Arabella Goddard, nor with S. Arthur Chappell, but will give the sonatas to his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) daughter, Fleece.

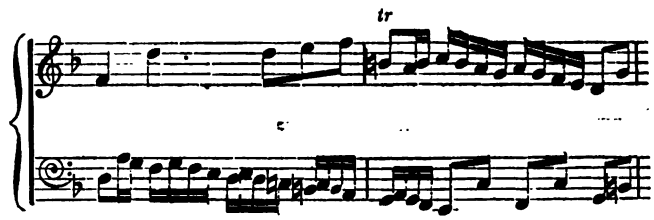
Mr. Pontifex Fouracres (with thanks for Mr. Ap'Mutton's courtesy) has found a theme for a fugue, and begs Mr. Ap'M. will suggest how it should be answered. Here is the theme for a fugue which Mr. Fouracres has found;—

Mr. Ap'Mutton would answer it in this way:—



At the same time (as the letter from his friend Dussek will have shown) Mr. Ap'Mutton is too old a bird to be caught even by the chaff of Mr. Pontifex Fouracres, whose attention he (Mr. Ap'M.) invites to a counterpoint which he (Mr. Ap'M.) has "found" for the answer:—

Answer to theme "found" by Mr. P. F.



Counterpoint "found" by Mr. Ap'M.

Will Mr. Fouracres say where Mr. Ap'M. "found" that counterpoint, or whether it was (consciously or unconsciously) generated by him (Mr. Ap'M.)? He (Mr. Fouracres) had better pass off his jokes on a less wily generalissimo, or he may find himself in the plight of Grant *versus* Lee—*i.e.*, in a dead lock.

Dr. Wind begs the editor of *Muttoniana* (who seems to know everything) to inform him when Madame Malibran died, and how old she was when she died; also when Mad. Albertazzi died, and how old she was when she died. Dr. Wind will be extremely grateful for the information. Perhaps, if Dr. Ap. Mutton is ignorant, Dr. Shoe or Dr. Pidding may be able to enlighten him (Wind).

He (Wind) is instructed that Mr. Ap'Mutton is not a Dr. in anything. No more was Handel. Secondly, Mr. Ap'Mutton cannot possibly be ignorant on any point whatever—much less possibly on points familiar to his own deputy, Shoe, and to his own sub-deputy, Pidding. Albertazzi (Mr. Ap'M. begins with her—hoping to twitch Dr. Wind's conscience) died Sep. 25, 1847, aged 32; Malibran died Sep. 25, 1836, aged 28.

Dear Ap'Mutton—I have a wager with Boil. He says that Grisi never, since she was in the Royal Italian Opera, had an apology printed for her *on the evening of performance*, and on the plea of "cold and hoarseness." I say the contrary. We have agreed to refer it to you, as infallible, and am, yours always, and with a respect very unlikely to diminish, Paul Moist.

The Pond, Drippingham, July 20.

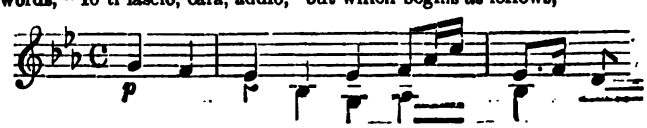
If Mr. Moist bets "the contrary" he wins the bet. Mr. Ap'Mutton has taken subjoined out of his 33rd pigeon-hole:—

> The Directors have great regret in stating, that Madame GRISI is suffering from so severe a Cold and Hoarseness as to prevent the possibility of her performing this Evening; the kind indulgence of the Audience is, therefore, most respectfully requested towards
>
> **Madame CASTELLAN,**
>
> who has most kindly offered to sing the part of *Pamina*.
>
> Royal Italian Opera, *May* 11*th*, 1852.

—and "am" his (P. Moist's) "with a respect very unlikely" &c. What makes the matter queerer is this: Mr. Ap'Mutton and Mr. Baylis (Baylis, Mr. Ap'M. presumes) Boil were, that very same evening, in a box at the R.I.O.—with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, Lord Aldgate, and one of the young Pumps—to witness the performance of *Die Zauberflöte*; and so tickled with Ronconi's mimicry of Mad. Viardot, in the duet between Papageno and Papagena, was Boil, that he nigh burst. This makes the matter queerer. Is Boil's memory wandering?

To the Conductor of "Muttoniana."

Honored Sir—An air, of which I have an edition to Italian words, "Io ti lascio, cara, addio," but which begins as follows,



* Not to be confounded with Hallé.—O. Ap'M.

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I have been in the habit of attributing to Mozart, but now, somebody, I forgot whom, but I know he had a beard and a white choker, at the Opera, the opera was *Mireille*, assured me it was not Mozart's, but Haydn's, but will you, Mr. Ap'Mutton set one, or both of us, right, and oblige one, or both of us, but especially yours with veneration, but not personally acquainted with your person, SIMCOCK HOUSE.

July 20.

"But" not so many buts. Why "but?" And why all commas? The song in question first appeared shortly after Mozart's demise, in a collection of so-called *Mozartische Lieder*, under the name of "Lassen muss ich," with a pianoforte accompaniment. Mr. Ap'Mutton, however, was informed by Madame Mozart (afterwards Madame Nissen), that the melody was the composite of one Gottfried von Jacquin, and that her illustrious first husband merely put an accompaniment for four string instruments; so that the accompaniment only was Mozart's composite. "But" that is both here and there. Further information is open to Mr. House, if he will open Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köckel's *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Tönwerke Wolfgang Mozart's*, at page 524. The copy forwarded by Dr. von Köckel to Mr. Ap'Mutton is to be seen at the King and Beard, where Mr. Ap'Mutton hangs out. Will Mr. House favor him (Mr. Ap'M.) with a call?

MARLIN SPIKE AT THE OPERA.

SIR—My letter to Dr. Shoe might be rather disageeable, but not with the intention of hurting his feelings. I should be very sorry to attempt it. Mr. James Marlin Spike I found to be a man straightforward in all his business, and passionately fond of music; you will say so when I tell you. On Saturday evening we visited the self-same Opera-house, Her Majesty's Theatre; the opera was the self-same, the charming *Mirella*, and during the performance I found that my friend, Mr. Marlin Spike, although a nail maker by trade, knew something of music, but I will tell you the commencement. We took our seats on the O.P. side in the pit stalls, and right behind us sat a short, grey-headed old gentleman, whom Mr. Marlin Spike knew by sight, a South-Welsh lawyer, a man who should know everything and everybody's business, and who would tell you what was coming next, which was very unpleasant, but Mr. Marlin Spike, sat still and payed every attention to the music, and when the first scene was over, he expressed himself in this way: "Eh, lad, that's playing it greatly, I shuld loike to hear it again, it fair makes my hair stand on its end." But just now came two foreign gentlemen, evidently Italians, who turned round to tell the boy who sold the programme, and said in Italian: "*Quanto costa;*" of course you know, Mr. Ap'Mutton, what that means, but the old lawyer overhearing this, said aloud, just when the fair Mirella was singing her air, "It is not *Costa* at all, it is *Ard-hitter*, and a very good one, quite as good as t'other." Mr. Marlin Spike, who was enjoying the singing, said: "Hould thee noise, wilt," and I said, "Hush," but on went the performance. You know, Mr. Ap'Mutton when they come to the $\frac{6}{8}$ movement, in fact, it is every other bar $\frac{6}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$—words, I forget what—poor Marlin Spike was counting time with his hand, and it is evident that he knew the right time. When we came to the finale of this passage he exclaimed: "Eh, did thee ever hear such chords, lad, especially that $\frac{6}{8}$ movement." The old lawyer who kept listening to one and to the other, said, somnously "What did you say about 6s. 8d.? are you insinuating to me, sir?—if you want to talk about business, call at my office." This caused Mr. Marlin Spike to laugh, and we waited with great glee until the finish of the opera, and what with the beautiful singing of the artists, and the lawyer farce, we left for our homes delighted at everything.—I am, sir, yours respectfully, BUCKNOLE BAT.

P.S.—By-the-bye, I am happy to inform you that your friend Ap'Shenkin is about to visit the metropolis.

Mr. Ap'Mutton will be glad to see Mr. Ap'Shenkin, but trusts that Mr. Bat will not take his friend Spike any more to the opera—especially when *Mirella* is put forth.

Mr. Pim presents his compliments and encloses some intelligence for Mr. Ap'Mutton's consideration. It is about Herwyn.

Mr. Ap'Mutton having considerately considered the intelligence, considers that it stands in no need of reconsideration.

HERWYN.

M. HENRY HERWYN, a French violinist of the highest order, now on a short visit to England, and who first made himself known in this country by playing several charming pieces of his own composition at the charitable *fêts* given at the South Kensington Museum, presided over by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has since been electrifying the musical world in several private concerts. His tone and mechanism of touch are marvellous, whilst the varieties of his expression are full of touching sympathy and exquisite sentiment. If ever M. Herwyn should appear in public, we predict for him an exalted position that must lead to a brilliant and well-merited celebrity.

When Mr. Ap'Mutton played the fiddle he also made himself known by some charming pieces of his own composition, and was also voted a fiddler of the highest order. He (Mr. Ap'M.) also "electrified" at several private concerts. His tone was also considered marvellous, as also the "varieties of his expression." About his "mechanism of touch" Mr. Ap'M. remembers less than about his "touching sympathy and exquisite sentiment" of which his "mechanism" was so full, that an "exalted position" was predicted for him, which he had attained even anterior to the prediction; while other qualities in his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) playing had led to a brilliant and, he (Mr. Ap'M.) believes, well-merited celebrity, even before he (Mr. Ap'M.) had won the "exalted position." Nevertheless, Mr. Ap'M. tenders his thanks to Mr. Pim.

A DUEL.

(*By Electric Telegraph.*)

Mr. Dovey Scoones presents his respects to Mr. Ap'Mutton. A duel took place (owing to a quarrel about an egg), between Sir Caper O'Corby and Sir Oodle Poodle, in a field near Tewkesbury Point. The combatants exchanged pistols, and then shots. One ball hit the hat of Captain Pearbottom, Sir Caper's loader; the other hit Wardriffe, Sir Oodle's groom, in the left heel. The combatants then shook hands: and the general opinion remained that neither Sir Caper nor Sir Oodle could be considered a dead-shot.

With thanks to Mr. Scoones, Mr. Ap'Mutton remains with the general opinion.

THE WIND ORGAN.

SIR,—Can you inform me when the wind-organ first became in common use, and oblige, Yours respectfully, FELIX BROGUE.

To Owain Ap'Mutton, Esq.

The wind-organ (Mr. Ap'Mutton well remembers) became in common use A.D. 514, in the time of Cassiodorus, who flourished under King Vitigas, the Goth; and (Mr. Ap'Mutton also remembers well) it was then blown by hand-bellows. Mr. Ap'M., at that period, composed a melody for it.

MDLLE. BRUNETTI.

MR. AP'MUTTON—SIR,—I see Mdlle. Brunetti, who is to play Prascovia in *L'Etoile du Nord* at the Royal Italian Opera, is announced as appearing "for the first time in England." Can you, in the plenitude of your information, instruct me in this matter? I have a wager with an occasional contributor to your column (Mr. Abel Grogg), who maintains it is true what the R. I. O. advertisement announces. I maintain it is not true. Your obedient servant,

QUINTIN QUACK (M.D.)

Mdlle. Brunetti (or Brunet—for that is her French patronymic) came out at Her Majesty's Theatre (under manager E. T. Smith) as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, on Saturday, May 12th, 1860. Mr. Ap'Mutton was present, with Mrs. and the Misses Ap'Mutton, and remembers well that Miss Fleece threw the young *débutante* (towards whom Mrs. Ap'M. would not allow Mr. Ap'M. to address his opera-glass) a bouquet which she had culled from his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) window-flower-pots. Mr. Ap M. also remembers that Mongini played the Duke, and that Sebastiano Ronconi, a brother of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) inimitable friend, Giorgio, played the jester. Mr. Ap'M., lastly, remembers that Mdlle. Brunetti (or Brunet) was a pupil of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) long-standing friend, Duprez, by reason of a letter of recommendation which he (Duprez) wrote to him (Mr. Ap'M.), and which he (Mr Ap'M.) now produces in a thin frame:—

> CHER AP'MUTTON—Fais moi l'amitié de prêter une oreille a ma jeune et charmante ecoliere, Marie Brunet. Elle va essayer ses ailes au Théâtre de sa Majesté, et je demande à ton amitié pour moi ton oreille indulgente pour elle.—A toi de cœur, DUPREZ.

Mr. Ap'Mutton not being allowed (as aforesaid) to lend an eye (which might have been too indulgent), lent an ear (his most indulgent ear—his left ear), and had no cause to repent him of the loan.

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EPIGRAM.

There was an old fiddler called Lauterbach,
Who, thinking to wheedle his daughter back,
Played "Hey diddle, diddle,"
"The cat and the fiddle,"
When over the Moon jumped Miss Lauterbach.

SIMPLE SIMON.

Mr. Ap'Mutton picked up the above—he forgets where, nevertheless, he regards Mr. Simon as a simpleton.

OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

King and Beard, Black Chapel, July 22.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Additional Poems for the next edition; dedicated to Mr. BASS, M.P., *by a grateful Laureate.)**

I.—BEFORE BASS.

Risest thou thus, dim morn, again,
Upon the dull and dreary street,
Where, 'ere in Farringford's retreat,
I sought oblivion of my pain,

I groaned and fretted painful years,
Stretched on the barrel-organ's rack,
Though sleeping in a first-floor-back,
And wearing cotton in my ears?

Not less street-music, hour on hour,
Would pierce the brain with iterate chime;
Till organ-thunder, murdering rhyme,
Turned milk of human-kindness sour.

And when the organ, from my door,
By dole unblest was bribed away,
The kilted bag-piper's strathspey
Made misery keener than before.

And when the piper's wind gave out,
Upon the blast by crashes borne
Came ophicleide, bassoon, French horn,
In linkèd discord clanged about.

Morn passed—dull day to dark declined:
Gas, London's better sun, gave light:
Those sounds still hideous made the night;
Till life seemed one perpetual grind.

I said: This town befits not bard:
For staying here I can but die,
Unuttered all my fantasy,
With tuneless tunes my music marred!

I said: I will seek out some place
Where no street-music is allowed;
Where to the ass-ears of the crowd,
None bids the finer brain give space.

II.—AFTER BASS.

I left fair Farringford's retreat:
I said, I will reseek the town;
Though green in Park and Square be brown;
And dust and clamour choke the street.

Again, as in the years gone by,
I sleep within my first-floor-back;
Nor cotton for my ears I lack,
Though all unused 'tis left to lie.

The sun still wears his cap of cloud,
As did the sun I used to know;
I hear the cry of "milk below,"
And "water-creases" clamouring loud.

The sea of wheels still roars and rolls;
The pavement still is vexed of feet;
Yet a strange peace broods o'er the street,
And all unchafed we poet-souls

May shoot our swallow-flights of song,
Nor struggle with the organ's blare:
And nigger-melodists forbear,
And German bands, resolved in wrong.

Like a caged thrush, that yet doth fill
The hours with music as they pass,
I sing my gratitude to Bass
And them that voted for his Bill!

III.—SELF-QUESTION.

And have I done sweet music wrong,
That deem the organ-man accurst,
And for their praise in song have burst
Who drained his barrel of its song?

A poet I, an organ he;
Is this our quarrel and no more?
I drive a rival from the door;
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

Or am I hard, as Ayrton holds,
Denying prisoned area-belles
The only joy that gloom dispels
Of days sore vexed with toils and scolds?

Ah!—no: 'tis that I love too well
The music that those organs slay;
'Tis that my glance too oft will stray,
Pleased with some blooming area-belle,

Unwilling that her eyes should err,
From the policeman drawn aside,
Or Grenadier, his country's pride,
To that black whiskered foreigner

Who grins and grinds, and grinds and grins,
And in the area's smile elate
Defies the first-floor's rage and hate,
And, if I seize him, kicks my shins!

* "It was well known that the Poet Laureate had been driven out of London by the street music."—MR. BASS, *in Debate on Street Music Bill.*

THE CHOIR OF ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER.

(From an occasional Contributor).

The Eleventh Anniversary of this Society took place on Tuesday the 12th inst., and, as usual, consisted of a day out of town at the expense of the congregation of the church. In order to the making a long day of it, and completing a variety of amusements, the juveniles, of the party were "on the wing" at an early hour, making a considerable country excursion previous to the general meeting at the Manor House, Green Lanes, Hornsey, where dinner was appointed at 2 o'clock. Soon after that hour upwards of seventy ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner. Mr. Crane, ex-churchwarden of the parish (in the unavoidable absence of the Rector) taking the chair. Dinner over, the following programme was gone through:—

Toast 1—The Queen and Royal Family; "National Anthem"; Toast 2—The President and Clergy; Part-song—"The Dawn of Day": Toast 3—The Vice-President; Part-song—"March of the Men of Harlech," Thomas; Toast 4—The Treasurer; Part-song—"When evening's twilight," Hatton; Toast 5—The Organist; Part-song—"Auld lang syne," G. W. Martin; Toast 6—The Master of the Choir; Glee—"The chough and crow," Bishop; Toast 7—The Librarian; Hunting Glee—"Foresters, sound the cheerful horn," Bishop; Toast 8—The Ladies; Glee—"Here's a health to all good lasses"; Toast 9—The Choir and Hon. Secretary; Glee—"Glorious Apollo," Webbe; Toast 10—The Visitors; Parting-Glee—"To our next merry meeting," Phillips.

Quadrilles and Waltzes, to Saunders's band, first on the green sward (of rather faded hue unfortunately), and at nightfall by adjournment in the long room, concluded the day's entertainment about midnight. In the course of the afternoon the company were incidentally entertained with solos on the violin and violoncello, by De Beriot and Piatti, performed by two sons of Mr. Saunders—youths of the respective ages of about 12 and 14, the violin and violoncello of his quadrille band—in a highly effective manner.

Last to be mentioned in connection with this little affair, though not least, for it was the feature of the day, is that it was made the occasion of the presentation to Mr. Burrowes, the organist of the church, of an ornamental inkstand in silver, of the value of twenty-five guineas, subscribed for by the members of the Quire, as a token of recognition of his valuable and unstinted services in the promotion of the objects of the Society. The unmistakeable manifestation of delight that interrupted the presentation address at the moment of unveiling the little piece of plate (which had stood on a pedestal in the centre of the table during the dinner, under a covering, and unobserved by the general company), constituted the "sensation" scene of the day's entertainments. Indeed, the whole of the attendant circumstances sufficiently testified to the fact of the high esteem in which Mr. Burrowes is held by this very respectable band of amateurs.

GLASGOW CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—We observe that the eleventh season of these popular concerts commences on the 3rd September. For the first two concerts the principal singers engaged are Madlle. Liebhardt, soprano; Madlle. Elena Angele, contralto; Mr. Brewster Wylie, tenor; Mr. Chaplin Henry, basso; with a chorus of fifty voices.

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Messrs. W. H. Holmes and G. W. Hammond's third pianoforte and miscellaneous concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday morning, the 16th instant. The important pianoforte pieces were Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 7, played by Mr. W. H. Holmes; the same composer's Polonaise in C, executed by Mr. G. W. Hammond; and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, performed by Messrs. Hammond, Blagrove, and Pettit. All three performances were excellent, Mendelssohn's Trio coming in for the largest share of applause. The other pieces for the pianoforte were fantasias, &c., the most noticeable of which was a new Impromptu by Mr. G. W. Hammond, played by himself and very favorably received. Mr. Holmes played a very ingenious piece of his own entitled "Tableau Musical," introducing an air composed by his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, "Sounds are through the forest dying," both composition and performance eliciting admiration. Mr. Holmes also played a fantasia on Danish airs by Mr. Harold Thomas; "Homage à la Reine," introducing "God save the Queen," by Madame Rosalie Themar; and Thalberg's fantasia on *Mosé*, the last particularly raising the enthusiasm of the audience. The other instrumental performances were Vieuxtemps' fantasia on "The Minstrel Boy," splendidly played by Mr. Pettit; *Fantaisie-Caprice* for violin, by Mr. Blagrove; and duet for two harps by John Thomas, played by Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton and Mr. Cheshire—the last loudly encored. The vocal music was recommended by two extracts from Mr. W. H. Holmes's sacred *cantata* entitled *The Redemption*, namely, recitative and air, "When the wicked man turneth away," sung by Mr. Weiss, and quartet "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness," sung by Madame Weiss, Miss Florence de Courcy, Mr. Wallace Wells and Mr. Weiss. Both were well sung and much applauded, the quartet being remarkable for simplicity of form, but well knit and compact. A new song, "Whither thou goest I will go," from *Ruth*, a sacred piece composed in honor of the Royal Wedding, by F. Weber, resident organist of the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace, a very expressive and tuneful composition, was most charmingly sung by Miss Florence de Courcy and loudly applauded, as indeed both song and singing deserved. Madame Weiss gave Mendelssohn's air "On song's bright pinions," accompanied on the harp by M. Balsir Chatterton, a very excellent performance; Mr. Weiss as a matter of course was encored in his own ballad "We were boys together," upon which he gave "The village blacksmith;" and Mr. Wallace Wells sang Mr. F. Clay's song—a charming bit of sentiment—"Shades of evening," very cleverly and with much feeling. Mr. S. J. Noble was conductor.

Westbourne Hall, Bayswater. — Miss Kate Gordon and Mr. George Lansdowne Cottell gave a concert at the above hall on Thursday evening, under distinguished patronage. Miss Gordon and Mr. Cottel are pianists, and the lady, we believe, is the gentleman's pupil. There were many names in the programme, certain of which we had the pleasure of seeing for the first time. There were, however, some well-known names, as Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Julia Elton, Mrs. Helen Percy, whom we were pleased to see. Mr. George Lansdowne Cottell we have said was a pianist. Mr. Cottell is also a singer, a tenor singer of the *bravura* school. His assaying "O 'tis a glorious sight" and "The death of Nelson," left no doubt of this. Among the many vocal performances of the concert we were pleased with none more than the Rataplan song from the *Elisir d'Amore* and the ballad "When thro' life," sung by Mrs. Campbell Black, with a very agreeable voice and very pleasing style. We shall be glad to hear Mrs. Cambpell Black again. The selection was almost entirely vocal, the only instrumental performances being a solo of his own composition, played by Mr. Cottell; Herr Kuhe's "Bianca," and "Les Tambours," composed expressly for her, performed by Miss Kate Gordon; and *Duo Concertante* on *Guilaume Tell*, for pianoforte and violin, by Miss Kate Gordon and Herr Otto Booth. The concert seemed to gratify all present.

Miss Eleanor Ward and Miss Constance Roden's Matinée at Cadogan Place, on Wednesday morning, was well attended. Miss Ward, the pianist, is a pupil of Mr. Benedict, and reflects credit on the teaching of her distinguished master. On the present occasion her performances consisted of "*La Passione*" by Coop, "*Spinnlied*" by Litolf, fantasia, "Where the bee sucks" (Benedict), and *fantasia* on airs from *Martha* (Kuhe). In all she exhibited neatness of execution, correctness of phrasing, and an excellent manner, and in all elicited marked applause. Miss Constance Roden has an agreeable voice and sings with taste and expression. She began the concert, in conjunction with Mr. Frank Elmore and Mr. Allan Irving, with Verdi's trio "Te sol quest' anima," and afterwards sang the old ballad "She wore a wreath of roses," and Cherubini's "Ave Maria." In the second part she gave, with Mr. Frank Elmore, Signor Campana's duet "Dimmi che m'ami," and a song by Miss Virginia Gabriel, "Ahi che l'affetto mio," with which the audience were greatly pleased. Among the other artists who assisted was Mdlle. Georgi, who sang the air "La Stagione arriva" from *Mirella*, and Signor Arditi's *Bolero*, "Leggiero invisibile," both of which afforded evident satisfaction. An apology was made by Mr. Benedict for the non-appearance of Miss Constance Georgi who was suffering from hoarseness. Miss Linas Martorelle sang some Spanish songs in her usual spirited and characteristic style; Mr. Weiss contributed his genial "We were boys together," Madame Weiss a serenade by Hatton, and the two together sang Donizetti's "Santa Voce." Mr. Allan Irving, moreover, introduced a new song by Hutchinson "When the silvery moonbeams sleep," Madame Pratten played a solo on the guitar and Mr. Cheshire a solo on the harp. The "conductors" were (or should have been) Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Wilhelm Ganz, C. J. Hargitt, Emile Berger and Benedict.

At Herr Carl Deichmann's Morning Concert (Wednesday, June 29—Willis's Rooms) some new compositions by the concert-giver were presented—namely, Sonata in D minor for pianoforte and violin, and part-songs "Serenade" and "The Quiet Life." The sonata is carefully written and interesting throughout. It will doubtless be heard again, and we shall then be afforded an opportunity of speaking of it more at length. It was extremely well played by Herr Deichmann and Herr Edward Dannreutter, and liberally applauded. The part-songs are well written for the voice (men's) and cleverly harmonized. They were sung by Messrs. Fielding, Carter, Montem Smith, and Lawler. The programme in other respects was admirable. One of Haydn's string quartets (in F major) was admirably performed by Messrs. Deichmann, Wiener, H. Webb, and Daubert; Beethoven's Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, was recommended by the steady and correct playing of Messrs. Dannreutter, Deichmann, and Daubert; while each of the three artists exhibited his powers in a solo. Miss Banks sang "Ah! why do we love?" from Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, and "Voici la saison" from *Mirella*, and joined Mr. Montem Smith in two duets by Schumann—"Family Picture" and "Love's Garden," all of which afforded satisfaction. The concert, announced "under the immediate patronage of the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary," attracted a large attendance.

Berlin.—Last season, Herr Ullmann promised the Berliners a series of concerts at which Carlotta Patti was to make her *début*. He was, however, prevented by the success the fair singer achieved on the Rhine from coming here to make the necessary arrangements. He remained, therefore, with his company, on the Rhine; in Holland; and in Belgium, but has, at last, made the most comprehensive arrangements for all Germany and especially for Berlin. His company next season will consist of Carlotta Patti; Herr Alfred Jaell, the pianist; Henri Vieuxtemps, the violinist; Jules Steffens, the violoncellist; and Signor Ferrari, the barytone. With regard to the performances of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, she created the most extraordinary *furors* during all her last year's tour; everywhere was homage paid to her talent, which far surpassed all the expectations formed of it. She is excelled in her execution by hundreds of her fair colleagues, and yet there are *fioriture* which she executes with brilliant facility, and which hardly any other singer would like to attempt. Carlotta Patti is not to be compared with any other vocalist. The result at which we must always arrive is that she is a phenomenal being apart, who has not achieved her present position by study, but whose natural powers excite the admiration of even the sternest critics. Herr Ullmann's concerts in Berlin will commence about the end of the winter. Besides the five artists already mentioned, M. Vivier, the hornist, and M. Godefroid, the harpist, are engaged for Berlin especially. Negotiations are going on, also, with the contralto Mdlle. von Edelsberg of Munich, the young lady so celebrated by her singing at the Rhenish Musical Festivals; Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, chamber-singer to the King of Saxony, Dresden; and two artists in London. For the execution of orchestral works as well as for accompanying the vocalists, the services of all Carlberg's band have been secured. With artists such and such a band, Herr Ullmann will be enabled to offer the Berliners a programme containing much they will have an opportunity of admiring for the first time.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

L'ETOILE DU NORD—SCRIBE—MEYERBEER.

(*Times—July* 25.)

The revival of *L'Etoile du Nord* on Saturday night attracted one of those enormous audiences which during the present season at Covent Garden have been more a rule than an exception. It will be remembered that, towards the close of the season 1855, Meyerbeer's last great historical opera was produced in a style of unusual magnificence. Composed expressly for the Opéra Comique in Paris, it had been brought out at that theatre, February 16, 1854; so that nearly eighteen months elapsed before it was transferred to the London boards. The delay, nevertheless, was inevitable. The conventional dialogue of the Opéra Comique would not suit the Italian stage, and Meyerbeer had undertaken to turn it into accompanied recitative. Lablache the elder, too, had agreed to play the small part of Corporal Gritzenko—but on conditions. The conditions were that it should be "written up," and this also Meyerbeer undertook to do. Thus what, on however large a scale, was originally a *bonâ fide* comic opera, assumed the form and dimensions of a grand lyric drama, fit to mate with *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*. In its new shape, with the late Madame Bosio, Herr Formes, then in full possession of his means, Mdlle. Marai, Signor Gardoni, and the great Lablache in the chief characters, a splendid band and chorus, and a *mise en scène* unprecedented, *La Stella del Nord*—as Signor Maggioni, the Italian translator, rechristened it—obtained an extraordinary success. Meyerbeer himself was among the audience; and none who witnessed it can have forgotten the brilliant reception awarded to the gifted composer, when, after the superb *finale* to the second act, in answer to an overwhelming summons, he appeared before the lamps. *L'Etoile* was destined, notwithstanding, to be given no oftener than eight times, the last performance being on an "extra" night, for the benefit of Mr. Harris. On the 5th February, 1856, Covent Garden Theatre, which had opened as the Royal Italian Opera nine years previously (the 6th of April, 1847), was burnt to the ground, and in its ashes lay buried the music, costumes, scenery, and decorations of some forty operas, the last of which was the opera in question. On the narrow stage of the Lyceum—where, for the two succeeding years, the stricken but still resolute manager was compelled to carry on his fortunes—such works as the *Etoile du Nord*, &c., were out of the question; and so until May 15, 1858, when the magnificent new theatre, which Mr. Gye's indomitable energy had enabled him to erect upon the ruins of the old, opened its doors for the first time to the public, with the *Huguenots*, not another note of Meyerbeer was heard. Since the last performance of *L'Etoile du Nord* not only the representatives of Catharine and Gritzenko have been taken away, but the poet and composer who gave Catharine and Gritzenko dramatic and musical life—Scribe not long ago, Meyerbeer but the other day, while contemplating a visit to London for the purpose of assisting at the revival of his work, and while busying himself with the final arrangements for his *Africaine*, the production of which on the boards of the Italian Opera in London it was equally his intention to superintend. Happily, Mr. Costa was quite competent to the task, without the presence and advice of the celebrated composer, whose views and wishes, moreover, had already been communicated; and it is fair to doubt, had Meyerbeer been in the house on Saturday night, whether he would have found a single word to say—unless that word was one of unqualified approval—with such zealous care and eminent ability has the music been rehearsed. *L'Etoile du Nord* restored, the Covent Garden repertory, so far as Meyerbeer's grand operas are concerned, is now once more complete. Like its predecessors in order of revival—the *Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, the *Prophète* and *Robert le Diable*—it has been placed upon the stage with even greater liberality and splendour than at the old theatre. It is not too much to say that the scenic spectacle at the termination of the second act (the Russian Encampment)—whether the gradual steps which lead to the climax, or the climax itself, be considered — surpasses anything that has been witnessed at any European theatre. It was no more than just on the part of M. Faure, when summoned at the fall of the curtain, to bring forward with him Mr. Augustus Harris, to whose experience, intelligence and untiring activity it is needless to insist how much of the scenic effect was due.

The dramatic romance which the prolific Scribe—to whom every subject came naturally—has constructed upon a familiar anecdote connected with the early life of Peter the Great may be briefly described. The most redoubtable of Czars, dreaming of a future Muscovite fleet, has inscribed his name as Peter Michaëlhoff (Michaëlwitz might have betrayed him) in the Dockyard of Saardam. There he resides, with the crowd of dock handicraftsmen, working at this or that department of shipbuilding like an ordinary laborer, his identity, of course, being unsuspected by his companions. Scribe, however, takes Peter and the audience to Wyborg, on the coast of Finland, and accounts for Peter's having established himself there by the fact that, in one of those bursts of passion for which he was noted, he had become senseless and was deserted by his followers. Finding himself, on regaining reason, at a place which was to his liking, Peter resolved—if we may credit his explanation to those curious about his antecedents and connexions—to remain there; the real truth, however, being that he is over head and ears in love with a young and beautiful girl, an orphan, who has been tended and brought up by a gipsy, and for whom this same gipsy has predicted a remarkable career. The girl herself—no other than Catharine—is residing at Wyborg, with her brother, George, over whom she watches with an anxious and affectionate interest. The moral character of Catharine (to say nothing of her beauty) creates a lively impression in the breast of Peter; and a circumstance soon occurs which induces him to make that impression known, and urgently entreat the intrepid orphan girl to unite her destiny with his. All the preliminaries have been arranged by Catharine to marry her brother, George, to Prascovia, niece of an innkeeper in the place, and with whom she is on terms of close amity; but, just as the affianced twain, attended by the marriage procession, are on their way to perform the ceremony, a horde of armed Tartars arrive, interrupt the procession, and threaten to exterminate the whole party. About this period it should be understood that Russia and Sweden are at war, and that Finland, which obeys the rule of Charles XII., is obnoxious to all the subjects of the Czar, barbarians and otherwise. Nevertheless, the supposititious carpenter—"*Czar und Zimmermann*"—infuriated with rage, seizes a hatchet and menaces the aggressive Tartars. Here was the self-same Peter, who, in more imminent peril, at Dorpat, fiercely attacked his own undisciplined followers, and showing his sword to the crowd, exclaimed—"The blood upon it is not yours, but that of my soldiers. I have come to save you." But Catharine has a secret more potent than the axe of her exasperated lover. She addresses a few words to the Tartars, who incontinently touched by her voice, her beauty, and her grace, desist from their intentions and quietly disperse. Peter, too, charmed and vanquished, forthwith makes the proposition to which, on one condition—that of his abandoning the career of an artisan and adopting the more glorious one of a soldier—she assents. Finding the stipulation to his mind, the Czar pledges himself to obey her, and placing a ring upon her finger, sets off to the Muscovite camp, in company with Danilowitz. Prascovia now tells Catharine that her own brother, Prascovia's affianced husband, being forcibly pressed into the service, must leave immediately for the army, unless he meets with a substitute. Quick, as usual, Catharine hits upon a remedy. She will find the substitute, if George only promises to join his regiment at a reasonable time after the wedding. Her secret idea is speedily carried out; she puts on male attire; gets herself accepted as substitute for her brother; and while the vessel slowly bears Catharine away, the curtain falls upon the first act. In the second we recognize Catharine, in her military suit, submitting with peculiar grace to the indispensable exigencies of drill, and certainly not the ugliest soldier of the regiment. Gritzenko, the Tartar, gratified with her diligence, places the well-favored recruit as sentinel near the chief tent. The culminating point of interest is at hand. The Czar, under the name and disguise of Colonel Peters, arrives in the camp, and comfortably esconces himself in his tent, where, after despatching some few matters of business, he resigns himself, with Danilowitz, to his favorite indulgence—the bottle. The new-comers having stimulated the curiosity of Catharine, she watches for a moment when Gritzenko is out of eyeshot, and, peering through a chink in the tent, recognizes her betrothed. Peter, then, has kept his promise. That at least is a consolation. He has won his epaulettes; that is another. He is resorting to his old habit, nevertheless, which used to vex her so much at Wyborg; he is drinking hard, and getting the worse for his potations. But never mind, his toast is "Catharine," the mistress of his heart; and the mistress of his heart forgives him from her heart. Soon, however, appear a couple of *vivandières*, who not only serve Peter with wine but help him to drink it, and with whom, alas! he is becoming too familiar for her modest gaze. Catharine, distracted, vainly endeavours to tear herself from the spot. She hears the voice of Gritzenko, who has come, with a new sentinel, to relieve her, but pays no attention to his words, until, reproaching her with insubordination, the rough Tartar receives, as recompense for his temerity, a box on the ears. Gritzenko, enraged, drags Catherine before the Colonel, and prefers his complaint. Even when drunk, the Czar, having a strong sense of the necessity of strict discipline among subordinates, orders the peccant sentinel to be shot *instanter*. Catherine, astounded, utters a cry of despair, and is carried away by force. The cry, the well-remembered voice, the strange resemblance to his beloved, speedly bring Peter back to reason, and making a desperate effort he shakes off the lethargic effects of the liquor and orders the young sentinel to be brought back. But it is too late; Catharine, more hurt by Peter's fickleness than by his cruelty, has thrown herself into the river; and whether the fire of the soldiers

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has taken effect, or not, is left in doubt; at any rate, she is lost to the Czar for ever. Misfortunes never come alone. No sooner has this calamity afflicted the haughty potentate than another is announced. A conspiracy has broken out in the army. Regiments are mutinous, and deserters count by hundreds. The names of the chief conspirators, however, have been revealed by Catharine, in a paper which, at the last moment, she consigns, with her ring, to Gritzenko; and with his habitual daring Peter suddenly appears among the conspirators, offering to deliver the Czar into their power, unarmed and unprotected. At the cry of exultation with which this offer is received, Peter bares his breast and says, "Behold him! strike!":—

"—— Chi sono?
Il Czar! Ferite!"

The traitors and their confederates are struck dumb; they kneel to their master, are pardoned, and follow him with enthusiasm against the Swedes. In the third act the war is over; the Czar, returned to Moscow, has built, in the gardens of the Palace, a counterpart of the village of Wyborg (*Bravissimo!* M. Scribe), to remind him of the happy days he spent there. Catharine (need it be uttered?) is *not* dead. On the contrary, she is living tranquilly in Moscow; but, as her intellects have wandered, those who know the truth are afraid to reveal it. At length, however, the Czar is informed of the fact; Catharine is brought back once more, as she imagines, to Wyborg; beholds her brother—her friends, Prascovia, Danilowitz, and the rest; hears the flute lesson that used to be practised of old by Peter and her brother; and at the sight of these familiar objects and the hearing of these familiar sounds, which at first impress her as a dream, eventually returns to sense. Seeing and recognizing Peter, she falls into his embrace; the regal mantle is thrown over her, the Imperial diadem placed upon her head, and she is hailed Empress by the Czar, the army, and the Court. *Finis coronat opus.*

Though nine years have elapsed since *L'Etoile du Nord* was played in London, the incidents of the drama and the beauties of the music are fresh in the memory of opera-goers. The music, indeed, has become everywhere popular, not only on the stage but in the concert-room, where some of the more available pieces are frequently introduced. This prescribes the necessity of entering into lengthened details, and warrants us in clothing the few observations we have to offer in general rather than in critical language. No opera by Meyerbeer is more rich in varied melody. In the first act, where the Czar, studying the art of shipbuilding, as plain Peter Michaëlhoff, becomes enamoured of Catharine, one melody succeeds another with such rapidity that it is difficult to recall what has gone before until it again wooes the ear in some new and still more alluring shape. The dramatic progress of this act, though one of the longest ever written, is extremely simple. When the curtain rises, groups of Finnish artisans, after working-hours, are idling, drinking, or otherwise solacing themselves on the quay; Danilowitz, the Muscovite pastrycook, is vaunting the merits and urging the purchase of his dainties; and the only one engaged in work is Peter (or Peters, as M. Scribe denominates him), who, in a solitary mood and thinking of his love, looks sulkily at his lighter-hearted companions. How gratefully the introductory chorus succeeds the brilliant military overture which, with appropriate pomp, acts as prelude to the opera, and how again this is, in turn, relieved by the pretty song of Danilowitz ("Chi ne vuol? son qui?"), with the choral responses at the end, can hardly have been forgotten. Then the drinking chorus ("Alla Finlanda beviam"), accompanied by characteristic dancing; and lastly the quarrel between the Muscovites (Peters and Danilowitz) and Finlanders, arrested by a bell which calls back the workmen to their toil, and brings the introduction to an end—all is as fresh and tuneful as it is in picturesque keeping with the situation and the scene. The first song of Catharine — when she pleads for her brother, George Savoronski, who sues for the hand of Prascovia, niece of Meynolds, the innkeeper—is as quaint as it is original; and so artfully are the florid passages in the *coda* laid out and accompanied that—what is rarely the case with such *ad captandum* contrivances for vocal display—they seem part and parcel of the whole. Nothing could more effectively aid the fearless heroine in drawing attention to herself and stamping her identity at once. But we have already passed our limits, and must not be tempted by the graceful and prolific muse of the illustrious and lamented composer to enter into such an analysis of his charming opera as at the best could be merely a *catalogue non raisonné*. We hope to find another occasion to say a word or two about music for the proper appreciation of which a thorough knowledge of the plot is indispensable, so conscientiously careful was Meyerbeer, alike as scene-painter, painter of incidents, of emotions, and even of words. Enough for the present, that the rest of this delicious first act is to match. Who does not remember, indeed, the exquisite duet in which Catherine interrogates Peter ("Di qual città sei tu?")—and the not less exquisite duet where she consoles Prascovia, beginning so sadly and ending so merrily? Who can have forgotten the ingeniously constructed and richly varied *finale*, including Prascovia's very characteristic air with chorus ("Al suon dell' ora), when the impatient bride is supposed to be waiting for her dilatory spouse, the picturesque chorus of veteran soldiers ("Soldati andiam"), sung while the less enthusiastic recruits pass in military order at the back of the stage, and last, not least, the beautiful prayer and barcarole:—

"Veglia dal ciel su lor,
Madre, miei primi amor,"—

—with its "trill" and cadence long drawn out (the theme taken from the overture), addressed by the heroic Catherine to the bridal party, as she regretfully takes her departure? Upon the gloriously-imagined second act, possibly the most gorgeous and elaborate portraiture of military life at camp in the whole range of operatic music—its sutler's waltz and quick step; its Cavalry song (Ismalloff); its Infantry song (Gritzenko); its "Tin, tin, tin" (an appropriate title for an apostrophe to the influence of "copeks"); its mysterious chorus of conspirators; its trio, Peter and Danilowitz inside, Catherine outside the tent, her modest reserve contrasted with their inebriate "*laisser aller*;" its finely built up concerted piece, quintet and sestet, comprising also the vigorous Bacchanalian of Peter, and the inimitable duet of the Vivandières ("Nella città di Mosca); its truly imposing *finale*, with the "Oath" and "Prayer," the Czar's famous march, his address to the soldiers, and the climax, where the March, the Oath, the quick step of the Tobolsk Grenadiers (fife and drum), the trumpet flourish, and the chorus, consentaneously help to make out one of the most intricate and at the same time effective combinations in dramatic music—upon these we cannot stop to descant, much as might legitimately be written. Nor can we do more than call attention to the expressive soliloquy of Peter ("O lieti di"), with its new and charming accompaniment to the second couplet; the quaint romance of Prascovia ("Sul suo sen inclinando"); and other remarkable passages in the third act, the conclusion of which—as in *Dinorah* and *Faust* (but earlier than either, in Auber's *Masaniello*)—brings again before us so many familiar traits of the first, thus, by means of a poetical glance backwards, giving artistic completeness to the whole. To these we may return when opportunity offers. Meanwhile it remains but to regret that the genius that conceived so many delightful melodies should have passed away, while much was left undone, which the restless brain had plotted, and the trained but now cold hand would readily have put in shape.

The performance generally of *L'Etoile du Nord* was, as has been hinted, admirable—more admirable, perhaps, than before. To say nothing of the overture, and other pieces of importance, the colossal *finale* to the second act was given with a precision which we had scarcely believed possible. Of the representation of the principal characters we must speak just now briefly and with reserve. M. Faure (who succeeded M. Bataille in the character, at the Opéra Comique) is, on the whole, the best Peter we have seen; for though he may not impart such hearty vigour to his histrionic portrayal as Herr Formes, his delivery of the music is uniformly pointed, correct, and effective—which could not fairly be said of his predecessor. Madame Miolan Carvalho is so well versed in the school to which this opera belongs that it would hardly have been possible to select a singer, as things go, more competent to "do justice" to the part of Catharine. No doubt, the voice of Madame Bosio—to speak of nothing else—haunted the remembrance of many among the audience who had heard the opera in 1855; but Madame Bosio is unhappily dead; while Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, who had been announced for the part, for reasons "political" or otherwise, did not condescend to stay. Under these circumstances, therefore, Madame Carvalho's highly-finished execution, invariable good taste, and thoroughly artistic training were doubly welcome. Mdlle. Brunetti (pupil of Mr. Duprez), who appeared as Gilda (*Rigoletto*), four years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has wonderfully improved since then; and as representative of the agreeable and by no means unimportant character of Prascovia her co-operation is really valuable. To Signor Ciampi was consigned an unenviable task. Whoever had seen the late Lablache as the Cossack soldier would be disinclined to look with charitable eyes on any successor (except, perchance, Ronconi). Nevertheless, Signor Ciampi did his very best to be humorous, and had evidently well studied his music. Signor Naudin played Danilowitz (Signor Gardoni's part in 1855); Signor Neri Baraldi, Savoronsky (formerly allotted to Signor Lucchesi); and the two Vivandières again wore the features of Madame Rudersdorff and Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, upon whom the passage of nine years has seemingly exercised but little influence, physical or otherwise. The remaining small parts were more or less efficiently represented. To Mr. A. Harris we have alluded. Mr. W. Beverley, in the two principal *tableaux*—the "Village near Wyborg," with the cottage, the church and the gulf; and the "Russian Encampment"—has equalled any previous achievement of his brush. Both are masterpieces. The last—with its rocks, inter-

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sected by ravines, rising one above another, its overhanging trees on either side, and such like picturesque devices—would have excited admiration as a beautiful painting, even deprived of the tent of Colonel Peters, the laughing Vivandières, the live horses of the Cossack cavalry, the varied accoutrements of the infantry, the cannon, the national dances, and the well-planned military evolutions which render this one of the most busy and striking scenes on record. In short, the revival of the *Etoile du Nord* must rank among the very notable achievements in the long list of notable achievements by which the history of the Royal Italian Opera is marked; and the enthusiasm raised by the performance on Saturday night may be accepted as augury that the opera of Meyerbeer will be a profitable and lasting addition to the *répertoire*. The performance occupied not less than four hours; and though curtailments have been already made, some more might be contrived without material injury. But of this by-and-by.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—In your very interesting report of *L'Etoile du Nord*, contained in *The Times* of to-day, when alluding to the burning of Covent Garden Theatre in February 5, 1856, you say that "In its ashes lay buried the music, costumes, scenery, and decorations of some 40 operas, the last of which was the opera in question."

This is true, with one important exception—viz., that of the music; the full score of the work in question being in my possession on the night of the catastrophe. The fact is, the full score had been intrusted to my care by Messrs. Cramer & Co., to produce for their house a complete edition (and for which I am proud to have received great praise from Meyerbeer himself), with the dialogue as originally produced in Paris, translated into Italian and English, the former of which had been set to music by the great master especially for its performance at the Italian Opera in London. The music, therefore, most fortunately did not perish, and I am happy at having been the humble means of its preservation. I write this thinking that you may consider it worth recording, and am your obedient servant,

26, *Somerset Street, Portman Square, July* 25. FRANK MORI.

MEYERBEER AND L'ETOILE DU NORD.

(*From The Daily Telegraph.*)

To many, perhaps to most, of those assembled on Saturday night, *L'Etoile du Nord* had all the charm of novelty, although twenty years have now elapsed since a portion of its music was first given to the world. It was in 1844 that Meyerbeer wrote for the opening of the sumptuously-decorated opera-house of Berlin a *pièce d'occasion*, entitled *Ein Feldlager in Schlesein*, in which the national vanity of the Prussians was flattered by the stage presentment of their only hero, Frederick the Great. The flute-playing propensities of the young warrior were, however, not lost sight of by Rellstab, the librettist, and they were turned to good account by the ingenuity of Meyerbeer. It was, indeed, to the effect produced by Jenny Lind in the final bravura trio for voice and two flutes, that the success of the work, both in its original shape and in its subsequent modification under the title of *Vielka*, was in great part to be attributed. But Meyerbeer was not the man to sacrifice gems on account of their ineffective setting. So when satisfied but not satiated with the glory acquired by *Robert*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*, a noble trilogy of grand historical tragedies, he determined to invade the province of the Opéra Comique, he conceived the idea—solicitous always to preserve his best thoughts in the best possible form—of using up the materials from which *A Camp in Silesia* had been constructed. But the new subject demanded new treatment and suggested new ideas; so, out of twenty-six "numbers," only five of the original work were introduced into *L'Etoile Du Nord*. The success of the opera was immense, but it excited even more surprise than admiration. Forgetful of the coquettish duet from Marguerite de Valois and Raoul in the second act of *Les Huguenots*, of the *trio bouffe* in the tent scene of *Le Prophète*, and of numberless other pieces in which Meyerbeer had displayed the sprightliness, the grace, the humour, the delicacy—and the qualities in short which are characteristic of the Opéra Comique school, the arbiters of public opinion had made up their minds that the hero of the Académie de Musique would make a *fiasco* if he ventured into the Rue Feydeau. How their expectations were frustrated—how the German pupil of dry old Voglar proved that he could rival in French *finesse* Grétry and Boieldieu, Hérold and Auber—how the opera ran for some three hundred nights, with scarce any interruptions save those caused by the fatigue of the singers—these things are matters of history, which it is idle to recapitulate now. But the depreciators of Meyerbeer's versatile genius were not yet silenced; they now shifted their ground, and, citing the grand choral and instrumental effects in the second act of *L'Etoile*, declared that Meyerbeer, instead of conforming to the traditions of the Opéra Comique, had dragged the expedients of the Académie upon its smaller stage. It was to refute this accusation that Meyerbeer wrote *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, founded on a simple pastoral story, simply told by three rustic characters, almost unaided by the chorus, and set off by no extraneous effects. Renewed astonishment among those who did not know that in music, as in mathematics, the greater includes the less! The truth is that genius is of necessity versatile, or rather, to use, Sir Bulwer Lytton's admirable expression, "comprehensive," in its nature. In spite, too, of his world-wide popularity, and of the honours that were heaped upon him, Meyerbeer was during his lifetime persistently undervalued. He was looked upon with jealous animosity by his compatriots, who—witness Schumann's elaborate abuse of *Les Huguenots* and Heine's constant fiendish sarcasm—were incensed at his abandonment of their national theatre for the cosmopolite stage of the Académie de Musique—

"Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs,
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique"—

and with equal jealousy by the Frenchmen, who witnessed by a German the invasion of their strongest artistic citadels. The *feuilletonistes* were never tired of jesting at the meticulous solicitude with which the composer endeavoured to secure the best possible interpretation of his works; and unfortunately—such is the power of satire—this extreme care has become to be looked upon as an element of actual weakness in the man. As well might a painter be depreciated for the careful choice of colours, which are to delight all eyes for generations yet unborn, or a sculptor be satirised for selecting a marble which shall embody his sense of beauty for centuries to come. Shame on those who, eagerly trading on their undeserved intimacy with a great man, dared, almost before his body was cold, to hold up his personal peculiarities to public ridicule! Of a truth, a living donkey is more to be feared than a dead lion.

REMINISCENCES OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

BY J. P. LYSER.*

(*Concluded from p.* 468.)

All who were personally acquainted with Meyerbeer, and know how keenly he relished delicate humour, will easily conceive how much he was amused by the frank confession I at last made. He was perfectly well aware that I—"the Dove"—would never dare say to only one of the young ladies: "I love you!"

I had gone to settle at Dresden, in the year 1834, and—let not the reader laugh, for the affair turned out very badly for me afterwards—in 1836 I married a young lady, who, as I was assured by everyone who knew her, including even my father, "Would prove a true and loving partner to me for life." About a fortnight after my marriage, some one sent me a most beautiful clock with a piece of paper bearing the words: "May this clock announce to you only hours of happiness."

A few days subsequently, I had a visit from Wilhelm Beer, who brought me the kindest remembrances from Giacomo, whose friend, Carl Kaskel, of Dresden, had sent him the first volume of my book; *Kunstnovellen*, then just published. Wilhelm Beer informed me, also, that Giacomo would be coming to Dresden very shortly, and call upon me immediately he did so, "for he was very fond of me."

After the lapse of about a week, I received, early one morning, the following note:—

"My dear Sir,—I arrived here yesterday evening. Unfortunately, I am compelled to keep my room, as I have caught a bad cold on the journey. But Winkler says you would come to me, if I asked you, which I now do,

"Very truly yours, "MEYERBEER."

As a matter of course, I did not fail to obey the invitation, and, at eleven o'clock, went to the Hôtel de Rome, where Meyerbeer had put up. He received me as an old acquaintance, and when Winkler came in, some time afterwards, he found us engaged in a most confidential and animated conversation.—On this occasion, Meyerbeer remained only a few days in Dresden, not being even able to wait for the first representation of *Les Huguenots*. On taking leave of me he said: "Write at once and say how the opera has gone, but let me know the whole truth!—Tichatscheck will, I trust, get well through the character of Raoul! I hope the same of Risse, as far as the vocal portion of Marcel is concerned. Heaven only grant that Mad. Schroeder-Devrient may be in a good humour on the first night! As Leonora (in *Fidelio*), she ill-

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

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treated poor Beethoven most unjustifiably the last time she played the part." Fortunately, after the first performance of *Les Huguenots*, I was able to write and inform the master that "Tichatscheck and Mad. Schroeder-Devrient surpassed themselves; that all the other persons concerned, down to the lowest chorus-singer, had performed their tasks in a manner worthy of the work; and that the opera had been enthusiastically received."

Reissiger was so delighted with *Les Huguenots*, that he especially requested me to write in the part of a page, between whom and Urbain the likeness is unmistakeable, for his last great opera, *Adèle de Foix*, the *libretto* of which is by Robert Blum. He sent me the score of *Les Huguenots* to look through, and said, with marked emphasis: "Write something *good*" (*ordentliches*) "about it." This was the origin of my pamphlet *Die Hugenotten von Giacomo Meyerbeer*, beautifully printed by Blochmann. Wilhelm wrote to me as follows (it was the last letter I ever received from him): "I sent off your pamphlet to Jacob immediately, and he is immensely delighted with it. The fact is, up to the present time, there has been nothing better or more *profound* written about *Les Huguenots*."

Meyerbeer himself wrote: "You will be astonished when I tell you that, at the present moment, I am engaged on no less than three great works: on the music to Michael's *Struensee* (which I think of finishing first)—and on two grand operas of which Scribe is writing me the *librettos*.

Meyerbeer was, indeed, working, at that period, on the music to *Struensee*, on that to *L'Africaine*, and on that to *Le Prophète*.

Unfortunately, he was obliged to interrupt these labors of which he was so fond, to comply with the King of Prussia's command to set L. Rellstab's *Feldlager in Schlesien*.

"Pity your poor friend"—wrote Meyerbeer—"what have I done to deserve the punishment of composing, by Royal command, the music to a *libretto* of only temporary interest" (*Gelegenheits-Operntext*) by Ludwig Rellstab? It will be labor thrown away, as was the case with Dorn's *Dido*, but I cannot refuse, like our dear Weber. In addition, this man (Rellstab) will not listen to reason; he will not hear of any alteration or judicious curtailment!—Pity your poor friend!"

As we know, *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* excited as *Vielka*, with Madlle. Jenny Lind, an immense sensation in Vienna, and paved the way for *Le Prophète* better than *Les Huguenots*, which had been so hacked about by the Censure as to be no longer recognisable.

But Meyerbeer derived no satisfaction from the brilliant success achieved by *Vielka* in Vienna.

"It always has been and always will be the child that caused me the most pain! Even the new book which Scribe is writing for it will not at all change the state of affairs."

I can boast of having been the first whom Meyerbeer allowed to look through the original score of his *Prophète*, which he did in his room, with the doors locked, before the work was produced even in Paris. The success the opera achieved in Vienna was valued by Meyerbeer still more highly than that which it had obtained in Paris. He was rather ailing at the period of its performance, but still he conducted six successive times. On my seriously advising him to take better care of himself, he replied: "I am under an obligation to the Viennese public; besides, it is a pleasure to sit at the desk and conduct such a band and such singers. I shall never hear *Le Prophète* executed so well anywhere else as in Vienna."

On the day of his departure from Vienna, he said to me: "*L'Africaine* is getting on. I will, however, first give you a little surprise." The "little surprise" was *Dinorah*.—Meyerbeer's last letter to me was dated six weeks previous to his death.

CARLSRUHE.—The grand musical festival of the General Musical Association of Germany will take place in the last week but one of August. It will last four days, and comprise four concerts, the principal direction of which has been undertaken by Dr. Hans von Bülow. It is probable that Dr. Franz Liszt and Herr Richard Wagner will be present.

NEUILLY.—The widow of the celebrated Cherubini was buried here on the 1st inst. Auber, the most gifted pupil of her deceased husband, attended the ceremony.

HAMBURGH.—Herr A. F. Riccius, formerly conductor at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, is engaged at the Stadttheater here.

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS RELATION TO MUSIC.

By EMIL NAUMANN.*

(*Continued from page* 469.)

After the decay of the old world, and with the propagation of Christianity, another highly significant and different change takes place in the relation of poetry to music—just as, with the magnificently sounding language of the Greeks, and the wonderful development of their verse—both music in themselves—the musical art became a servant whose principal task consisted in raising the melodious harmony of the first, and strengthening the rhythm of the second—for a song-like delivery of Homer's strains, or the musical treatment of the strophe and anti-strophe in the choruses of the tragic poets are conceivable only in this manner—we see, under the superior influence of Christian elements, the process reversed, and music transformed into the dominating art, to which poetry is attached more in a subservient than in any other character.

The whole of the most ancient Christian hymnology was written with a view to music, that is to say: all the primitive songs in question were from the very beginning intended to obtain the fullest and most profound significance by the means of music. As showing how, to a certain extent, at the very gates of the new world which Christianity called into existence, poetry and song grasped each other by the hand, we may quote the following description of the meetings of the first Christian congregations: "In subterranean vaults, in the thickets of the forest, on mountain tops, in caves, and among the clefts of rocks, were they obliged to celebrate their first religious services, so as not to be betrayed by the loud tones of their *songs*. Instead, however, of remaining dumb, under such straits and anxiety, seeing that the price of the confession of having sung their songs to Christ was their life, they sang those songs with only the greater faith. Even at the stake they gave utterance to their last strains, like those of the dying swan, till smoke and flames smothered their voices, and their soul, borne on the last sounds, winged its course upwards to its heavenly home." One thing especially characteristic of the new period is that we find in its very first attempts *rhymed* verses. This is decidedly an outward distinguishing sign of the close relation of all the earliest Christian poetry to music. We meet with rhymed religious hymns as far back as in St. Ambrosius, that is, in the fourth century, and even long previously. Ambrosius and other inspired singers of the Church were followed by innumerable disciples; musically considered, the Ambrosian Church chant was changed into the Gregorian, till the rich spring of sacred song-writing reached its acme in the thirteenth century. Among the *German* songs of this last period, the gentle and fervent "Marien-Lieder" are particularly distinguished, their dreamy poetical purport demanding, as it were, musical treatment. They formed a large and rich class of their own, and among the poets who produced them we meet with the names of Walter von der Vogelweide, Hartmann von der Aue, and others. Side by side, and simultaneously with the sacred songs, a wondrous and rich store of secular songs as well was created, as the names of the above poets tell us. The "Minnesänger" and Troubadours, also, flourished most in the twelfth and thirteenth century, as did likewise the secular national song. But here again one of the leading considerations was, in most cases, the active co-operation of music, as well as—quite apart from the fact of the poets themselves frequently striking the strings as musicians—the circumstance that a deeply musical spirit, and a poetical purport musically expressible are inherent in all their writings.

As the influences of classical antiquity upon the Christian world again became stronger, the relation of the two closely allied sister arts underwent a *third* and different change. Dante is, to a certain extent, the quintessence and intellectual focus of the expression of an entire age, and, moreover, the first really great poet in whom we meet with the revolution to which we allude. As was previously the case in the more important epic attempts of the period of the "Minnesänger—for instance: in the *Niebelungen Lied*, the *Amelungen Lied*, in *Parcival*, *Tristan* and *Isolde*, poetry begins with Dante once more to stand entirely on its own feet. Yet it always differed essentially from the *antique* poetical style by a fundamental feature of a lyrically musical

* Translated expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD, by J. V. BRIDGMAN, Esq.

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nature. Such a trait runs through all its productions, whereas a predominant epically-plastic stamp is peculiar to the poets, even the lyrical poets, of the Greeks and Romans. That dreamy revelling in emotions, and that blissful process, sufficing for itself, of losing one's self in nature, so characteristic of the Christian and more modern poets, and so nearly allied moreover to musical feelings, was almost entirely foreign to the poets of the Ancients. On the other hand, however, we find quite as rarely, in the poets of the specifically Christian period, that objectivity and clearness of representation so common among the Ancients. The *Nibelungen* probably contain more of the *epic* element than any other poem of the Middle Ages. But we must not forget that at their commencement—in the form of ancient folk's legends—they extend back, perhaps, to a period previous to the Christian era. There is much, too, suggesting that the *musically*-poetical element still so abundantly represented in them dates its origin only from the re-arrangement of the *Lied* in the 13th century. We intend this to apply especially to the character of Volker, that agrees but too well with the time to which the re-arrangement belongs; that is to the most flourishing time of the "Minnesänger," who, like Volker, were as well able to wield the sword as to touch the lyre. When, therefore, we read of Hagen's brother-in-arms:

"Volker, der schnelle, legte den Schild von seiner Hand,
Und legte den viel guten hin, an des Saales Wand,
Zum Saale ging er wieder, wo seine *Geige* lag,
Da dient er seinen Freunden, wie er so gerne pflag.
Als ihm der Saiten Tönen, so süss und klar erklang,
Die stolzen Heimatfernen, die sagten es Volkern Dank.
Und süsser, immer sanfter, zu geigen er begann;
So wiegt er in den Schlummer gar manchen sorgenden Mann."

such deeply musical outbursts spring, probably, rather from the romanticism distinguishing the age of men like Wolfram von Eschinbach, Gottfried von Strassburg, and Walter von der Vogelweide, than from the original spirit of the old heathen poem.

To return to Dante, with especial reference to the central point in his poetry, namely, his *Divina Comœdia*, the fundamentally epic tone preserved through the whole must strike us as an attempted return to the poetical style of the Ancients. But, for this very reason, its *purport* appears the more essentially different, for it is not, in the slightest degree, of an *epic*, but, genuinely, of a thoroughly lyrical nature. And herein we recognise *another* and a *new* element, which distinguishes from the Greek poets not only Dante, the greatest poet of the Christian Mediæval period, but, also, the whole modern world of poetry, even when, as early as the 15th and 16th century, classical influences were exerting their full strength. The Greek poets, it is true, assign a certain place in their works to music; they allow it to re-echo through their compositions; they even depict its profound effects upon the mind, or cause us to feel them; but out of their actual poems, despite all the harmony of the verse, and all the magnificence of the forms; despite all the depth and splendour of the style, there issues no music. As we have already hinted, we are not now speaking of the music of the *language* but of the fundamental musical tone, of the total spirit and feeling, streaming forth like music as it were, and which, since recourse had been had to the principles of Christianity, spread like a magic perfume over all poetry. In such a state of things, it is of quite secondary importance whether music, as such, is mentioned or not.

In Dante, now, a fundamental musical spirit appears in relation to subsequent poets almost with a certain overpowering, though wondrous one-sideness, remaining up to the very last years of his existence the background on which his character seems to repose. It was thus that in Ravenna, when, after long-sufferings and troubles, he found there his last earthly refuge, he wrote his seven *Penitential Psalms*, his *Credo*, also, being assigned to the same period. Lastly, the *Divina Comœdia*, appears almost everywhere completely permeated with musical spirit and feeling. Thus in the second canto of the *Purgatorio*, on the appearance of Casella, the admirable singer and composer, who had been Dante's music-master and had set several of his canons to music, we read:

"Such full contentment that illustrious sage
And those who stood around him, testified,
Naught else, it seemed, their senses could engage.
We all were fixed with rapture on his song,
Listening attent."

Or in the fifth Canto:

"Meanwhile upon our flank obliquely hung
A band of souls that o'er the mountain came,
And verse by verse the Miserere sung,
When they observed that, as I passed along,
My body was impervious to the ray,
Into a long hoarse "Oh!" they changed their song."

And no less in the seventh:

"'*Salve Regina*' chaunting, met our eyne,
Spirits who rested on their flowery seats."

I might cite a hundred passages of a similar tendency. Such quotations, however, as we have already given the reader to understand, are here not the essential part of the matter; the musical feeling of the poet is displayed far more in the choice of his *subjects* and in his *manner of treating them*; his poem has of itself the effect of music.

We have thus come, without hazarding any long leaps, much nearer our theme, properly so-called: the consideration of the musical element in Shakespeare. For Shakespeare, like Dante, belongs to the epoch of the third of the changes affecting the mutual relation of poetry and music, only Dante stands at the *commencement* of the epoch when classical influences were revived and worked upon men's consciousness, till then specifically Christian, while Shakespeare marks their full height, and the harmonious blending, already commenced, of the elements of civilization belonging to two distinct periods in the history of the world. As, moreover, the great Englishman displays an innate susceptibility for, and comprehension of, the effects of music in a higher degree than any poet either before or after him, so in the case of no one else, probably, would it be so easy to display to the soul the completely *inward* fashion in which poetry and music have, in modern times, permeated each other. Before endeavoring to do this, however, I must beg leave to refer to a couple of great minds nearly allied to Shakespeare, and which, most significantly, are most closely related to him in this very musical element innate in him.

(*To be continued.*)

MADLLE. TIETJENS.

A magnificent diamond bracelet, and pair of diamond earrings, of the richest and costliest design, with an appropriate inscription, recording the occasion of the gift and names of the donors, engraved on vellum, were last week presented to Madlle. Tietjens, at her residence in Regent's-park. The distinguished party from whom the gift proceeded, represented a large body of the fashionable world, Subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre. They were headed by the Countess of Lincoln, who was accompanied by the Lady Sandys, his Grace the Duke of Leinster, The Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Strathmore, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Earl of Wilton, Major Blake, and Mr. Bligh, M.P. The Countess of Lincoln, after introductions, spoke as follows:—

"Madlle. Tietjens,—The following Ladies and Gentlemen, being desirous of showing their high appreciation of your great talents, beg your acceptance (at my hands) of these tokens of their extreme admiration and respect. Their names are—The Duke of Leinster, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Marquis of Hartington, M.P., the Marquis of Blandford, the Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Strathmore, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Earl Dudley, the Earl of Wilton, the Countess of Wilton, the Lady Clarence Paget, the Lady Caroline Ricketts, the Lady Sandys, the Lady Howard, the Viscount Hood, the Viscount Kilcoursie, the Viscount Curzon, Lord Earlsfort, Lord Robert Pelham-Clinton, M.P., Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, Lord Robert Thynne, M.P., Lord Sandys, the Hon. Fredric Calthorpe, M.P., General the Hon. H. C. Cavendish, Sir John Lowther, Bart., Sir Conwallis Ricketts, Bart., Sir I. Bertie Guest, Bart., Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. John Hall, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. William Lyon, Mrs. Schwabe, Mrs. Wheeler, Major Blake, Mr. Edward Bligh, Mr. Gerard Sturt, M.P., Colonel Napier Stuart, M.P., Captain Bateson, Mr. G. Bellamy, Captain Shelton Bond, Mr. Charles Bryant, Mr. J. Douglas Cooke, Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P., Captain F. Cooper, Mr. Hubert de Burgh, Mr. C. B. Denison, Major-General Dupuis, Mr. T. B. Fenwick, Mr. Robert Garrard, Captain Garrard, Colonel O. Higgins, Mr. George Johnson, Mr. J. Kyrle, Mr. Charles Leslie, M.P., Mr. Reginald Macdonald, Mr. H. Nelson, the Rev. Charles Perring, Mr. H. Petre, Captain Peyton, Mr. R. Phillips, Mr. Maurice Posno, Mr. R. Ruthven Pym, Mr. J. W. Safe, Mr. George Schwabe, Mr. Alfred Seymour, M.P., Mr. H. C. Sturt, Mr. R. I. Webbe, Mr. S. Wheeler, Mr. Conrad Witter, Mr. A. Zanzi, and many other ladies and gentlemen."

In acknowledgment of the present, and the gratifying circumstances under which it was made, Madlle. Tietjens replied in very feeling and graceful terms. The present—the object of universal admiration on account of its taste, elegance, and value—was manufactured by Messrs. Garrard, the celebrated Crown Jewellers, of Panton-street, Haymarket.

ROTTERDAM.—Herr Louis Saar, formerly of Stettin, and pupil of Dreyshock, has been appointed conductor of the German opera.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE SEVENTH SEASON
OF THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS
WILL COMMENCE
EARLY IN NOVEMBER.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATH.

On Thursday, July 28, at Radcliffe Hall, Yorkshire, Mrs. WOOD (formerly Miss PATON), of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from St. Petersburgh, encloses the programmes of all the concerts given by the Musical Society of Russia during the season just expired. Our readers may perhaps derive some amusement from a perusal of their contents:—

FIRST CONCERT:—Music to *Manfred*—Schumann; Overture, *Les Girondistes*—Litolff; Cavatina, *Faust*—Gounod; Concerto, Violin—Ferdinand David; "Romances, Pianoforte," Gurileff: Symphony (A major), Beethoven. SECOND CONCERT:—Overture, *Les deux Journées*—Cherubini; "Symphonetic Poem," *Orphœus*—Liszt; Fragments from the opera of *Orphœus*—Gluck; Concerto, Piano (F minor), Chopin; Symphony (A minor)—Mendelssohn. THIRD CONCERT:—Overture and Fragments from the Opera: *Russlau and Ludmilla*—Glinka; Serenade (D major, first movement for full band)—J. Brahms; Air, *Titus*—Mozart; Symphony (D major)—Haydn; "Nachthelle"—Franz Schubert; Chorus, Men's Voices (Orchestral accompaniment by Singer)—Franz Schubert; Overture, No. 3. *Leonore*—Beethoven. FOURTH CONCERT:—Overture to a Tragedy—Bargiel; Concert Air—Mendelssohn; Concerto (C minor), Pianoforte, Beethoven; "Hundredth Psalm"—Handel; Symphony (B flat major)—Schumann. FIFTH CONCERT:—Overture and Fragments from *Oberon*—C. M. von Weber; Overture, *Hafiz*—L. Ehlert; Concerto, Violoncello (MS.)—Davidoff; Two Choruses "*a capella*" ("Tenebræ factæ sunt"—Haydn, and "Ave verum"—Mozart); Symphony (C major)—Schumann. SIXTH CONCERT.—Theme and Variations from the *Suite*, Franz Lachner; Air, *Don Juan*—Mozart; Concerto (D minor), Pianoforte—Mendelssohn; "Romances, Piano"—Glinka; Fragments from "Missa Solemnis"—Beethoven; Symphony (G minor)—Mozart. SEVENTH CONCERT:—Overture, "Meeresstille und glücklich Fahrt"—Mendelssohn; Chorus, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt"—Beethoven; Concerto (F sharp minor)—Violin—Ernst; Serenade, Women's Voices—Franz Schubert; "Passacaglia" (scored by Esser)—J. S. Bach; Two Choruses *a capella* "Tenebræ factæ sunt"—Haydn; "Crucifixus," for eight voices—Lotti); Symphony (C minor)—Beethoven. EIGHTH CONCERT:—Symphony (C minor)—Spohr; Fragments from *Lelio*—Berlioz; Concerto, Piano—Schumann; Air, *Life for the Czaar*—Glinka; Overture (C major, Op 124)—Beethoven. NINTH CONCERT:—Overture, *Faust*—Wagner; Chorus, *Isis*—Lulli; Chorus, *Castor et Pollux*—Rameau; Overture, *Der Sohn des Mandarines*—Kui; Concerto, Clarinet—Weber; Chorus, *Die Zauberflöte*—Mozart; Symphony (D minor)—Schumann. TENTH CONCERT:—Overture, *Hamlet*—N. W. Gade; "Nachtlied," Chorus and Orchestra—Schumann; Ballet, from the opera, *Der Dämon*—Vietinghof; *Aria*, "Ah, Perfido"—Beethoven; Concerto, Piano (E flat major)—Liszt; Symphony No. 9 ("Choral")—Beethoven.

So much for the Musical Society, over the doings of which Herr Anton Rubinstein presides with so much spirit. The programmes of the Quartet performances are quite as varied and interesting in their way:—

FIRST EVENING:—Quartet (C major)—Haydn; Sonata (in A), Pianoforte, Op. 101—Beethoven; Quartet (A minor)—Mendelssohn. SECOND EVENING:—Quartet (E flat major)—Beethoven; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 109—Beethoven; Quartet (D minor)—Franz Schubert. THIRD EVENING:—Quartet (C minor)—Beethoven; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 110—Beethoven; Quartet (A minor)—Schumann. FOURTH EVENING:—Quartet (C major)—Haydn; Sonata, Pianoforte, Op. 111—Beethoven; Quartet (F minor)—Beethoven.

Besides all this, it appears that the Society got up three *Matinées* for Mad. Schumann, in which that lady played compositions by Schumann, Beethoven, Chopin, etc.

Two hundred and sixty-three pupils have entered the Conservatory this year.—Branch Societies have, also, been opened at Kieff and Charkoff. The Branch Society of Moscow seems to have greatly distinguished itself during the past twelvemonth. Three grand concerts, held in the Riding School, attracted altogether no less than 12,000 auditors. The object of these performances was to afford the poorer classes, by means of reduced prices of admission, a chance of hearing really good music. So none can say that the "divine art" does not progress in Russia. Nor will anyone refuse to give the credit, which is his due in this movement, to Herr Anton Rubinstein, with whom is frequently associated in the good work in which he is engaged, the celebrated violinist, M. Henri Wieniawski.

ALBRECHTSBERGER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In his *Elements of Musical Composition*, Albrechtsberger,* supposing the student to have previously made harmony and accompaniment more or less his study, has not entered into long details on those interesting subjects, which generally precede the study of composition in the course of youthful instruction. This consideration determined him to place an Introduction at the beginning of his work, in which such subjects should be explained, with an exactness suited to their importance. Having effected this design, he found the size sufficiently large to be published separately, under the title of *A System of Harmony and Accompaniment*. To that work he refers all who wish to complete themselves in the knowledge of the Elementary Principles of Music: of intervals; of the consonances, dissonances, and chords; and in the method of writing correct harmony, and putting a bass under the melody. In that work the student will also find a thorough preparation for the study of composition.

I. *Preliminary Introduction.*—Under this title, in the first six chapters of the work, Albrechtsberger makes a few observations on the species and harmonic nature of intervals; on the movements of counterpoint; on the march of the subject, and on the harmony which is suited to it in different cases; and finally, on the different species of composition.

Chapter I.—*Of Intervals in General.*—(1) According to the principles of harmony, it is well known that there are but eight intervals; viz., the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth. The unison, which contains no interval, is often employed in composition for four parts, instead of the octave; and the tenth instead of the third. The unison, properly so called, as for instance, *ut-ut*, *re-re*, may be changed by elevation, by altering the *ut* to *ut*♯, and *re* to *re*♯, &c., &c.; it is then called *augmented unison*, or *semitone minor*. The second contains three species: the *minor second*, otherwise called the *major semitone;*

* Organist to the Imperial Court of Vienna, Chapel Master of the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen's; and one of the Instructors of Beethoven.

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the *major second*; and the *augmented second*. The third contains three species: the *diminishid third*; *minor third*; and *major third*. The fourth contains three species: the *minor*, or *diminished fourth*; the *perfect fourth*; and the *major*, or *augmented fourth*. The fifth contains three species: the *minor*, or *diminished fifth*; the *perfect fifth*; and the *major*, or *augmented fifth*. The sixth contains three species: the *minor*; *major*; and *augmented sixth*. The seventh contains three species: the *diminished*; the *minor*; and *major seventh*. The ninth has only two species: the *major*; and *minor ninth*. Albrechtsberger neither approves nor blames the usage of some composers, who consider the augmented octave as equivalent to the major unison; and the augmented ninth as equivalent to the augmented second.

(2.) By placing above *ut*, taken for the fundamental tone or root,—one, two, or three, of the intervals just spoken of, and which are generally received, a chord of two, three, or four parts is formed. The chords in two parts which form the notes of the diatonic scale, above *sol* in the major mode of that note, are seen in Fig. 2. In Fig 3 are the chords in three parts, which may form the same notes above that root; and in Fig. 4 are the chords in four parts. In Fig. 5 are represented, without preparation or resolution, all the intervals which can possibly be employed, in two parts on the same tone, either in strict or free composition.

(3.) The notation used in these examples, to signify the chords in 3 or 4 parts, is not the same as that which is usually adopted: Albrechtsberger always places the figure which represents the smallest interval at the bottom; as for instance:—

4x ♯7 6 9 8 3 4 7 6
2 3 4 7 and not 4 7 ♭3 5 8, &c. It would be incorrect to place
♭3 6 6 8

over the first and last note of the bass any of the three figures which serve to denote a perfect chord; for every performer should know that most pieces begin with a perfect chord, unless indeed it be one which begins with that of the sixth, on the third note of the scale, which is often the case in arietts: it should likewise be known, that all these pieces finish in the principal mode and tone, and of course end on a perfect chord.

Again, it would be equally improper, and contrary to custom, to place over the note of the bass, two 3ds, two 6ths, or two 5ths; when the third, sixth, or fifth, should be redoubled in a composition for four parts.

The signs ♯, ♭, or ♮, are here used to denote a perfect major or minor chord, when any one of these forms appear in an unexpected manner. Most of the chords, especially the consonants, excepting the fourth, and sixth, are noted by a single figure; for by the rules of accompaniment it is known what the second figure is which should be joined to the first; and what the third figure is which belongs to the two already given. The second and third figures should not be affixed, unless the interval which is thereby represented be foreign to the chord; or, when there happens to be an accidental sharp, flat, or double sharp. In short, Albrechtsberger has made it a rule not to figure the perfect chords either with one or two figures, unless they are preceded by a dissonant combination; or, when there occurs a ligatured sixth; —or, lastly, when in the regular succession, a dissonance comes at the end of a perfect consonance, or of a third. Fig. 6, a, b, c.

(4.) There are a great number of dissonant chords, whether prepared or not, or in other words, of appogiaturas, or retardations, which are practised, by prolonging on a chord, two or three notes of the preceding chord; and which ought always to be figured in a slow movement; but there are besides chords to be met with, both in regular and irregular passages, which seldom are used, and which it would be almost needless to mention, or describe. What we have now to investigate is, the distinction of intervals into consonants and dissonant.

Chapter II.—*Of Consonances and Dissonances.*—(5.) The intervals described are divided into *consonant* and *dissonant*: so called, because the former please, while the latter offend, the ear. The consonances are, 1st, the unison,—the fifth, and the perfect octave; 2dly, the third, and the major and minor sixth, the three first are denominated perfect, and the other two imperfect consonances. All the other intervals, that is to say, the major unison; —the minor, major, and augmented second;—the diminished third;—the three species of the fourth;—the diminished and augmented fifth;—the augmented sixth; the three sevenths;— —the diminished and augmented octave, and the two ninths, are dissonant.

Some authors consider as a consonance, the perfect fourth, accompanied by the major sixth and perfect octave, because they proceed from the second inversion of the perfect chord; or, according to others, because in the perfect chord itself it is highest in the chord. Fig. 9. Whatever name may be given to it, Albrechtsberger always regards it as a dissonance, and has more motives than one to support his opinion. OTTO BEARD.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ACADEMY GRANT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In the last number of *John Bull*, there is an article upon the question of the recent Parliamentary grant to the Royal Academy of Music, which our own readers may like to peruse. We append it *in extenso*:—

"Never was a move made more in a right direction than the grant by Parliament of 500*l.* to the Royal Academy of Music; and never was a penny-wise pound-foolish policy exhibited to a greater extent than by those who moved the rejection of this vote. The position of the art of music in this country is somewhat remarkable. A few years ago England was behind most civilized nations in the popular taste for music, but now she may almost claim to be ranked in the van. To Jullien, Hullah, Costa, and more recently, Martin, is in a great degree due the credit of this change, for each in his several line has cultivated and increased the love of music among our people. Two Operas, two Philharmonic Societies, concerts of all kinds from the fashionable Matinée to the Monday Popular, together with numerous amateur societies, may be pointed at as proof that London is now a musical city. Nor is this taste confined to the capital alone; Edinburgh and Dublin, Manchester and Liverpool, afford their audiences of thousands at frequent concerts and rarer operatic performances. In short every one must now admit that England is a musical nation. But while the country affords attentive and intelligent listeners it cannot be denied that she produces comparatively few performers of the first class. True, we have Arabella Goddard, Sherrington, Santley, and Sims Reeves, but they are *raræ aves* compared with the number of the foreign artists, and while the world is ransacked to supply musicians to England, England does not return the compliment by supplying musicians to the world. Then again how are we to account for the circumstance that musical composition is at so low an ebb in this country? Far be it from us to slight the claims of Balfe, or Wallace, or any other of our English composers, or to envy other countries their Beethoven or Mozart, Mendelssohn or Rossini, those bright jewels placed by the hand of Nature in a nation's crown. But how is it that musicians in this country so seldom soar above a *pensée fugitive* for the piano, or a "Would you love me if you knew me?" for the voice? We think that our answer to these questions is that musical talent has not a fair chance of cultivation in England. Any-one here wishing to take up music as a profession has either to go to one of the Continental schools or, if that cannot be managed, to give up the profession of his choice altogether; for if he remains in England instruction at a guinea per hour will probably be quite out of his reach. There is, however, no reason why the Royal Academy of Music in London should not be placed on the same footing as the Conservatorium at Leipsic, where students for £4 or £5 per annum have the advantage of the tuition of musicians like Moscheles, and where Mendelssohn was a Professor before his death. Melpomene is a fickle goddess, and does not always haunt the same spot. Formerly our singers all came from Italy; now the land of song only furnishes about a third of the cast of a modern opera. Of the present efficient company at Her Majesty's Theatre, both the principal *soprani* are German, the *primo basso* French, the *baritone* English, while only the *primo tenore* and *contralto* are from Italy. We are far from being adverse to a free trade in music, but we wish that this country should have a fair start in the race. We desire, in conclusion, to call attention to the remarks of Mr. Bernal Osborne in opposition to the vote: He seemed to consider that the

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extension of the sphere of usefulness of the Royal Academy of Music would be only for the benefit of the rich. This is a complete fallacy. Musical instruction in this country is now practically denied to the poor, and it will not be until we have some institution like the Conservatoriums of Germany that this disability will be removed. How many hands that might have

'Waked to ecstacy the living lyre'

are denied the opportunity of following the vocation to which nature calls them, because musical education in this country is the monopoly of the wealthy. In Germany the parent of a child of decided musical talent, who is unable to go to the expense of cultivating it himself, has only to obtain a certificate of his child's abilities from a local *maestro*, send it to one of the Conservatoriums, and the child receives a first-rate musical education. Again Mr. Osborne uncharitably challenges the Chancellor of the Exchequer 'to name six good singers whom this academy has produced.' Comparisons are ever odious, and it would perhaps be difficult to come up to the standard of so ardent a lover of music as Mr. Osborne appears to be, but we hope Mr. Osborne went to the concert recently given by the pupils of the academy and judged for himself. If he did so, and can conscientiously repeat his challenge, we pity him; but if he did not, and speaks only from hearsay, the sneer at so valuable an institution was most uncalled for."

Although the above is probably from the pen of an amateur (as the "Jullien, Hullah, Costa and Martin" paragraph, and one or two other passages suggest), it is from an amateur who thinks seriously about music, and whose advocacy and co-operation are therefore valuable to musicians. DISHLEY PETERS.

Tadcaster, Service-tree and Sable, July 27.

MARK LEMON'S JEST BOOK.—If any man is entitled to become godfather of a jest book, the editor of *Punch* may well claim the honor. Mr. Mark Lemon has published, in a handsome volume, a collection of all the jests, ancient and modern—from Democritus to Douglas Jerrold—which have fallen under his expert observation. The book is composed, as the compiler tells us, "mainly of old jokes, some older than Joe Miller himself, with a liberal sprinkling of new jests gathered from books and hearsay." It is a most amusing collection, and may be taken as reference-book for jokes of all time, so far as they have succeeded in escaping oblivion. If Master Slender had only had such a book in his pocket he need not have hesitated to face the company round Master Page's dinner-table. We can cordially recommend the volume to all who like to hear new jests or refresh their memories about the point and parentage of old.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD leaves London to-day for Boulogne-sur-mer. She returns to England for the Birmingham Festival, where she is to play Mendelssohn's second concerto (in D), which has never been heard there since the composer played it himself (in 1840).

HERR ERNST leaves England to-day for Boulogne-sur-mer, *en route* for Germany, his ultimate destination being Nice, where the illustrious artist will pass the winter. Herr Ernst is already far advanced in the composition of a new quartet, *Tant mieux.*

TO THE ADMIRERS OF WEBER IN ENGLAND.

BEING about to edit a "*Chronological list with explanations of the entire works of Carl Maria von Weber*," similar to the one of Mozart by Köchel, I address myself to all those who possess *manuscripts* as well as *autographs* of Carl Maria von Weber, and beg them to aid me in my undertaking, by entrusting for a short time to my care the above mentioned manuscripts. Those persons who will kindly comply with my request may rest assured that the greatest possible care will be taken of those precious documents, and that they will be sent back to their respective owners in the shortest possible time—prepaid, and also registered if desired. Please to address, either to *myself* or to Monsieur *Espagne*, head of the musical department of the Royal Library in Berlin.

F. W. JAHNS,

[*Director of Music to H.M. the King of Prussia.*]

62, *Krauzen-Strasse, Berlin.*

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—The first opera played by this company (in October next) will be Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington as the heroine, Mr. Santley as Danny Mann, and an American tenor, Mr. —— as Miles-na-Coppoleen. The first new opera is to be *Helvelyn*, book by Oxenford, music by Macfarren.

GOUNOD AND ARDITI.

Saint-Cloud, mardi 12 juillet 1864.

MON CHER ARDITI.—J'apprends par une lettre de Choudens toute l'ardeur, tout le zèle et toute l'intelligence que vous avez déployés dans la direction de *Mirella:* rien ne m'étonne en cela de votre part, et vous savez que je n'avais pas l'ombre d'un doute à ce sujet: mais je tiens à vous dire de suite combien je vous en remercie. Un de mes principes en fait d'execution musicale est celui-ci: "Le premier sujet d'une troupe est le chef d'orchestre." Se figure-t-on une victoire facile ou même possible avec de bons soldats et un mauvais général? Assurément non, si la tête est mauvaise, tout va de travers. Maintenant, vous qui avez été à même de payer le mérite de chacun de mes interprètes, veuillez, de ma part, leur transmettre la part d'éloges et de remercîments qui revient à tous. Veuillez dire à MM. les artistes de l'orchestre et des chœurs, combien je regrette qu'une captivité qui dure encore, m'ait privé de l'honneur et du plaisir de me rendre auprès d'eux, et de leur exprimer personnellement et directment toute ma reconnaissante satisfaction. Je vous charge, enfin, de mes meilleurs souvenirs pour Mmes Tietjens, Trebelli, Reboux, Volpini, et pour MM. Giuglini, Santley, Junca et Gassier, que je remercie de son obligeante et si modeste coopération.

Recevez, mon cher Arditi, la nouvelle assurance de mon sincére et affectueux dévouement. CH. GOUNOD.

39, *Route Impériale, Saint-Cloud.* (*Seine-et-Oise.*)

M. ULMAN.—Les journaux allemands et quelques feuilles françaises ont publié une liste d'artistes engagés par M. Ulman pour une tournée en Allemagne. Cette liste est de tous points mensongère; nous en avons reçu l'assurance de MM. Vieuxtemps, Alfred Jaell et Gardoni eux mêmes, que M. Ulman n'a pas craint de faire figurer sur son tableau de troupe, alors que rien ne l'autorisait à se permettre une pareille licence. Des pourparlers ont pu avoir lieu entre M. Ulman et ces artistes, mais ils n'ont été suivis d'aucun résultat sérieux. MM. Vieuxtemps et Jaell, pour leur part, sont libres et disposés à traiter pour des concerts, à partir du 1er octobre jusqu'à la fin de mars. Nous tenons en outre de bonne source que Mlle Carlotta Patti a fort à se plaindre de son secrétaire, dont elle n'a pas eu de nouvelles depuis plus de deux mois et qui parait trop oublier le véritable caractère de sa position auprés d'elle. GIACOMELLI.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S Promenade Concerts begin at the Royal Italian Opera, on the 8th of August. Mdlle. Carlotta Patti is again to be the vocal star; Mdlle. Marie Krebs the pianist.

MR. MUDIE'S LIBRARY has passed into the hands of a Limited Liability Company. The property has been divided into £100,000 worth of shares; and of this sum Mr. Mudie retains possession of £50,000. Some part of the second £50,000 has been subscribed by Mr. Murray and other publishers; and the remaining part will be offered to the general public. Mr. Mudie continues his services and powers as managing director, at a salary of £1000 a year.

THE NEW CANON OF WESTMINSTER.—It is expected that Rev. Wm, Conway, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, nominated by Crown to canonry of Westminster Abbey and rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, vacant by death of Rev. Dr. Cureton, will be formally installed in Westminster Abbey on second Thursday in Aug. By Mr. Conway's preferment vicarage of St. Margaret's, Rochester, becomes vacant. New Canon—firm adherent of Evangelical party in Church of England—is of considerable wealth, and will probably do much good for parish of St. Margaret's, many portions of which consists of poor districts.

WEIMAR.—The theatre was closed on the 26th ult., with Meyerbeer's ever fresh opera, *Robert le Diable.* According to report it will re-open on the 16th September next, with Goethe's *Egmont.* The operas recently given have been Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* (a very flat performance, owing principally to the evident indisposition of Madame von Milde); *Rienzi* (twice); *Der Freischütz; Der Fliegende Holländer; Lohengrin* (a weak performance, especially as far as the band was concerned); *Die Kindische Saalnixe* (after Kauer's *Donauweibchen*); *La Juive; Martha;* and *Il Trovatore.*—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been admirably executed at *Eisenach,* under the direction of Professor Muller-Hartung.—The celebrated Salzung church-choir, formed on the model of that at the cathedral, Berlin, lately gave a concert in the Town-church. The following was the programme: "O, Roma nobilis" (hymn of the 8th century); "Panis angelicus," by Palestrina; "Lux æterna," by Jomelli; "Exultate Deo," by Scarlatti; chorale, "Jesu, meine Freude," by Sebastian Bach; "Tantum ergo," by Cherubini; Prayer for three-part Boys' Chorus, by Hauptmann; and the Eightieth Psalm, by Dr. Emil Naumann. With the exception of a few trifling deficiencies, the performance was excellent, and the advanced state of the choir, which is under the protection of the Crown-Prince of Meiningen, does the greatest credit to its conductor, Herr Müller.

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Muttoniana.

Mr. Ap'Mutton being absent, with Mr. Rippington Pipe (at Bogwood Races), and also engaged to play in a cricket-match, between his own Eleven and the Kidbury Eleven, which was to come off yesterday* at Tadcaster, Dr. Shoe has been urged to act once more as substitute—as which, after much urging, he (Dr. Shoe) has consented to act. Happily his labors are light. The subjoined letter has just come to foot:—

AP'SHENKIN AT THE OPERA.

SIR,—Mr. Marlin Spike has left town for his country seat; and your friend Ap'Shenkin has arrived. On Saturday we went to Her Majesty's Theatre to see *Oberon* performed, and he, Mr. Ap'Shenkin, expressed himself to me thus:—"Scenery most superb, orchestra second to none. Artists from the first rank, (he gives the names of five); Santley, without any exception, the finest baritone of the day; Titiens, the heroine of the stage, and like a goddess in perfection; Gardoni, full of energy; Mons. Gassier, excellent; Bettini, well up in his part; Mdlle. Grossi a second Alboni; Mdlle. Trebelli sings charmingly, and the Corps de Ballet *très joli*;" and he says that with Mr. Mapleson's company and a larger stage he would challenge the world, and I think so the same; we must not forget the chorus, which he states are great in voices. Mr. Ap'Shenkin is sorry that he can't attend another performance at Her Majesty's Theatre this week, as he intends to go and hear Patti at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden; he says, it is some time since he heard the warbling songstress. In Paris, January 28th, 1863, he had the pleasure of listening to her, the opera was *Don Giovanni*, it was for her benefit, the Emperor and Empress were there, and the little *prima donna* had an audience with the Imperial Majesties; but Mr. Ap'Shenkin wants to see and hear her again.—I am, Sir,

Ratcatcher's Court, July 26. BUCKNOLE BAT.

Dr. Shoe respectfully leaves the explanation of the above to Mr. Ap'Mutton; as also of the following:—

EPIGRAM.

There was an old house called the Sthrand;
Which, no matter to what guiding hand
Its affairs were confoided,
Was ginerally avoided
By those who don't go near the Sthrand. SIMPLE SIMON.

Pewter Place, July 27.

—which appears to Dr. Shoe, although apparently the inspiration of an Irishman, to contain a superfluous *sequitur*.

(*By Electric Telegraph.*)

The long expected cricket match between the Kidbury and Ap'Mutton Elevens came off to-day, with a result which will be seen below:—

KIDBURY ELEVEN.

	First Innings.		*Second Innings.*	
Dr. Chidley Pidding	*b.* by Ap'Mutton	1	*c.* by Ap'Mutton	0
Purple Powis, Esq.	*c.* ,,	1	*b.* ,,	0
Marlin Spike, Esq.	*s.* ,,	1	*s.* ,,	0
Spurway Horn, Esq.	*b.* ,,	2	*c.* ,,	1
Sidey Ham, Esq.	*s.* ,,	1	*run out*	0
Butler Brush, Esq.	*c.* ,,	1	*b.* by Ap'Mutton	0
Digby Serpent, Esq.	*b.* ,,	1	*c.* ,,	0
Oliver Ball Todds, Esq.	*s.* ,,	1	*b.* ,,	0
Sir Caper O'Corby	*run out*	1	*not out*	0
S. T. Table, Esq.	*b.* by Ap'Mutton	1	*c.* by Ap'Mutton	0
Abel Grogg, Esq.	*not out*	1	*b.* ,,	0
		12		1
Byes		200		170
		212		171

AP'MUTTON'S ELEVEN.

Dishley Peters, Esq.	*c.* by Spike	93
Groker Roores, Esq.	*run out*	70
Rippington Pipe, Esq.	*s.* by Serpent	0
Yaxton Last, Esq.	*b.* by Serpent	40
Mons. Durillon d'Engelure	*c.* by Serpent	13
Baylis Boil, Esq.	*b.* by Spike	5
Dr. Wind	*run out*	3
Zamiels Owl, Esq.	*s.* by Brush	80
D. C.	*run out*	84
Captain Pearbottom	*c.* by Brush	11
Owain Ap'Mutton, Esq.	*not out*	270
Byes		0
		669

* Friday.

The extreme fierceness of Mr. Ap'Mutton's bowling will account for the unprecedented number of "byes" obtained by the Kidbury Eleven. The "Long Stop" was changed over and over again, but to no purpose. Mr. Spurway Horn's bat broke in his hand, in attempting to "cut" one of the balls. The betting was brisk. As the sum total of the Kidbury Eleven amounted to 383 (thanks to the "byes"), it will be seen that the Ap'Mutton Eleven won the match by 286. A return match will take place shortly at Tadcaster. Betting already 100 to 1 on the Ap'Mutton Eleven.

OPERA LIBRETTI.

SIR,—We never seem to get decent subjects for our operas; why do not our librettists turn to the Arthurian romances. Surely there are lovely and dramatic subjects enough in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and the "Knights of the Round Table." You will be doing a service by calling our composers' attention to this. Yours, &c.,

C. WILLIAMS.

Dr. Shoe agrees with Mr. Williams, and recommends the episode of *Balin and Balan*. Further he dares not recommend, being chary of treading on Mr. Ap'Mutton's exclusive ground. Mr. Ap'Mutton claims King Arthur as a Cambrian, and denies that he was born in the Castle of Tintagil, of Vter and Igrayne, Duchess of the slain Duke of Tintagil, whose likeness (by the enchantments of Merlin, pupil of Blaise—the "great Clark of Nigromancy") Vter was enabled to put on. Dr. Shoe's respected chief denies all this. TAYLOR SHOE.

Boot and Hook, Shoesbury, 29.

NONSENSICAL RHYMES FOR NONSENSICAL TIMES.

(*New Series*).

XXXI.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who drank like a fish—say a whale;
So he went to John Ella,
Who'd some good Calcavella,
But thought stout would do better for Jael.

XXXII.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
So stout he could scarcely inhale;
So he went to John Ella,
Who said, "My dear fella',
"Try Banting—you'll get thin and pale."

XXXIII.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who lived on too costly a scale;
So he went to John Ella,
Who was dumb as Fenella,
Fearing "tin" was the errand of Jael.

THE LATE T. P. COOKE.—"T. P. Cooke," the popular actor—Thomas Potter Cooke, Esq., of Thurlow Square, Brompton, and St. Vincent Villa, Ryde, Isle of Wight—who died on the 4th April last at an advanced age, has left personalty estimated at 25,000*l.*, besides freehold estates. His will was executed in February last, and a codicil the month following, being a few days before his death. The executors are the Rev. W. S. H. Meadows, M.A., Vicar of Chigwell; Warren Pugh, Esq., Bloomsbury Place; and Augustine Sargood, Esq., Temple, barrister. To his daughter, Mrs. Cumming, who was residing with him, he has left his real estate and the residue of his personalty. There are a number of small legacies to personal friends; amongst them are the names of Benjamin Webster, John Buckstone, Henry Wills, editor of *All the Year Round*; Mr. Bowles, editor of *Galignani's Newspaper*, Paris. To each of his executors 100*l.* To the nurse, who has long lived in the family, he leaves an annuity of 35*l.* All legacies to be paid free of duty. There is one very prominent bequest in his will. He leaves to the Royal Dramatic College a sum of 2,000*l.*, in perpetuity for a prize for the best drama on a nautical or national subject, to be called "T. P. Cooke's Nautical or National Dramatic Prize," to be competed for; and suggests that on the 23rd day of April, the birthday of "our immortal dramatic poet Shakspeare, and which is my own natal day also," a public holiday or treat shall be given to the pensioners of the college; and, after the toast of the day—"To the memory of the immortal bard Shakspeare"—shall have been duly honored, the terms and conditions of this "my gift" shall be read, and announcement made of the successful candidate, as well as of the title of the piece, and the theatre at which it is to be performed; and bequeaths a further sum of 1,000*l.*, for this purpose.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The writer of the letter in your last week's journal upon the subject of the harp has not answered any question contained in my previous letter, and consequently in no way proved that the present generation of harpists are 'wrong' in their theory of playing, as he asserted in his first letter, which ended by saying—"*as far as fingering and 'everything' else go, it is perfectly immaterial which of the two methods be adopted:*" openly acknowledging the utter indifference (to him) of any decided method for teaching the instrument: moreover, it proves that he does not know what *is* the proper method of teaching it. Your correspondent says he never was taught the art of harp-playing, and it therefore stands to reason that he cannot teach others: congratulating himself upon the fact, he discards all scientific researches yet made for the harp as being puerile and insignificant; he sneers at its living professors, and, for a finale, insults Bochsa (the man whose immensity of works, vast experience and genius, did more for the harp than any man who ever lived) by saying that great master is "*wrong!*" Here lies the subject, one of considerable development. Your correspondent surely must consider himself just thrown down from the heavens with supernatural power amongst a lot of heathens. We are aware of his presence, but do not intend bowing '*yet*' until we are quite sure that it *is* to an immortal being that we bow. If so great a personage falls so great a height, he cannot expect to pick himself up without a bruise, *if* his strength prove less than he thinks it. He is amusing; he intends (so says his letter) "*bringing to light the defects of Bochsa and those inherited from him by his pupils.*" This, from a *self-taught* player, who asserts Bochsa to be wrong, and whose school of playing he never '*knew*' nor apparently cares to know, is rather a good joke. Where is the man who so thoroughly and so contemptuously discarded the ordinary routine of 'education,' forming his theories upon imaginary principles so vague and inconsistent as your correspondent, that ever was worthy of being considered a substantial authority. No such mortal ever breathed. All men of distinction gladly congratulate '*themselves*' upon having had the foundation of their talents *cultivated* by a fixed standard of acknowledged rules; of elementary studies, however, these may be changed in after experience. Had your correspondent received such, his exceptional and most unjustifiable assertions might be weighed with those of others; but he has *not* received such, and is without precedent in any age or country for having arrived (as he says) at excellence without any schooling. How fortunate! to have escaped faults, and paying guineas, which should have told them him. I at once say that he neither knows *theoritically* the mere alphabet of the harp nor the science of music, with all his aspirations. If he does, the R. A. of Music had better close its doors at once; professors, teaching and drudgery are no longer wanted. Strange, though, that opinions should so vary. It is a pity Erard put pedals to his harp, they do seem to fidget your correspondent: that 'A' pedal being an immoderate teaser to him. But I suppose they must feel awkward to a *self-taught* player, and by the way there are *no* pedals upon the Welsh harp. I may also say that your correspondent evidently attaches more importance to the "*feet*" than either to the fingers or head; there cannot be a doubt of this in any way whatever. It is difficult to obtain sound knowledge at times; but if you do not wish a master's advice, don't slap him in the face from ignorance of possessing it. Your correspondent's attempt (like all hasty ones) to slap Bochsa, has failed, for he is too big a man and too clever a *boxer* not to have parried the blow. I write to defend him, as I cannot see him nor his works so confessedly misunderstood as is the case with your correspondent when he speaks of the "*process of* PULLING" at the harp. It is the first time I have ever heard that the strings of a harp should be *pulled*. I have more than once seen uneducated players, say those on steamboats, quadrille players and such, endeavor to extract a *noise* from the instrument; but all well-informed harpists would *feel* the strings and make their touch the exponent of their feelings by producing what's rightly termed *tone*, caused by "*pressure.*" Pulling the strings is a misnomer, and applies to pulling ropes on board a ship, bell ringing, &c., &c.; it has nothing to do with harp playing. I agree with the dentist who *extracts teeth*, not *pulls* them out; and the proper tone of the harp is only got by *extraction and pressure* upon the string. One of the secrets of your correspondent has, however, been divulged, and we now learn from him certain causes, and we shall probably, ere long, hear from him relative to sundry *contortions* of harpists which he speaks of emanating. I suppose, from his "*pulling process.*" Your correspondent says Bochsa's music is unpopular. This is a sad confession of his that "*schooling is necessary.*" Bochsa wrote to be understood, and others thought lessons desirable, but your correspondent not having partaken of any is no authority on the subject either of Bochsa or his works, most, and the best of which were written in the zenith of his fame and experience, which is by no means so long ago as to be obsolete and contemptible as your correspondent infers. Where a harp is Bochsa accompanies it. Is this unpopularity? The "*bracelet*" which your correspondent alludes to was not, altogether, the introduction of Bochsa, but mainly that of Mr. William Erat, then a harp maker and pupil of Bochsa, who, in his entire works (which are now before me) in no way speaks of it as a thing indispensible to strength, but simply as a graceful addition for a lady harpist. To infer that Bochsa ever advocated a change of the prevailing position at the harp through a *bracelet* being worn, and seeing his school then and now in practise, is childish. Most players, especially amateurs, find a dryness with the ordinary passages of the left hand, and, unluckily, treat such with some indifference; but "*work*" will equalize both hands in strength, but *never* to facilitate a performance upon the harp, if it be (as now constructed), supported upon the left shoulder—or rather the left *arm*, for it requires but the slightest effort to totally derange the equilibrium of a left handed player. The harpest with the *right* hand in the treble (as is proper) has only to seat himself at the instrument and it naturally falls with the slightest movement to the right shoulder, as it was intended to do, he at once feels a command which a left-handed position totally prevents. Experience is better than all the reasoning, and the prevailing *position* at the harp has existed ever since the *harp* existed. What more is wanted. Speaking of "*delicacy,*" your correspondent seems ignorant that this comes alone from "*breadth*" of tone; I forget, though, he is *self-taught*, and as the *seed* is so is the *fruit*. The age of improvements *is*, I confess, prodigious: but we have not yet seen anything remarkable or fertile in your correspondent. When it comes, it will I presume have to go through the usual test of we less gifted mortals, as he evidently considers us moderners to be: but until this has appeared it is idle of him to dribble out airy nothings in expectation of our trying to catch them from a want of common sense; neither should he print in his programmes that, until his recent performances, the harp was in oblivion, and now enjoys a popularity ostensibly through him. Does he ever read the papers or the MUSICAL WORLD? Does he forget that Parish Alvars "was" a pupil of Bochsa, as *is* Balsir Chatterton, both of whom were in constant intercourse with Bochsa. These names, with others and their predecessors, your correspondent should venerate instead of making insinuations concerning their school; insinuations which, if he wishes to be respected by all artists in general, had better be avoided for the future. If your correspondent intends starting a school of his own and inventing a *new harp* for his special views, it will be time enough for him to depreciate the *existing one* when his has been similarly tested and proved to be better; but until this be done I think delicacy of feeling and sound judgment should, I repeat, teach him to applaud that school substantially tested by experience, instead of casting bombastic impertinencies towards it and its followers. Apologizing for taking up so much of your valuable space, I beg to remain, Sir, Your's obediently,

JOHN CHESHIRE,
Professor and Member R.A. of Music, and principal Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre.

16, *Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, July 26th*, 1864.

FETE FOR ROSSINI.

(*Au Redacteur du* MUSICAL WORLD.)

MONSIEUR,—Le 21 août, jour de nom de Rossini, sera inaugurée à Pesaro, lieu de sa naissance, la statue du grand compositeur italien. Le marquis Salamanca et M. Delahante, directeurs des chemins de fer italiens, par les soins et aux frais desquels est élevée cette statue organisent à cette occasion une grande fête musicale; appel a été fait pour cela à toutes les célébrités artistiques, et elles se sont empressées d'accepter l'invitation de la Société Rossinienne de Pesaro. Entre autres on donnera avec leur concours, au théâtre Rossini, dix représentations du chef d'œuvre du maître, *Guillaume Tell*. La première aura lieu le 14, et la recette en sera consacrée à une œuvre de bienfaisance. En outre, Mercadante a composé pour cette solennité un hymne pour quatre cents voix qui sera exécuté en plein air, au moment où la statue sera découverte. Des personnes de l'intimité de l'auteur du *Giuramento* affirment que cette œuvre est admirable et digne en tout point de l'immense réputation du maestro. Les journaux italiens donnent beaucoup d'autres détails sur les dispositions et les préparatifs de cetet fête dont je reparlerais lorsqu'elle aura eu lieu.

UN FRANCAIS A PARIS.

MISS KATE GORDON.

SIR,—In your review of Miss Kate Gordon's and Mr. Cottell's concert you write—"The lady we believe to be a pupil of Mr. Cottell's." I shall be greatly obliged by your correcting it in this week's MUSICAL WORLD.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

KATE GORDON
(Pupil of Jules Benedict).

82 *St. George's Road, Warwick Square, Belgravia.*

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FISH AT THE OPERA.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—It might seem enough to record the fact of the revival of *Martha* at the Royal Italian Opera, and to state that the excellence of the performance has undergone no abatement since I first reviewed in it detail. But, in the interval which has elapsed, the genius of Mdlle. Adelina Patti has exhibited so many novel and striking phases that it is impossible to resist the temptation to dwell upon the evidence which her fresh and lovely impersonation of the heroine of this opera affords of that versatility, combined with the highest faculty of dramatic and vocal delineation, which places her far above all rivals on the lyric stage. The matchless Leonora in the *Trovatore*, the incomparable Margherita in *Faust*, the best Dinorah, the most faultless Amina, the peerless Rosina, the most bewitching Adina, is also by many degrees the most delightful representative of Lady Enrichetta who has ever appeared before an English audience. The simple truth is that Mdlle. Adelina Patti does everything she undertakes a great deal better than it has ever been done by anybody before her. Her acting has the priceless charm of entire spontaneity, and no one who is competent to form an opinion can watch her without feeling satisfied that she is guided by an innate dramatic instinct so powerful and so truthful that it never leaves her at fault, no matter what may be the nature of the emotion to be portrayed. Her impersonation of the Lady Enrichetta is a gem in which the most scrutinising eye might be defied to detect a flaw. In each of the successive phases of mischievous coquetry, fun, terror, tenderness, remorse, and joy, the emotional delineation is full of dramatic force and delicate beauty. Upon a thoroughly natural conception of the character, which is at once charming and effective because it is free from the slightest taint of staginess, she embroiders a mass of minute details of exquisite by-play, which, always unobtrusive, give intense vitality to the ideal personage. Of her execution of the music we we may say not only that it is throughout delicious, but those who have not heard her give "Qui sola vergin rosa" ("The Last Rose of Summer"), can have acquired but a faint conception of the possible perfection of ballad-singing. The entrancing tenderness, pathos, and vocal beauty, which characterised this interpretation—the simple rendering of a delightful inspiration by a lovely voice, guided by the purest taste—raised the audience to the highest enthusiasm, and elicited a rapturous encore. Mdlle. Adelina Patti had the ablest of all possible coadjutors in Signor Mario, whose Lionello is both histrionically and musically a masterpiece. He acted with infinite tenderness and grace, and sang with an incomparable artistic beauty which must have led every one who listened to him to hope that his increasing *répertoire*—to which Faust has been the latest and a very brilliant addition—will be yet further augmented by many of those parts in which he can be matched by no living tenor on the stage.

The Queen Dowager and Queen Regnant of the world of song were both seen upon the stage here on Wednesday evening, and so also was the King of the same realm—who, by the way, though the lawful husband of the Queen Dowager, has of late frequently set the proprieties at naught by appearing in public as lover of the Queen Regnant. Our musical readers can scarcely need that this intimation should be translated into the prosaic announcement that the performance was adorned by the talents of Madame Grisi, Mdlle. Adeline Patti, and Signor Mario. The entertainments were announced to be for the benefit of Mr. A. Harris, the clever and indefatigable stage-manager, who has placed upon the boards of the Royal Italian Opera so many marvellous dramatic pictures of real life, equally remarkable for picturesque beauty and perfect fidelity to nature. It was a graceful act on the part of the veteran *prima donna*, whose many and brilliant triumphs in bygone years still live in the recollection of thousands, to emerge on such an occasion from the retirement which all had been led to look upon as final, and to lend to the programme the powerful attraction of her eminent name. Madame Grisi revisited the footlights in the first act of *Norma*, and the reception which greeted her on her entrance must have afforded to her a gratifying proof how vividly the memory of the glorious achievments of her genius in its prime is universally present in the minds of the musical public. Very rarely indeed has the most frigid audience in Europe been known to arouse itself to such a pitch of wild enthusiasm. From a house filled in every available corner there came an outburst of cheering and applause which lasted for some minutes without intermission, while hats and handkerchiefs were waved by the more demonstrative admirers of the heroine of almost innumerable successes. Madame Grisi was loudly recalled at the conclusion of "Casta Diva;" and at the end of the act she was four times summoned before the curtain, and overwhelmed with wreaths and bouquets. Criticism on such an effort, under such circumstances, would be an impertinence—nor would it be an easy task to comment upon a performance in which the inevitable shortcomings of the present were smothered out of view by the ever-recurring and most delightful memories of the past. Mdlle. Artot was the Adalgisa, and sang the music very pleasingly, acting, moreover, with unobtrusive grace and feeling, while Pollio and Oroveso were represented, as before, by Signor Naudin and Signor Attri. Two acts of *Faust e Margherita* followed, Mdlle. Adelina Patti resuming the part of Margherita, in which she has never yet found a rival, and Signor Mario being, as ever, an altogether peerless Faust. We have so recently dwelt very fully upon these two exquisite impersonations that we need say no more of them than that they retained last night undiminished all their familiar delicate vocal and dramatic beauty.

Low prices certainly do not involve with Mr. Mapleson incomplete performances. Since the close of the regular season the rates of admission have been considerably diminished, yet there has been no abatement in the completeness with which the various works represented have been placed upon the stage. He must be a very exacting critic, for example, who could find fault with the representation of *Oberon*, which was revived last Saturday and repeated before a very full house on Tuesday. The cast is exceptionally strong, and the mounting of the work is characterised by equal liberality and taste. It is the fashion with some to sneer at the libretto of Weber's delightful opera as hopelessly absurd; but we must frankly own that in these exceedingly matter-of-fact days a slight spice of Arabian Nights legend and fairy lore is by no means unacceptable now and then, and I would rather have them wedded to charming music than serving as a framework on which to hang the not always very sparkling jokes of an *extravaganza*—though, let us add, if an *extravaganza* on the same theme had been written by Mr. Planché, the author of this libretto, there would have been no risk of its lacking polished wit and elegance. It is late in the day to dwell upon the many and sterling beauties of Weber's music, the highly favourable verdict passed upon which by the audience which first listened to it at Covent Garden in 1826 is by no means likely to be reversed, and in the hands of such artists as those to whom its interpretation is entrusted at Her Majesty's Theatre, these beauties could not fail to receive the most ample justice. Mdlle. Tietjens was a superb Reiza. As a matter of course, her great vocal triumph was in great scena, "Vasto, tremeno mare," more familiar to English amateurs as "Ocean, mighty monster," the whole of which she sang magnificently. Physical power, musical ability, force of dramatic delineation and artistic soul must all be found in combination before justice can be done to this fine composition, and Mdlle. Tietjens possesses them all, in addition to a rich and glorious voice. At the close of this arduous *scena* she was enthusiastically recalled, and throughout the opera she sang incomparably and acted with all her wonted impressiveness and grace. Fatima could not have found a more delightful representative than Madame Trebelli, who sang "D'Arabia sul confin," and "Arabia, cara Arabia" with infinite delicacy and beauty, and was in each instance rewarded with an encore. She was equally excellent in her share of the duet, "Vidi in riva alla Garonna," with Mr. Santley, the Sherasmin, who nobly earned his part in the "call" at its close. Of his acting and singing throughout we know of nothing that we could say more laudatory than that they were worthy himself. Mdlle. Volpini gave the Mermaid's song charmingly, throwing into its delivery a large amount of sweetness and expression. The fine voice of Mdlle. Grossi shone with excellent effect in the music allotted to Puck, and Signor Gassier did all that an artist could do with the part of Babekan. A more careful Oberon than Signor Bettini could hardly be wished. The choruses were for the most part well, and in some instances excellently given. Signor Arditi's admirable band—the child, be it always remembered, reared by his genius and diligence from decrepid infancy to ripe and vigorous manhood—added largely to its laurels by its share in this performance. The overture was played on both evenings with a precision, brilliancy, and delicate *nuance* which could scarcely be too much praised—its execution affording constant evidence of the presiding genius of Signor Arditi and the unity of his ideas with those of the composer. It was on each occasion rapturously encored. The whole of the instrumental portion of the opera was executed in a style of equal excellence. This revival of *Oberon* is a triumph for the management, and entitles Mr. Mapleson to a reward he has often earned before—the cordial thanks of the public.

I have something to say about Madlle. Artot, both in the *Traviata* and *Faust e Margherita*, which, with other matters of interest, I shall—you permitting—entertain (pass the word) the readers of the *Musical World* next week.

Salmon Lodge—July 28. —o— COVENTRY FISH.

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

SIR,—I have read in a paper of this evening that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is staying at Wardell's York Hotel, Ramsgate. I beg to say that my hotel is at Margate, and that I am honored by having Sir E. B. Lytton amongst my visitors.—I beg to remain yours most respectfully, ROBERT WARDELL (formerly of Vauxhall).

York Family Hotel, Margate, July 22.

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TONIC SOL-FA *v.* DOTTED LINE.

Sir,—I see in the newspaper advertisements, and in handbills all over the town, the announcement of a "Tonic Sol-Fa Concert" at the Crystal Palace; conductor, Mr. Young. The terms of admission are said to be one shilling, "as usual." The Tonic Sol-Fa Association will be equally astonished with myself to see this announcement, and as it is calculated seriously to mislead the public, I hope you will give place to the present protest. Mr. Young was one of the early Tonic Sol-Fa teachers of London, and was chosen by the association to conduct, with Mr. Sarll, a number of the Crystal Palace concerts; but he has lately published and taught upon a system of his own, which rejects our Tonic Sol-Fa notation, and adopts a different educational method in the development of time and tune. It may be that through the wide personal acquaintance with our Tonic Sol-Fa friends to which the leadership introduced him, and through the fact that he prints in his dotted line, or dotted staff notation, the pieces with which from long use our Tonic Solfaists are very familiar, that he has a large number of Tonic Sol-Fa pupils in his choir; but as his concert is intended to be a demonstration of what the dotted line system can do rather than the Tonic Sol-Fa method, I think it wrong that the public should be misled by his concert receiving the wrong title. The Tonic Sol-Fa method, founded on Miss Glover's tetrachordal system, was published by me about twenty years ago, and I have ever since given the greater part of my time and strength to the extension of its usefulness and the improvement of its educational facilities. I think, therefore, that I am justified in some solicitude that it should not be confused in the public mind with this and other systems which have sprung out of it. I am, Sir, truly yours,

Plaistow, E, July 27. JOHN CURWEN.

[The concert took place on Wednesday, the 27th instant, and will be noticed in our next.—ED. *M.W.*]

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

The following circular has been issued to the subscribers:—

Sir,—At the meeting of the Executive Committee, held at the Society of Arts, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper in the chair, a suggestion was received from the Duke of Manchester (Chairman of Executive), to the effect that a statement of facts should be laid before the subscribers, and their concurrence invited in a plan by which it is hoped that their wishes may be ultimately carried into effect. The proposal was unanimously adopted. The subscription list now amounts to 2,250*l.*; the expenditure to about 970*l.*; balance, about 1,280*l.* This balance, it is thought, may be somewhat increased; not so largely as to justify the Executive in submitting to the subscribers a costly scheme for a memorial in one of the public parks; but so far as to secure for London a monument of Shakespeare, at least equal in importance to the statues which foreign countries have erected to their national poets. The new Thames embankment will offer unusual advantages for such works; and a noble and appropriate site may be secured on this road near the Temple Gardens. After much consideration of the matters intrusted to their charge, the Executive are unanimously of opinion that the subscribers would do well to allow the above balance to be invested, with a view to its increase, until the Thames Embankment shall have been built, and further steps can be beneficially taken. May we ask the favour of your stating whether you object to this recommendation? If you concur you need not take the trouble to write; unless you should think proper to favour the Executive with suggestions for carrying out the common wishes of the subscribers. If you object to the recommendation, we should be glad to receive your commands by the first day of August. We have the honour to remain, your obedient servants,

W. HEPWORTH DIXON, } Hon. Secs.
J. O. HALLIWELL. }

C. L. Gruneisen, Esq., F.R.G.S.

We have been requested to publish the following reply to the above circular:—

To the Hon. Secretaries of the Shakespere Memorial.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your circular of the 20th, I must protest against any application of the money raised for a grand memorial towards a petty monument, to figure on the Thames Embankment, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, as the failure of the London Committee to do honour to Shakspeare. I think that a meeting of the subscribers ought to be convened at once, to consider the best course to be pursued; but in the event of the Executive Committee not deeming it expedient to meet the general body of subscribers, then I beg respectfully to suggest that it would be far better to appropriate the funds in hand, after audit of the expenditure, to the Dramatic College for the schools. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

C. L. GRUNEISEN.

16, Surrey-street, Strand, W.C.

Law.

(*Baron* MARTIN *and Special Jury.*)

TELBIN *v.* FECHTER.

Action against well-known actor to recover about 130*l.*, alleged balance due plaintiff, theatrical artist, for painting scenery for *Hamlet* at Lyceum, under management of Fechter. Defendent denied liability for alleged balance, except small sum, paid into court. Hawkins, Q.C., and G. Shaw for plaintiff; Serjeant Ballantine and Coventry were for defendant. In spring of year Fechter, having Lyceum, entered into arrangement with plaintiff to paint and prepare scenery of *Hamlet*, with view to its performance on occasion of opening of theatre, 23rd April, anniversary of birth of Shakspeare. Contract for 400*l.*, and great point in dispute whether contract was absolutely for completion of scenery by 20th April, to allow time for rehearsal. It was not so completed; but Fechter sustained severe accident, which disabled him from playing for weeks; and it was not until 14th May that play was advertised to be performed, and on morning of that day scenery was in theatre; but, as Fechter alleged, not properly executed. Defence in substance was that scenery badly done had to be re-done, and was not in time, &c., so that Fechter had lost week of *Hamlet*, and whole of money was not fairly earned; 275*l.* had been paid, and plaintiff claimed residue. Plaintiff was called as witness on his side. Fechter was also examined as witness, and there was difference in testimony, both as to terms of contract and manner in which it had been carried out. One point in dispute was whether scenery was to be finished by particular day. Plaintiff's designs from which he had executed scenes were produced in court, and he swore they had been faithfully and fairly carried out. On other side various scenes were declared to have been imperfect, not ready for opening. Ghost scene was particularly objected to by Fechter. After witnesses on both sides had been heard, Judge said questions were—first, as to terms of contract, next as to value of work done. Ballantine, summing up case for defence, eulogized Fechter for his care of dramatic art and liberal efforts to promote it, which had been carried, perhaps, beyond bounds of economy, and urged that Fechter was, at all events, entitled to have work for which he was to pay so liberally, executed thoroughly. At same time Ballantine admitted there was delicacy and beauty in plaintiff's designs, which, had they been faithfully executed, would have satisfied Fechter; if they had been so executed, and completed in time, payment of full amount would not have been disputed. But as Fechter had lost whole week of *Hamlet*, he was entitled to reduction by way of compensation? Hawkins, on part of plaintiff, insisted that, although plaintiff had promised his best to get scenery ready by time mentioned, there was no absolute undertaking, and that Fechter had sustained no real loss by slight delay, because accident disabled him for some time from performing. Judge, summing up case to jury, told them that if in substance plaintiff had carried out contract, he was entitled to recover balance, and that would depend upon whether they believed one party or other. If plaintiff's account were correct, there was no contract to complete scenery by particular day; if Fechter's account was correct, there was such condition in contract. Therefore, if they believed plaintiff's account they must find for him and for balance due on contract; and even if they believed Fechter, they must find for plaintiff for balance of real value; for he had been allowed to go on after time, and work had been accepted and retained; so that in any view he was entitled to recover real value. Now, as to main question of contract, there was great distinction, which, perhaps, Fechter, as foreigner, did not understand, between mere promise to do thing at certain time, if possible, and positive and absolute understanding, as condition in contract. And certainly, as far as letters between parties went, there appeared to be no such condition. Jury found no such condition, and gave verdict for plaintiff for full amount claimed—about 130*l.* Judge believed Fechter, under error in matter, misunderstood effect of letters.

CHOPE *v.* MACKENZIE.

Plaintiff, Rev. Chope, applied for injunction against Mackenzie, Publisher of Paternoster-row and Glasgow, to restrain from forcing legal proceedings on two overdue bills of exchange, and from commencing legal proceedings on third bill not due. Application was based on allegation that defendant had never rendered plaintiff account as to sale of work called *Congregation Hymn Book*, in which plaintiff held copyright, and of which defendant was publisher. Accounts between parties ran over two years, and bills in question were *remanet* of series which plaintiff had accepted in reference to publication of work. From plaintiff's allegation, "going in for hymns" must be rather good thing, provided you can only get proper accounts. Upon defendant writing to plaintiff in June to request him to meet last of bills overdue, plaintiff wrote back, and insisted on accounts, intimating intention of having settlement or "smashing whole affair." Accounts

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not being forthcoming in time to suit plaintiff hence present bill for injunction to stay proceedings by Mackenzie *v.* Chope until accounts rendered. Mackenzie's counsel stating Mackenzie was in Scotland, and had not had time to file affidavits in answer to plaintiff's bill, which was only filed last Thursday or Friday, His Honour consented injunction should run until first day of Michaelmas Term, when plaintiff was to pay money claimed upon bills into court, or move Court afresh, as he might be advised — present motion to stand over meantime. Baggallay and Waller appeared for plaintiff; Druce for defendant.

(*Seen and approved.*)

Paper Gardens, July 29th. C. Puff Short.

P.S. Knox *v.* Gye next week. T. D. S.

THE CONCORDIA CHOIR.

(*Communicated.*)

The unceasing activity which characterizes the London Musical Season, precludes the frequent mention of suburban societies. The Concordia Choir is worthy of notice for its uniform artistic loyalty, and none the less because its efforts are unobtrusive. Under the painstaking direction of Mr. William Volckman it has devoted itself principally to the study and performance of those larger works by the great masters, which seldom find their way into ordinary concert room programmes. The most important feature of the past term has been the production of Beethoven's Mass in C, the late repetition of which brought the fifth season to a successful close. Both performances call for special remark, not only because of the wondrous nature of the work itself, but inasmuch as they shew what can be achieved by amateurs who are determined to realize the effects of such a difficult and unconventional composition, and because of the credit due to a director who has the courage to lead his choir through intricacies and dramatic intentions enough to daunt the staunchest society. Although the first performance placed the choir in a most advantageous light, it was surpassed by the second reading, alike in spirit, steadiness, and accuracy, nearly every difficulty being successfully met and overcome. This should encourage the adoption of intellectual music by amateurs generally, who have but to familiarize themselves with its beauties to make them impatient of lesser efforts. We do not mean to assert that excellence is inseparable from the sublimities of sacred music, or the profundity and gloom of Beethoven's mightiest inspirations; hence we are prepared to admire a comic opera, a light cantata, or a briefer sketch, each in its degree, and in its place, no less than a heavier work, and we look forward to recitals of more good things of the kind by the Concordia Choir, with sanguine expectations. We also hope to hear it in a more extended sphere where the acknowledged judges of musical matters may have the opportunity to attend in force, when doubtless Beethoven's Mass in C should form part of the programme, and confirm all that we have thus in simple justice commended. If voice development were universal; that is, if cultivation always made weak voices strong, how gloriously the works of the Great Masters would come out. In the absence of this culture Mr. Volckman well deserves the commendation we have awarded him.

Signor Schira has left London for Milan, on a visit to his family. During his absence, we are informed, he will exclusively devote himself to completing the score of his new opera, *Leah*.

Dusseldorf.—A monument has just been erected to the memory of the composer Norbert Burgmüller, who died at an early age, and is buried here.

A Bust of Mr. Santley by Miller and one of Mr. Brinley Richards by Davies are this year in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, at the National Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Brinley Richards have left London for a *tour* through Switzerland.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have left London for a *tour* through the Channel Islands.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Jewell.—"Alas! that such pleasure should pass away," by John S. Steane.

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2.—THE SAVOYARD MELODY.

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"FELICE PASTORELL," sung by Mdlle. Volpini. "A delicious little air."—*The Times.* "Exceedingly charming."—*Daily Telegraph.* "A delicious melody."—*Saturday Review.*

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LAST WEEK.

(LAST NIGHT BUT THREE.)

MONDAY NEXT, AUGUST 8TH,

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE SEASON, 1864.

(*Times*—*August* 1.)

On Saturday night Meyerbeer's grand opera *L'Etoile du Nord* was played for the fourth time to a crowded audience. This was the last performance of the season, and, as the Covent Garden director gives no extra nights at reduced charges of admission, the last till the theatre again opens, with an Italian company, in 1865. The opera was heard with evident delight from beginning to end; at the fall of the curtain the principal artists were called; and then the whole of the vast assembly rose to the welcome strains of the National Anthem.

The eighteenth season of the Royal Italian Opera has, on the whole, been the most brilliant, and, at the same time, the most prosperous, since 1851, when the original Crystal Palace, at Kensington, was the scene of our first great International Exhibition. Perhaps, considering the materials within reach, a more efficient company was never brought together. The prospectus was rich enough; but, in addition to the singers there set down, Mr. Gye presented his subscribers with two others of the highest Continental repute—Mdlle. Desirée Artot and Madame Miolan Carvalho. This, however, was in a great measure due to the sudden and unexpected flight of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, for causes variously estimated, but which are now pretty generally known to have been indisposition in general, and indisposition in particular to undertake the part of the heroine in *L'Etoile du Nord*. Meyerbeer, it appears, had promised to alter the music of Catherine expressly for her, but did not live to carry out his promise; so Mdlle. Lucca hit upon the peculiar expedient which enabled her to renovate her health on the one hand, and (like Madame Fioretti last year) to escape an onerous and undesired responsibility on the other. Mdlle. Lucca was also to have appeared as Cherubino (the Page) in *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and to her secession we must attribute the public disappointment in the loss of Mozart's delightful opera. Why *Dinorah* (promised) was not forthcoming it is hard to explain, seeing that Mdlle. Adelina Patti, who was to have played the shadowy heroine—her fascinating impersonation of which, on one occasion, at the termination of the season 1862, dwells vividly in the remembrance of all who witnessed it,—was at disposal. It would have been satisfactory to point to the year of Meyerbeer's regretted demise as to the year during which his five greatest works were successively presented, at a theatre so deeply his debtor, in a manner, too, which it would be difficult for any other theatre in Europe to rival; and as, independently of Madlle. Patti and M. Faure (Dinorah and Hoel), the requisite "properties" were already in the house, this was not merely possible but advisable. Verdi's last opera *La Forza del Destino* (promised), though the singers for whom the four principal characters had originally been intended by the composer — Mdlle. Lagrua, Madame Nantier Didiée, Signors Graziani and Tamberlik—were engaged, was, for reasons that have not transpired, also laid aside. That the Italian version of Otto Nicolai's comic opera, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (promised) should have been abandoned, may be laid to the account of its successful production elsewhere, and to a conviction that—unlike M. Gounod's *Faust*—it hardly possessed such extraordinary attractions as to insure good houses at two large establishments simultaneously. This is more than probable; nevertheless, it was hardly sufficient reason for the non-fulfilment of a pledge. *Fidelio*, with Mdlle. Lagrua as the heroine, looked well on paper; but what became of it no one can say.

The theatre opened on the 29th of March, with *Norma*. Bellini's somewhat hackneyed opera was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Madame Pasta as the Druidess, some time before Giulia Grisi (thirty years since) first took the London Operatic world by storm. It was on the present occasion, however, recommended and excused by the *début* of a singer who, though of European fame, had never till now been heard in England. Mdlle. Lagrua, unanimously recognized as a genuine tragedy Queen, both physically and intellectually adequate to sustain the part of Norma, obtained an honest *succès d'estime*. But this was unaccompanied by any marks of enthusiasm; and it was unanimously voted, not that Mdlle. Lagrua should have come "hereafter," but before—say fifteen years before. The useful Mdlle. Marie Battu was Adalgisa; the always careful, energetic (sometimes too energetic), and industrious Signor Naudin, Pollio; while a new bass, Signor Attri (or Atry), who has since steadily made way, assumed the imposing beard and flowing robe of Oroveso, Druidical High Priest. *Norma*, played three nights in succession, gave way to *Masaniello*, which, besides the temptation of its gorgeous music added to its gorgeous *mise en scène*, offered the exceptional one of the original Covent Garden Masaniello, when, in 1849, the first Italian version of Auber's popular opera was brought out. That Signor Mario's voice was now not the voice which fifteen years previously defied comparison none could deny; but, at the same time, that what was lost in physical strength and certainty had been atoned for by superior artistic refinement, was as generally admitted as that Signor Mario's histrionic portraiture of the Neapolitan patriot was the finest ever witnessed. On the same evening Signor Graziani's rich barytone was once more heard with gratification in the barcarole of the traitorous Pietro; and Mdlle. Salvioni again won unreserved encomium by her graceful and intelligent assumption of the dumb Fenella, Masaniello's outraged sister. Enough to add that Mdlle. Battu played Elvira, and Signor Neri-Baraldi, Alphonso—that most insipid of seducers and unworthy compatriot of Don Giovanni. After one performance of *Masaniello*, a "sensation" night ensued. The opera was *Il Trovatore*, in which, by some "*sts de poitrine*" unknown to Verdi and unexpected by the audience, Herr Wachtel, the sonorous champion of Teutonic tenors, electrified the house and set his stamp upon Manrico. The rapture after the obstreperous war-song, "Di quella pira," was as unbounded as it was inexplicable; and Herr Wachtel (who, two years previously, had been heard with apathy, as Edgardo, in *Lucia*) awoke next morning and found himself famous. Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci, eager and painstaking if no more, was Leonora; a new German *contralto*, Mdlle. Destinn (afterwards destined to essay a higher flight), made a tolerably good impression as Azucena—the "inauspicious and ghastly woman" of Signor Maggioni's English version; Signor Graziani, as Conte di Luna, won the never-failing "encore" for "Il balen del suo sorriso"—in which the pure accents of his "soft bastard Latin" exercised, for evident reasons, an unaccustomed charm; and Signor Tagliafico gave value to the small part of Ferrando. To *Il Trovatore* succeeded *La Favorita*, with Mdlle. Lagrua as the erring and penitent Leonora, Signor Mario the chivalrous Ferdinando, Signor Graziani the wily King Alphonso IX., and Signor Attri the fulminating priest, Baldassare. The heroine of Donizetti's most ambitious French opera, was in some respects no less favorable to Mdlle. Lagrua than the sublimer Norma—her pathos above all being sympathetic. At all events she advanced a step in the estimation of connoisseurs, and, moreover, was received with marked favor. In the last scene—its composer's masterpiece—she found a congenial partner in Signor Mario, still, in spite of all shortcomings, a Ferdinando without peer.

The performance next in order (Thursday, April 15)—when the whole of *Norma*, with the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, was performed—will be long remembered as that which was honored by the presence of General Garibaldi.

Next came Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*—another of those grand spectacular operas in which the combined efforts of Mr. Costa, Mr. W. Beverley, and Mr. A. Harris realize a *coup d'oreille* no less than a *coup d'œil*, only practicable at a theatre so lavishly furnished at all points. The character of the Swiss patriot was on this occasion sustained by Signor Graziani, who, less dramatically tame than usual, gave unusual charm to the music by his beautiful barytone and pure Italian enunciation. That of Walter fell to Herr (Dr.) Schmid, from Vienna, who had previously astonished the subscribers and the public with his superb bass voice in Oroveso (on the Garibaldi night), and now confirmed the good impression. The penetrating high notes of Herr Wachtel elicited almost the same enthusiasm as before; and his Arnold was judged equal to his Manrico. The same audacity in giving out the "C" (or any other note) "*in alt*," wherever and whenever the spirit moved him, and whether or no consistently with the composer's text, was followed by the same success. As was said at the time—"Up went the 'C' and down came the applause." But the legitimate effect of the opera was the immortal scene of the "Oath," which the delegates from the united Cantons swear near the brink of that beautiful lake upon which the moon (the best stage moon on record) shines so placidly, while the insurgents arrange their plans. Mdlle. Battu (Mathilde) sang better than on any previous occasion; Madame Rudersdorff, Signors Tagliafico, Polonini and Baraldi (Jemmy, Gessler, Melchtal, and the Fisherman) were as efficient, and Mdlle. Salvioni, in the Tyrolienne, as graceful as before. *Un Ballo in Maschera*—which the oftener it is heard the stronger is the conviction that it contains some of Verdi's best and most genial music—came next in order, affording Mdlle. Lagrua a fresh opportunity of ingratiating herself with the public. On the whole, her Amalia, though not considered equal to her previous attempts,—and, indeed, it hardly offers the same chances of distinction—was successful. To Signor Mario's incomparably graceful Ricardo, Signor Graziani's Renato, and Mdlle. Battu's animated Oscar, a passing allusion may suffice. Another new *contralto*, Mdlle. Tati—appeared as the Sorceress Ulrica, but made only a faint impression. Little can be said in favor of the first representation of the *Prophète*, which took place on Saturday, the 30th of April, two days before the illustrious Meyerbeer breathed his last.* Here, in his most important essay, Herr Wachtel produced the least satisfactory

* Meyerbeer died on Monday, May 2, at 2 a.m.

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impression. "Happily," he was indisposed; and the consequence was an exhibition of that superfluously indulgent criticism which obtains in this country, but which is not always for the good of art. Our impression is that, under any circumstances, the part of Jean of Leyden is beyond the scope of Herr Wachtel's powers. Of Mdlle. Destinn, who in Fides now took the "higher flight" to which allusion has been made, the less said the better. This lady, however, is only twenty-three, and the consequence was that she was treated with the same degree of lenience as Herr Wachtel. Madame Rudersdorff, to whom all parts, in all registers, in all repertories, are familiar, and who is never at a loss to undertake anything whatever, and, what is more, to support it creditably at a moment's notice—an excellent artist, in short, and an invaluable member of the company—played Bertha. As a "*spectacle*" the *Prophète* was all that it has ever been, and the general execution of the music, orchestral and choral, under Mr. Costa's direction, as strikingly good.

The next event, and among the most interesting of the season, was the first performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*—one of those few works which bear the unmistakable mark of imperishability. There was, first, Signor Mario—"Almaviva of Almavivas"—singing his very best, and acting as no other than he now on the boards can act real comedy; then Signor Ronconi (his first appearance)—the most humorous, vivacious, and irresistible of Figaros, whose place, when he leaves us, will not readily be filled up; and lastly, Mdlle. Adelina Patti—the *beau idéal* Rosina, who, the favorite and most constant attraction of the preceding season, has also incontestably proved the favorite and most constant attraction of this. The Bartolo was Signor Ciampi—as dry as Dr. Dryasdust; the Basilio, Signor Tagliafico—with a touch of Ercles' vein, and a hat not to be excelled in unwearability. The opera passed off with extraordinary *éclat*. The reception accorded to Mdlle. Patti showed how enchanted were the audience again to greet her; and with a voice grown mellower by use, and more flexible by legitimate practice, a style of singing still more perfect than before—singing of the pure unadulterated Italian school—and a comedy (which was hardly possible) more refined and intelligent, Mdlle. Patti strove to prove to her audience that the good feeling was reciprocal—that, in short, she was fully as happy to gratify her earliest patrons in the Old World, notwithstanding her triumphs abroad, as they once more to welcome and applaud her. It was an evening not to be forgotten. How often the *Barbiere* was subsequently given, with the same cast and undiminished favor, it is needless to remind our opera-loving readers. The week following this event was remarkable from the fact that the three great works composed by Meyerbeer for the Grand Opera in Paris—*Le Prophète*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*—were all performed. What must be the resources of a theatre capable of representing three such colossal operas—with all their gorgeous and intricate scenic appliances, to say nothing of the more or less adequate distribution of the principal characters—in immediate succession, and within, moreover, so brief a period, may be readily imagined. Of the *Prophète* mention has been made. The *Huguenots* brought forward the notorious (in more senses than one notorious—"*vu son escapade*") Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, whose Valentine, in spite of a cold and hoarseness which had disabled her from appearing on the first night for which she was announced, was received with universal and hearty good will. Mdlle. Lucca went through the part with extreme zeal, and thus showed herself sensible to the kindness of her audience; but, of course, she was unable to do full justice either to Valentine or to herself. On the same night M. Faure—now (thanks to his Mephistopheles and Peter the Great) so general a favorite—made his first appearance as St. Bris; Signor Attri acting substitute for Herr Schmid (disabled by illness) as Marcel; Mdlle. Battu playing Marguerite de Valois; Madame Nantier Didiée, the Page; and Signor Mario—the most dramatic, impassioned, picturesque, and intellectual delineator of the character, if not now the most physically competent to all the exigencies of the very arduous music which he has to utter—Raoul de Nangis. In *Robert le Diable* Mdlle. Lagrua assumed the part of Alice, and, allowing for certain liberties, hardly in good taste, taken with one of the most beautiful airs in the opera, acquitted herself to general satisfaction. The rest of the performance—beyond the excellent assumption of Bertram by Signor Attri (again a most efficient substitute for Herr Schmid), Mdlle. Battu's clever vocalization in the part of Isabella, and the gorgeous magnificence of the *mise en scène* (especially the resuscitation of the nuns, with Madame Salvioni as the Abbess)—was not over and above remarkable. Signor Naudin's Robert, in spite of a certain dramatic energy and vigor of declamation, was far from equalling the noble and imposing portrayal of Signor Tamberlik; and in *Robert le Diable*, after all, Robert himself is of necessity one of the most prominent and conspicuous figures. The tender pastoral of Bellini—*La Sonnambula*—brought once more Mdlle. Adelina Patti before her admirers in that character which first won their admiration; and subsequent performances of this genial opera (Elvino, Signor Naudin, Rodolpho, M. Faure), with the same fair and gifted little sleep-walker, testified to the continuance of its attraction. Next came *Faust e Margherita*, with Mdlle. Pauline Lucca as the heroine; Signor Mario, for the first time, as the hero (Signor Tamberlik played the part last year); M. Faure, Signor Graziani, and Madame Nantier Didiée, again as Mephistopheles, Valentine and Siebel. The impression created by Mdlle. Lucca's very startling and untraditional—while, though essentially differing from Madame Carvalho, very French—conception of Margherita, is as well remembered as her unanticipated *exodus* after a couple of performances, and when Mdlle. Fricci had already replaced her as Valentine. Signor Mario's Faust has been witnessed often enough to convince frequenters of the Opera that it was one of his most remarkable impersonations, and that, if he could contrive to get the whole of the music as completely in his head as he had made himself completely master of the character in a dramatic sense, it would be one of the most remarkable performances ever witnessed. More about the representation of *Faust e Margherita* at the Royal Italian Opera need not be said, beyond the fact that, after the flight of Mdlle. Lucca, the part of Margherita was consigned to Mdlle. Adelina Patti, who played it no less than eight times (six times with the flaxen head-dress, twice without it) to the most crowded houses of the season, and achieved in it a most signal and triumphant success—a success all the more honorable, inasmuch as the "*tessitura*" (to use the conventional Italian phrase) of the music of *Margherita* is as uniformly low for her voice as that of Flotow's *Martha*, to which she imparts as much vivacity as deeply impassioned sentiment to the other, is high. Meanwhile, Signor Scalese, the best living Italian *buffo* after Ronconi, had appeared (*vice* Signor Ciampi) as Bartolo, in the *Barbiere*, with a success fully confirmed by his subsequent performance of Leporello, in *Don Giovanni*—given for the first appearance of Signor Tamberlik, the least insipid of Don Ottavios and the best singer of "Il mio tesoro." This *chef-d'œuvre*—with Mdlle. Adelina Patti's Zerlina and Signor Ronconi's Masetto (incomparable alike in their way); M. Faure's Don Giovanni (which improves every year); Donna Anna, alternated by Mdlle. Fricci and Mdlle. Lagrua; Dr. Schmid's sonorous and truly sepulchral Commandant; Madame Rudersdorff's very thoughtful and artistic impersonation of Donna Elvira, and Signor Ciampi's Leporello, after the accident which unfortunately deprived the manager of the services of Signor Scalese—was played frequently, and always to crowded houses, like that other "immortal," *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The production of M. Flotow's *Stradella*—a feeble opera, not to be named in the same day as his *Martha*—was chiefly interesting, inasmuch as it afforded the public an opportunity of taking leave of Herr Wachtel under favorable circumstances, the character of Stradella being the one unquestionably best suited to the German tenor's capacity of any he has hitherto attempted in England. This opera, only played twice, and not likely to be played again, was chiefly remarkable for the impersonation, by Signor Ronconi, of one of the assassins hired to murder Stradella. The impromptu travesty by Signor Ronconi, on the first night, of the famous high note of Herr Wachtel, and on the next of the exuberant expression of Signor Naudin (who played Stradella on the second occasion) was as happy as it was mischievous, and convulsed the house with laughter. The talent of Mdlle. Battu, though zealously exerted, was comparatively thrown away on the empty and ungrateful music of Hortensia—Stradella's pupil and the heroine of the opera.

The next performance worth recalling was that of Rossini's *Otello*, in which Signor Tamberlik, whose name has been identified with the character of the jealous Moor since *Otello* was first brought out at Covent Garden, revived the old "*furore*" in the famous duet with Iago (Signor Graziani)—giving out a C sharp just as musical and penetrating as it was well placed; while Mdlle. Lagrua again exhibited her command of pathos in the terrible last scene, singing the air, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," with genuine tenderness, and elsewhere displaying an intellectual appreciation of the character. There was but one feeling, one internal exclamation,—"What a pity she comes to us so late!" Next followed *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in which the dashing representation of the heroine, by Mdlle. Artot, the humorous pourtrayal of Sergeant Sulpizio (for the first time), by Signor Ronconi, and the *mise en scène* of Mr. A. Harris (not forgetting the life-like and picturesque evolutions of the Regiment—"the worthy Twenty-first") were the chief points of interest. Shortly after, Mdlle. Artot appeared in Signor Verdi's pthisical opera, *La Traviata*, in which she played the part of Violetta (Signor Naudin as Alfredo, and Signor Graziani as the elder Germont) with the same brilliant success as at her Majesty's Theatre last season; but nothing, it is to be hoped, can ever restore this unhealthy lyric drama (upon which the most popular Italian composer of the day has wasted so many engaging melodies, and so much real musical sentiment) to public favor. Mdlle. Artot next appeared as Margherita, in M. Gounod's most celebrated opera, and satisfied every one of her intelligent appreciation of the character and of her capability to sing all the music with artistic correctness and proportionate effect—but not of her power to charm and enchain the sympathies of a spoiled

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and satiated audience in so poetically exceptional a character. The attempt, however, was honorable, and generously acknowledged. Meantime the *Prophète* had been given—with Signor Tamberlik, now the most competent representative of the personage of Jean of Leyden, and Madame Nantier Didiée as Fides (a very different performance from the first). Next in order to the *Traviata* came Donizetti's delicious pastoral, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Signors Mario and Ronconi, M. Faure, and Mdlle. Patti in the four principal characters—a performance irreproachable at all points; next M. Flotow's *Marta*, in which Mdlle. Patti (the best lady Enrichetta since Madame Bosio, and in a dramatic sense superior to Madame Bosio) sang "The Last Rose of Summer" in such a manner as to remind those old enough to remember the queen of ballad-singers—then familiarly and lovingly styled "Kitty Stephens"—of that unequalled mistress of the simple English style; and lastly, the magnificent revival of Meyerbeer's magnificent historical opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*, which (like *L'Elisir* and *Marta*) is too fresh in the remembrance of frequenters of the opera to dwell upon again so soon. At the very interesting performance for the benefit of Mr. A. Harris, Madame Grisi consented to play in the first act of *Norma*; and thus, like her illustrious compatriot, Garibaldi (who has seemingly renounced politics, as she has renounced the stage), appeared "for this once only" during the season. It should satisfy Madame Grisi that the reception she experienced was scarcely less enthusiastic than that accorded to her illustrious compatriot; and now she should fix upon a Caprera, and remain there quietly, lest she stumble (by accident) upon an Aspromonte.

ROBERT SCHUMANN AND CLARA WIECK.*

Robert Schumann's residence in Leipsic, having proved so important in many respects for German music, deserves our particular consideration. Robert Schumann, born at Zwickau, on the 8th June, 1810, was the youngest son of August Schumann, a bookseller. He took his first lessons in the art—on the piano to wit—from Herr Kunsch, Bachelor of Arts, and teacher, at that period, in the Lyceum of the above town. "The empire of tone soon filled the boy's soul; its magic"—as Joseph von Wasielewski expresses himself in his admirable biography entitled *Robert Schumann*—"quickly loosened the bonds of his spirit, and, at the same time, exercised such a power upon his youthful and excited mind, that, of his own accord, and without any knowledge of the theory of general bass, he even attempted original productions. The earliest of these, consisting of small dances, were written as far back as between his seventh and eighth year. The gift of extemporising, too, was simultaneously manifested in a degree commensurate with the manual proficiency he had attained." With regard to the last point, we read, among other things, in a biographical sketch published in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (series for 1840): "It is related that, even when a boy, Schumann possessed a particular partiality and gift for painting feelings and characteristic traits in tone; nay, more: he is said to have been able to sketch so precisely and comically the various dispositions of his playfellows who stood around him at the piano that they would burst out laughing at the excellence of their portraits."

It would lead us too far were we to attempt to follow further the process pursued in its development by Schumann's talent, during the days of his boyhood and of his youth, however interesting the subject is of itself. His various acts, frequently highly amusing, and frequently even touching, while he was growing up in his father's house, have all, probably, been mentioned and collected, in a reverential spirit, by Wasielewski, and, therefore, it must suffice for us again to refer to that writer's book, which has been our guide in the present chapter.

In March, 1828, Schumann went to the University of Leipsic to study law. Of the many acquaintances he formed in our town, there was not one which proved more important for him than that with Friedrich Wieck, concerning whom it may here be advisable to give a few biographical facts. He was born on the 18th August, 1785, at Pretsch, a small town near Wittenberg. At an early age he manifested a partiality for music, but, on account of his parents' poverty, was unable to satisfy it. By the help of kind patrons, he was subsequently enabled to attend the Torgau Gymnasium. On leaving that institution, he proceeded, in 1803, to the High School at Wittenberg, as a student of theology. Here at last, having several musical acquaintances, he found an opportunity of indulging his ruling passion, and tried his hand at four or five instruments, such as the harp, the piano, the violin, the horn, and the double-bass, simultaneously. He received, at that period, some half dozen pianoforte lessons from Herr Milchmayer, the Musical Director, living in Torgau, and this was the only instruction he ever had in his whole life. The student years in Wittenberg were followed by his residence, as private tutor, in a noble family, at Zingst, near Querfurt, but his sojourn ended, for some reasons not quite clear, by his leaving secretly and at night. He next accepted a similar appointment in the house of Herr von M., at Bielitz, not far from Bautzen. But here, too, as well as in several other families, he did not remain long. At last, a nervous affection compelled him to abandon his old profession entirely. He now went to Leipsic for the purpose of consulting Hahnemann. He remained in the town, and founded a musical circulating library. He also gave pianoforte lessons, at first according to Logier's system, and then according to one of his own: "based upon rational views, and gradually improved by a keen and delicate faculty of observation." Wieck has been called not unjustly "a born pianoforte teacher." At Easter, 1840, he quitted Leipsic, and settled in Dresden, where he is still engaged as actively as ever in the exercise of his profession.

Schumann, who had then scarcely made his acquaintance, begged, like others, Wieck to give him pianoforte lessons. He took some, though indeed only a very limited number. As early as February, 1829, Wieck was compelled, from want of time, to leave off giving these lessons. But even had such not been the case, our friend could not have learned much more of him, because, soon afterwards he quitted Leipsic for a lengthened period, to go and study at the University of Heidelberg. Here, again, Schumann entered himself as a student of law, though during his stay at the University he became clearly conscious that he was not born for learning but for art. The notion of changing his career took firm possession of him. He opened his mind to his mother—his father was already dead—and appealed to Friederich Wieck to decide the matter. Wieck pronounced altogether in his favour. On this, Schumann's family offered no further objection, and at Michaelmas, 1830, Schumann returned to Leipsic, resolved to live entirely for music, and educate himself further in it under Wieck. In order to be near him, Schumann even took a lodging in Wieck's own residence, in the Grimmaische Strasse.

The earnestness, however, with which he immediately devoted himself to an artistic career, in order to make rapid progress, was attended, unfortunately, in one respect, with very disastrous consequences. In order to give his right hand the greatest possible mobility and quickness, he made experiments with string, always tying up one finger, and keeping it in the air, so as to render it independent of the other not thus raised. By so doing, he stretched the sinews of the hand immoderately, and the consequence was that it became completely crippled. He thus saw himself disappointed in the hope of ever being a pianoforte virtuoso, and so "driven to it almost inevitably by fate, he at length entered upon that ground in which the seed of creative power slumbering within him sprouted forth, and grew up till it gradually became a tree full of blossoms and of fruit, though, alas, ultimately withered at the top: he devoted himself entirely to composition." (See Wasielewski.)

At that period, Heinrich Dorn (now Royal *Capellemeister* in Berlin) was Musical Director at the theatre, then a Theatre Royal, Leipsic. Schumann applied to him for theoretical instruction, and how thankful he was to the end of his life for that instruction, which really first opened to him the inward nature of art, appears from letters which the two men subsequently wrote each other. For a few years our friend's principal occupation was composition; what he composed may be seen on reference to Wasielewski's book. We may here remark that the first movement of a still unknown and unfinished symphony, in G minor, for orchestra, was destined to be the first work by Schumann publicly played, which it was at a concert given by Clara Wieck, then thirteen years old, on the 18th November, 1832, at Zwickau, the composer's native town. The composer himself was present, and, unobserved by any one, heard the performance from a modest hiding place. By the way, for the sake of change, he spent the

* From a new work, entitled: *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipsic*, by Dr. Emil Kneschke. (F. Fleischer, Leipsic).

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entire winter of 1832–33 once more at home, and did not return to Leipsic before the March of the year last named.

He now gave up his lodging in Wieck's house, not because he had ceased to be on an intimate footing with Wieck, but only to move into an idyllic and tranquil summer retreat in "Riedel's Garden, which he animated not only in the day time with his music, but frequently, on mild nights, with his acquaintances. He did this sometimes in a humorous, and, it must be confessed, rather fast manner." In September, however, he quitted these quarters, and hired a lodging on the fourth floor of Helfer's house, in the Burgstrasse. Here he was destined to be thrown into a state of most serious and violent mental agitation, foreshadowing his future fate. A sister-in-law of his died, and the intelligence of the fact coming upon him unexpectedly, produced a profound impression which, on one particular night, attained so great a height as nearly to result in suicide. With reference to this there is the following entry in his diary: "The fearful night of October 17th."

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS RELATION TO MUSIC.

A Lecture delivered on the 23rd April, 1864, in the "Berliner Tonkunstler-Verein."

BY EMIL NAUMANN.*

(Continued from Page 485.)

In his introduction to *Don Quixote*, the best thing, perhaps, that ever proceeded from his pen, Heinrich Heine says:

"Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe, constitute the poetical triumvirate who have achieved the greatest things in the three branches of poetic style: the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric. While ascribing the finest productions in drama, romance, and song, to the above-mentioned great triumvirate, I am far from carping at the poetical value of other great poets. Not only the Ancients, but many of the Moderns likewise, have given us poems in which the flame of poetry blazes as brightly as in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. Still these names are connected as if by some secret bond. A kindred spirit beams forth from out their creations; a gentle breeze of eternal mildness, like the breath of God, blows through the latter; and the modesty of Nature blooms in them. Goethe constantly reminds one of Cervantes, just as of Shakespeare, and he resembles the former even in the details of his style; in that pleasing prose which is tinged with the sweetest and most harmless irony."

A *fresh* similarity, *not* perceived even by Heine, is exhibited by Shakespeare, Goethe, and Cervantes, if we consider the internal *music* that resounds through all their writings. It must here strike us as highly significant that it is precisely in the three *greatest* poets the world has seen since the times of Antiquity that we find this predisposition so strongly developed. Is the near intellectual affinity of the two arts so closely related to each other displayed in all its grandeur only upon the highest *summits* of genius? Such would almost seem to be the case.—Where is there a heart endowed with feeling that does not beat more loudly when the name of Schiller is mentioned? nay; perhaps that name is the most brilliant one of which modern times can boast, if we leave out of consideration our three heroes. Yet it is astonishing how much the musically-poetical element is flung into the background in the case of Schiller, when compared to Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Notwithstanding the poem: "Die Macht des Gesanges" ("The Power of Song"), and the beautiful and spirited words spoken by the Muse of Music in the "Huldigung der Künste" ("Homage to the Arts"), Schiller wants the inward poetical music of which we have been speaking. His disposition, which, despite all his elevated sentiments, and all his enthusiasm for what is best and most divine, is really always of a reflective turn, does not allow him to hit so easily upon that musical tonefulness in the heart presupposing a certain degree of unconsciousness. In Goethe, on the contrary, from the fact of his being, probably, the greatest *lyrical* poet of any age, this musically-poetical spirit is, as it were, innate. Songs like the song to the Moon: "Füllest wieder Busch und Thal still mit Nebelglanz;" or the one commencing: "Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll," possesses not merely incomparable musical harmony, but, in the spirit and feeling from which they flowed, are genuine *music* of the soul, for which reason they inwardly affect us exactly as actual music would. A similarly predominating musical spirit runs through all Goethe writes; nay, we find it even in his prose. It would lead me too far were I to go into detail. But music and poetry, as far as he is concerned, celebrate the greatest triumph of their sisterly affinity, in that Easter night, when the strain of the organ and singing of the choir, together with the song of the Angels: "Christ ist erstanden," snatch the poisoned goblet from the lips of Faust:

"O tönet fort, ihr süssen Himmelslieder;
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder."

At the outset, in consequence of his peculiarly *epic* nature, Cervantes does not appear, perhaps, to deserve, in an equal degree with Goethe, to be ranked next to Shakespeare as one of our most musical poets. But it is only the said *epic* element which at first deceives us, and conceals the musical feeling and sentiment beneath the surface. If we examine more closely, every doubt on this head vanishes. We will begin by reminding our readers of the innumerable songs, nearly always expressly adapted for music, scattered throughout *Don Quixote*, and twining, like continuous garlands of flowers around the pillars, niches, and arches of the wonderful fabric, half fanciful, half Moorish of that incomparable poem. Let the reader call to mind the musical goatherd; Cardenio, pouring forth, in melodious tones, the complaints of his heart, in the solitude of the forest; the voice of Don Louis, suddenly re-echoing, at midnight, before the small inn, when its soft notes cause the eyes of his mistress, as she wakes from sleep, to overflow with tears; the singing Knight of the Mirror; the incomparable serenades which Don Quixote and Altisidora give each other, etc. How much musical feeling, too, is there in such passages as the following, with the like of which we meet in countless numbers in *Don Quixote*: "Thus do we wander in the mountains, the woods, and the meads, singing, here, our songs of joy; there, our plaints of love, and drinking the liquid crystal of the springs and clear brooks. The oaks offer us, with liberal hand, their sweet and pleasing fruit, and the stumps of the cork-trees artless resting-places. The pastures afford us shade; the roses, perfume; the far-extending meadows, thousand colored carpets; and the air its pure breath; song cheers us; lamentations bury us in gentle melancholy; Apollo furnishes the gift of poetry; and Amor, longing thoughts."—What a thorough knowledge of music the beauteous Dorothea is proved to possess by the fact of her saying to her hearers in the Sierra Morena: "And if I had a few hours of leisure left, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp, being convinced by experience that music lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits."—We must beg leave yet to cite one of the most psychiologically significant and poetic traits from a thousand others. At the summer night's adventure, arranged, in the midst of the forest, by the Duke and the Duchess, for their guests, and which, in the whole manner of its realization, breathes, in the highest degree, a musical spirit, the subject is continued thus: "Soon no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and, in that persuasion, said to the Duchess: 'My lady Duchess, where there is music there can be no harm.'—'As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination,' answered the Duchess.—'And yet,' replied the Squire, 'we may easily be burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illuminations they produced; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting.'—'Time will show,' said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the next chapter." However touching the first remark of Sancho's is, that last made by Don Quixote is the more interesting, and is so significant, because the music to which he alludes is a sign neither of merriment or joy, but employed to announce the magic appearance of the enchanted Dulcinea. In a few words, Cervantes penetrates to the inmost core of music, and the initiated will require no further quotation to prove the great profundity of his musical knowledge.

But there is a poet who surpasses both Goethe and Cervantes in musically-poetic gifts. We refer to Shakespeare, who, in this respect, as in every other, was the greatest poet ever born. All the phases of feeling and all the facts in human existence or in the world of fancy, which music can in any way express or enhance, has Shakespeare uttered or endeavoured to elevate by tune.—We will first direct the

* Translated expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

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reader's attention to the fact, rather unessential to our argument, maybe, but still worthy of remark, that most of the dramatic subjects he selected contain in themselves so much of the musical element as to have been changed, with striking frequency, into operabooks. We possess *Othello* by Rossini; the *Capulets and Montagues* by Bellini; a *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Felix Mendelssohn; *Merry Wives of Windsor* by Nicolai; *Benedict and Beatrice* by Berlioz; *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* by Taubert; another version of the latter piece by Halévy; music to *Macbeth* by Chelard and Spohr; an arrangement of the *Winter's Tale*, written with the pen of genius by Franz Dingelstadt, and set to music by Flotow; and overtures to *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, etc., by Beethoven, Niels Gade, Berlioz, and others. In some of the above, the co-operation of music is facilitated in so remarkable a manner by Shakespeare himself that they have an almost operatic stamp. This is the case with *The Tempest*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In nearly all Shakespeare's dramas, too, music is introduced in a *more general* manner to a greater or less extent. Such is the case in *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VI*, *Richard II*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the comedies. No less frequently in Shakespeare are music and its influence made the subject of reflection and discussion. But all this vanishes into nothing compared to the wonderful place which Shakespeare nearly always accords to this influence of music, as well as to the grave purport of what is said concerning it, while ordinary poets can speak of it in only a very traditional fashion.

Let us consider his dramas a little more nearly, in their relation to this circumstance. It is but right that we should begin with the Kings. In *Richard II* we suddenly hear music in the midst of the painfully minute monologue which the king, tired of life and bowed down by misfortune and his own errors, speaks in the solitude of his prison:

"Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time:—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke."

And further on he says:

"This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits;
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of *love*; and *love* to *Richard*
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world!"

It would be superfluous to add a single word to the profundity, the wonderful similies, or the last touching observations in which the poet here indulges with reference to music. We would merely direct attention to the fact that scarcely ever, probably, were tones called upon to play so important a part as on this occasion, where they are made to interrupt one of the most philosophical monologues possible, and give so new and deeply touching a turn to its course. Another wonderful place does Shakespeare assign to music in the Second Part of *Henry IV*. The dying king says to the princes and lords around him:—

"I pray you, take me up and bear me hence,
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
(*They convey the king into an inner part of the room, and place him upon a bed.*)
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
WARWICK—Call for the music in the other room.
KING HENRY—Set me the crown upon my pillow here."

What deep feeling is exhibited in the fact that the departing spirit of the ruler, who, all through his life, has been combating, full of disquiet, for his crown, should at last, in a strong contrast to the monarch's previous stormy career, desire nothing more than gentle tones to entice it, yearning for rest, over an invisible bridge, to the long sleep leading to a blissful waking, if not to eternal oblivion. With what a saucy play upon musical expressions, forming a strong contrast to the above, do we meet in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"TYBALT—Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.
"MERCUTIO—Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! Consort!"

And, when Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff's words: "They do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*," does it not seem as if Shakespeare was acquainted with modern Italian opera, and the want of connection between dramatic situation and musical expression, or the Mosaic-like work of certain other musical productions, in which the most contrary things are placed in the closest juxtaposition?——Hamlet's speech to Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, like a hundred similar passages, exhibit to us Shakespeare as a proficient in musical manual skill, and other branches of the art. Be it observed, that we quite leave out of consideration the high tone of genius manifested in the similes:—

"HAM. Will you play upon this pipe?
"GUIL. My lord, I cannot.
"HAM. I pray you.
"GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.
"HAM. I do beseech you.
"GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.
"HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying—govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.
"GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.
"HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret* me, you cannot *play* upon me."

As it may be said that the whole of Shakespeare is filled and permeated with music, it would lead us too far were we to go into details. I will limit myself to a few important specimens.

(*To be continued.*)

LEIPSIC.—The performance of sacred music lately given by Riedel's Association in the Thomas Church was distinguished for the following interesting programme: Fantasia (E flat major), violin—composed and executed by G. Ad. Thomas; "Ob Gram und Elend," Psalm for soprano solo with accompaniment—Marcello (sung by Madame von Milde of Weimar); three Russian sacred four-part songs for chorus: 1. Old Russian Sacred Song from Kiew, and of the 12th century; 2. Song of a primitive Russian race of the 10th or 11th century; and 3. "Cherubim-Hymn"—Bortnjansky; "Die Seeligkeiten"—Liszt; Prelude and Fuge (D minor)—S. Bach (performed by Herr Thomas); "Agnus Dei" for four-part chorus—J. G. Hertzog, of Erlangen; "Tröstet mein Volk," chorus—Müller-Hartung of Eisenach; "Ach, Gott, wie manches Herzeleid," cantata for soprano and bass with accompaniment—J. S. Bach (sung by Herr and Madame von Milde); and the Hundredth Psalm for double chorus—R. Franz. The gems of the performance were the Psalm by Marcello, Liszt's "Seeligkeiten," and R. Franz's motet. Marcello could not have found a more satisfactory representative than Madame von Milde, who sang his composition most admirably. The Russian Sacred Songs—with the exception of that by Bortnjansky—were interesting only from a historical point of view. Bortnjansky's "Hymn," however, produced a deep impression, and found very many admirers.

NAPLES.—The pupils of the Royal Academy of Music lately got up a concert in honor of Meyerbeer. The pieces performed were: the overture to *L'Etoile du Nord*; chorus of conspirators from *Der Kreuzfahrer*; fantasia for the flute on motives from *Robert le Diable*; the overture to *Struensee*; chorus and introduction from *Der Kreuzfahrer*; fantasia for piano on *Les Huguenots*; and the overture to *Dinorah*. The concert was preceded by an address from Signor M. Baldacchini, Governor of the Academy.—The San Carlo Theatre closed its season with *Linda di Chamounix*, in which Signore Perelli, Caracciolo, and Signor Debassini were greatly applauded. The theatre re-opens in Nov. —Fiorentino's mortal remains arrived here some time since. They are to be buried with great solemnity.

BRUSSELLS.—M. Gevaert, whose new opera, *Le Capitaine Henriot*, will be shortly produced, has just completed a work upon counterpoint.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Inquirer.—Mr. Costa's first oratorio, *Eli*, was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1855—not at that of 1858, as our correspondent imagines.

Fanatico.—Ronconi made his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre (1842) with the part which was subsequently selected for his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera (1847)—namely, Enrico, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

THE rehearsals, with orchestra and solo voices, which took place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, in the Hanover Square Rooms, excited an unusual degree of interest. The three new works composed expressly for the Birmingham Festival were tried—Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Naaman*, on Monday and Wednesday, Mr. Henry Smart's cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron*, and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's *Kenilworth*, on Tuesday. It would be premature now to offer any critical remarks, either on the oratorio or the cantatas. We may say, nevertheless, that Mr. Costa's *Naaman* was not only pronounced by every one present superior to *Eli*, but a work of remarkable merit—the composer's very best, and worthy the distinguished honor of being produced at the Birmingham Festival; that Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* made such an impression as has been made by no piece of the kind since Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*; and that Mr. A. S. Sullivan's *Kenilworth* is extremely light and pretty. All the principal singers (Signor Mario and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—who are to take part in *Kenilworth*—excepted) were at their posts. Each new work was rehearsed twice. In Mr. Costa's oratorio the solo singers are Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mr. Cumming, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves; in Mr. Smart's cantata, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mr. Cumming and Mr. Weiss; in Mr. Sullivan's cantata, Mad. Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Signor Mario and Mr. Santley. Mr. Costa has fitted his singers with extraordinary felicity. To Mr. Sims Reeves is assigned music suited to exhibit his rare powers to high advantage; to Mr. Santley, ditto; Mad. Sainton has one of the most beautiful songs in the oratorio; and Mdlle. Adelina Patti, whose singing in a certain quartet won her a public salute* from the composer, has a part which, or we are greatly mistaken, will help her to show her ability to shine in oratorio as brilliantly as she has ever shone in opera. But enough for the present.

* Qy.—Kiss?—Dishley Peters.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Preparations have already been made at Dresden for the Grand German Musical Festival, to be held there next June or July. The most celebrated composers of Germany have been requested to send in grand works adapted for men's voices, and themselves to conduct such of these works as may be accepted. It is, however, intended to perform old works of merit as well as new ones. The following particulars respecting the renovation of the Theatre Royal may prove interesting to your readers, especially to those acquainted with the building. The "Renaissancee" style has been preserved in all the decorations of the two saloons. A great deal is simplified. In the upper saloon, the painting on the ceiling has been renovated, all the tones being kept warmer and lighter. The walls are painted in oil. The old looking glasses, consisting of small plates, have been replaced by new ones. In the grand refreshment room, newly done up, Lessing's statue has been erected. A second refreshment room has been opened on the first tier, behind the amphitheatre. The corridors at the back of the boxes have been painted in oil with gold borders, and the "garderobes," or places for cloaks, bonnets, &c., arranged in niches in the walls. The floor of the "circle" and the pit is raised, in order that the spectators may have a better view of the stage. The comfortable plush-covered *fauteuils* have numbers of porcelain affixed to them, while the benches are also numbered, so that anyone can easily find his place. All the drapery and ornamentation, as well as the upholstery work of the boxes in each tier, are new. The space in the orchestra has been arranged for the better. All the hangings and other materials employed in fitting up the boxes and other parts of the house are made by Saxon manufacturers, with the sole exception of the velvet and tapestry of the Royal box. These came from Lyons. The pictorial decoration of the audience part of the house has been simplified, and everywhere carried out in white (with a yellowish tone) and gold. The beautiful ceiling has, fortunately, been saved. It has been rubbed with bread, and in some places only newly painted. It really looks like new, all the necessary operations having been admirably carried out by French artists. The gilding on the ceiling throws up the painting considerably. The wreath above the chandelier was formerly one massive piece. It is now of light *papier mâché*, and thus there is no longer any danger of its falling. All the lighting arrangements have been vastly improved by Blochmann and Son, whose inventions and industry have been highly praised. One hundred burners, in the form of wax tapers, have been added to the chandelier, and the gloomy shades abolished. Still the auditorium is not too brilliantly illuminated, and the greater clearness may result from the reflection of the white and brilliant painting rather than from the chandelier itself. The principal channel of ventilation, through the aperture over the chandelier, has been carried directly into the open air, and new ventilators have been introduced in the third and fourth tiers. The first performance, however, demonstrated that, despite these improvements, the almost intolerable heat in the audience part of the house had undergone scarcely any diminution. The decoration of the proscenium, as well as all the painting and gilding, has been admirably executed by Herr Lankau, who has, also, cleaned the curtain painted by Professor Hübner. The red curtain, a masterpiece of decorative painting after nature, by Desplechin, has been painted up and re-gilt by Herr Rahn. That artist has not, however, succeeded in restoring the extraordinarily effective beauty of the colouring. Behind the float, the entire system of lighting has been enlarged and improved, in conformity

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with the progress aud requirements of the present day. But the greatest advantage of all is that the whole of the plan for working the scenery invented by Mühldorfer of Mannheim has been superseded by the system due to the celebrated machinist Brandt of Darmstadt.—The first opera performed after the re-opening of the theatre was Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the representation being intended as a sort of mark of respect for the deceased master.—*Tannhäuser* and *Don Juan* are underlined. According to report, the management has accepted a new opera, *Der Cid*, by M. Gouvy, the French symphony-composer. GROKER ROORES.

Dresden, Aug. 2.

ALBRECHTSBERGER.

(*Continued from Page* 487).

CHAPTER III.—*Of Motions.*—(6.) No succession of intervals, or of chords which compose intervals, can be effected without a movement in the parts; and of movements there are three species: direct; oblique; and contrary motions. Direct movement takes place when parts rise and fall together. (Fig. 9. a, b, c.) This is the weakest of all the motions, and dangerous in both parts, since it produces hidden consecutive unisons, fifths and octaves, which are not allowable in this kind of composition. Oblique movement is produced when one or more parts remain in the same degree, while the others continue to rise or fall, diatonically or by leaps. (Fig. 10. a, b, c.) Contrary movement is when one part rises and the other falls, by degrees, or by leaps. (Fig. 11. a, b, c.) In a composition for several parts, the different movements may be combined. (Fig. 12. a, b.)

Chapter IV.—*Of Modes.*—(7.) By musical mode is understood, the order in which those tones are placed which form the melody; or rather the tones themselves; as the alphabet in language is the system of those sounds which are used in speech. The series of the tones of the mode proceeding directly from grave to acute, or from acute to grave, is called the *scale of the mode;* and in each mode there are three sorts of scales: *diatonic; chromatic;* and *enharmonic.* These scales should be familiar to the student, as their importance is very great. In Music two sorts of modes are acknowledged: the *ancient* or *ecclesiastical*, and the *modern* or *common;* and it is requisite to know in which they each consist. (8.) The modern or common modes are generally well known. It is likewise known that there are two primitive modes:—the one major, viz., that in *ut;* and the other minor, in *la;* and that these modes may be transposed in a variety of ways. The ancient or ecclesiastical modes are more numerous. In order to know their formation properly, it is necessary first to observe, that in the ecclesiastical or Gregorian chant, the melody ought not to exceed, in general, the compass of the octave. In the second place, every note of the diatonic scale, or gamut *ut*, with the exception of *si*, may serve for the termination; which gives at once six different scales; besides, in every one of these scales the final note may be at the bottom, or in the middle of the octave, which gives two modes for each scale: in all, twelve in plain chaunt. (Fig. 13. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, for the compass and primitive position of these twelve modes).

(9.) The unequal modes are called *authentic* or *superior;* the equal ones are called *plagal*, *collateral*, or *inferior;* and correspond to the Grecian modes in the following order:—1. Hyper, 2. Hypo, Dorien; 3. Hyper, 4. Hypo, Phrygian; 5. Hyper, 6. Hypo, Lydian; 7. Hyper, 8. Hypo, Mixt Lydian; 9. Hyper, 10. Hypo, Æolian; 11. Hyper, 12. Hypo, Ionian or Iastien. All these may be transposed in a great variety of ways. The *mixed* mode is that which embraces the compass of both modes; and it is evident therefore there are six *mixed.* Besides the *final*, every mode has a remarkable note; namely, its *dominant.* This note is the fifth above the *final* in the authentic, except in the third, where it is the sixth. The dominant in the plagal modes is the third below the corresponding one in the authentic, except in the eighth, where it is the second. Thus the plagal modes have their dominant in the third above the final, except in the fourth and the eighth, in which it is the fourth. These notes are marked black in the above example. (Fig. 13). This is the generally received doctrine of the ancient modes, and what is most important to know in them. But to proceed to the modern modes.

(10.) These modes are reckoned to be twenty-four in number, although they may be increased to forty-two by making the entire circle of the keys with sharps, and the same with flats; but since, with the aid of flats, these modes can be rendered easier which contain too many sharps, and *vice versâ*; and as that alteration produces no difference to the ear, Albrechtsberger adheres in his work to the twenty-four modes, of which twelve are major and twelve minor. The last have their scale in common with those of the former, which are placed one third higher. (Fig. 14). The N. B. placed between the mode of *fa*♯ major, and that of *mi*♭ minor signifies that in order to pass from the first into its relative minor, that of *re*♯ minor must be taken; but that from the major mode of *sol*♭ (equivalent to *fa*♯) we pass to the minor of mi♭.

(11.) If a pupil were to ask which are the modes which a long piece might go through, such as the first or second part of an *allegro*, a symphony, concerto, quartet, quintet, or such as a *psalm or even a long fugue*, Albrechtsberger would tell him only five analogical modes, which in the major modes are found in ascending, and in the minor modes in descending, with their natural thirds according to the order seen in fig. 15. Thus the major mode of *ut*, and the minor of *la*, have the same analogy; and it is the same in the modes of *sol* major and *mi* minor, and consequently this holds good for all the relative majors and minors. The most general order of passing from one principle mode, in the analagous tones is this: from the principal major mode to the major mode of the fifth of its scale, and from thence to the minor of the sixth; then to the major mode of the fourth, which leads to the minor of the second, and lastly, we may pass, when agreeable, to the minor mode of the third. After having proceeded through all the analagous modes, it is necessary to endeavor to enter again into the principal mode, in which the conclusion should be made, at the end of every modulation, whatever its length.

(12) This form of modulation may be better comprehended by an example: for instance; from *ut* major we may pass to *sol* major; thence to *la* minor: then to *fa* major, or *re* minor, and lastly to *mi* minor, in order to end in *ut* major where we began—in *ut* major. In the minor mode the modulation is different. From the principal mode it is preferable to pass to the third major; as from *la* minor to *ut* major; from that to the major seventh of the principal mode: for instance; to *sol* major; thence to the minor of the fifth *mi;* then to that of the fourth *re*, and from that to the major sixth, from which we may return to the principal mode, viz. *la* minor. In regard to the remainder, the order which we have prescribed is not imperative; every one may choose that which he prefers; so that it does not proceed by degrees, which is not allowable, except in opera airs and recitatives, for the amusement of the audience. OTTO BEARD.

(*To be continued:*)

M. GOUNOD.—We are authorised to state that there is not the slightest foundation for the report lately circulated with reference to the health of M. Gounod. Our readers will be pleased to hear that the composer of *Faust* and *Mireille* was never in better health, never in better spirits, and never more mentally active. The subject of his next opera is already, we believe, decided on.

M. JULLIEN, we are informed, will resume his Promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre in the winter.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

B. B. is again in arrears, and again makes up his accounts. On Saturday (July 23rd) Weber's *Oberon* was revived (see "Fish at the Opera"). On Monday (25th), *Mirella*. Tuesday (26th), *Oberon*—2nd time. Thursday (28th); *Faust* (a "bumper"). Saturday (30th), *Il Trovatore*. Monday (Aug. 1), *Mirella*—"positively" (B. B. hopes not) "the last time." Tuesday, *Faust*. Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia* ("bumper"), with Trebelli *vice* Bettelheim (an extraordinary improvement), in Maffeo Orsini, and our own Santley as the Duke (a legitimate triumph). Tietjens (grander than ever) and Giuglini (tenderer than ever) were still the Lucrezia and Gennaro. The whole performance passed off with enthusiasm. Of course the "Brindisi" was encored, and of course Tietjens, Giuglini and Santley were called at the end of the grand scenes of the antidote and the poisoning.

To-night *Il Trovatore*. The theatre closes on Saturday next.

B. B.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday (23rd ult.), *L'Etoile du Nord* was revived, with a success described (see another column) in detail last week. On Monday (25th ult.) Flotow's *Martha* was given, for the first and only time this season (see another column). Tuesday and Thursday (July 26th and 28th), *L'Etoile*, for the second and third times. Wednesday, the first act of *Norma* (see another column in last week's M. W.), and the third and fourth acts of *Faust*, for Mr. A. Harris's benefit. Saturday *L'Etoile*, for the fifth time, and (see another column) the close of the theatre till 1865.

B. B.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

I understand that a life of Meyerbeer is about to be written by M. Georges Kastner of the Institute. M. Kastner was on very intimate terms with the composer, who often, it is said, expressed a desire that some day he should undertake his biography. Aware of this, the family of Meyerbeer, it seems, has sent M. Kastner all the documents in their possession which might be turned to account in the memoirs. The work, which will make two octavo volumes, is not to be issued from the press until after the production of the *Africaine*.

In the building of their theatres the French are far more careful and concerned than the English. The Covent Garden Opera-houses old and new, were the work of one architect, and everything was left to him. The public took little or no heed of what was going forward, and the Government made no stir. Every one here seems profoundly interested in the construction of the new Opera, which at this moment forms one of the prevailing topics of conversation throughout the capital. But not alone the universal public watches over its progress. The State has constituted itself chief guardian of the new theatre. The Minister of the Imperial Household and the Fine Arts has expressed a wish that the question of decoration, scenic arrangements, and machinery should be studied with the greatest care, and that all the modern improvements of art and science should be employed in the building, equal regard having to be paid to appearance and convenience. For the especial consideration of these questions a commission has been instituted, which is composed of the following names:—M. Regnault, Member of the Institute, President; M. de Cardillac, Inspector of Civil Buildings; M. Tresca, Engineer, Sub-Director of the Conservatoire of Arts and Measures; M. Perrin, Director of the Opera; M. Garnier, Architect of the Opera; M. Nolau, Painter-Decorator; M. Cambon, Painter-Decorator; M. Desplechin, Painter-Decorator; M. Martin, Ancient Secretary-General of the Opera; M. Sacre, Machinist of the Opera; M. Brabant, Machinist of the Porte-Saint-Martin; and M. Louvet, Architect. It was not in this manner the Royal Italian Opera originated, or it might have been the finest theatre in Europe. They manage these things better in France. It seems there is a rage now for building theatres in Paris. Some of the journals state that a new theatre, to be called *Théâtre International*, is about to be erected at the angle formed by the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelles and the street of the Faubourg-Saint-Denis, and that the mass of buildings which crowd each other at this spot are to be demolished forthwith. The *salle* of the new theatre, we are told, will have the form of a lyre, and will contain 6,400 people. The orchestra will accomodate 120 players; the pit will contain 2,100 persons; and there will be several tiers of boxes. The stage is to have a depth of thirty metres, being nearly double of that of the Opéra. To what exact purpose this huge temple of the Muses is to be put I am not informed.

At the theatres very little is going forward to which I may call your particular attention. At the Gymnase a new piece by M. Victorien Sardou, entitled *Don Quichotte*, intermingled with songs and dances, has had a rare success. M. Sardou has taken the story of *Cardenio and Lucinda* for the especial points of his plot, but introduces Don Quixote and Sancho, just as, if I remember rightly, Mr. G. A. Macfarren did *not*, in his opera of *Don Quixote*, produced many years ago at Drury Lane. A new star has appeared with dazzling radiance on the Parisian horizon, in the person of Mdlle. Honorine, who made her first appearance some days since at the Palais-Royal in *La Perle de la Cannebière*, and achieved an immense success. I have not been able to go to the Palais-Royal yet, but shall make it my business to do so and tender you my own opinion of the new lady. From what I learn I am inclined to think that Mdlle. Honorine's success is entirely legitimate.

I have read in the *Gazette Musicale* the following article, which perhaps will surprise you as much as it did myself:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard, the celebrated English pianist, purposes this winter to visit Belgium and Holland. The immense reputation of this great artist will ensure for her a brilliant reception in the Low-Countries."

The Pesarese journals inform me that the score of the hymn composed by Mercadante for the festival to take place at Pesaro on the 21st of August, in honor of the birthday of Rossini, having been received on the 12th of July, the work was put into rehearsal. It will be sung by four hundred choristers, in the open air, simultaneously with the uncovering of the statue. The hymn, it is said, is worthy in every respect of the author of *Il Giuramento* and *La Vestale*. The prelude contains a motive from *Guillaume Tell*, and two other subjects from the same opera are found in the termination of the hymn. Mercadante has been invited expressly to the festival, but old age and failing health prevent his attendance.

I have just heard that Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* is to be brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique in the course of the season.

The Emperor has addressed a letter to Marshal Vaillant, dated Vichy, July 31, concerning the re-building of the Opera-house and the Hôtel Dieu Hospital. His Majesty says that the Opera-house is already in an advanced state, but the first stone of the Hôtel Dieu has not yet been laid. Marshal Vaillant is therefore instructed to urge the Prefect of the Seine to commence shortly the works of the Hôtel Dieu, as His Majesty, on moral grounds, considers that it is in the highest degree important that a building devoted to pleasure should not be constructed before an asylum for the suffering.

Letter from Madrid state that the Teatro Rossini has proved a failure, as far as regards its acoustic properties. *Anna Bolena* did not succeed. Tamberlik is awaited with impatience. *Faust* is about to be put into rehearsal with Tamberlik as Faust, and Aldighieri as Mephistopheles; but the Marguerite is not yet fixed on.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, Hotel des Vingt Neuf Fleches, Aug. 4.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The season is drawing rapidly to a close, yet, notwithstanding the exodus of the better classes from London, the audiences continue to be both numerous and fashionable at this popular place of amusement. The combination of the "Pyramid" in a condensed form, the interlude of "The Bard and his Birthday," with its clever "Shaksperian visions," and the new song of "The Sea-side," or "Mrs. Roseleaf out of Town," in which the company upon the beach at a fashionable watering place is humorously depicted, form an entertainment so varied in its features and excellent in itself, that it can hardly fail to be attractive, even after a long run of many months. The Gallery closes before the end of the month, but will shortly reopen with a new Opera di Camera.

Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL are making a *tour* through the watering places of England. This week they have been at Margate, and next week they are expected at Scarborough.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

SIR—Since my last *exposé* of the erroneous views adopted in reference to the best manner of sitting at the harp, I have in the course of my investigations discovered a still more serious reason for giving my preference to playing with the left hand in the treble; and for the sake of those who may intend to learn, I beg you will allow me, through your columns, to explain what I mean. In the Instruction Book written by Bochsa (and I think now used for teaching by his pupils) may be found the following remarks upon the subject of my correspondence:—"*The performer must sit sideways, so that the chest may form an acute angle with the whole surface of the strings.*" And in case there should be any mistake as to what is intended to be conveyed, it is afterwards added (among the "*advantages* to be gained") that "*the left shoulder*" will then "*face the whole range of the strings.*" Now, taking leave of the three demonstrative arguments against supporting upon the right shoulder, with which I started, viz., the extra pedal work for the right foot, the want of sufficient space for the right hand's manipulation under the neck, and the fatigue of elevating the left hand in the bass, considering, I say, this last exhibition of stupidity apart from the others, it is enough of itself to condemn the school in which it has found a place. Imagine for a moment, being located opposite to the strings on one side of the instrument, what becomes of the poor right hand round the corner, on the other side? It is not improbable, but the favoring of the left hand at the expense of the right one, was an expedient resorted to for the purpose of counteracting the irksomeness attending the employment of the former in the bass. But sitting "sideways" obliges the performer to "*lean the harp upon the right knee,*" and "*to touch the body of the harp exactly below that part where it is joined to the couch to the upper part of the right arm (from the shoulder to the elbow)*"). So says this authority. But, I demand, how is the "*free use of the whole fore part of the right arm*" possible, if that same arm, with its corresponding knee, is to support the weight of the instrument? For, remember, "the upper part of the shoulder cannot constantly touch the harp," and that part of the arm "from the shoulder to the elbow" at the same time. They may *alternately* share the responsibility of holding it, as the harp *shifts* from the one to the other, which fact will help us to understand what is meant by the following ludicrous admission:—"*in case of necessity the harp may serve the performer as a support.*" In other words the disagreeable uneasiness felt by this attitude is such, that the executant occasionally requires to be balanced upon his stool, and in cases of emergency, instead of his supporting the harp, only, simply, *the harp supports him.* But further on (also among the "*advantages*") it is distinctly required that the "body should assume a *slanting position.*" What, *sit in a bent posture over the strings* while engaged in "performing extensive passages," and making "quick movements with the feet?" No wonder, then, that ladies have complained of pain in the side when practicing the harp, and that doctors have been led by so monstrous a distortion of the body to condemn the instrument as prejudicial to the health. But, away with such a notion! There is not the slightest necessity for any such result to studying the harp. If properly supported *between both knees, and leaning slightly upon the shoulder*, the exertion of playing upon it will prove to be a salutary exercise. Let the body be kept *erect*, and in the *central* position defined in my last letter, the chest will become expanded, the arms perfectly free from embarrasment, and the horrible necessity of making a shoulder to get at the upper strings, will no longer give to harpists so ridiculous an appearance at the instrument. Again, will you believe it, Sir, that not only are pupils taught to sit "sideways" and "left-handedly" at the harp, but, it is sought, moreover, to place the hands in a straight-jacket whilst they are playing. For instance, those who have theorized upon the subject say, "*the hands should be held in such a position as shall cause the joints to be almost vertical,*" *while the sides of the fingers only should strike the strings!* I will not this time presume upon your space by entering into the details of this second, and perhaps worse error of the two (both "one sided"), but will simply quote a sentence from the same source, just to inform you that they themselves acknowledge the operation to be "*somewhat difficult on account of the* CONTRACTION *necessitated.*" Bad habits are often tolerated and defended, because they have been acquired for a length of time, and the tendency they manifest to become "second nature," accounts for the stern opposition which always appears against an effort for their removal. The fear of pecuniary loss, too, and the feeling of envy towards the innovators upon the mistakes of the past, especially if he is *successful*, will be sure to show itself in one degraded form or another. But, after all, to use a homely expression, "*the proof of the pudding is in the eating.*" At the risk of being thought conceited, I shall very briefly bring forward a few of the opinions as to *tone* and *facility of execution*, with which my performances have been honored; for an argument to be good must be such an one as can admit of being put to a practical test. *The Musical World*, June 28, 1862, bears testimony to say "brilliant execution, splendid tone, admirable feeling and expression, and varied style;" and as "displaying a thorough command of the instrument, which I have literally at my finger's ends." *The Illustrated London News*, July 26, 1862, declares that "I have shown how capable is the harp of giving full effect to the highest and most classical compositions." *The Morning Post*, December 4th, 1862, points to my "lightness and decision of touch." *The Era*, July 13th, 1863, witnesses to the "wonderful dexterity and skill which I have displayed." *The Paris L'Industriel*, February 7th, 1863, says, "ce qui lui caracteresse, c'est une grande puissance uni a une extrême delicatesse de doigts." *The New York Home Journal*, 1856, thought that "to a touch of great accuracy and finish, I add a wonderful elaboration, scope and rapidity of execution, and fervour of sentiment." Two years ago, *The Edinburgh Courant*, January 25, 1862, remarked that my "touch is at once bold, firm, and exquisitely delicate; and that the sound of my harp is not the *staccato twang* which so frequently characterises the instrument, so much as a well sustained tone, admitting of expressive *cantabile.*" In February of the present year, 6th inst., one of the best Dublin critics (*Daily Express*), observed that "to his apprehension, my bass seemed more decided in its *timbre* than in the case of any other performer he could recollect," and that my "execution was masterly and *free*;" to which he added, "and we in Dublin, it should not be forgotten, are used to hear harp *virtuosity* of celebrity." In conclusion, let me say that it was simply in the cause of the interests of the harp, and for the sake of such as may contemplate studying it, that the late Mr. Bochsa has been so roughly handled by me, and not as an attempt to deteriorate from his merits as a musician, in which light I have a high veneration for him. Nor did I intend, by my allusions to his pupils, among whom are many champions of the harp, to underrate their abilities, or the noble service rendered by them in keeping it from falling into oblivion. Much less would I condescend to the despicable meanness of resorting to personalities in carrying on a dispute: to do so would only show a lack of resources for argument. It is when an opponent's views cannot be gainsayed in a legitimate way that low invectives are hurled at him. With such facts as I have in my possession, I can well afford to be indifferent to any attacks that may be made upon me, and shall continue to be unless, indeed, I may possibly be insulted by a *gentleman.*

APTOMMAS,
(*A self-taught Harpist.*)

TONIC SOL-FA *v.* DOTTED LINE.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last, I find a letter from the Rev. John Curwen relating to a concert I had the honor to conduct at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday the 27th ult., in which he takes occasion to find fault with me in regard to certain things said to have been stated in the public announcements of that concert. In reply thereto, may I venture to request the insertion of the following:—

The Rev. J. C. states, that "in newspaper advertisements and in handbills all over the town, he has seen the announcement of a Tonic Sol-Fa Concert at the Crystal Palace this day." This is simply an inaccuracy—*no handbills* were issued, and therefore could not have been seen—and the bills that were issued by me did not contain any such expression. Truly the large posting bills issued by the Crystal Palace Company did state that fact, but with these I had nothing to do, and did not see them till Friday or Monday 25th, neither for these nor for the newspaper advertisements am I therefore responsible. But will the Rev. J. C. be good enough to define his terms? What is it to Sol-Fa? Could not Mr. Hullah and his pupils call themselves Sol-Faists as well as those taught by the Rev. J. Curwen's letter notation? And what is a *Tonic Sol-faist?* Might not the Lancashire Sight Singers, with hosts of others, adopt that fullest title in common with Mr. C.? and my co-adjutors and pupils, and those who use my music in which the tonic line or space is shown to the eye throughout the music, and from which the various intervals are measured, even as the Rev. J. C. teaches in his books of instruction, may not these in all justice adopt that title if they so choose? I therefore see no impropriety in so calling the concert of the 27th, though certainly it was not so called by me.

The Rev. J. C. also says, that the words relating to the terms of admission states one shilling "as usual"—the inference which he wishes to be drawn from the said words "as usual," being, as we suppose, to convey to the public the idea that I wished it to appear that this was not the first concert of the kind we had held. I beg most distinctly to deny that any such words appeared in any of the bills issued by us, or by the Crystal Palace Company. He may possibly have seen them in the newspaper advertisements, but then they would refer to the fact that Wednesday is an ordinary One Shilling day, and therefore the terms "as usual." With regard to "misleading the public" I have only to say the "the public" have been so long and

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so well acquainted with the name of W. S. Young, in connection with Crystal Palace and other popular concerts, that it is simply absurd to suppose they could be deceived.

Will the Rev. J. C. permit me to ask him where he obtained the information "that the concert of to-day is intended to be a demonstration of what the dotted line system can do, rather than the Tonic Sol-fa method?" Does not the Rev. J. C. know that there are thousands of Tonic Singers, singers who use Tonic principle in interpreting music from the established notation, who never learnt his letter notation? Is the Tonic principle a new thing? Let his own works reply. Of what then has the Rev. J. C. to complain? Simply, I presume, that we did not use his letter notation in the concert of the 27th, but preferred music printed upon the plan which he so kindly says has been introduced by myself, and which we consider as great an improvement upon his letter notation, as was his improvement upon Miss Glower's tetrachorial method. The Rev. J. C., moreover, in the early days of his musical career, used to tell us that his notation was the easiest stepping stone to the established notation, and was not intended to supersede it. Now, however, he considers its study so unimportant as to make optional the old notation requirements of his certificate of proficiency?

Let it however be distinctly understood, we have no quarrel with the Tonic Sol-fa method, we believe, as ever, that it is the best process for a learner, but consider that so soon as he has mastered it, he should go on to apply its principles to the established notation. Apologizing for trespassing so much upon you.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours, W. S. Young.

3, Wood Street, Spitalfields.

BANQUET TO MR. CHARLES COOTE.

Sir,—On Wednesday last, the 27th ult., I emerged from my retreat to attend one of the most pleasant gatherings I have ever had the good fortune to be present at. It was at the annual banquet given in honor of Mr. Charles Coote by the members of the band universally known as "Messrs. Coote and Tinney's band." They assembled at the Rose and Crown Hotel at Watford. The earlier portion of the day was spent in the enjoyment of some out-door sports, and at about half-past five o'clock they sat down to a most excellent dinner, provided in such a manner by the hostess, Mrs. Clubb, as to reflect the highest credit upon that lady. Mr. Charles Coote of course took the chair. The cloth being removed, grace was sung; after which the chairman rose and said: "The first toast I have the honor to propose is one to which I know you will all heartily and cordially respond, viz., that of 'The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.' He thought a more appropriate house could not be than the one in which they were now assembled, namely, 'The Rose and Crown.' For some years the Crown had been adorned by that emblematic flower, and he was happy to say it was very probable it would be for a great many years to come, at least he hoped so. He had been honored for a long time with the patronage of the Royal Family, and hoped it would be continued. All he and the band could do in return was to endeavor to give pleasure and satisfaction by the performance of their music."

The toast was drunk with "three times three," followed by the National Anthem by all the members.

The next toast proposed was that of the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," the chairman observing that as there were three members present, two of whom had been in the army and navy, and the other was still serving, he should call upon them severally to acknowledge the toast, which was drunk in bumpers, followed by musical honors, and to the appropriate tunes of "The British Grenadier," "The Sailor's Hornpipe," and "The British Volunteer." The "Army" was acknowledged by the veteran Mr. W. Egerton in a short but neat speech; that of "The Navy" by Mr. Thomas Edgar, who, with one of those thunder slaps upon the right leg so peculiar to the English Tar, and savoring very much of "shiver my timbers," elicited hearty applause from all present. "The Volunteers" was responded to by Mr. Stanton Jones, partly in Welsh and partly in English, doubtless on account of his being a Welshman serving in an English Volunteer corps, and thus doing honor to both countries.

Mr. Stanton Jones, who occupied the vice-chair, now rose and said: "Gentlemen, the next toast which I am deputed to propose is what may be termed the toast of the day, namely, 'The health of our worthy conductor, Mr. Charles Coote.' We, who have been so long associated with him professionally and as friends, can testify to the very able and gentlemanly manner in which he carries out his position. I feel myself very inadequate to do proper justice to this toast, but I will not yield to any one the high esteem I hold him in, as a man, a friend, and (I can say) *a brother*, for we are brother masons; and it is rather a singular coincidence that to-day is his birth-day. I will not attempt to guess his age, for he talks of circumstances that he remembers so many years ago, and withal looks so young, that it's quite puzzling to reconcile his conversations upon things *ancient* with his *modern* appearance. Therefore I beg to propose 'Health and prosperity to Mr. Charles Coote, and many happy returns of the day.'"

The toast was drunk with musical honors, in such a manner that professional *singers* could have listened to advantageously. I could hear one voice among the many, with a peculiar Dutch accent, and upon looking round the table, lo! I saw a lineal descendant of Sir Henry Bishop's glee hero, Mynheer Vanduncle, in the person of Mynheer Snyders, singing with all his might and main behind a bumper of Champagne, "For hiss a Charley Coote feller." Mr. Coote, who on rising was received with immense cheering, said—

"Gentlemen, the very kind and expressive manner in which you have received and responded to the toast of the Vice-chairman, leaves me in the difficulty of not being able reciprocally to return thanks; but I deeply feel the compliment, and shall always study your respect and esteem. I know I have always your attention when engaged in your professional duties—I may say unwearied attention—for you are often at work at sunrise; but the results are gratifying, for a gentleman once told me, that Coote and Tinney's band was a great institution, as it caused many matrimonial engagements, and offers were made, accepted, perhaps sometimes rejected, whether in the mazy waltz, the quiet talking quadrille, the whirling galop, or the reciprocal "*Hémage*" in No. 3, or the friendly "Visite" in No. 4, or the "Chain of Hands" of No. 5 in the Lancers, he could not say. Gentlemen, I have detained you too long. Allow me to drink health, happiness and prosperity to you all, also your families. Respecting the remark of the Vice-chairman, claiming me as a brother mason, I am proud to say I am one, and *we* know that the principles of Freemasonry tend greatly to make men better; therefore I hope to improve." Several other toasts were drunk and responded to, interspersed with some excellent singing. The chairman intimating that in half an hour the last train to London would start, the company broke up, all evidently much pleased with the day's entertainment. Yaxton Last.

Fish and Volume, Tewkesbury Point.

FISH AT THE OPERA.

If *Oberon* were the worst opera ever written, cast as it is at Her Majesty's Theatre it could not fail to prove eminently attractive. *Oberon*, however, is not the worst opera ever written, but worthy the genius of the composer of *Der Freischutz*, exceedingly interesting, full of a strange and wild charm, and perfectly original. The drama, too, admits of unusual spectacular display, and the painter, dresser, and machinist are in their glory. Enough and more than enough has been said and written about the book of *Oberon*. The music has obtained a world-wide fame. In 1860 *Oberon* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, not in the regular season.—but as an opening to his "cheap" or "supplementary" season, and was played some five or six nights with success. The cast then comprised the names of Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Alboni, Signors Mongini, Belart, Everardi, Gassier, &c. The present cast includes Mdlle. Titiens as Reiza, Mdlle. Trebelli as Fatima, Mdlle. Grossi as Puck, Mdlle. Volpini as the Mermaid, Signor Bettini as Oberon, Signor Gardoni as Sir Huon, Signor Gassier as Babekan, Signor Casaboni as Haroun el Raschid, and Mr. Santley as Sherasmin. With such singers it is needless to say that the vocal music was given to perfection. Mdlle. Tietjens is magnificent in the music of Reiza, as she was last year and in 1860, singing the great scena "Ocean, thou mighty monster" with prodigious force and brilliancy; Mdlle. Trebelli is encored in both the songs of Fatima, which she gives with exquisite sweetness and the utmost finish; Mdlle. Grossi makes quite a sensation in Puck, and shows both high dramatic and vocal capabilities in the recitative in which Puck recounts to Oberon the adventure of Sir Huon at the court or in the kingdom of Charlemagne; Mdlle. Volpini gives the song of the "Mermaid" deliciously; Signor Bettini as Oberon sings the florid passages with surprising ease and facility; Signor Gardoni, in the music of Sir Huon, proves himself a thorough artist, and is loudly applauded in the scena; while Mr. Santley and Signor Gassier could not be surpassed, perhaps equalled, in the small parts of Sherasmin and Babekan. The band and chorus are both admirable, and a finer performance of the glorious glowing overture has seldom been heard. The encore is vehement and irresistible. *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre would be well worth seeing, for nothing else than the splendid manner in which it is mounted; its many pictorial changes and illusions, its brilliant assemblage of fairies, water nymphs, and dancing girls; the splendor and novelty of its *tableau*, the richness and variety of the costumes, and the magnificence of the appointments. Coventry Fish.

Cologne.—Herr Theodore Formes has been singing here very successfully.

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Muttoniana.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has not yet returned, but Dr. Shoe cannot help (respectfully) thinking that the subjoined communication from Mr. Bat will be regarded by him (Mr. Ap'M.) as a piece of grievous impertinence. Dr. Shoe may, or may not, be wrong; but as, if not wrong, he is sure to be right, and as he can hardly be not right, being in all probability not wrong, he is (consequently) right. Let the readers of *Muttoniana* judge:—

Sir,—I have just received a letter from Mr. Marlin Spike, who writes from Hotel, Jack Dol, August 2nd, 1864, and says:—"My Good Friend—I am happy to tell thee that I never felt better in my life, and I hope that thou art the same. I suppose that thou knows all about the cricket match. Eh lad, thou would have laughed if thou ware theere; that Ap'Mutton is a rare batsman; but I'll back thee again him any day. I'll tell thee what it is lad, I'll make a match to play any six of Ap'Mutton's best at a single wicket; that is us three, Ap'Shenkin, thee, and me. Write and tell me what thou think about it. From thy old Friend, Spike."

I have sent this epistle to Ap'Shenkin, and both him and myself agree with Mr. Marlin Spike to play six of Ap'Mutton's best at single wicket; and Mr. Ap'Shenkin proposes that upon this occasion Mr. Punch shall take the grand stand, and that the beverage sold at the above shall be nothing stronger than *Lemon—ade*. I propose that we shall have a catch and a round after. Bucknole Bat.

Mr. Bat must (Dr. Shoe opines) be an owl thus to presume upon his name. There is a quarrel on hand about the return match between the Kidbury and Ap'Mutton Elevens. The Kidbury insist upon Dishley Peters and Zamiels Owl being exchanged for Sidey Ham and Sir Caper o'Corby; but Mr. Ap'M. will only concede Dr. Wind and Baylis Boil, in exchange for whom he requires Spurway Horn and Dr. Pidding.

The following comes from Dr. Shoe's old and persevering college-chum, French Flowers, whom he (Flowers) will remember as his (Shoe's) fag.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY GRANT.

Sir,—I am quite of Mr. Bernal Osborne's opinion on the subject of the grant. His challenge to the Chancellor of the Exchequer *could not* be fairly met. This does not surprise me, inasmuch as the principal singing master of the Royal Academy of Music told me himself that "the English have always colds." If Senor Garcia had a pathological knowledge of the nature *of the break in the voice*, this reason would no longer blight the prospects of British vocalists. How perversely ignorant this consumptive country is on the subject of *colds*; but it is certain Senor Garcia can never thoroughly develop voices till he can give a wiser description of the nature and cause of the *break* than is to be seen in his work or any other work on singing. I will further add that medical men ought to know the cause well, and explain it physiologically too—but do they? Signor Adolfo Ferrari was early initiated in medical science; he really ought to have entered pathologically into this question in his work on singing, then he might have introduced these lines which are something after the *inimitable* metre of the poet Laureate, and he might have sung them lustily to "a tune of his own composing,"

Break! break the break!
So that thy voice, O throat!
May give a greater compass
And equalize each note.
But ah! if you want these powers
Don't try the new system of Flowers.

I have the honor to remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,
G. F. Flowers.

Dr. Shoe will communicate with Senor Garcia and Signor Ferrari on the subject. He (Dr. Shoe) remembers when Mr. Ap'Mutton, whose voice is a *basso-tenore*, had a cold—which prevented him from singing for the recreation of his (Ap'M.'s) friends—it was attributed to the break. Mr. Ap'M. had been breaking in a somewhat troublesome steed; and as he never gives up a darling project, he persisted, although it rained a deluge all the time, to break-in this troublesome steed, and broke it, ultimately in, in his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) break. So that Mr. Ap'M.'s cold was rightly attributed to his break. Dr. Shoe has studied the "new system of Flowers," and recommends it strongly to Senor Garcia.

Dr. Sting's compliments to Dr. Shoe, and wishes to be informed whether the Bee-master of *The Times* resides at St. Hives, and whether the Scotch bees would kill the drone of a B flat bagpipe.

Dr. Shoe respectfully informs Dr. Sting that the Bee-master of *The Times* formerly resided at St. Bees, but has removed to Melcombe Regina. He (the Bee-Master) has also hives at Waxford. The question of the bagpipe had better be reserved for Mr. Ap'Mutton.

Dr. Bile wishes to know to what the orchestration, at present going on, is to lead. Perhaps Dr. Shoe can inform, and will, by so doing, oblige him (Dr. Bile).

According to the Scotch law, the orchestration may lead to sequestration. Mr. Ap'Mutton will say more when he returns to his four quarters.

Mr. Ap'Shanks has forwarded to Dr. Shoe (with compliments) the subjoined epigram:—

Who'll smash Punch's nob in?
"I"—says Cock Sparrow—
"With my paper, *The Arrow*,
"I'll smash Punch's nob in."

Dr. Shoe has backwarded the foregoing epigram (with compliments) to Mr. Ap'Shanks, and substitutes one by Professor Shortfellow:—

I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, the Lord knows where;
Sometime after, in the house of a friend,
I saw it again, from beginning to end,
But it wouldn't be proper to say where.

This, Dr. Shoe opines, is a power better than the other, and a power nearer the purpose.

Since writing the above Dr. Shoe has received an epigraph on the same subject from the sharp-pointed stylum of D. C., which he (Dr. Shoe) hastily impinges:—

There was a new paper, *The Arrow*,
Brought out by a little Cock Sparrow.
In search of a butt,
Punch it fixed upon—but
Very short of the "Mark" fell this arrow.

—and which he (Dr. Shoe) opines to be the best of the three and the most purpotous.

Boot and Hook, Shoebury, Aug. 5. Taylor Shoe.

Prague.—The management of the Royal German National Theatre has engaged M. Naudin for 7 performances in the month of September. The operas in which he will appear are *Lucia, Rigoletto, Stradella, Il Trovatore, La Traviata, Ernani*, and *La Sonnambula*. In October, he goes to Madrid, and on the 1st January, 1865, to the Italian Opera, Paris.—The Italian company under Signor Merelli were to have concluded their engagement at the Neustadt theatre with *Don Juan*. Owing, however, to their great success, they will give some additional performances. The Sisters Marchisio have become especial favorites with the public.

Turin.—According to the paper called *Il Trovatore*, King Victor Emmanuel has conferred the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus upon Signor Calzolari the tenor. The same artist received, also, some years ago, from the Emperor of Russia, the Gold Medal for Merit, with a portrait of the Imperial donor. The medal, which was bestowed upon Lablache, Tamberlik, and Madame Bosio as well, is worn suspended from the neck, and set with diamonds to the value of 10,000 francs.

Hombugh.—Franchesi, Vieuxtemps, Alfred Jaell, Seligmann, and Madame Fabbri-Mulder appeared at the first concert given this season in the new and splendid theatre, while David, Rosa Kastner, and Margarethe Zirndorfer took part in the second. During the present month, an Italian opera company, comprising among its members the sisters Marchisio and M. Naudin, will give a series of performances.

Milan.—The great topic of conversation here at present is the inauguration of the Quartet Society, which took place recently in the rooms of the Conservatory of Music. Quartets by Mendelssohn and Mozart, with Beethoven's Septet and Sonata in D were performed on the occasion.—Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* was played at the third concert of the Conservatory.

Aix-la-Chapelle.—The receipts of the last five Musical Festivals of the Lower Rhine held here were respectively: 4160 thalers in 1851; 4775 thalers in 1854; 4198 thalers in 1857; 5015 thalers in 1861; and 6170 thalers in 1864.

Hamburg.—By a recent decree of the Senate, Herr B. A. Hermann has been accepted as manager of the Stadttheater for five years, that is, to the 1st June, 1869, upon the same terms as his predecessor.

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LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN CONCERTS.

To the Editors of the Leeds Mercury.

GENTLEMEN,—As a regular attendant at the Saturday evening organ performances I am surprised to hear that gentlemen on the Organ Committee incline to treat them as failures, in face of the fact that the attendances have reached near 40,000, and find that many others entertain like feelings of surprise and regret, and a desire to protest against the result of so rigid, and indeed unfair, an application of the paying test being allowed to stand as a reason for depriving us of a great pleasure. Many institutions, which in a money sense don't pay, we can ill afford to lose. Surely there does not exist in what we are sometimes pleased to call "our good old town of Leeds," such a superabundance of influences "honest, pure, lovely, and of good report," that we can afford to lose the one in question, with all its pleasant and humanising influences and associations. Any regular attendant will bear witness that while on every occasion all classes have been represented, often the working classes have been preponderatingly so—amongst them frequently decent, respectable men with their wives or daughters, market basket on arm, calling on their return home, leaving the hall with satisfaction depicted on their countenances, having evidently spent a most agreeable hour. Cases are known where employers have allowed well-conducted trustworthy assistants the privilege of absence from their places of business to enable them to enjoy the hour's entertainment at the Town Hall. Leaving out of question the comparatively small number who avail themselves of balcony accomodation, practically speaking, all classes meet in the Victoria Hall, without being fenced off from each other. Out of the mutual comfort of this custom comes the growing mutual respect between all classes. During these Saturday evening organ performances nothing rude or unpleasant has passed. All agree in saying that the organ has improved in every respect under Dr. Spark's careful and skilful hand. Would it be wise or creditable, after having spent so much money on this noble instrument, to allow it to spoil for want of sufficient use, and to become little better than a heap of lumber? Competent judges agree, also, it is believed, in admitting that the organist's salary is not an over liberal one, considering the quality and quantity of services rendered, the good taste evinced in selection, and skill in execution—severe physical exertion, unfailing punctuality in attendance, and courtesy in compliance with frequent encores—remembering, too, his time of appearance in public represents a portion only of the time actually expended by Dr. Spark in discharge of duties attached to his office. None grudge the Tuesday's performance to those able to attend. By all means continue them, for the sake both of strangers and towns-people. But persons engaged in business cannot conveniently attend an afternoon performance. To discontinue the Saturday evening's concert would take away an enjoyment from very many who could not afford to attend any other musical recreation, and would likewise have a tendency to check a growing taste for good music. Whilst ratepayers are doubtless sincerely grateful to worthy aldermen and councillors for evincing a laudable anxiety to administer the public funds with a due regard to economy, they are not less grateful to those who manifest a wise and kind desire to maintain the use of a piece of public property for public enjoyment. After urging all who value good organ music by frequent attendance to make future concerts more remunerative, and to remember that each payment will somewhat remove the painful load of anxiety which has hitherto preyed upon the minds of some gentlemen on the Organ Committee, allow me, in conclusion, to express the hope that our worthy local senate will confirm to our use, in its entirety, the liberally devised and admirably arranged scheme of organ performances, and so confer a pleasurable advantage upon their fellow-townsmen, and at the same time add an additional lustre to honors already won through the zeal and ability with which they have worked out the great principles of municipal self-government. Gentlemen, I am, yours respectfully,

REGULAR ATTENDANT.

[With reference to the above, it may be necessary to explain that an agitation is on foot in the Leeds Town Council with the object of diminishing, by one half, the yearly number of organ performances in the Town Hall, and making a corresponding reduction in the organist's stipend. It is proposed to abolish the Saturday evening's performances, and on the plea that, generally, the organ performances do not pay, and, specially, that the Saturday evening's performances, being chiefly intended to attract the working classes, have failed, inasmuch as said working classes do not much patronize them. The first point (specially noting that 40,000 persons have attended these concerts) may, we think, find sufficient answer in the letter we have quoted from the *Leeds Mercury*. As to the second plea, it may be worth while to suggest the possibility of making too much fuss about the "working classes." If they will not attend these organ-performances, it is probably because they prefer beer to music, and are more appropriately amused in a tavern than in the Victoria Hall. In any case, it is their choice, and there the matter should end. It would be certainly gross injustice to deprive the regular attenders of the Saturday's concerts of their accustomed enjoyments, because others imagine themselves better employed elsewhere.

We fear, however, that all this is little better than show and pretext. No doubt that Dr. Spark, like most successful men, has his share of professional enemies. With a certain party, probably, everything he is concerned with will be abused. Perhaps these amiable sentiments find their way somehow into the Town Council, and perhaps,—our readers may easily infer the rest.]

MR. MAPLESON'S TOUR begins at Manchester, on the 16th of September. The operas at Manchester will be *Mirella*, *Faust* and *Fidelio*. The troop consists of Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Grossi, Mr. Santley, Mr. Swift, Signors Casaboni, Bossi and Gardoni. From Manchester they go to Dublin for a fortnight. The operatic performances will be succeeded by a concert tour, to terminate with a series of performances in London, after which Mr. Santley will leave England for the Opera at Barcelona, where he is engaged for the winter.

OPERATIC DEPARTURES.—Mad. Harriers Wippern has returned to Berlin. M. Gassier is gone to Madrid; M. Junca to Trieste. Signor Gardoni left for Paris on Tuesday; Signor Ronconi for Spain on Sunday. Mdlle. Adelina Patti left for Boulogne on Thursday, but will return for the Birmingham Festival. Madame Volpini is engaged for the winter at Lisbon; Madame Trebelli and her husband, Signor Bettini, are engaged for Rome, and afterwards for Warsaw.

MR. E. T. SMITH has a sensation in store for the patrons of "Astley's," in the person of Miss Adah Isaac Menken, an actress and equestrienne of distinction, who is engaged to play "Mazeppa," which she does without a "double" (as it is called in theatrical parlance), dashing up rocks lashed to a horse, and executing a variety of bold feats not even attempted by male representatives of the part. Great preparations are on foot to make *Mazeppa* an eminent success.—(*Communicated*).

BEETHOVEN'S PORTRAIT BY STIEBER is announced in our advertising columns for sale. This highly interesting portrait was taken when the great "tone poet" was writing his *Missa Solennis*.

CASSEL.—Louis Schubert's comic opera, *Das Rosenmädchen*, has been accepted, and will probably be produced next season at the Ducal Theatre.

PESTH.—Signor Barbieri, the conductor at the operahouse here, has completed a four-act opera entitled *A Winter's Tale*. He wishes to get it produced in Vienna.

BAMBERG.—A most praiseworthy performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* has just been given here.

MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON, MR. W. H. CUMMINGS and MR. SANTLEY, will sing the trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), composed by A. Randegger, at the Birmingham Festival.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY, will sing HENRY SMART'S popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at the Birmingham and Hereford Festivals.

MADLLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN (Soprano). Communications respecting engagements in Town and Country to be addressed to 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

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BEETHOVEN.—The original Portrait of BEETHOVEN *when engaged with the composition of his "Missa Solemnis,"* painted in Vienna by Stieler, Court Artist to the King of Bavaria, is offered for Sale. For particulars, Address—C. de S., 7 Talbot Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE APPOINTMENT OF A MINOR CANON TO THE VACANT PLACE IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL,

Will be made by the Dean and Chapter,

On WEDNESDAY, the 28th day of September next.

The Trial of Candidates selected will take place at the times and manner to be fixed by the Dean and Chapter.

All applications and Testimonials must be sent in, addressed to Mr. EDWARD PEELE, Chapter Clerk and Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, at his Office in the College, Durham, by whom further information as to the office will be given, on or before Wednesday, the 7th day of September next.

Durham, 21st July, 1864.

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in the Cathedral and Shire Hall, August 30th and 31st, September 1st and 2nd. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Weiss and Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Santley and Weiss. Programmes forwarded on application to the Conductor and Hon. Sec., Mr. G. Townshend Smith, The Close, Hereford.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE LAST NIGHT.

CHEAP PRICES.

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NOTICE.—In consequence of all available space having been disposed of on Thursday evening, and in reply to the numerous applications, the Director has consented to give the entire opera of "FAUST," in lieu of the combined entertainment announced for this Evening (Saturday).

THIS EVENING, (SATURDAY), AUGUST 13TH,

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Applications respecting Engagements to be made to Mr. GEORGE DOLBY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed for him by BLUMENTHAL, at the Hereford Festival, on Wednesday Evening, August 31.

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Durham, 21st July, 1864.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(*Times—August* 8.)

The extra nights, at reduced charges of admission, are—to judge by the large audiences they bring—remunerative. They deserve success, if only because the performances are shorn of none of the attractions which distinguish them during the regular season. Signor Arditi, the excellent conductor, takes just as much trouble to maintain the reputation of his band and chorus; and the principal singers—with the exception of two or three, the term of whose engagements has expired—remain at their posts. The glorious soprano of Mdlle. Tietjens is heard (night after night) in one or other of her most famous parts; while Signor Giuglini—"the silver-voiced tenor," as he was christened after his first appearance in London (1857), Mr. Santley, at present the first of operatic barytone basses, and Madame Trebelli, the best of stage contraltos, are seldom absent. Thus the representations are as artistically complete as could be wished.

The operas have been *Oberon*, *Mirella*, *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Weber's *Oberon*—with Mr. Benedict's masterly-accompanied recitatives and well-selected additions—was the work with which the "cheap nights" began so successfully last year; and it was, therefore, judicious to recur to it on the same occasion now. The general execution could hardly have been improved; but the *mise-en-scène* is better even than before. An entirely new scene—the scene of the rocks, the ocean, and the storm—furnished by the master-hand of Mr. Telbin, imparts additional and picturesque interest to the most stirring incidents of the opera. The song of the Mermaid, warbled so charmingly by Madame Volpini, and the magnificent *scena*, familiarly known in English as "Ocean, thou mighty monster," which Mdlle. Tietjens—an incomparable Reiza, both in a histrionic and musical sense—declaims and sings as no other Reiza has ever declaimed and sung before, are now illustrated by a series of pictoral illusions befitting the ethereal beauty of the music. The rocks are true rocks; the clouds are true clouds; the subsiding of the storm, the setting sun, the moon, and the early stars bear a legitimate resemblance to the natural phenomena which they are intended to suggest. When *Oberon* was first revived no time could be spared for these small matters; but now that they are accomplished, the fairy opera of Weber has the greater chance of remaining a highly attractive feature in the repertory. The cast of *Oberon* differs in several important particulars from that of last year. It seemed hardly probable that a worthy substitute should be found for Madame Alboni in the part of Fatima, but that worthy substitute has actually been found in Madame Trebelli, who sings the two delicious airs, "A lonely Arab maid" and "Oh Araby, dear Araby!" (we prefer Mr. Planché's original English titles), and the not less lovely duet with Reiza, "Ah, happy maid," as well as Madame Alboni herself. To sing them better were impossible. Signor Gardoni, though possessing neither the dramatic fire nor the physical force which Mr. Sims Reeves brought to the music of Sir Huon, more than satisfies every one by his thoroughly poetical reading of the part; and even in the trying *scena*, "Oh 'tis a glorious sight," sings with a spirit and animation not to be denied. Mdlle. Grossi's rich contralto tones are favorably heard in the music of Puck—in which character she replaces Madame Trebelli as Madame Volpini replaces Miss Rose Hersee in that of the Syren. Signor Allessandro Bettini, M. Gassier, and Mr. Santley retain the parts of Oberon, Babekan, and Sherasmin, which it would be impossible to confide to more efficient keeping. The romantic and brilliant overture, and all the orchestral accompaniments, are nobly played by the band which Signor Arditi directs so well and which so well deserves a competent director. The fairy choruses—among Weber's happiest inspirations—and the finales, for the greater part, leave nothing to desire; while the most prominent concerted piece—the justly celebrated quartet, "Over the dark blue waters" (for Reiza, Fatima, Sir Huon, and Sherasmin)—is irreproachably given by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley. Altogether the reproduction of *Oberon* is a credit to Her Majesty's Theatre.

M. Gounod's *Mireille* (or *Mirella*) is slowly and surely making way. Built upon a subject rather lyrical than dramatic, its truth of expression, and consequently its claim to sympathy, must be found in the music, which every additional hearing renders not only more familiar but more attractive. Such charming pastoral tunes—as brief as charming—have rarely been composed; so exquisite a musical idyll, on the whole, as rarely imagined and completed. Had M. Gounod possessed the "*longue haleine*"—the power of development—which enabled Mozart to give birth to "Voi che sapete" and Rossini to the "Willow Song" in *Otello*, he would doubtless be entitled to rank higher than he does as an absolute melodist; but, on the other hand, he would not be what he really is—the most gifted and intellectual representative of the existing French school. In short, he would not be M. Gounod, whereby the musical art would have lost a peculiarly graceful and peculiarly national idiosyncrasy. The French genius is essentially epigrammatic; and M. Gounod, in his way—notwithstanding his psychological leaning towards Meyerbeer, the most eclectic, musical genius of his time, who could no less readily have identified himself with Italy, or with Germany, had it met his views, than he identified himself with France—is as thoroughly French as Boieldieu, the French Mozart, or Auber, the French Rossini. M. Gounod, indeed, is more French than Méhul, the most earnest—and (we do not say *because*) the least French of all French composers. *Mireille* follows exactly the same principles as *Faust;* and, though founded upon a subject so different in all respects—as different as the purely idyllic can be from the purely dramatic—it is, in our opinion, quite as genuine, and, or we are much mistaken, will, in the long run, prove quite as successful. The two hearings of this genial and beautiful opera—so effectively put upon the stage, with the chief personages so admirably represented by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli, Mdlle. Reboux, Signor Giuglini, M. Junca, M. Gassier, and Mr. Santley, and the orchestral and choral parts, as important in their way as the solos, trained to such perfection under the presiding influence of Signor Arditi—have been perhaps more interesting than any other incidents connected with "the supplementary season."

Of the still absorbing *Faust*, and the eternal *Il Trovatore* (given on Saturday night) nothing need be said. The reproduction of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, however—which drew an immense audience—was remarkable on more than one account. The Lucrezia of Mdlle. Tietjens is one of the grandest assumptions of that admirable dramatic singer; the Maffeo Orsini of Madame Trebelli, with the never-tiring *brindisi*—"Il segreto per esser felice"—is the nearest to Alboni's of any in our time; while Signor Giuglini sings the music of Gennaro with a grace and sweetness not easy to surpass. But most interesting of all on the present occasion was the Duke Alfonso of Mr. Santley—which, as a first performance of a very arduous and important character, can scarcely be over-extolled. Mr. Santley's improvement as an actor has of late elicited frequent notice; and we were by no means surprised that it should be exhibited under an exceptionally strong light, in such a character as that of Lucrezia's treacherous and revengeful husband. But, further than this, for the honor of our excellent English barytone, it deserves to be recorded that the music has never been sung so uniformly well as by Mr. Santley since Tamburini, in his prime, first performed the part of Alfonso in England. The "*aria d'intrada*," as it is called, although the Duke has already appeared in a gondola (*Prologue*) at the interview between Lucrezia and Gennaro—was a superb display of energetic vocalization, meriting all the applause it obtained; while the duet with Lucrezia, in the next act, and the famous trio, during which Gennaro unconsciously drinks from the poisoned cup, were as effective from a dramatic point of view as in a vocal sense they were refined.

The programme of the present week (the last) comprises *Lucia di Lammermoor* (to-night); *Lucrezia Borgia* to-morrow; *Faust*, Thursday, and an opera, not yet named, for Saturday, when the theatre will close.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

THE OPENING NIGHT.

(*Times—Aug.* 9.)

No sooner are the doors of Covent Garden Theatre closed upon the Italian operatic singers than they are opened wide again to admit Mr. Alfred Mellon, who this year—like the last and the year preceding—announces a series of Promenade Concerts for the recreation of London and its visitors in the summer months. For such lovers of music as are unable to take a trip to the Continent, or a tour in the Lakes or Highlands, or even to get a month of seaside bathing, these entertainments are a real boon; and now that a general belief prevails in their uniform excellence, they have every chance of becoming a permanent institution. The house on Monday night, both on the stage and in the "auditorium," presented just the same appearance as last year; and the continuance of Mr. Edward Murray, so long experienced and so universally popular, at the head of his peculiar department, is a guarantee that nothing will be overlooked that can possibly conduce to the comfort and convenience of the public. The orchestra, on the colossal scale of previous years, is, as might have been anticipated, effective in every department. A test of its quality was offered at the very outset, the first piece in the programme being the magnificent overture to *Leonora*, the third of the four which Beethoven composed for *Fidelio*, and the one he himself preferred before any of the others. Again, in Mr. Mellon's own dashing overture called *Marguerite* (written, it may be presumed, from its theatrical character) for some piece bearing that title); then in the superb festive March from M. Gounod's opera, *La Reine de Saba;* and, lastly, in Auber's rich and sprightly prelude to his Chinese opera, *Le Cheval de Bronze*, the admirable efficiency of the troop of instrumentalists was thoroughly established. Most interesting of all the purely orchestral performances, however, for those who take pleasure in watching the progress of music in this country, was a selection from the MS. symphony of Mr.

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John Francis Barnett, which was received with such distinguished favor this season at one of the concerts of the Musical Society of London. The selection included the two middle movements—*andante* and *scherzo*—played so carefully and well as to make us regret to lose so good an opportunity of hearing the entire work. Mr. Barnett, however, like other young aspirants, must advance by degrees; and it was better for him to get a portion of his clever symphony performed than to have it laid on the shelf until one of those opportunities occurs which, in behalf of such ambitious endeavors, are unfortunately very rare.

The rest of the concert was composed of miscellaneous materials, mostly of the *ad captandum* sort. The strength of the orchestral soloists was exhibited in a well-made quadrille by Mr. Coote, founded on some of the most captivating themes of M. Gounod's charming opera of *Mireille;* and still more prominently in the so-called "selection" (which ought rightly to be denominated *olla podrida*) from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. It is enough to state that Mr. R. S. Pratten was flute, M. Barret oboe, Mr. Lazarus clarionet, Mr. J. Winterbottom bassoon, Mr. H. Young piccolo, Mr. C. Harper horn, Mr. W. Winterbottom trombone, Mr. Hughes ophicleide, and Mr. Levy cornet-à-pistons. All these gentleman, it need scarcely be said, are acknowledged masters of their instruments. Then we had solos, altogether independent of quadrilles and fantasias. The most important of these was Herr Ernst's splendid *fantasia* upon the March and "Willow Song" in Rossini's *Otello*, which stands at the very head of classical *bravura* pieces—chastely, nobly, and at the same brilliantly executed by Mr. Carrodus (Herr Molique's best pupil), the youngest and bidding fair to become the best of our recognised English solo violinists. This fine performance was enthusiastically applauded, and the performer called for at the conclusion. The pianoforte solo was the *fantasia* upon *Lucrezia Borgia*, recently spoken of in a notice of Signor Ciabatta's concert at St. James's Hall. The performer, too, was the same—namely, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who if, as stated, only 12 years of age, is indeed a prodigy. Such unfailing mechanism is too seldom attained; and it is only to be regretted that it should have been comparatively thrown away upon so prolix, lengthy, and uninteresting a piece. Execution like that of Mdlle. Krebs, however, would excite admiration under any circumstances, and the unanimous applause she elicited was most legitimately earned. No doubt Mr. Mellon will speedily bring forward Mdlle. Krebs (who, we believe, is engaged for a series of performances) in something better calculated not only to excite the many but conciliate the few. Next we had a solo upon an instrument entitled the "Turcophone" (evidently one of the numerous Sax-Tubic family), upon airs from the *Sonnambula*, executed (in Oriental costume) by a gentleman bearing the name of Ali Ben Sou-alle—formerly, if we are not mistaken, a member of the late M. Jullien's famous band—so much to the gratification of the audience that they forced him to repeat the last movement. Lastly, Mr. Levy gave his vivacious "Whirlwind polka," upon a cornet-à-pistons said to have been made expressly for him by the well-known Antoine Courtois—which, as Mr. Levy has recently been performing in Paris with success, is probable enough. Mr. Levy was received with the accustomed warmth, and his piece being encored, he substituted the "Last Rose of Summer"—a melody never unwelcome, whether from voice or from instrument.

The singer was Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, whose extraordinary and wholly exceptional feats of vocalisation—in the *bolero* from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (which Verdi composed for Sophie Cruvelli), in the familiar *polacca* from *I Puritani*, and in the never-tiring variations, by Benedict, on *Le Carnaval de Venise*—absolutely transported her hearers. They applauded and recalled her every time with an enthusiasm out of bounds, and would fain have heard each of her pieces twice over. The fair *cantatrice*, nevertheless, would only consent to sing again after the *Carnaval*, the "encore" awarded to which there was no politely resisting. So Madlle. Patti came back to the orchestra and gave—not the *Carnaval*, but the Scotch ballad, "Comin' through the rye," with a quaint and sly humor which excited the mirth of the audience just as her more elaborate efforts had excited their astonishment.

At the end of the first part the National Anthem was played; and at the termination of the concert (which concluded with the late Mr. Bache's spirited galop, entitled the Orchestral Union) there was a general call for Mr. Mellon. The house was full, the promenade especially being crowded.

—o—

Baths of Lucca.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The concert of Mr. Walter Backe took place last week. The programme was varied and well chosen. The *concertista* was ably assisted by Signor Papini (a most promising young violinist), in Beethoven's Duet in E flat. Some Morceaux of the modern school followed, which gave great pleasure, particularly a ballad of Chopin's which received great and well-merited applause. Signor Giuseppe Ducci presided at the pianoforte.

Mr. Frank Romer, the well-known Professor, has completed an opera to a libretto by Mr. John Oxenford, which "audits" tells us we shall have a chance of hearing during the forthcoming campaign of the Opera company.

ROBERT SCHUMANN IN LEIPSIC AND CLARA WIECK.*

(*Continued from page* 500.)

The following year, 1834, is called by Schumann himself "the most remarkable year of his life;" it was, indeed, a most eventful one for him. In the foreground stands the establishment of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, concerning which he speaks as follows in the preface to his *Collected Works* published in 1854: "At the end of 33, a number of rather young musicians used to meet every evening, as if by accident, in the first place for social intercourse but no less for the interchange of ideas on art, which for them was the meat and drink of life. It cannot be affirmed that the state of musical matters in Germany at that period was a very satisfactory one. Rossini still reigned supreme upon the stage, and on the piano almost exclusively Herz and Hünten. And yet not many years had elapsed since Beethoven, C. M. von Weber, and Franz Schubert had lived among us. It is true that Mendelssohn's star was in the ascendant, and wonderful things were heard of a Pole named Chopin—but it was not till afterwards that these two exerted any permanent influence. One day, the hot-headed young disciples of art suddenly said to themselves: Let us not look idly on; let us set about improving things, and causing the poetry of art to be once more honored. This was the origin of a *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*."

With regard to the tendency of the publication, Schumann expressed himself very clearly in its columns on several occasions. "Our line of opinion was settled off-hand. It is simple and as follows: We were to remind people as emphatically as we could of the olden time and its works, and to call attention to the fact how only at such a pure source new art-beauties could be strengthened; we were thus to oppose as inartistic the most recent period, because all its efforts tended only to the increase of material virtuosity; and lastly we were to assist in hastening to bring about a new and poetic period." Further on he says: "The elevation of German taste by German art, whether by a reference to the great old models, or by fostering young men of talent—such an elevation may now be regarded as the goal of our efforts. The red thread which spins forth this idea might, certainly, be found in the history of the 'Davidsbündler,' an association of which the members, though coming forward in a rather fantastic fashion, were recognised less by any external mark of distinction than by inward similarity. They will, also, endeavour in the future, to erect a dam against mediocrity, by word as well as by deed. If this was formerly done in an impetuous manner, let people place in the other scale the warm enthusiasm with which all that was really talented and really artistic was on every occasion distinguished. We do not write for the purpose of making tradesmen rich; we write for the purpose of doing honor to art."

It may be said that, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the rising generation waged war against that which had outlived itself; romanticism and geniality were opposed to pedantry and pigtailism. Viewed in a polemical light, the enterprise possessed a degree of importance not to be denied, and consequently created among the public that sensation which it deserved. The *Zeitschrift* performed in the domain of music a part completely similar to that played in the domain of literature by Ruge's *Jahrbücher*, which had sprung into existence a few years previously. While the *Jahrbücher* cut off the pigtail of the old literary periodicals, Schumann's journal—to name only one of the publications which were its artistic antipodes—directed its attacks against the no less bepigtailed criticisms of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.

This paper appeared for the first time on the 3rd October, 1798. It was published by Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic, and that estimable gentleman, Friedrich Rochlitz, was the editor from its first establishment to 1827. It cannot be denied that the paper, one of the oldest, nay for a long time the sole periodical, of the kind in Germany, could boast of having enjoyed a period of great prosperity. It was conducted by Rochlitz with a vast amount of technical knowledge and warm enthusiasm for our classical composers, and its editor's opinion, intelligent and moderate as it always appeared to be, was, during a long series of years, regarded

* From a new work entitled: *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipzig*, by Dr. Emil Kneschke. (F. Fleischer, Leipsic.)

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as an authority in the world of art. But the worthy gentleman had arrived at a very advanced age. He retired, therefore, from the editorship, and Gottfried Wilhelm Fink (author of many historical and theoretical works on art, and subsequently *Lector publicus* at the University) took his place. Despite his various good qualities in other respects, it must be said of Herr Fink, that he was attached far too narrow-mindedly to the Past, and that, even if he possessed a proper appreciation of modern times, he had not, at any rate, the love and unprejudiced opinion suited to them. The fiery youths, boiling over with enthusiasm, were, perhaps, offensive, in life as in art, to older gentlemen, who had become cooler and more cautious—hence the calm reserve, or the pedantic carping and airs of superiority of the latter towards the former, and hence, too, on the other hand, the bold and defiant front shown by the younger combatants, who not unreasonably felt affronted, and continually kept hammering away on the justice of new ideas and new views.

The editors and principal contributors to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* were, from the commencement, besides Schumann and Wieck, Ludwig Schunke, Julius Knorr, and Carl Banck. The first of these three, a son of Gottfried Schunke, the universally celebrated French horn player of his day, was born at Cassel, on the 21st December, 1810. When only in his sixth year, he had pianoforte lessons from his father, and played in public as a child. When he was eleven, he made his first professional trip to Darmstadt, Hanover, Leipsic, etc., and his playing met with unanimous approbation. This was the case in a still higher degree, on his making a second journey, which he did, in 1824, to Munich, Vienna, etc. In 1828, his father took him to Paris, where he remained till 1830, still seeking, and finding, improvement, from Kalkbrenner in pianoforte playing, and from Reicha in composition. After staying a year and a half in Stuttgardt, whither he had proceeded on leaving Paris, he went to Vienna, where he edited several works, gave some most successful concerts, and remained till 1833. He then went to Leipsic, and formed a friendship of the closest nature with Schumann, in conjunction with whom he founded the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Unfortunately, however, he died of consumption as far back as the 7th December, 1834. In him was prematurely lost an amiable man of more than ordinary talent.— Julius Knorr was born in Leipsic itself, on the 22nd September, 1807, where he attended the Nicolaischule, and afterwards studied theology. In 1827, he applied himself entirely to music, having, however, previously attained, under Wilhelm Neudeck, considerable proficiency on the piano. He afterwards appeared most successfully in public as a pianist, and it was, by the way, reserved for him, at the concert of the 27th October, 1831, to be the first to execute a work by Chopin in the Gewandhaus. He wrote, also, several theoretical works, and, as we have already said, had a share in editing the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. In 1862, he died in our town, greatly esteemed as a pianoforte teacher.—With regard, lastly, to Carl Banck, he was born on the 27th May, 1811, in Magdeburg, and played, from his sixth year, the piano, to which he afterwards added the organ, and theoretical studies. In the middle of 1827, he went to Berlin, where he had the benefit of lessons from Bernard Klein. He enjoyed, also, the guidance and counsels of the worthy old Zelter, as well as of Ludwig Berger. A journey to Italy, in company with his poetical friend, Alexander Simon, matured his first work: the *Liederkreis aus Italien*. After this he lived, for many years again, actively productive, in his native town, till he proceeded, in 1834, to Leipsic, his principal object being to publish several of his compositions. But he, too, very soon became mixed up in the matters for which Schumann and his confederates in art interested themselves. He took an active part in the editorship of the new paper, till he went, in 1840, to Dresden, where he has fixed his permanent residence, writing all the theatrical and musical criticisms in the *Dresdner Journal*. Of his later works, we may mention more especially his music to the poems of Claus Groth and Lenau.

This is the place to speak of the idea—exactly agreeing with the foundation of the paper, and appertaining to Schumann—of the "Davidsbündlerschaft." He himself says concerning the latter, in the preface already cited, to his *Collected Works*: "And here I must mention an association which was more than secret, for it existed only in the head of its founder, namely, the association of the 'Davidsbündler.' In order to give utterance to various views on art, it appeared not unsuitable to invent artistic characters opposed to each other. Of these, Florestan and Eusebius were the most important ones, while Master Raro stood as a medium between them. The 'Davidsbündlerschaft' went throngh the paper like a red line, connecting, in a humorous way, 'truth with fiction.' So writes Schumann. The name of the association, which, as we have already said, existed only as an idea, is, of course, an allusion to the Biblical history of the defeat of the Philistines by David. Florestan and Eusebius were Schumann himself under two different aspects. The former represented the vigorous and passionate, the latter, on the other hand, the wild and dreamy side of his disposition. Raro was intended for Friedrich Wieck. Under the accompanying forms of Serpentinus and Jonathan, Banck and Schunke were meant. As far back as 1836, Schumann wrote very happily to Heinrich Dorn as follows:—"Florestan and Eusebius are my double nature, which I, like Raro, would fain blend into a man." We all know that the idea of the "Davidsbündlerschaft" is reflected in many of our friend's compositions dating from this period, as, for instance, is the *Carnival*, in the separate inscriptions: "Florestan," "Eusebius," etc., and the concluding march of the "Davidsbündler" against the "Philistines," as well as in the "Pianoforte Sonata, dedicated to Clara, by Florestan and Eusebius."

Everyone knows who this Clara was: the daughter of his teacher and friend, Friedrich Wieck, and afterwards his wife. It is true that in 1834, Schumann was on terms of close frendship with a young lady, Ernestine von Fricker of Asch. She had come in the April of that year to reside with Wieck in Leipsic, for the purpose of perfecting herself, under his guidance, on the piano. "It was there," says Wasielewsky, "that Robert became acquainted with her, directly after her arrival. He quickly conceived a passionate admiration for her, which was fully returned, though it did not end in a lasting connection, as Schumann, according to his own confessions, had for a time intended it should. If we can believe the description of those who knew Ernestine, she was neither particularly handsome, nor unusually gifted intellectually. It appears, indeed, that Schumann was attracted simply by the bloom of youth and the power exerted by material charms, and that it was only the poet in him that believed her endowed with those qualities which we are always so fond of pre-supposing in the object of our affection, though they might not exist in the slighest degree." The connection between the two was dissolved in a most friendly manner. Some years later, namely, in January, 1836, our friend's heart was filled with a second and profound passion for a truly poetical and spiritually feminine nature, his future wife, Clara Wieck.

(*To be continued.*)

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS RELATION TO MUSIC.

A Lecture delivered on the 23rd April, 1864, before the "Berliner Tonkunstler-Verein.

By EMIL NAUMANN.*

(*Continued from Page* 501.)

Falstaff says of the lean Justice of the Peace, Shallow: "The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court." (Here we have a glimpse of Shakespeare's possessing a particular knowledge of separate instruments.) On another occasion, Falstaff says: "'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.—*Prince Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.—*Fals.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe."—This is a proof that Shakespeare did not entertain less repugnance than any of us for the music played at fairs or ground upon organs, and of which I, at least, feel such a horror. Song and music play a wonderfully spirited part in that scene of *Twelfth Night* where Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, in their cups, horrify all ears. "*Sir To.* Shall we raise the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?—*Sir And.* An' you love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a catch." And further on: "*Malvolio.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale house of my lady's house that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice! Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time

* Translated expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

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in you?—*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up."—But Shakespeare has also assigned an elevated position to music in this same piece of *Twelfth Night*. Never, perhaps, has the close affinity of music with everything in the shape of love and amorous melancholy been more touchingly depicted than when the Duke says to his Musicians:

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Or:

"Give me some music . . . . . .
. . . . . that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

Music plays an exceedingly important part in *Cymbeline*. The loutish Cloten says to the Musicians who are about to serenade the fair Imogene: "Come on, tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; . . . . . First a very excellent concerted thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider." This is followed by the charming song:—

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

which Franz Schubert set to music. Cloten then continues: "So, get you gone; if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot can never amend." Fidele's death is announced by solemn music from the cave of Belarius. Subsequently, the two royal youths propose to sing a requiem for the beautiful departed one.

"Arviragus—And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground.
Guiderius—I cannot sing; I'll weep and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie."

The spirits that appear to Posthumus are, also, announced with "Solemn Music," and take part in a song.—In *Lear*, Cordelia has her father awakened—after she has found him again—with gentle sounds, because the Physician has so ordered, in order to

"Cure this great breach in his abused nature!"

and to "wind up" "the untuned and jarring senses." In *Othello*, Desdemona breathes forth her anxious presentiments in the "Song of the Willow," which her mother's maid sang when her lover left her.

"An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind."

In *Macbeth*, the three scenes of the witches are accompanied with singing and dancing. The eight kings who pass in the vision before Macbeth, are made by Shakespeare to appear to the sound of "Hautboys." By this, he evidently wishes to imply that all he desires is the soft and spiritual sound of wooden wind instruments. It is, by the way, very remarkable how Shakespeare characterises the various situations in his works by his simple directions as to the instruments. Thus, at the banquet given by Wolsey to the King and the beautiful Anna Boleyne, and at which joking, love, and tenderness play so important a part, there is again a stage direction for the employment of "hautboys." For grand actions of state, on the contrary, for processions, and so forth, as well as for the solemn entries of generals and kings, we regularly have "trumpets," or "a flourish." In *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Reynaldo, whom he sends to his son

"And let him ply his music."

Tune lightens up the touching madness of Ophelia, and it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more touching than the description of her death in the stream:

"Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes:
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The manner too is significant in which music is mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

"Hortensio—But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

"Lucentio—Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony."

In *Much ado about Nothing*, Benedick says, while Balthazar is playing, "Now, *Divine air*! how is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for any money, when all's done." And when the fool has sung, and been overwhelmed with praise by the others, Benedick suddenly exclaims, as we ourselves should sometimes like to do in the society of amateurs: "An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him!"—In *As You Like It*, where song succeeds song, the eccentric Jacques says to Amiens, when the latter has finished singing, "More, more, I pr'y thee, more.—*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques.—*Jacq.* I thank it. More, I pr'y thee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs. More, I pr'y thee, more." On another occasion, this same Jacqes observes: "I have neither the scholastic melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical." The singing Page in the same piece says: "Shall we clap into it roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?"—We will allude merely in the most cursory manner to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and its fairy dances, which Mendelssohn so re-poetised, in a manner as gentle as it was cleverly musical; to the *Winter's Tale*, and the songs of the rogue, Autolycus, the Shepherd's dances, and the awakening into life, accompanied with music, of the wonderful statue of Hermione; as well as to the varied effects of music in *The Tempest*, of which effects Shakespeare himself makes the most appropriate remark that can be made, when Caliban exclaims:—

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Would make me sleep again."

Lastly, I cannot suppress something Shakspeare says about us musicians, though it is not over-flattering, for it proves, at any rate, that the great poet knew people like us. In the First Part of *Henry IV.*, Hotspur, wishing to excuse the fickle and changeable Glendower, says to his wife:

"And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous,
By'r Lady, he's a good musician."

To which Lady Percy replies: "Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours."

But this must suffice. We should fill a book if we continued as we have begun. So much, I am bold enough to hope, has already become clear to you all, namely, that as regards the innermost tones of the heart, a profound intelligence and appreciation of the effects and of the significance of music, or, finally, most undoubted musical knowledge, and the practical attainments belonging to it, no other poet is to be compared with Shakespeare. This is the more important, because in Shakespeare's time music was in a very backward state everywhere, especially in England, and was limited to spheres very foreign to the great mass of the public, or existed only in national songs. To this must be added that the English are one of the most unmusical, and most musically-unproductive nations in the world.

(To be continued.)

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MUSIC AT NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, *July* 25, 1864.

The arrangements for the coming opera season are rendered very dubious by the financial condition of the country, and the high price of gold, in which circulating medium foreign artists properly demand to be paid. Max Maretzek will not visit Europe this summer, remaining at his pleasant country seat at Staten Island. He informs me, however, that his engagements already decided include, for tragic prima donna, Carozzi-Zucchi, a mature and experienced lyric-artist, better known in Rome and Florence than anywhere else; Brambilla, a daughter, it is said, of the celebrated contralto; Massamiliano, a tenor not at all known here, but with a good reputation in South America; Bellini, an admirable baritone who sang here last season; Frida de Gebele, a contralto resident in this city, who has never yet appeared on the stage; and Miss Kellogg to sing in *Faust*—for she is *the* recognised Margherita in this country, as Adelina Patti appears to be in England.

An English Opera Company, including Madame Borchard, as soprano, Castle, tenor, and Campbell, baritone, is performing, with fair success, at the Olympic Theatre. Balfe's *Rose of Castille* has been produced this week, for the first time in America, and was received with considerable acceptation. Castle sings the "Muleteer's Song" very well, but has a great deal of trouble in snapping his whip—an accomplishment in which Harrison (when he sang the opera with Louisa Pyne) was certainly very expert.

Mazzoleni has gone to Mexico with his Opera company, for the delectation of the Court of the Emperor Maximilian.

There is an utter dearth of concerts, or other musical attractions here at present; but it is very probable that the coming "fall" season will be musically brilliant. There was "a sound of revelry by night" on the very eve of Waterloo. TROVATOR.

MUSIC AT TUMUT.*

The seventh concert of our Harmonic Society was given at Jones' Assembly Room, on Tuesday evening. The room, independent of members and their friends, was tolerably well filled, and the number of tickets taken at the public entrance, in the face of the unfounded rumours, is a proof that the efforts of our amateurs to afford an agreeable entertainment to the people, without sending the money out of the district, are appreciated. The performers were Mrs. and the Misses Large, Masters H. and G. Hoad, Messrs. Edmund Body, McCutcheon, Holmes and Elworthy; the conductor, Mr. Alpen. The concert opened with an instrumental selection from the works of the popular composer Sydney Smith, which was followed by Locke's music to *Macbeth*. In Balfe's song, "The Heart bowed down," though somewhat out of tune, Mr. McCutcheon was *encored*. Sydney Smith's very graceful and sparkling piece entitled *The Æolian Harp* was played in a masterly style by Mr. Alpen. "The Singing Lesson" was well sung by Miss H. Large and Mr. Alpen. "Good News from Home," with *refrain* (Christy's Minstrel's), was well received, and "Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer," by Mrs. Large, listened to with breathless silence. The trio, "This magic wove scarf," from *The Mountain Sylph*, entrusted to Miss H. Large, Messrs. Elworthy and Alpen, terminated the first part of the concert. The second part opened with a brilliant duet called *The Gaiety of the heart*, also by Sydney Smith, admirably played by Mr. Alpen and his pupil Miss Cecilia Large. Miss H. Large gave "The blind girl to her harp" in a very pleasing manner, after which Mr. Alpen sang "The Gambler's wife." To vary the programme, a comic song was introduced by Mr. Edmund Body—"Villikins and his Dinah" in character—which, as may be conjectured, kept the room in a continual titter, especially the juveniles, who were evidently delighted with the singer's "make up." In response to the "encore" Mr. Body re-appeared and gave a parting warning to "All young men wot's in love." "Beautiful Star" (with *refrain*), by Miss Large, Messrs. Elworthy, and Alpen, pleased the audience much, and so did the pianoforte solo by Mr. Alpen. "The Elfin call," by Mrs. and Miss H. Large, and the "Gipsy's chorus" from *Il Trovatore*, by the gentlemen, was very well sung. The last piece was the duet, "Good night," in which Miss Large and Mr. Alpen acquitted themselves exceedingly well. The National Anthem then followed, and the audience dispersed charmed with the evening's entertainment.

TRIESTE.—Licke, the composer, died here on the 22nd of July, Aged 61.

* Abridged from the *The Wynward Times* (New South Wales).

A VOLUME OF MUSIC BELONGING TO MOZART.

The Grand Duchess Helène of Russia, who has been stopping up to within the last few days at Carlsbad, has forwarded from that place a very valuable present to the Mozarteum at Salzburg. It appears that Herr von Dessauer, of Vienna, found, in the neighbourhood of Carlsbad, a volume of old music, with the heading in French: "This book belongs to Marianne Mozart, 1759." The first few pages contain pianoforte exercises, written by Mozart's father, but towards the end of the book there are some ten or twelve pages, in the hand of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart himself. They date from the years 1762, 1763, and comprise five compositions hitherto unknown, namely: 1. Allegro, C major, composed in Brussels, 14th October, 1763; 2. Menuette D major, composed the 30th November, 1763, in Paris; 3. Air, F major, composed 16th July, 1762; 4. Menuette Sketch, composed 11th May, 1762; and, lastly, 5—which seems to be the movement of a study or sonata, of the same period. This composition, which is nearly all in demi-semi-quavers, is taken even more rapidly than it would otherwise be on account of the time (*allegro vivace*). As the Grand Duchess says in her letter she presents the book to the Mozarteum, because she would not take so costly a relic of the composer away with her out of the country of his birth.—It is a remarkable fact that the book contains, among other things, the original of the first movement of the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin published in Paris as Op. 1, and dedicated to Mad. Victoire of France.

STILL HARPING ON THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The personal opinions of a self-taught player respecting a school in which he avowedly never studied, cannot weigh with opinions certified by acknowledged authorities. Without a school what is art, and without education what is an artist? I deny that your correspondent is an *authority* in the existing school of harp-playing, to which my remarks exclusively apply: and when I compare his ideas of playing with those I have been taught to follow by example and precept, I feel I am right in so judging: doubly so, as no remark of mine has been, or can be refuted in its integrity by your correspondent. There must indeed be something beyond mere difference of opinion in one who cannot construe a master like Bochsa, who, both verbally and illustratively has so clearly expounded his views. It is the especial excellence of Bochsa's school that the harpist learns how to execute with freedom and ease. When your correspondent asserts that the harp cannot *always* be supported upon the right shoulder, I think that a few good lessons upon that point would teach him not only that it *can*, and *should* do so, but that it is *indispensable* to ensure a good performance. Imagine the violin in the hands of a violinist, *gently gliding to the back of the neck of the player!* The sliding of the harp to the arm (which your correspondent allows), is, in my opinion, equally as ludicrous. In a word, Sir, there is such incongruity, and such erroneous views taken by your correspondent as regards Erard's modern harp, and such a *confusion* between the *existing* school and his peculiar notions of harp-playing, that it is idle to dwell upon the subject. Whatever his views are, they never will be accepted solely upon his *personal* assertions, but, as others are, by experience and its results. There is more ridicule than reasoning in the rest of his quotations, the proper import of which he entirely misunderstands, and the application of which no right minded person would dream of adopting. It is my firm conviction, that if my remarks were wrong, he would long ere this have proved them to be so. But he has not, a fact which leads me to think that a passing attraction to publicity for what he terms his modern innovations, was his principal idea in printing them, though "*simply*" for the benefit of harpists! Your correspondent's emphatic "*wrong*" caused me to break a silence I originally intended after reading his first attack; and purely in true love for my instrument I wrote to defend it, as I shall ever do. Truth in art as in everything is what is sought after: and I have humbly tried, and still try to seek it. In doing so, I do not, however, hurl low "*invectives*," neither do I resort to degrading "personalities." "ANALYSIS," comparisons, and weighing of opinions, with strong reverence for education, has been my course. How I have succeeded let *time* prove. Not wishing to encroach further upon your valuable space, I beg to thank you heartily, Mr. Editor, for having kindly inserted my remarks, and now drop the subject with your correspondent. I am, Sir, your's obediently, JOHN CHESHIRE,

Professor and Member R. A. of Music, and principal Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre.

August 11*th*, 1864.

[We recommend our correspondents to go to Harper's Ferry. DISHLEY PETERS. ED.]

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE SEVENTH SEASON
OF THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS
WILL COMMENCE
EARLY IN NOVEMBER.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. I. Neidzielski.—Next week.

A Subscriber of Ten Years Standing.—Will our correspondent allow us to publish that part of his letter which is critical?

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

FATHER SCHMIDT'S ORGAN AT ST. PAUL'S.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The old organ at the cathedral church of St. Paul* was built by a German of the name of Schmidt; or, as we pronounce it in English, Smith. The history of this man not being sufficiently known, I will just preface my description of the organ with a brief account of him, as I shall have occasion in future perhaps to mention him again.

An ordinance passed in the House of Lords, dated January 4th, 1644, establishing a new form of divine worship, in which no music was allowed but plain psalm singing, it was thought necessary for the promotion of true religion that no organs should be suffered to remain in the churches;—that choral books should be torn;—painted glass windows broken;—sepulchral brass inscriptions defaced; and in short that the cathedral service should be totally abolished. In consequence of this ordinance, collegiate and parochial churches were stripped of their organs and ornaments: some of the instruments were sold to private persons, who preserved them; some were totally, and others but partially, destroyed; some were taken away by the clergy in order to prevent their being destroyed, and some few were suffered to remain: among this number was the one in old St. Paul's Cathedral, built by William Beton, organ builder to King Henry the Eighth. The great fire happening in 1666 destroyed, among other churches, the old cathedral of St. Paul's, the organ perishing with it. After the churches began to be rebuilt, and organs wanted for them, no organ builders except Dallans of London, Loosemore of Exeter, Thamar of Peterborough, and Preston of York, could be found; and these not being sufficient to supply the immediate wants of the cathedral and parish churches with organs, it was thought expedient to invite foreign builders of known abilities to settle in this country; and the premiums offered on this occasion brought over two celebrated workmen,—Schmidt and Harris, the former from Germany, the latter from France. Schmidt brought with him his nephews, Gerard and Bernard, as assistants; and to distinguish him from these, as well as to express the respect due to his abilities; which placed him at the head of his profession, he was called Father Schmidt. The first organ Father Schmidt was engaged to build in this country was for the royal chapel White Hall; which, from its being put hastily together, did not give that entire satisfaction to those who were appointed to judge of its excellence.* It was from this failure that he never after would agree to build an organ upon a short notice, or deliver it in a state of less perfection than he wished.

About the latter end of King Charles the Second's reign, the masters and benchers of the Temple determined upon having an organ erected in their church, and received proposals from both Schmidt and Harris, which were backed by the recommendation of so many powerful friends, and celebrated organists, that they were unable to determine, among themselves, which to employ. They therefore told the candidates, if each of them would erect an organ in different parts of the church, they would retain that which should be declared to deserve the preference: to which both of the candidates agreed; and in about nine months each had an instrument ready for trial. Dr. Blow and the famous Henry Purcell performed on Schmidt's organ; and Mr. Lully, organist to Queen Catherine, performed on Harris's.—They continued vieing with each other for near a twelvemonth; and at length the decision was left to the lord chief justice Jeffrey, who was of the society; and he terminated the controversy in favor of Father Schmidt. Harris's organ was taken away, and the reed stops were put into an organ soon after erected in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, where they are still in existence; and the rest of the work went towards completing an organ building for Christ Church, Dublin.—The Hon. Roger North, in his memoirs of music, says, the competition between Schmidt and Harris was carried on with such violence by the friends on both sides, that "they were just not ruined." And in the night preceding the last trial, the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Schmidt's organ in such a manner, that when the time for playing came, no wind could be conveyed to the wind chest.

In consequence of the reputation which Father Schmidt had acquired, by building the Temple organ, he was made choice of to build an instrument for St. Paul's Cathedral, then erecting. A place was accordingly fitted up for him, in the cathedral, to do the work in, but it was a long time before he could proceed with it, owing to a contention between Sir Christopher Wren and the Dean and Chapter.—Sir Christopher Wren wished the organ to be placed on one side of the choir, as it was in the old cathedral, that the whole extent and beauty of the building might be seen at one view: the Dean, on the contrary, wished to have it at the west end of the choir; and Sir Christopher, after using every effort and argument to gain his point, was at last obliged to yield. Schmidt, according to his instructions, began the organ; and when the pipes were finished, found that the case was not spacious enough to contain them all: and Sir Christopher, tender of his architectural proportions, would not consent to let the case be enlarged to receive them, declaring the beauty of the building to be already spoiled by the————box of whistles. Three of the stops were in consequence obliged to be kept out; viz. a bassoon, a clarion, and another stop, of minor consequence, which were kept in the cathedral for several years after; Schmidt hoping he

* Now set aside for the fine instrument built by Messrs. Hill for the Panopticon, and which now gapes and grins at our great non-gothic church for a suitable frame.

* This organ was melted down in 1814, and a new inside put in the old case by Elliot.

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might get them in at some future period: but he died a few years before Sir Christopher Wren.

After all this contention, the architect, sorely against his will, was obliged to make an addition to the case. He not only had been niggardly in regard to the depth of it, where another foot would have been of no consequence whatever, but also in the height; for when Schmidt came to put in the large open diapason pipes, in the two side flats, they appeared through the top nearly a foot in length; and spoiled the appearance entirely.—Schmidt now entertained hopes of having a new case; but Sir Christopher, who before would not suffer any ornaments on the top, was now obliged to add several feet; or else alter the case: which vexed him exceedingly. These ornaments consisted of angels, with trumpets, standing at the side of a small altar. The color of the wood that these were made of being lighter than the organ case, the addition was soon discoverable.

Having given a brief account of the builder, I now come to speak of the organ itself. The organ consisted of 27 stops; it had three rows of keys, and two octaves of pedals for the great organ. The compass of the great Organ was from C below CC, to C in alt; but no double CCC sharp.

Disposition of the Stops.

Great Organ.

1. Open Diapason, front pipes	60
2. Open Diapason, back pipes	60
3. Stop Diapason	60
4. Principal	60
5. Twelfth	60
6. Fifteenth	60
7. Tierce	60
8. Block Flute	60
9. Nason	60
10. Mixture, 3 ranks	180
11. Sexquialtra, 4 ranks	240
12. Trumpet	60
13. Cornet, 5 ranks to C	120
Total of Pipes	1140

Choir Organ.

The compass is from FF to C in alt; but no FF or GG sharp.

1. Stop Diapason	54
2. Flute	54
3. Principal	54
4. Twelfth	54
5. Fifteenth	54
6. Mixture, three ranks	162
7. Cremona	54
8. Voxhumane	54
Total of Pipes	540

Swell.

The compass is from to C in alt.

1. Open Diapason	37
2. Stop Diapason	37
3. Principal	37
4. Cornet, three ranks	111
5. Trumpet	37
6. Hautboy	37
Total of Pipes	296
Choir Organ	540
Great Organ	1140
Total of Pipes in the whole Organ	1976

In speaking of the excellencies of this organ, I shall first notice the diapasons in the great organ, which have always been esteemed the finest that Schmidt ever made. Those at the Temple were very fine in bass, but fell off exceedingly in the treble; those at St. Paul's did not, but were regular and uniform in the quality of tone throughout. I cannot say whether the richness, beauty, and smoothness of the treble was more enchanting than the fine, full, and sonorous tones of the bass. I am speaking of the three diapasons when used together. The effect of them with pedal basses (the right hand engaged with the melody in the treble, the left accompanying on the swell), was beautiful, and showed the diapasons off to the utmost advantage. The style best calculated for the diapasons was *adagio*, *legati*, and *cantabile* movements, which had the richest effects imaginable. Three or four notes, or a chord held down in the bass on these diapasons, had all the effect of thunder at a distance; and when comparing these diapasons with any other that Schmidt ever made, or even Harris, or Schreider, Schmidt's principal man, who built the organ at Westminster Abbey; or even Green, that they fell far short in respect to the quality as well as body of tone. The rest of the stops in the great organ blended finely together, and when the basses were doubled by the pedals, the power of the chorus was very great. Schmidt seems to have excelled in the diapason or foundation stops; Harris principally in the reed stops: and it must be acknowledged that the reed work made by Harris was far superior to any ever made by Schmidt; but yet his organs, independent of the reed work, were always thin, they wanted more body. Harris seems to have been sensible of the superiority of Schmidt's diapasons, for at the last trial of the Temple organ, he challenged him to make, not diapason, but reed stops, which Schmidt accepted, and carried it against Harris, although it was the general opinion that the reed stops made by Harris far excelled those made by Schmidt.

The choir organ at St. Paul's was not in any respect inferior to the great organ. The stop diapason was certainly the finest of the kind ever heard; and the body of tone in the bass far superior to the one in the full organ. It was a fine stop for accompanying the voice in solo. The flute mixed beautifully with it. There was something particularly rich in the quality of tone of the principal, which I have never observed in any other organ; and when used with the two former stops, it made a fine bold choir organ. The twelfth and fifteenth added made a good chorus, but being seldom used, were generally out of tune. The Mixture, Cremona, and Voxhumane were never used, and the stops in consequence were wedged up. The swell, a later invention, was not made by Schmidt; it was originally built by Crang, its first inventor. If an organ had three rows of keys formerly, the third was called "the echo," and consisted in general of four or five stops, fastened up in a box without any opening, seldom extending below middle C. The invention of the swell was a wonderful improvement in the art of organ-building, as the finest effect can be produced by its judicious use. If the swell is of good compass, and swells well in tune, the player can throw in so much colouring and shading, that it is almost impossible to tire the ear, especially if he be dexterous at the pedals, as he can then play the bass with his feet, while his hands are engaged alternately at each set of keys. The first swell made after its invention was for this organ, and turned out somewhat like the first organ Schmidt built after his arrival in this country—not very good. It was always considerably flatter than the other part of the organ, and did not appear to be of the same temperament, neither did it stand well in tune. The diapason and principal mixed well together, but the reed stops did not resemble what they were called. The trumpet resembled the hautboy, the hautboy the cremona, but they were not nearly powerful enough for the building. The swell at St. Clement Danes, and many others built by Crang were far superior. The organ at St. Paul's underwent a repair about fifty-nine years ago, at which time every note in the organ was transposed. It is a remarkable circumstance that all Schmidt's organs were a quarter, and some even half a tone above pitch. This used to be so severely felt by the wind instruments at the performance of the Sons of the Clergy, that they could not get near the pitch of the organ; in consequence of which it was agreed upon, that the organ should be altered to concert pitch by transposing the pipes, so that the CCC became DDD, and so on all through the organ. The double CCC was an entire new note, and by no means good; the diapason was of wood, which was soon discoverable after touching the other notes.

Those who remembered the organ in its original state, would never say it was bettered by the repair it underwent. It had four pair of bellows eight feet by four; which, from some defect in them, caused at times a sad shaking throughout the whole instrument; especially when the basses were doubled by the pedals. This was very unpleasant, and might easily have been remedied, in the hands of a skilful manipulator. The touch of the great organ was rather too light, at least in the bass, as the palates would not close time enough to admit of very quick playing. The pedals to the great organ being short were of very little use. I heard this frequently complained of by foreigners, who played upon the instrument, but could not manage them after the German style. The organ case (to the top of the ornaments) stood near 30 feet high: from the bottom of the building it was

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about 46 feet. It was 18 feet wide, and 8 feet deep. The carving about the case was very handsome; this was executed by Gibbons, whose decorations embellished every part of the choir. The organ was opened, with divine service, on the thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick, Dec. 2, 1697; though the cathedral was not entirely finished till 1715.

Albertus Byrne was organist at the time when the old cathedral was burnt. Jeremiah Clark was appointed almoner and master of the children of the choir, 1693; and in 1695 was likewise appointed organist of the cathedral. Clark had the honor of opening the new organ. He was likewise joint organist of the King's chapel. His compositions were simple but not remarkable. He died in July, 1707, and was succeeded by Mr. Brind, who died in 1718, and was succeeded by his scholar, Maurice Green, afterwards Dr. Green. The anthems of Green are among the best of the English cathedral school. He died, 1755; and was succeeded by Mr. Jones, organist of the Temple and the Charter-house, who appeared not to have been worthy of the situation, for he was incapable of doing the duty for a length of time after the appointment: and as he could not play from score, he solaced himself by arranging the anthems in two lines. The same book was long in use at the cathedral. Jones died in 1796, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Attwood (Mozart's pupil), to whom succeeded the present able organist and composer, Mr. John Goss.

DISHLEY PETERS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Il Trovatore* was performed. On Monday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mr. Santley (first time) as Enrico—as brilliant and thoroughly well-merited success as his Alfonso. Never throughout the season has Mdlle. Tietjens sung more splendidly or created greater enthusiasm than on this occasion. Signor Giuglini, as Edgardo, also sang in his best manner—and what this is need not be urged. On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, Mdlle. Grossi taking the part of Maffeo Orsini, *vice* Mdlle. Trebelli. There cannot be two opinions about the rich quality of Mdlle. Grossi's voice. Moreover, she is young; and in short the highest hopes may be entertained of her *avenir*. On Thursday the sempiternal and sempiternally welcome *Faust*. To-night, a miscellaneous performance, comprising selections from the *Huguenots*, *Faust* and *Marta*, will bring the season to an end.

BUTCHER BAKER BUTCHER.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

A Grand Concert was given on Wednesday, in the Great Handel Orchestra, by the principal singers, band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, aided by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Signor Arditi. As the charge for admission was at the *minimum* price of one shilling, there was an immense concourse. The programme comprised, in the first part, a selection from *Faust*, including the Introduction and chorus "Su, du bere;" aria of Mephistopheles, "Dio, dell' or," by Signor Bossi; romanza of Siebel, "La paralte d'amor," by Mdlle. Grossi; aria of Faust "Salve dimora," by Signor Giuglini; aria des bijoux for Marguerite, by Mdlle. Tietjens; terzetto, "Che fate qui," by Signors Giuglini, Bossi and Mr. Santley; and the Soldiers' March by the band and chorus. Almost every piece was received with enthusiasm. The second part was miscellaneous, and seemed to touch the sympathies of the hearers even more than the music of M. Gounod's opera. Mdlle. Tietjens created a perfect furor in "The last rose of summer," which she sang with exquisite voice, exquisite feeling and exquisite taste, and, being compelled to sing again, gave "Il Bacio" in place of the Irish melody. Signor Giuglini, too, obtained an uproarious encore in Balfe's "When other lips" ("Tu m'ami"), and substituted "La donna e mobile"; and Mr. Santley was furiously bissed in Arditi's "Stirrup Cup," which, like a dutiful singer, he repeated. Mdlle. Grossi gave the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Signors Bettini and Bossi sang the duet from the *Italiana in Algeri*, "Se inclinassi a prender moglie"; and the quartet "Un di si ben," from *Rigoletto*, was given by Mdlles. Sinico and Grossi, Signors Bettini and Bossi. In addition, the band played the overture to *Zampa*.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Most of the Italian song-birds who have recently been charming the audiences of the London Operas have flown to Paris, either to remain here, or *en route* for a remote destination. Among the arrivals I may mention Madame Miolan Carvalho, Mdlles. Marie Battu and Brunetti, Signor and Madame Tagliafico, and M. Faure. Madame Carvalho is bound for Dieppe, Mdlle. Battu for Baden. M. Faure, who was announced to make his *rentrée* at the Opéra in the *Huguenots*, actually appeared in the second act of *Guillaume Tell*, which was given, as *lever de rideau* to the ballet, *Néméa*. No work has suffered more strange indignities at the hands of managers than the immortal opera of Rossini! M. Faure must have felt anything but complimented; and how Rossini felt—if indeed he troubled himself about it—I leave you to guess. The new tenor, M. Morère, is "no go"—at least he was by no means good as the hero of *Robert le Diable*. He was better certainly in the *Favorita*, having less exacting music to sing. Talking of tenors, I read in a Viennese paper, which I do not believe, that a new singer has debuted at the Opera as Eleazar in the *Juive*, who in voice and art is superior to all living tenors. The character of Eleazar, it is said, was never before sung or acted. The new tenor, whose name is Ferenczy, is, I venture to predict, another Wachtel.

A brother of Signor Gardoni, Lieutenant of the Navy and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, has been recently married to a sister of Madame Italo Gardoni, the daughter of Tamburini. Two sisters and two brothers.

M. Flotow has just completed a new opera at Vienna, having for its title *Naïda*, the libretto from the pen of M. de Saint Georges. It will be produced at the Italian Opera of St. Petersburgh in the course of next season. The composer of *Martha* and *Stradella* is an especial favorite in the Capital of the Snows. I hardly think, nevertheless, that, after the fate of *Stradella*, the director of the Covent Garden Opera will be over anxious to try a new work of M. Flotow; even with the aid of Herr Wachtel.

A Carlsbad Journal gives the following bit of information:—"The Grand-Duchess has sent to the Mozart Institution, at Salsburg, a very precious gift. An old manuscript album was recently found in the suburbs of Vienna, having the following words written in French on the first sheet.—'*Ce livre appartient à Marie-Anne Mozart*, 1750.' The first leaves of the album comprise exercises for the pianoforte written in the hand of Mozart's father, and the last twelve contain pieces in the writing of the great composer himself, and bear date 1762 and 1763. Five of these compositions were previously unknown, namely, an Allegro in C major, two pages, composed at Brussels on the 11th of October, 1763; two Minuets in D major, composed at Paris November the 30th, 1763; an Aria in F major, composed on the 16th July, 1762; Minuet, composed May 11th of the same year; and a study of the same date."

The concerts at the Champs-Elysées continue to draw large crowds. Indeed, the performances are worth hearing, and the promenade under the trees is very enticing. M. Eugène Prévost has an admirable band and excellent chorus under his direction, and is a very clever conductor. Rossini's "Carita" is just now a special feature in the programmes, and is played three or four times a week with immense success. The solo players are excellent. *En attendant* the opening of the Italian Opera and the Opera-Comique, the lovers of good music may gratify their tastes at the entertainments provided in the Champs-Elysées.

Paris, Hotel Bis, Aug. 10. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Members of the Philharmonic Society at their last annual general meeting voted a handsome present of Plate to their Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, as a Memento of the first performance of his new Symphony (in G minor) composed expressly for their concerts, and produced at the last concert of the 52nd season—June 27, 1864.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—It is *not* yet settled that the first opera produced by this new company is to be Mr. J. L. Hatton's *Vale of Andorre*.

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Muttoniana.

—o—

On returning to his quarters, Mr. Ap'Mutton's first notion was to address a letter of thanks to Dr. Shoe. Mr. Ap'Mutton's second notion was to add a *postscriptum*. This was to inform Dr. Shoe that he (Mr. Ap'M.) had won a considerable sum on the Bogwood Cup. Also that, at the express desire of what Mr. John Ella might term "the vegetative," rain seeming likely to set in, he (Mr. Ap'M.) wished him (Dr. Shoe) to take advantage of the humectous aspect of the skies and enjoy a holiday in mackintosh. Mr. Ap'M.'s third notion was to order tea and toast. But Mrs. and the Misses Ap'M. were at the Opera, Mr. Mapleson having, with courteous precipitation, taken the hint put out in *Muttoniana* (page 453) and sent Miss Fleece a box for *Mirella*. His (Mr. Ap'M.'s) third notion, therefore, could not be brought to play. Mr. Ap'M.'s next notion (his fourth notion) was to put on dressing gown, smoking-cap, and slippers, light his pipe, and await return of the beloved ones (Mrs. Ap'M. always takes tea at bed-time), over Lumley's *Reminiscences of the Opera*. Opening the volume, at page 274, Mr. Ap'M. read, with some surprise, that the part of Cherubino—in the *Nozze di Figaro* of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) late and genial friend, Wolfgang Mozart—"requires a *contralto*, not a *soprano*." Mr. Ap'M.'s fifth notion was, then, to put off gown and cap, lay down book, and repair to Club. His (Mr. Ap'Mutton's) fifth notion was virtually realised. Mr. Ap'M. called a c——, that is, ordered his pill-box, and repaired to the I O U Club (limited to non-liquidators)—Repudiation Terrace. There he passed an agreeable, if somewhat hilarious, evening, with those choice spirits, Messrs. Table, Grogg, and Moist. All three being in high glee at Mr. Ap'M's reapparition among them, communicated their ideas on things in general, and declared to propose some question or questions to this or next week's *Muttoniana*. On returning to the King and Beard, Mr. Ap'M. found, on the table, some cold tea (which he did not want), but no toast. Also he soon had oracular proof that Mrs. Ap'M. had retired to rest. He (Mr. Ap'M.), therefore, anxious (for more reasons than one) not to rouse the lamb* from her slumbers, retired to his *Sanctum*. There he began a chapter in the *Amphitheatrum Æternæ Providentiæ Divino-Magicum Christiano-Physicum nec non Astrologo-Catholicum adversus veteres Philosophos, Atheos, Epicureos, Peripateticos et Stoicos*—of Julius Cæsar Vaninus. That chapter contained a reply to the *Fifth Argument*—over which, at the passage, "*Dans causam damni, damnum fecisse dicitur*," he (Mr. Ap'M.) fell asleep. So that he (Mr. Ap.M.) did not embrace his family until breakfast-hour the next morning. Miss Fleece liked *Mirella*—especially the song of Ourrias, the bull-subduer. Miss Fleece had cast more than one sheep's eye at Mr. Santley. The song of the bull-subduer upset her, and caused her to ejaculate (to the surprise of Mr. Ap'Shanks, in the next box—with the Editor of *Boosey's Musical and Dramatic Review*)—"Oh, the dear!—he should be called a lamb-subduer!"

It afterwards came to the knowledge of Mr. Ap'M. that, on the very same night of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) debauc—— that is, friendly confabulation with Mr. Table and the rest, at the I O U Club (limited to non-liquidators)—Mr. Table had also been to the Opera, to see *Mireille*. Why he (Mr. Table) did not communicate the fact to him (Mr. Ap'M.), he (Mr. Ap'M.) is at a grevious loss to comprehend. To judge from the subjoined acrostic, forwarded, according to promise, to Mr. Ap'M.'s quarters, Mr. Table must have been struck with the physiognomy of the conductor:—

To Luigi Arditi.

Liked as thou art, respect and gratitude
Uphold thee, thou noble brother; *all* that's good
Inspires thee;—thou art *all* a man, in soul, in heart,
Giving to music its sweetest, fondest, highest flight in art,
I so respect for urbanity in *all* things true,
A faithful unswerving friendship keeps *all* with you,
Reposes on the mind where it has kindly shown
Desired esteem, the longer felt *all* the better known.
I have found thee ever *all* a musician e'er could be,
The friend to *all*, especially to me;
Inscribe my testimony of what *all* friendly courtesy secures,
And *all* thro' life consider me yours truly, S. T. Table.

* Qy.—Lioness?—Disbley Peters.

The peculiarity of rhythm, the irregularity of quantities distinguishing each line from its fellows, and the appearance of a wholly independent line—which not only makes the spelling of the respected conductor's tree-name, Arditia (as it were Latinising it), but, except that it is indispensable to complete the sense, might be regarded as superfluous—induce Mr. Ap'M. to believe that the foregoing acrostic must have been psychologically generated by Mr. Table while at table, and physically put on paper as soon as he (Mr. Table) reached his lodgings, and before he (Mr. Table) had swallowed the physic prescribed for him by Dr. Bile. Mr. Ap'M. also greatly admires that couplet in which is set forth what are the conditions that make a musician *all* a musician can be:—

"I have found thee ever *all a musician e'er could be*,
The friend to all, *especially to me*."

Mr. Ap'M. believes that his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) *Muttoniana* makes him (Mr. Ap'M.) "a friend to *all*." Moreover, he has a sly leaning towards Mr. Table. Is Mr. Ap'M., therefore, and on that account, "*all* a musician e'er could be?" He (Mr. Ap'M.) is of such opinion. Nevertheless Mr. Ap'M. has reckoned nine "all's" in Mr. T.'s poem, in overhauling which (the "all's"—Mr. Ap'M. rarely condescends to pun) he (Mr. Ap. M.) has (as Dr. Shoe would give it) impinged them *all* in *italics*.

A prose communication from Mr. Table, beginning—"The following little incident, &c.,"—being strictly personal, is strictly inadmissable in Mr. Ap'M.'s columns. He (Mr. Ap'M.) has therefore transmitted it to Dr. Quentin Quack, who will metamorphose it (in parable).

Doctors in What?

Sir,—Observing among your contributors and friends the names of Dr. Shoe, Dr. Pidding, Dr. Beard, Dr. Wind, Dr. Sting, Dr. Bile, Dr. Quack and other gentlemen claiming the same honorary title, may I make so bold as to enquire if all these gentlemen are Doctors in Music, or if any or some of them claim their honors from divinity or science? Another question will not, I trust, be deemed impertinent. It is whether Sir Caper O'Corby belongs to the well known O'Corby family of Tully Corby Castle, County Monoghan? My father was an intimate friend of Sir Michael O'Corby, the old head of a family who died suddenly at a sponging house in Dublin—1848. I imagine Sir Caper must be his nephew, as Sir Michael died childless.

Your humble admirer, Verdant Green, Jun.

The Enclosure, Houghton le Spring.

"The old head of a family who died at a spunging house,' &c.,—Mr. Ap'M. impinges in a query. He would suggest *the head of an old family*, instead of "the old head of a family." Moreover, was it (Mr. Ap'M. would fain inquire) the "old head" that died at the "house," or the "family"? The "old head of the family" is evidently not on the young shoulders of Verdant Green Junior, who must be green to an extent of verdure incomparably unlimited, if he supposes Mr. Ap'M. capable of prying into the secrets of his valued contributors. Perhaps Mr. V. G. is a collector of income-tax; in which case Mr. Ap'M. may as well inform him (Mr. V. G.) that all the learned Doctors he (Mr. V. G.) has named, being members of the I O U club (limited to non-liquidators), are income-less, and therefore without his (V.G.'s) control. Dr. Wind has frequently assured Mr. Ap'Mutton that though he (Dr. Wind, not Mr. Ap'M.) spends habitually five times as much as he gains, he (Dr. Wind) is frequently at a loss to raise the wind.

On second thoughts, Mr. Ap'M. refrains from transmitting Mr. Table's anecdote to Dr. Quack, for metamorphosis, and has metamorphosed it himself (in parable):—

When one of Pompey's sold asked leave of absence from an approaching battle, to enable him to attend an expected feast (a more profitable engagement), Pompey inquired—"Had you been in Cæsar's army do you think he would have granted your request?" The retort was—"Cæsar is *feared*, while you are *respected*, by the soldiers; and were I under Cæsar's command I should not ask for such a favour." It was highly creditable to Pompey, and the best testimony that could be given as to his efficiency as a commander, that a common soldier thus frankly addressed him, without the slightest idea of flattery.

S. T. Table.

Mr. Table does not say, after all, whether Pompey let the soldier cut the battle and enjoy the feast—which in Mr. Ap'M.'s opinion shears the anecdote of an essential portion of its significance.

Will Mr. Ap'Mutton inform Mr. Purple Powis in what writing

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occurs a passage setting out thus:—"*So blieb Schiller zwischen Himmel und Erde in der Luftschweben, und in dieser Schwebe hängt nach ihm unsere ganze dramatische Dichekunst.*"

Mr. Purple Powis is informed herewith that the passage is from Richard Wagner's very singular treatise entitled *Oper und Drama*, in the chapter entitled *Das Schauspiel und das Wesen der dramatischen Dichtkunst.* Wagner makes Schiller and Goethe bend to his purpose, as he does Mozart and Beethoven, to whose abstract musical merits he, nevertheless, bears witness with such futile reluctance and emasculate frequency. Mr. Ap'M. had himself noted the passage, in his (Mr. Ap'M's) Commonplace.

A letter from Zamiels Owl, Esq., merits the dignity of insertion in the full Muttonian type. At the same time Mr. Ap'M. requests his readers not to confound the interstitiary annotations in prose by Mr. Owl, with his (Mr. Ap'M.'s), as that might peraunter vex Mr. Owl, and would assuredly annoy Mr. Ap'M.

DEAR DOCTOR SHOE.—I am pleased with your Rabelaisian humour. You are a shoe whose sole is in the right place. If you hurt any corns, they are certainly not your own. I would show my affectionate familiarity by calling you "Old Shoe," but I do not know your age. May you endure for ever! There is nothing like leather, at least your leather. I am unaware who polishes you, but one must get up very early to polish you off. After these remarks, I send you an epigram on the unfortunate 'Ottentots, whom you licked so admirably well last week.

Says 'Otten—"Big Mayhew,
My *Arrow* will pay you."
Says Mayhew—"Small 'Otten,
Your *Arrow* is rotten."

Mind, the Mayhew in question is not the gracious and excellent Horace, who is, I opine, one of your pet contributors. I dare say that Horace would say—

"The *Arrow* is what
Rude folks designate Rot,
But it shows a fool's Bolt
Can be very soon shot."

Or he might do it (as cookery-books say) "another way"—thus:—

"Little 'Otten's bad *Arrow*
Is destined to shiver,
And so Little 'Otten's
Himself in a *quiver*."

One could go on, but when the eminent and merciless Dr. Shoe takes the whip in hand, the services of interlopers are not required. For which reason I have the honor to subscribe myself, yours affectionately (but respectfully), ZAMIELS OWL.

Owlesbury, Mopington.

That "one could go on" is also the opinion of Mr. Ap'Mutton, who, with deference to Dr. Shoe (respectfully), takes a shot:—

There was a young squib called *The Arrow*,
Whose field of observance was narrow;
It shot at old Punch,
Who (while taking his lunch)
Blandly smiled at this aimless young *Arrow*.

And in Cockney dialect (Mr. Ap'Mutton perpends) he might say:—

There was a young paper, *The Harrow*,
Whose writins hour feelins did 'arrow;
But we mustn't be 'ard
On its principal bard,
Who, it's clear, wasn't brought up at 'Arrow.

And again, in pure vernacular, (Mr. Ap'Mutton perpends) he might sing:—

There was a young paper, *The Arrow*,
Whose editors lived in a barrow,
But all in a muck,
For this old wooden truck
With back numbers was filled of *The Arrow*.

And again, in scarcely less familiar strophe:—

There was a young paper, *The Arrow*,
Who for "sixpence" let out bones and marrow;
But such marrow-bones
Bein' no better than stones,
Not a "sixpence" was boned by this *Arrow*.

Much more of the sort (Mr. Ap'M. perpends) he might (but will not) say, it not being in his gravity thus to disport himself. Mr. Ap'Mutton would, at the same time, remind Mr. Owl that, though the humor of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) friend, Shoe, may be comparable with that of Rabelais, Mr. Ap'M.'s humor may not, his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) humor being incomparable. Monsieur Rabelais himself (as he declared to Mr. Ap'M., at the Court of Henri II.) tried to imitate it (Mr. Ap'M.'s humor), but finding it inimitable, described it as such.

PLACE A L'EMPEREUR!

MON CHER AP'MUTTON,—Tu te rappelles (n'est ce pas?—tu vois, je contrefais ta manie paranthètique)—tu te rappelles le fameux jour des Chartistes? Oui—j'entends d'ici ta réplique affirmative. Toi, Balfe, et moi même (tu te rappelles?), nous etions tous les trois "sworn special constables." Eh bien! je me souviens et de ta personne (si embonpoint), et de ton visage (si joufflu), et de ton esprit (si petillalant, etincellant—soleillant plutôt, si je dois fabriquer un mot); je m'en souviens, et j'en raffole. "Ce cher Ap'Mutton!" (me dis-je, intérieurement) "Ce cher Ap'Mutton!—Il y consentira." Bon; tu y consentiras; et maintenant je vais t'expliquer de quoi il s'agit. Jài ecrit (dernièrement) a mon assez consideré Maréchal Vaillant (Ministre de ma Maison et des Beaux Arts) une lettre tant soit peu signifiante. Je l'ai fait inserer dans le *Moniteur* (de matin et de soir), et mon gros ami Boniface l' a fait circuler dans les autres feuilles. Mais je desire faire croire *à tout le monde* que cette lettre n'est pas ce que vous autres (dant votre patois "Cockney") vous appelez un "*hoax*" "Or"—me suis-je dit—"dans ce bût il faut m'addresser à mon viel ami et "fellow special," Ap'Mutton (Vivier m'a de même conseillé). Veuillez donc, mon cher, me faire la grace de trouver dans votre "world-wide circulated" *Muttoniana* un petit coin à mon avantage. Celà faisant tu obligeras (je reprends le tu-toi) Vaillant, infiniment et ton ami de tout coeur et à tout jamais. NAPOLEON.

Vichy—ce 7 Aout.

P. S.—Je t' attends (naturellement) à Compiègne, dans l'automne. Vivier sera de nous; aussi Vély Pacha, Lamartine, et Abdel Kader. Ne m' intrigues pas, je t'en prie.—N.

Mr. Ap'Mutton (blushingly) obeys what he cannot (with the staunchest loyalty to his own Queen) regard as other than a command. He will also obey the second command, and join the *Chasse* at Compiègne—providing Dr. Shoe will again consent to act again as his (Mr. Ap'M's.) temporary substitute.

Vichy, le 31 juillet, 1864.

Mon cher maréchal, je viens vous faire part d'une réflexion qui m'est survenue pendant le repos dont je jouis ici. Deux grands établissements doivent être reconstruits à Paris, avec une destination bien différente: l'Opéra et l'Hôtel-Dieu. Le premier est déjà commencé; le second ne l'est pas encore. Quoique exécutés, l'Opéra aux frais de l'Etat, l'Hôtel-Dieu aux frais des hospices et de la Ville de Paris, tous deux ne seront pas moins pour la capitale des monuments remarquables; mais comme ils répondent à des intérêts très différents, je ne voudrais pas que l'un surtout parût plus protége que l'autre. Les dépenses de l'Académie Impériale de Musique dépasseront malheureusement les prévisions, et il faut éviter le reproche d'avoir employé des millions pour un théâtre, quand la première pierre de l'hôpital le plus populaire de Paris n'a pas encore été posée. Engagez donc, je vous prie, le Préfet de la Seine à faire commencer bientôt les travaux de l'Hôtel-Dieu, et veuillez faire diriger ceux de l'Opéra de manière à ne les terminer qu'en même temps. Cette combinaison, je le reconnais, n'a aucun avantage pratique; mais, au point de vue moral, j'attache un grand prix à ce que le monument consacré au plaisir ne s'elève pas avant l'asile de la souffrance. Recevez, mon cher maréchal, l'assurance de ma sincère amitié. NAPOLEON.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is more than gratified at being the means of affording increased publicity to the wise benevolence and keen provision of his Imperial and magnanimous friend—to whose decrees, be it understood, his (Mr. Ap'M's.) column (or columns) is (or are), though previously occluded, henceforward patulous.

TO OWAIN AP'MUTTON, ESQ.

HONURD ZUR,—It wor a mercy you win the match at all agen the Kidbury eleven, seen there wor sich a summat of bies. If so be you must bowl fierce, when next you plays take my advies and do what Arry Ansom did for our team, when we playd our great match agen the Muddleshire Pukes,—put on two long stops and a bucket o' water. The bucket may be non-purfessional and object to; but Kounty empires are easy made right wi' coaxing and strong yale. Axing pardin, but I thinks as how there be a slite mistake in your count of the match in your colm. If I understands correct, you bould right thru in boath innins. I ax pardin, but if that be so, how did ee manige to stump Marlin Spike, Eskwire? Your servant to command,

Wicketbourne, Ants. LUKE TROUBLE (*x-bowler to the Chick-Comely C. C.*

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Mr. Luke Trouble should be sent to St. Luke's. If he (Mr. Trouble) has not witnessed Mr. Ap'Mutton's game, he (Mr. Trouble) would wiser hold his (Mr. Trouble's) tongue. It was hardly worth Mr. Trouble's trouble to address Mr. Ap'Mutton in unorthographic guise, and so little to the "point." Mr. T.'s letter is no "catch," though written (possibly, Mr. Ap'M. conceives) over the "bowl," to the dull chirp of the "cricket." Mr. Ap'M. trusts that Mr. Trouble was not troubled on his way home with "bats;" and that he had no occasion—being, like Tam o'Shanter, (ask Howard Glover), pursued by (the) phantoms (of his inebriate fancy)—to "ba(w)ll" out for help. Mr. Ap'M. in his gravity, owns it is "wicke(t)d" thus to "play" upon words—"a field" which is not, was not, and shall not be his (Mr. Ap'M's.); but in this instance he (Mr. Ap'M.) is hardly "wide" of the mark Enough, moreover, that he (Mr. Ap'M.) will "long stop" before adventuring another (pun). He (Mr. Ap'M.) is fairly "run out" —it might even be said, off his (Mr. Ap'M's.) "stumps."

Owain Ap'Mutton.

King and Beard, Black Chapel, Aug. 12.

*** Mr. Ap'M. is compelled to decline the lyrical offering of Sir Inga Patam, Bart. ("I sing a pore ould minsthrel"), and the prose tale of *Fish not Friend*, by Mr. Pitt P. Pill, author of *The Far-spreading King* and *The Three Colored Powers*. Mr. Ap'M. is sorry, but he (Mr. Ap'M.) has no alternatives. Also he declines (having no alternatives) *Lines by a Lubber; Buckingham's Bile* (a sketch); *Why T. Adder was apprehended for assailing Beadles;* and *The Lay of the Licensed Victualler.*

THE BIRMINGHAM ORCHESTRA, &c., FOR THE FESTIVAL OF 1864:—*First Violins*—Messrs. Sainton and Blagrove (*Principals*), Messrs. Amor, Betjemann, Burnett, Carrodus, Clementi, V. Collins, Dando, Day, Goffrie, Gunniss, Hall, H. W. Hill, Howard, Jacquin, Kreutzer, Loades, Love, Pollitzer, Ries, Seymour, Streather, Thirlwall, Tours, Thomas, T. Watson, and Zerbini. *Second Violins*—Mr. Willy (*Principal*), Messrs. Bort, Bradley, Buels, Davis, Egerton, Folkes, C. Griesbach, Hayward, Humphries, Jones, Kelly, Lejeune, McKenzie, Marshall, Newsham, Nicholson, Ralph, Saltzmann, Schmidt, Shargool, Simmons, Synyer, Tourneur, S. R. Webb, and Wilkins. *Violas*—Mr. Doyle (*Principal*), Messrs. R. Blagrove, Boileau, Glanvill, Hann, W. H. Hann, Hill, Roberts, Start, Thomas, Thompson, Trust, Venua, Vogel, Wand, W. H. Webb, Westlake, and T. Westrop. *Violoncellos*—Mr. Collins (*Principal*), Messrs. Aylward, G. Calkin, H. Chipp, Daubert, Guess, Hancock, E. Howell, Ould, Paque, Pettit, R. Reed, W. Reed, Schroeder, Shephard, Testar, and Waite. *Double Basses*—Mr. Howell (*Principal*), Messrs. Campanile, Castelli, Edgar, Flower, Griffiths, A. Howell, Lewis, Moreton, Mount, Pratten, Reynolds, Russell, Severn, Vaudrelan, White, and Winterbottom. *Flutes*—Messrs. Pratten, De Folly, Nicholson, and Tilley. *Oboes*—Messrs. Barrett, Nicholson, Horton, and Malsch. *Clarionets*—Messrs. Lazarus, Maycock, Godfrey, and Roxbee. *Bassoons*—Messrs. Hutchins, Anderson, Chisholm, and A. Smith. *Trumpets*—Messrs. Harper, and Irwin. *Horns*—Messrs. C. Harper, Mann, Catchpole, and J. Standen. *Trombones*—Messrs. Hawkes, Antoine, and Winterbottom. *Ophicleide*—Mr. Hughes. *Serpents*—Messrs. Jepp, and Standen. *Double Drums*—Mr. Chipp. *Side Drum and Triangle*—Mr. Seymour. *Bass Drum*—Mr. Horton. *Harp*—Mr. Trust. The *Librarians* are Messrs. Horton, and Peck. The principal singers are Mdlle. Tietjens, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, and Mdlle. Adelina Patti (sopranos); Madame Sainton Dolby and Miss Palmer (contraltos); Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Mario (tenors); Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss (basses.) *Solo Pianoforte*—Madame Arabella Goddard; *Solo Violin*—M. Sainton; *Organist*—Mr. Stimpson; and *Conductor* Mr. Costa. A musical phalanx, and no mistake!

ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.—There is every prospect now that restoration of this ancient cathedral, which has been in dilapidated state for many score years, will be at once proceeded with. Meeting of Restoration Building Committee has been held, at which four tenders were submitted for carrying out four divisions of work, total being as follows:—G. Pollard, 13,990*l.*; Hood and Son, 15,813*l.*; T. Williams, 16,639*l.*; James and Price, 17,384*l.* Committee accepted tender of G. Pollard, and determined that first division, comprising lower part of tower and choir, and fourth division, comprising dry areas and drains, should be first completed before commencing other two divisions. This will involve expenditure of 8,978*l.*, and it was reported at meeting that subscriptions already promised amounted to 8 309*l.* St. David's is mother church of Wales, and restoration is looked upon with general favor throughout principality.

T. Puff Short.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE BERLIN THEATRE.*

Of all the archives which have been ransacked of late years, few have yielded a more profitable return than those of the Berlin Theatre. The author of this volume was for a long time Secretary to the Intendancy of the Prussian stage, and his leisure has been employed in compiling a sort of history of managers, actors, authors, and pieces, from 1740 to 1840, as well as in selecting correspondence which bears on these topics, and which has survived time, fire, and autograph collectors. This body of letters gives the book its value. Theatrical histories are generally interesting so far as they are not merely theatrical histories. We glance hastily over the record of events, the statements of the effect produced by forgotten pieces, with the evidence of forgotten witnesses, and we halt only when some familiar name comes up for a moment, or when a classic play is presented to us in the strange garb of a new performance. In this chronicle of Hofrath Teichmann's we are struck by casual gleams of Lessing and Goethe, Schiller and Mozart. But the excellent compiler is too dry and matter-of-fact to trust himself beyond bare enumeration, even with such names as these; and he does not resort to the forlorn hope of some who have preceded him, of filling up the frequent pause with extravagant anecdote. His especial hero is Iffland, manager of the theatre in Berlin from 1796 to 1815; and this period—which brought the chief plays of Schiller on the Berlin stage, and which deals with poets of every description from Goethe down to Kotzebue—is the most fruitful section in the volume. Of earlier times we hear very little, and of later times we have little worth hearing. Frederic the Great is too French in his dramatic tastes to find favour with a patriotic Prussian in any sphere but that of politics, and during his reign the German theatre had a hard struggle to subsist against the King's French stage. Frederic's love of the French drama had, as was natural, communicated itself to the public, and the native drama languished accordingly. Döbbelin, who was afterwards manager of the German theatre, complained to Lessing that Jack-pudding had full and undisputed possession, and Lessing promised to erect a monument to Döbbelin if he would purge the stage of the monstrosity. Lessing's wish was gratified for the time, but it is curious to see the natural tendency of the German Theatre to subside into Jack-pudding whenever French influence predominates. During the two years of French rule in Prussia, the stage, which had shortly before been at the very height of its fame, fell back to a succession of Harlequins, to the profound disgust of the worthy chronicler. One anecdote is given of Frederick the Great which scarcely accords with the picture, also from a singer's point of view, of *Consuelo*. One of the Berlin singers had married a violinist against Frederick's wish, and was ill-treated by her husband. The violinist was a bad character, and his wife's "unfortunate passion for him" led her to run away with him from Berlin. The Prussian Ambassador in Dresden stopped her, and sent to Frederick for orders, but Frederick replied, "Let her go; a woman is like a pointer, the more you beat her the faster she clings to you."

During the latter years of Frederick the Great, and immediately after his death, the German theatre begins to be worthy of its name. Frederick's French *troupe* was regularly dissolved during his wars, and was not reconstituted after the Bavarian War of Succession. In the meantime, a heavy blow against French taste had been dealt by Lessing in his *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*. Lessing's own plays, and the early works of Goethe and Schiller, began to attract attention, and the classical period of Germany was dawning. The minds of the Berlin public had not been so thoroughly depraved by Molière and Racine as patriotic critics are tempted to assert, and as Frederick's own taste had been warped when he gave vent to his famous condemnation of Shakespeare and Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. "Disgusting platitudes" was the phrase with which Frederick dismissed the first work of Goethe, but the King's sentence was instantly reversed by the playgoers among his subjects. *Götz* was performed for the first time in 1774, Hofrath Teichman tells us, and the success of the piece was enormous. The playbill of the day describes the new play in quaint language, as "manufactured with diligence by a learned and acute author on a system which is quite peculiar, and at present quite uncommon. The piece is said to be, as people call it, in the style of Shakespeare. We might have scrupled to put such a work on the stage, but have yielded to the desire of several friends, and have taken as much pains in the production as time and space permitted. And to please the honoured public, we have devoted as much money as was necessary to the decorations and dresses which were customary at the time." The author's name does not appear on the playbill, and the first newspaper that professed to give his name, spoke of a Dr. Göde in Frankfort. But the success of the piece soon brought the real name

* *Johann Valentin Teichmann's Literarischer Nachlass.* Herausgegeben von Franz Dingelstedt. Stuttgart: Cotta.

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forward; and we find Lessing attributing some other tragedy to Goethe, and, being told that he was mistaken, exclaiming, "So much the better! In that case Goethe is not the only one who can write such pieces." The time was approaching when the Berlin public found that many others could write pieces more to its taste. The *Robbers* took instant and complete possession of the stage; nothing would stand by the side of it; even Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* was only played four time to the *Robbers* twenty, though the two pieces were novelties alike. Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* had such a success that it saved the manager from ruin and a despairing flight. His *Miss Sara Sampson*, which now ranks as his lowest drama, was surprisingly popular, while his *Emilia Galotti* appeared only nine times in as many years. Of Goethe's later works, the *Natürliche Tochter* was only given three times in a whole year, and then vanished from the *repertoire*. Schiller, on the other hand, went on increasing in popularity, and the success of *Wilhelm Tell*, in which he culminated, gave him no cause to regret the early fame of his *Robbers*.

These scanty notices of the older time are more amply filled up when we come to the management of Iffland. His correspondence with all the chief poets of the age, the classical works he produced, and his own reputation as an actor, bring in a crowd of fresh elements, and the Berlin theatre is in a sudden whirl of managerial activity. Iffland finds time to write long letters to Schiller, pleading the dangers of giving a piece like the *Camp of Wallenstein* in a military capital like Berlin, and a military king as the first of the spectators, or suggesting historical plays taken from German annals of the time of the Reformation as more popular than Greek and Roman pieces, or begging for preliminary sketches of scenery and action, that he may be able to set his painters at work. He writes to irritable poets and authors, excusing himself for not accepting their plays. Tieck writes one or two plaintive letters because he is sure that some character is meant for him, and the manager smoothes him down. Kotzebue is excessively offended at the rejection of his *Joan of Montfaucon*, and says he should have thought there was room for it in a place where *Zauberflötes*, *Piccolominis* and such things were represented. Iffland replies with dignity and politeness in a letter of four and a-half octavo pages. It is true that the post in Germany was so slow that the persecution of business letters could not be as severe as it is in London. Return of post between Berlin and Weimar, places which are six hours distant by railway, seems to have implied two or three weeks. A letter dated Berlin the 26th of November, arrived in Weimar on the 5th of December; but we presume that this was an unusual delay, as it is especially noticed in a postscript. With six posts a day, as Sydney Smith expresses it, letters of four pages octavo are impossible, and the most irritable author that ever furnished a title-page to the elder Disraeli must forego the satisfaction of being convinced by a manager. To judge from the samples before us, Iffland's plan must have been effectual. Even Kotzebue was propitiated. And, after all, Kotzebue had very little to complain of. In the list of pieces given, his name recurs more frequently than any other, except that of Iffland himself, and the rate at which he was paid places him constantly above Schiller. *Maria Stuart*, the *Maid of Orleans*, and the *Bride of Messina* were bought from the author at £16 and £17 each, a sum less than what Kotzebue got for many of his plays—even less than what was paid to librettists for the book of an opera. *Wallenstein* and *Wilhelm Tell* were better—£50 each. We find Goethe asking £90 for the complete theatrical copyright of *Romeo and Juliet*, while Schlegel gets only £10 for his adaptation of *Hamlet*. The lowness of these prices seems to have been a sore subject with Iffland. "But what can I do?" he asks in a letter to Schiller, in which he exposes all his managerial difficulties: "the Court gives us very little; we must play every day, we must make a certain receipt every day; pieces in verse take twice as long to learn as other pieces, and they don't suit the great public; our painting-room costs so much a day to heat during the winter; if your genius should lead you to a genius of the same effect on the public as the *Maid of Orleans*, we should gladly double the *honorarium*."

The stinginess of the Court is a great subject of complaint. But it speaks well for the taste of the public that the plays which the manager was most ready to offer, and which allowed him to double the author's profit, were those which posterity has associated with the name of Schiller. A public competent to appreciate and support such a play as *Wilhelm Tell* scarcely needs to have a national theatre kept up for it by the Court. We see pretty clearly from this, as from so many similar experiments, what a dramatist must do if he wants the "plausoris aulæa mœntis," whom Horace prescribed as not the least inducement to the poet. It is not sufficient to be a classic in your own estimation and write dramas on admirable models, because cultivated minds have approved the one, and the public ought to appreciate the other. This may be very well so long as you have a Court to support you, and can rely on the verdict of those who are too orthodox to yawn, and whose tongues have been moulded by tradition or etiquette till they have forgotten how to hiss. But, if you want the general public, you must not lecture it on what it ought to admire, but you must make it admire. Iffland and Schiller might well be confident in the taste of a public which had begun by being frenzied for *Götz* and the *Robbers*, which had expected Mozart's *Don Juan* with greater eagerness than any other opera, which had gone to see Gluck's *Iphigenia* with the firm intention of laughing at the strange spectacle of a tragedy with German singers, and had remained to applaud, and which had then risen with the rise of its national literature till it welcomed Schiller's later pieces with the same enthusiasm which had greeted his first and most extravagant productions. That the Court, with all the stinginess laid to its charge, was aware of the necessity of consulting the public taste, may be seen from the conditions imposed on one of the earlier managers, who is especially enjoined not to give orders for free entrance to any of the creditors of the theatre, or to any persons in authority, but only "to those learned men and acute critics whose advice may be beneficial to his theatre." But it is only so long as the public taste is pure that the poet can rely upon it, and when the falling off comes, as it is almost certain to come, there is no more hope for the drama. Is it better, under such circumstances, to keep an empty theatre, at the expense of a Court, for the sake of galvanizing the muse, as is done in some of the capitals of Germany, or to yield to the tide, and confess that the stream is setting in in another direction? As Secretary to the management of Berlin, Hofrath Teichmann seems to have taken the latter course. In his book, he is too firmly rooted to the traditions of the golden age to confess his own weakness.

FISH AT THE CONCERTS.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts.

The first "Classical Night," given on Thursday, was devoted to Mozart, the first part of the programe comprising the overture to *Idomeneo*; Concerto for the clarinet; Pianoforte Sonata in F major; the aria "Gli angui d' inferno," from the *Il Flauto Magico*; and symphony in E flat. Mr. Lazarus played the clarinet part in the Concerto for that instrument, and Mdlle. Krebs performed the pianoforte sonata. How Mr. Lazarus played the Clarinet Concerto need not be told. The composer himself would have pronounced it incomparable. Mdlle. Krebs found a wider scope for her talent in the sonata, than in the fantasia on which she had been expending her means the three previous evenings. Of course the grasp of mind and balance of sentiment, which in master-hands seems almost to convert an instrumental performance into a realization, are wanting in the young lady—who, by the way, is not so young as she is proclaimed—and the force, too, and energy which constitutes power are not to be found in her. But everything else is present in Mdlle. Kreb's playing. A facility surpassed by few, a light and graceful touch, and great delicacy, almost refinement, of expression. The youthful pianist made a great sensation in the sonata, and retired from the platform amid a perfect storm of applause. The song from the *Flauto Magico* was entrusted to Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, who sang it as few living singers could, and was cheered to the echo. The audience roared for an encore, but Mdlle. Patti only bowed. We must leave our readers to imagine how the magnificent band, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, played the overture to *Idomeneo* and the E flat symphony.

As regards the second part it is enough to say that it was miscellaneous, that the operatic selection was "La Favorita," the soloists being Messrs. Hill (violin), G. Collins (violoncello), Barret (oboe), Levy (cornet), and Hughes (ophecleide); that Mdlle. Carlotta Patti sang the Carnaval de Venise, and being encored, gave "Comin' thro' the rye"; that Mr. Levy's solo was the waltz from *Faust*; that the Grand March from *La Reine de Saba* (a really grand march) was repeated; that Ali Ben Sou-Alle again played his *Sannambula* fantasia on his new instrument; and that the new quadrille from *Mirella* concluded the concert.

Last night the feature of the concert was the performance of several glees and part-songs by Mr. Alfred Mellon's Glee Union.

To-night there will be a "Volunteer Night," the meaning of which we do not precisely understand. The expression is obscure, unless Mr. Mellon intends that both he and his artists perform their parts gratuitously, and admit the public free.

Coventry Fish.

New York.—*July* 9.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The month of June in the metropolis has been almost totally devoid of musical demonstrations. Only two concerts of any importance have been given—one at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 14th, and another at Niblo's Saloon on the following night. At the former the united choirs of the Methodist Episcopal Churches, comprising nearly 300 vocal and instrumental performers, gave a number of choruses from the principal oratorios, interspersed with solos and duets, all for the benefit of a Sunday School Union; and at the latter, tendered as a

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benefit to the widow of Lieutenant Boudinot, killed during the battles of the Wilderness, Madame de Lussan, Mdlle. Morensi, the contralto, Signor Morelli, the barytone, and other artists volunteered their services. Lieutenant Boudinot, before he went to the wars, was a musician, and connected with the Academy of Music in New York. An opera company has been formed by Mr. Max Strakosch, to give operas like *Don Pasquale* and *Il Barbiere**—works which do not necessitate a chorus—in the Northern States and Canadas. The troupe has an American prima donna in Miss Adelaide Phillips, while Signor Brignoli is the tenor, Signor Susini the basso, and Signor Mancusi the baritone. The company began operations at Portland, but were not successful there, the people of that city apparently preferring negro minstrelsy. Thence they went to Quebec and Montreal. Mr. Max Maretzek is about to try his fortunes with the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, for which city he has engaged in Europe an entirely new company of singers, and intends giving opera with them under imperial patronage. He will return to New York during next winter. In the meantime, Mazzoleni, Biachi, and Sulzer will leave for Mexico. Mr. Maretzek is to produce next season, in the place of Miss Sulzer, a new contralto, a resident of New York, who has never yet appeared on the stage. She is singing at present in the choir of a Roman Catholic church in this city, and will make her operatic *debut* as the Gipsy in the *Trovatore*.

* Our New York correspondent must surely have mistaken the *Barbiere* for some other opera. The *Barbiere* without a chorus would in reality be *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.—Ed. *M. W.*

ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Mellon's concerts should be the very finest musical entertainments in existence. No concert of less than superlative excellence should tempt the unwary lounger in the delicious eventide into the gas-laden atmosphere of a theatre on a hot August day. No amateur who, in the cold and dreary winter nights, can warm his starved imagination, and stimulate his impoverished brain with the masterpieces of music, should venture within a concert-room during the dog days, with the vain hope of reviving faded pleasure. For all who have an opportunity of breathing the fresh sea breeze, and of enjoying the luxurious and profitable idleness of a country life, it is a duty to gratify their desires. But in this overgrown city of three million inhabitants there are many weary, helpless, town-ridden wretches to whom all such health-giving pleasures are denied; and there are many who prefer hearing Beethoven's "sensations on first revisiting the country," splendidly described in his Pastoral Symphony, to testing their own feelings on the subject. To all these Mr. Mellon's concerts will be a great boon. But the concerts should be of remarkable excellence, and they should be the best of their kind.—*Daily Telegraph.*

BARNSBURY LITERARY INSTITUTE.—A concert was given, under the direction of Mr. George Tedder, at Myddelton Hall on Friday evening, the 5th inst., by the above institution, which attracted a large audience. The vocalists were Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Lotti Ellerie, Miss Leffler, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Carl Turner, and Mr. Leonard Walker; the instrumentalists Mr. Emile Berger (pianoforte), and Mr. V. Collins (violin). Among the pieces that made the greatest impression were a new song by Mr. George Tedder "Her boy so brave and fair," sung by Miss Rebecca Isaacs, "Maggie's Secret" by Miss Leffler (encored), a new song by Mr. Henry Fase, "Yes, loving hearts," sung with expression by Mr. George Tedder, Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer" well given by Mr. Leonard Walker, and Rossini's "Largo al factotum," by the same gentleman, in so spirited a manner that the audience encored it. Miss Lotti Ellerie made a favorable impression in Venzano's popular waltz, and Mr. Emile Berger a decided "hit" in his new *fantasia* on Scotch airs entitled *Waverly*, which was loudly encored, but not repeated. Mr. Emile Berger also accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

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As on the very day,
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again?
The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me *she* made
The sweetness of the year;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.
A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said;
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

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ANTONIO SALIERI.

(*Continued from Page 642.*)

While enjoying the success of his *Grotto of Trofonius*, Salieri had another cause of high satisfaction in the reception which the printed score of *Les Danaides* met with from the musical world, and its renewed success in Paris. C. F. Cramer wrote him, from Kiel, that "he recognized throughout the score the harmonious and feeling composer of the Enchantress Armida, but at the same time one who was able with as rapid and unfaltering a flight to rise above his own peculiar style and follow the path of Gluck, as the true and worthy heir of his mantle." Bailli du-Roullet wrote him from Paris, that the *Danaides* had again been put upon the stage, was listened to with delight, and applauded to the echo; that the splendid success of its first course was nothing to the present, and one heard but a universal cry of "What a magnificent Opera!" and, at the same time he besought Salieri to inform Gluck that his *Alceste* roused a higher enthusiasm with each repetition.

When Salieri returned from his first Parisian visit, he brought with him, as we have seen, two texts which the Academy of Music had entrusted to him for composition: *Tarare*, by Beaumarchais, and *Les Horaces*, after Corneille, by Guillard. The former, after careful examination, he sent back to its author, with remarks and request for certain changes. Bailli du-Roullet, in a letter to Salieri, at this time, says:

"Yesterday I called on Beaumarchais; he has received your two letters, is captivated with them, finds them full of sense and genius, and is fully determined to meet your wishes. He told me that these letters had greatly increased the respect which he feels for you, and strengthened the opinion even which he already held of your genius and merits."

Beaumarchais, having revised his text, sent it back, and Salieri devoted to it and *Les Horaces* the hours, which his duties as first Chapelmaster of the Italian Opera left him free, as he says in his own notes:

"*Con grandissimo piacere, perchè il genere raginato (il solo veramente rispettabile) a Parigi viene, generalmente parlando, sempre meglio eseguito e più gustato che altrove.*" ("With the greatest pleasure, because the rational form of music (the only one really respectable), generally speaking, is always better executed and more thoroughly enjoyed in Paris than anywhere else.")

Joseph in Vienna enjoyed the light Opera Buffa, and it was cheap. Maria Antoinette enjoyed the grand spectacle, and her husband spent immense sums upon it. Joseph was economical; Louis profuse. Joseph died amid the universal tears of his people. Louis and his wife lost their heads amidst the universal curses of theirs. At all events that lavishness of expense gave Salieri the opportunity of exerting his talents and genius in a higher field than Vienna opened to him since the death of Maria Theresa.

"In the spring of 1786," says Mosel, and no means is at hand for determining the date more exactly (which one would be glad to have precisely fixed, because of its bearing upon the 'Mozart and Figaro question'), "Salieri was invited to bring these two operas as soon as possible to Paris. Obtaining leave of absence from Joseph, he made his preparations for the journey at once. Before his departure he took a tender leave of Gluck, to whom he was mainly indebted for the fame and profit to which he was going; for with all his talents it is very doubtful if, without Gluck's recommendation, he would ever have reached the honors which had already crowned him, and were awaiting him in France. Gluck, whose mother tongue was 'Czesch,' or Bohemian, expressed himself with some difficulty in German, and still more so in Italian and French; and this was increased in his last years by the effect of his partial paralytic condition. He was apt to mix the three languages together in his conversation, and his parting words to his favorite protegé ran as follows:—

"*Ainsi—mon cher ami—lei parte domani per Parigi—Je vous souhaite—di cuore un bon voyage—Sie gehen in eine Stadt, wo man schätzet—die fremden Künstler—e lei si farà onore—ica zweifle nicht,*' and, embracing him, he added, '*ci scriva, mais bien souvent.*'

(But, my dear friend, you are going away to Paris to-morrow, I wish you—pleasant journey from my heart—you are going to a city where they value—foreign artists—and you will do yourself honor—I have no doubt;' and embracing him, added: 'write to me, and very often')."

Noteworthy is it, adds Mosel, that Salieri has recorded these words—he who was himself in the habit in conversation of mixing the same three languages in like manner.

The first produced of his two works in Paris was *Les Horaces*, which was most favorably received by singers and orchestra at the rehearsals, and at the performance was—damned! As the score (according to Mosel, I know nothing about it) shows so many beauties as to place the work among the finest of its class for melody, novelty of forms, beauty of the accompaniment, and adaptation to the sentiments of the text, the failure of *Les Horaces et les Curiaces* must have been owing to extraneous circumstances; and a concatenation of odd and unlucky accidents did actually occur sufficient to produce the effect, with the volatile, jest loving Parisian audience. Salieri was advised to entrust the important part of the high priest to a young man of noble person and a powerful resonant voice, but who had hitherto only sung minor parts. As a preventive against singing false he was in the habit of practising his parts at home at a pianoforte tuned half a tone above the orchestra.

At the rehearsals he had sung exceedingly well; but at the performance, on reaching the recitative, "Le Senat rassemble sous ces voûtes sacrées," which closes the first act, notwithstanding the preceding *ritornel* of the orchestra, he struck in half a tone too high, as he had used himself to do at home. The act thus far had been a success, but this musical effect had been too much for the audience, and a burst of laughter greeted the singer from all parts of the house. The poor fellow lost his self-command, and, though he found his pitch, sang the long scene through with an uncertain voice, the result being that the curtain fell upon a cold audience. The effect upon Salieri, who sat with certain friends in a box (the composer not being allowed in this theatre to conduct his own work), may be imagined. They hoped, however, that the other two acts would be listened to more attentively, and that the opera might end with the applause with which it had in fact begun. During the progress of the second act the parterre became stiller and more attentive. Salieri was again of good courage. The scene of the finale is the field in which the Horatii and the Curiatii are to meet in mortal combat; and upon their appearance the people, who knew of the friendly relations between the families, in their surprise at seeing them thus opposed to each other, were to shout, "Les Horaces! Les Curiaces!" Salieri had thought it best to have these words delivered without accompaniment, and *ad libitum*. But at the moment one of the chorus singers, whether by mistake or for the sake of the joke, who knows?, dwelt upon the syllable "Cu" (queue) in such a manner as to raise a laugh, destroy the illusion, and cause the curtain to fall upon an unsympathizing audience.

The third act passed off without gaining upon the feelings of the audience, and the exhibition of the historical fact of the murder of his sister by the only survivor of the three Horaces, brought out strong marks of disapproval.

Of course all was corrected for the next performance—the high priest sang in tune, the chorist shortened his "Cu," and the sister committed suicide—but the opera was discredited, and after three or four performances was withdrawn.

"The result of a theatrical performance," says Salieri, commenting upon his ill success in this case, "notwithstanding all the merit a work may possess, is never to be known beforehand; but still, it cannot be a matter of indifference to an author, unless he be a presumptuous fool."

Besides the misfortunes, which had attended the first performance of this work, various imperfections in the text had doubtless their effect upon its success; to Salieri and his music it would be unjust to attribute its failure.

Salieri was soon comforted for this piece of ill fortune; and he soon forgot it, except when the *Cu-riaces* came to mind as a curious and laughable jest played by chance at his expense. He was more than comforted, he was triumphant, for Beaumarchais' *Tarare*, with his music, was an almost unexampled success. I have not been able, out of the authorities at hand, to fix the date of the unsuccessful work; but *Tarare* "was given," says Mosel, "soon after its fall," and the first production of this was on June 8, 1787. This is Poisot's date, as well as that given in Beaumarchais' works. Mosel gives June 7.

That the two works were given with but a very short interval between, is the idea conveyed by Mosel here, but can hardly be

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reconciled to what has previously been said of the composer's departure from Vienna in the spring of the preceding year. It is a point of little importance except in its bearing upon the discussion of the relations between Salieri and Mozart previously given. Gerber dates *Les Horaces et les Curiaces*, 1786. Poisot does not mention it; but his work is only a sketch of Parisian musical history, and his list of operas contains only the successful ones. In this list he gives the following dates of works performed at this time in the Grand Opera :—

1786. August 29. *La Toison d'or*, text, Desriaux; music, Vogel.

1787. February 1. *Oedipe à Colone*, text, Guillard; music, Sacchini.

1787. June 8. *Tarare*, text, Beaumarchais; music, Salieri.

There seems no room for doubt that Mosel's "soon after" must be taken *cum grano*, and that *Les Horaces* was produced in the autumn of 1786; else where could the performers have found time for its study and rehearsal? Or may it possibly have even preceeded the *Toison d'or*?

"An analysis of the beauties of *Tarare*," says Mosel, "would fill a book; in general it must be said that the judgment, genius, fire, the never-failing support of the action through the music, the interludes so perfectly depicting every various sentiment of the recitatives, the perfect characterization of the persons of the drama, the truth of expression in all the vocal music, and the joining all these parts into one perfect whole, raises this opera to an enduring model of its class." "Should it strike any one as strange, that in the French opera the number of cavatinas is so large, while that of the airs is so small, let him understand," continues Mosel, "that the French (at least on the grand stage of their National Opera) demand not a 'concert of which the drama is a pretext,' as the Abeé Amand so happily says, but a musical drama; hence no more music than serves to increase the beauty of the poem, enhance the effect of the acting, and strengthen the impression of the whole; grand airs are permitted only where their introduction will not retard the rapid progress of the action, nor jar with the feeling of the moment, but rather intensify it. Hence they require no vocal *virtuosos* for the performance of these works, but *actors* skilled in declamatory song; and mark the difference between the French and Italian opera singers by calling the former *Acteurs chantants*, the latter *Chanteurs*."

It must not be forgotten that Mosel wrote forty years ago, and that his remarks would hardly apply to the Grand Opéra of Paris since that period.

At the close of the triumphant first performance of *Tarare*, both poet and composer were called for by the audience. Beaumarchais excused himself on the ground that he was but a dilettant in poetry; but two of the leading singers led Salieri forward to receive the most gratifying proofs of the general satisfaction.

(To be Continued.)

JOHANN SEBASTIN BACH.

From the "New American Encyclopædia."

Johann Sebastin, in some respects, the greatest musician that has lived, was the third and youngest son of J. Ambrosius, born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685, one month after the birth of Handel, at Halle, died at Leipsic, July 28, 1750. At a very early age he lost his mother, and had hardly reached his 10th year when his father died also. The little orphan was then placed under the care of his brother, J. Christoph, at Ohrdruff, with whom he continued his musical studies and began the practice of keyed instruments—the harpsichord and organ. The lessons of his brother soon ceased to interest him, and he begged the use of a manuscript in Christoph's possession containing compositions for the harpsichord by Frohberger, Kerl, Pachelbel, the most noted organists of that day, but this was refused him. The door of the case in which this book was kept was of lattice-work, through which little Bach's hand would pass, and, as it was not bound, he was able to roll it up and draw it out. On bright moonlight nights, he would take it to his room and copy from it, and thus in the course of six months, he had it in his own hand. It was hardly finished, however, when his brother accidentally discovered it, and took it away. The act seemed harsh, but doubtless the teacher knew best how to direct the studies of so young a pupil. The boy's pupilage in Ohrdruff was short, being ended by the early death of Christoph. In Europe—in England as well as on the continent—in our day as well as in the days of Bach—there is a resource for such boys in the choirs of cathedrals, ecclesiastical schools, and richly endowed churches. English, Italian, and German musical history gives us the name of many a celebrated composer who in youth was a chorister. Bach found a place as treble singer in such a choir at Lunenberg, not many miles from Hamburg, remaining there until his voice changed, with the best advantages of excellent school and the best musical instruction, and in receipt of a small stipend, yet sufficient for his boyish necessities. His enthusiasm for the organ, and his zeal for music in other forms and styles, at this period, are sufficiently attested by his foot journeys to Hamburg to hear Reinke, the great organist, and to Zelle to listen to the French band in the service of the prince. With the change in his voice came the loss of his place and the necessity of entering upon a new field. Like Handel, he had studied the violin—with success, as his remarkable compositions prove—and it was now his resource. At the age of 13, therefore, he journeyed to Weimar, and entered the service of the court there as violinist. His leisure hours were still devoted to the organ, to counterpoint, and composition, and in less than two years, though hardly 20 years of age, he was called to Arnstadt to fill the place of organist, probably in the church where his father's uncle Heinrich had so long officiated. The three years spent in Arnstadt were years of most devoted study, and during that time he developed those powers which afterwards placed him above all rivalry. Beside the labour which he devoted to the working out of his own conceptions, he let nothing escape him which appeared from the pens of Bruhns, Reinke, and Buxtehude. He was so charmed with the works of the last named that he went to Lubeck to hear him play, and prolonged his visit to a stay of three months, merely to listen to him in the church, for his acquaintance he did not make. In 1707 he accepted a call to Mulhausen, and the following year returned to Weimar, in the capacity of court organist. Encouraged by the continual applause of the court he exerted himself to the utmost, and his principal compositions for the organ date during the seven years of his services there. In 1714 he gave up his position as organist, and accepted the place of concert-master to the Duke, with the additional duty of composing and conducting the vocal music of the ducal chapel. Here, doubtless, began the enormous list of works in every form of sacred music, which, mostly in manuscript, are preserved in the musical libraries of Berlin, Leipsic, and other cities. Here, too, he had constant practice in writing orchestral works and instrumental chamber music, and fitted himself for a larger stage of action. In 1714, Marchand, then at the head of French organists, appeared in Dresden, and charmed Augustus so greatly by his skill as to receive an offer of a very large salary to enter his service. Volumier, also a Frenchman, the concert-master of the King—whether jealous for the honour of his own nation or that in which he had cast his lot cannot now be determined—invited Bach to the capital to a trial of skill with Marchand. The Saxon accepted the invitation, and through the kindness of Volumier had an opportunity of hearing his rival. With the knowledge and consent of Augustus, Bach sent his challenge to the French artist, which was accepted. At the time fixed, Bach appeared at the house of the minister where the contest was to take place, The King and company waited long, but Marchand came not. At length came news that he had left the city early that day by extra post. The greatness of the German organist, however, more than made good the the loss. Bach returned to Weimar, but soon after accepted the office of Kapellmeister to the Court at Kothen, where he remained, composing for and directing the orchestra, until 1723, when the city authorities of Leipsic elected him to the position of musical director and cantor of the Thomas School. During the six years at Kothen, he had not neglected his favorite instrument. Obtaining leave of absence, he again visited Hamburg to see the aged Reinke, who had now nearly completed his century. While there, he gave a performance upon the organ of the Catherine Church in presence of the city magistrates and the principal citizens, extemporizing for more than two hours in such a manner, that the aged Reinke, who had listened with delighted attention, exclaimed at the close, "I thought this art had completely died out; but I see it still lives in you." At the age of 38 then, Bach, rich in all that study of theory, hearing the best models of his age and country, practice as member and leader of orchestras, and constant exercise in composition for church and concert room could give him, entered upon the calm, quiet life of succeeding years, and devoted himself to teaching and to the working out of his lofty conceptions of the musical art. Twenty-seven years he thus lived and laboured, surrounded by his pupils and his large family of sons, composing music, sacred and secular, in all the forms then known, except the opera and dramatic oratorio, and leaving as the fruits of these years, a mass of compositions, which for number, variety and excellence, form, perhaps, the most astonishing monument of musical genius and learning. Mozart and Handel alone can at all come in competition with him in this regard. Of the few works from his pen, which appeared in his lifetime, most are said to have been engraved upon copper by himself, with the assistance of his son Friedemann, and this labour, added to his others so numerous, finally cost him his sight. A few years later, at the age of 62, an attack of apoplexy

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carried him to the tomb. He was twice married, and of the fruits of those marriages he left ten sons; all of them fine musicians: several of them among the very first of that great period in the history of the art, in which Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, were the chief ornaments. This great musician had no cause to complain of a want of due appreciation, either as organist or composer. Very soon after his establishment in Leipsic, the Duke of Weissenfels conferred the title of Kapellmeister, with the emoluments of the office, without requiring his personal attendance at court, and in 1736, Augustus Saxony created him "Royal Polish and Saxon electoral court composer." In 1747, he was persuaded to accept an invitation from Frederick II., King of Prussia, to visit Berlin and Potsdam. Notice was given to the King of his arrival in the latter city just as a private concert in the palace was to begin. "Gentlemen," said Frederick, "old Bach has come!" The old organist was instantly sent for, and without affording him time to change his dress, he was brought to the palace. The King had several of Silbermann's piano-fortes in various apartments—one may still be seen there—and to these in succession Bach was taken and called upon to try their powers. At length the King gave him a theme for a fugue, which was so coined out as to afford him the highest gratification, and he immediately afterwards demanded an extemporaneous fugue in six parts. Bach thought a moment, and selecting the theme, worked it up, to the astonishment not only of the King, but of the several distinguished musicians present. Upon his return to Leipsic he wrote out the fugue, added to it another, in three parts, and a *ricercar*, also, in six, both upon the same theme, together with other specimens of his powers, and published them with the title of "A Musical Offering." The only works by Bach, published during his life, are exercises for the harpsichord, in three parts, which appeared at intervals; an air with thirty variations; six choral preludes in three parts for the organ; variations in canon upon the choral *Von Himmel hoch* and the "Musical Offering." The rest of his works left in manuscript have come out one by one, or still remain unprinted. The sixth volume in folio, of his complete works, has just appeared in Leipsic, edited by the Bach society. Our limits forbid any attempt to give a catalogue of these works—they amount to many hundreds in number. Among them are found five complete sets of vocal pieces for the church for all the Sundays and festivals of the year; a great collection of oratorios, masses, magnificats, sanctus, pieces for birth, wedding and funeral occasions, and not a few comic compositions; 5 "passions," so called, compositions to which the accounts of the suffering and death of Christ, as given by the evangelists, furnish the text; more than a hundred sacred cantatas are preserved in the library of the Thomas school alone. "The Well-tempered Clavier," a collection of forty-eight preludes and forty-eight fugues, is known to every student of the piano-forte, as remarkable in its adaption to the purpose of enabling the performer to conquer the difficulties of that instrument. His works for organ, harpsichord, orchestra, and every solo instrument in use a century since, are as numerous and effective as his vocal compositions, and begin again to form a part of the programme in the principal concerts of Central Europe. As a virtuoso upon keyed instruments, Bach seems to have anticipated the wonderful effects produced in our own days by Thalberg and even Liszt. In his own age he was in this regard—as has been said of Shakespeare as a poet—so far above all others, as to have no second. The fingering invented by Bach was the basis of his son Emanuel's work upon the piano-forte, which opened a new era for the instrument, and led, through Mozart and Clementi, the way to the extraordinary perfection exhibited by the virtuosos of our own time. To it he was compelled by his own works, for, as he himself said, "he had often been compelled to study long at night how to play the compositions which he had written during the day." Perhaps the most striking points in Bach's compositions are the marvelous inventions they exhibit, and their extraordinary grandeur, power, and science. Mozart, when near the end of life, came to Leipsic, after having exhausted all the sources of musical learning of Rome, Milan, Vienna, and Paris, heard the Thomas school boys sing a motet of Bach. His attention was caught: "Ah," he exclaimed, "here is that from which one may still learn something!" Bach's works occupy some such ground in art, as do the works of our noble old English prose writers in literature; they require study to be comprehended and felt in their greatness. Here and there the forms of expression have become antiquated; at first much seems obscure, which afterwards stands out prominent for beauty; but study is rewarded finally by leading him who perseveres to treasures of original thought, there and only there to be found.

NAPLES.—A new theatre is in course of erection. It is to be called the Teatro Donizetti, although the entertainments will consist of farces and vaudevilles, and not operas.

FLORENCE.—The Teatro Pagliano was to open at the beginning of the month with *Saffo*, in which the sisters Marchisio were to sustain the principal characters.

THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF *DER FREISCHUETZ* IN BERLIN.*

Under Iffland's management, the Berlin stage had passed through its period of artistically-organic collective efforts; under Brühl, it entered upon the period of its greatest brilliancy, but, also, of the commencement of those Mosaic virtuoso-performances under which the German theatre is still suffering at the present time.

Brühl was a gentleman in the noblest acceptation of the word; straightforward and full of enthusiasm for art, the cultivation of the latter being hereditary in his family, which had reckoned the amiable Naumann among its most intimate friends. Brühl himself had trod the boards as Paläophron. Even when a young *employé* in the Woods and Forests, and a favorite of the Duchess Amalie of Weimar; enjoying the acquaintance of all the heroes of the great German period; subsequently more a friend than a servant of the admirable Queen Louisa, who, in addition to his agreeable and winning natural qualities, valued in him his glowing hatred of Napoleon, a hatred which had excited him to take arms against that mighty potentate; nourished and sustained by the noblest spirit of German intellectual pre-eminence, and of German daring, his soul was filled with love and admiration for his native country. His heart had become the most German that ever beat beneath the star worn by a count.

Distinguished by gentlemanly bearing and winning amiability, besides possessing a knowledge almost beyond that proper to a mere *dilettante* in theatrical matters, he appeared—as the new Intendant was not to be a professional man—the beau ideal of an aristocratic theatrical manager. With his predilection for costume, scenery, and music, he made the first his hobby, and operatic magnificence his great study. In the shape of aversion for everything foreign, his hatred for Napoleon extended to the whole art, as well as to everything else, belonging to other countries, and—though he had at one time labored for the re-establishment of Italian opera—caused him, as Intendant, to become the enthusiastic patron of German music.

On his assumption of office, he had received from Hardenberg the imperially grand and curt order: "Let me have the best theatre in Germany, and then tell me what it costs!" On being appointed he had raised to the dignity of a fixed principle the idea that, to a great degree, the fate of art, both for his contemporaries and for after-generations, was placed in the hands of the director of such an establishment as that which he managed, and that to excite his contemporaries into enthusiasm for art was the highest object of his office.

Under such auspices, it cannot be a matter of wonder that, with Brühl's active management, the Berlin stage soon rose to be an institution distinguished for a degree of splendour, of which no one had previously dreamt; an institution, which, thanks to its especially German tendency, struck healthy root among a people, who had just gone through a struggle for life or death with the foreigner, and for whom aught foreign had become synonymous with Re-action, in so far as the cosmopolitan essence of German love for art had not assimilated to itself the peculiar beauties of foreign creations. People listened with delight to Boïeldieu and Rossini, but it would have been impossible to give the operas of those masters in Italian or French. Mozart's works; Gluck's *Alceste*, *Armide*, and *Iphigenie*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Hoffmann's *Undine*; Meyerbeer's *Emma von Roxburgh*; Spohr's *Jessonda*; Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, and *Abencérages*; Boïldieu's *Dame Blanche*, together with the operas of Spontini and Rossini, followed each other in a series of magnificent performances, while the Theatre Royal re-echoed with the best dramas of Goethe, Shakespeare, Calderon, Moreto, Werner, Kleist, Hüwald, Müllner, Schiller, Oelenschläger, and even Terence and Plautus.

Ludwig Devrient, the Milder,† Herr and Mad. Wolff, the Warnitzky-Seidler, the Rogée-Holtei, the Schulz-Kilitschky, Edward

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* From the *Biographie C. M. v. Weber's.*

† I have been obliged to render the German "die" by "the" instead of "Mad." or "Madlle." in this instance and some others further on, because I do not know whether the ladies mentioned were married or single. This mode of designating fair artists is, however, one which has nothing to recommend it, and one which I should never employ, unless absolutely compelled to do so, as at present.—THE TRANSLATOR.

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Devrient, Bader, Krüger, Unzelmann, and the Willmann, were engaged, and, with the ladies and gentlemen already belonging to the company, formed an assembly of artists such as the history of the stage can seldom show. But, though Brühl was, in his way, one of the noblest of the noble as far as regarded his intentions, it cannot be denied that he labored under a weakness which militated against his efficiency as a manager. This was the error, common to all enthusiasts, of "shooting too high," of firing over the mark! When he had a good object in view, it easily happened that, with the carelessness of a nobleman, he did not scrupulously weigh the means for its attainment; that he acted with more quickness than deliberation; with more noblemindedness than wisdom. In the year 1819, a weir was built in the stream, previously flowing calmly along, of Brühl's specifically German system of management. This weir partly diverted the stream from its original channel, and partly weakened the strength of its current. As far back as 1817, King Friedrich Wilhelm had become acquainted in Paris with the composer of *Die Vestalin*, Gasparo Spontini, and been fascinated with the impression produced by his heroic works, which, despite all their immanent value, nay more, without detracting from that value, afford an opportunity for the display of that gorgeous stage system of processions, large masses, brilliancy and splendour, as well as of the art of the *corps de ballet*, to all of which the King, otherwise so simple in his tastes, was immoderately attached. He had endeavoured, at the time, but in vain to secure the services of the celebrated composer for Berlin. At a subsequent period, Spontini, moved by disagreeable manifestations on the part of the Parisian public of their dissatisfaction with his inactivity, was more disposed to listen to the wishes of the King, and, in the year 1819, was prevailed upon to accept the post of Intendant General of Music at the Court of Berlin, a post created expressly for him, with emoluments unprecedentedly high.

He arrived at Berlin in 1810. Of a reserved, serious, and almost gloomy character; endowed with incredible pride, and well-concealed though profound contempt for artistic life in Germany; entertaining a strong leaning towards the adoption of violent and decisive measures, Spontini was a man with a genius possessing in itself elements, which, under other circumstances, would have made him a good general. A clear and sharp insight into the weaknesses of institutions, men, and affairs, enabled him to hit upon plans mostly well calculated for their management, and he would never have been an Italian of that epoch, had not a dose of the philosophy emanating from the sage of the Rucillian gardens guided him *à priori* as to the means for the attainment of those plans. He would, however, have been a more formidable opponent, had not the powerful passion of pride obtained such a mastery over his mind, as completely to blind him, and make him rashly break through his best laid schemes.

* * * * *

Spontini had opened with skill his campaign in Berlin. By a public admiration of his efforts, and assiduous attendance at the Singacademie and the Liedertafel, he had so won the heart of Zelter, that coarse and heavy dictator in the domain of Berlin *dilettanti-ism*, that Zelter wrote to Goethe: "Spontini has got the whole musical region under him, and, perhaps, not unjustly." He pacified his colleagues by a proposition for forming a committee of composers, under the presidency of B. A. Weber, the said committee to have the deciding vote in all musical matters. It was through and with them alone he said that he would work. Lastly he won over the honest Ludwig Berger, and Klein, the stern advocate of style, by publicly expressing the most sterling and upright intentions. He convinced the critics of his capabilities and good will by listening to and approving their views with extraordinary politeness. One of the best among them, wrote, after the first time of Spontini's directing an opera: "It would appear that the Feast of Pentecost fell on the 28th in Berlin, for it spoke to us with tongues of fire." The strongest predilections of the King were completely satisfied by the heroic proportions and the theatrical splendour of the first opera—the master's own *Cortez*—which Spontini got up and conducted, while, thanks to the power exerted by a work given with unparalleled magnificence, and glowing with exotic tone-colouring, as well as to the tempest of sound produced by the orchestra, which was increased by a half, the public found itself confounded, both as regards its sight and hearing, and honoured where it was compelled to wonder.

His familiar demon speedily threw into confusion, however, the triumphal procession which had started so well. Actuated by immoderate arrogance, and misunderstanding his position, he thought he could refuse obedience to Herr von Brühl, the Intendant, concentrate his energies exclusively upon his own works, and, wearing out the members of the company, presume upon the patience of the public, by playing those works uninterruptedly. He demanded that the press should be watched, as far as criticisms on his works were concerned, and that he should be allowed to communicate directly with the King, besides asking for several other preposterous privileges. The just King was compelled to administer reproofs to him, and the Intendant to employ in his intercourse with him all the strict forms of official life; the public began to hate him, and the old mistrust of the "favourite of Reaction" sprang up again with redoubled force among them. This reached its climax, and was even manifested by open opposition on the part of the patriotic portion of the public, to which nearly all the very best and really well educated inhabitants of Berlin belonged, when, after having had a long series of Rossini's operas and his own performed, he made the bold attempt to give Italian operas in the Italian language itself.

For the first time during fourteen years, the idiom of Italy was heard from the Berlin stage on the 12th February, 1821, the opera being Rossini's *Tancredi*, the performance of which was facilitated by the assistance of the Borgondio, then on a professional tour.

This decided proceeding obliged the different parties to close up their ranks as much as possible, causing individuals to drop the mask, and combat either for the resuscitation of Italian opera, which had perished at a period of national shame, when it represented the idea of an invasion of foreign intellect, or for the dominion of German music, German thought, German language, and the independent development of German art. On the one side were seen the Court, the majority of the aristocracy, and, in a word, all those persons who at all times had been opposed to every national movement, strengthened by a number of clever men, such as E. T. A. Hoffmann, Kuhn, J. P. Schmidt, &c., who were induced to embrace the side they did embrace partly by a real partiality for Italian art, and partly by other reasons; while, on the other side, were ranged the professors and students of the University, of the Academies, and of the Musical Societies, as well as all those, and there were many such at Berlin, whose hearts beat wholly and solely for German art. In number and intelligence, the Italian was very small compared to the German party, but, despite of this fact, nearly equal to it by position and influence.

At this period, precisely at the critical moment of the excitement, when so much depended upon the success or failure of every move, the old champion of national German music, B. A. Weber, died, his decease taking place on the 28rd March, and, almost simultaneously, the clever and briliant general of the opposite party commenced the campaign by advancing against the German host, now left without a leader, with a magnificent force in the shape of his *Olympia*. Could not the great success that, as was evident beforehand, would be achieved by *Olympia*, an opera on which were expended all the resources of theatrical magnificence, of puffery, and of really great talent, be met by twice as great a success achieved by a German work, the question of the superiority of productive power in Italian dramatic composers, with the heros Rossini and Spontini at their head, over that of German musicians, who for a quarter of a century had (with the exception of *Fidelio*) produced nothing but second and third rate compositions, would be decided for a long time to come.

Under these circumstances, the approaching production of *Der Freischütz* on the Berlin stage was invested with far more than the usual importance attached to the first performance of a good opera, even supposing the latter had emanated from a more celebrated composer than Weber yet was. Its appearance was awaited by the German party with anxiety and hope simultaneously. With anxiety, because Weber's previous operas had achieved only a half success, and the influence of a man like Spontini was not to be counteracted by merely moderate triumphs; with hope, because Weber's compositions of the last eight years had been so full of most striking dramatic spirit, that people were justified in expecting that, now he had again turned his attention to the stage, he would give the world something which, if not classical, would, at

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any rate, prove exciting and overpowering, and exercise a decisive influence on the public mind. The partizans of the sentiments of the Court, and of the celebrated master at the head of all matters relating to music for the stage in Prussia, persons at whose service was a large and influential portion of the press, ridiculed the hopes entertained by the lovers of German music, who, under the influence of their opponents' sarcastic smiles, formed themselves into a more and more serried phalanx.

(*To be continued.*)

DERNIER MOT.

(*To the Editor of the* MUSICAL WORLD.)

DEAR SIR,—In my last remarks upon the position of the hands in playing the harp, I omitted to mention what might with advantage be brought under consideration by way of throwing additional light upon the subject. The evils attending the "vertical" position (that is, the one in which the fingers are posed vertically upon the strings), were there stated to be, the impossibility of elevating the thumb, and the consequent obstruction to the passing the other fingers under it; secondly, the impediment offered to the tip of the finger properly taking the string; and lastly, a crampness occasioned by the effort to assume such a position. I would now allude to the common habit of *rolling the hands*, especially when they are engaged among passages extending over two or three octaves. In starting a scale consisting of several groups ascending, for instance, it is found impossible to preserve the invariableness of this "vertical" position further than the first four notes, because the fingers must be shifted in order to give the necessary roundness to the hand, which alone will admit of their passing under it. The ever recurring change, then, which takes place between these alternating attitudes, accounts for the rolling. But let the "horizontal position," as I now call it (that is, the position by which a horizontal line may be drawn along the first finger as the hand lies upon the strings), let that, I say, be adopted, and it will be seen at once that an easy access must be gained to the notes above the thumb, without causing the least departure from the original form of the hand. All that would be necessary when "the palm of the hand faces the strings" (as I advocated in my last) is simply to close the hand a little, and the other fingers will lie right under the thumb, ready to enter into the upper region of the strings.

Other illustrations of the painful impediment to free manipulation by this wrong position might be supplied if time and space could be spared. The reader, in listening to the harp, may have remembered observing that the impetus by which the strings were put in motion proceeded from the arm and not from the wrist. This could not be otherwise while the muscular power located *inside the hand* was in this way *contracted*, so that the fingers were positively prevented from exerting their force upon the strings.

Permit me to correct a false impression which may have arisen from an imperfect manner of expressing myself in my last letter upon the subject of the "Position of the body at the Harp." Whatever meaning was there conveyed by the words, I now desire to state, that I DISALLOW *the sliding of the harp from the shoulder to the arm;* and moreover all my arguments were employed for the purpose of showing it to be an error peculiar to the old school, the instruction-books of which were quoted to prove the fact. The gliding of the harp was only a ludicrous consequence following the directions for supporting, found in the authority already quoted, and the substance of which was, that "the instrument should be sometimes rested upon the shoulder, and at other times from the shoulder to the elbow." (By the way, the word "couch" in the same letter should have been "combe").

And as this is to be *Mon dernier mot*, I will say a word upon the futile effort which has been made to refute my arguments. It has accomplished one thing, and that is, made it apparent to every impartial reader that no conclusive satisfactory reply could be brought forward to the stubborn facts contained in my letters. For example, the only answers given to the question of the lack of space under the neck, and of the inconvenience connected with the extra pedal was, that the right foot and right hand possess capabilities equal to the *emergency*. In addition to this, it was argued that while the comparative incapacity of the left hand was a qualification for its employment among the *coarser* and more distantly placed bass notes, the superior strength of the right hand was a reason for its being placed upon the finer strings, which are distinguished for their weakness and delicacy! The truth is, Sir, this lame attempt to upset my theory was nothing more than an effusion fraught with statements calculated to injure my reputation, upon the principle of "coming to blows when words have failed."

Not the least amusing part was the endeavor to make capital of my being "self-taught." On this head, of what real value are precedents without the exercise of reason? No doubt, when the capacity to form a theory or school was wanting, knowledge had to be taken on trust; but now-a-days the personal opinions of a professor will not be tolerated as material with which to supply proof. And I desire that no one should regard my assertions in the light of authority so long as my principles cannot be defended by substantial evidence. But by what is it that truth in everything has been most successfully developed? By schooling? History says, *No;* but by the unrelaxing perseverance and tenacity of purpose manifested in the "self-made," or "self-taught men." It is by *natural gifts*, seconded with the energies of a determined will, that the obstacles connected with the pursuit of truth have been overcome. I rejoice then, if the honor shall be conferred upon me of being numbered among the men who, perhaps with but a moderate amount of intellectual capacity, but marked by power of concentration—without social or educational advantages whatever, have battled with adverse fortune, till at last success crowned their efforts. I will intrude no further upon your patience but just to say, that whatever has been overlooked in past discussions which was essential in elucidating my school of harp-playing will be found in the new work ("Modern Harpist") which I am preparing for the press. With many thanks for the space you have given to my humble scribblings,

I remain yours very truly, APTOMMAS.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."

IT is a well known fact that, for some time past, professiona men have been endeavouring to invent a composing machine that is to say: a machine which should enable a composer to jot down in visible characters the musical thoughts to which he gives utterance by means of the piano. All previous attempts to effect this had failed, but now it appears that Herr J. F. Endres, of Mayence, who has long been settled as a pianist and composer in Paris—where he is, also, director of the German "Liedertafel"—has succeeded in inventing a machine not only carrying out the objects hitherto aimed at, but calculated to effect things of which it is impossible to forsee the result. This machine, the inward organisation of which is still a secret, may be adapted, with very little trouble, and at small cost, to any new or old keyed instrument, such as the organ, piano, etc., without the slightest injury to the same. Though, too, it is reckoned for any number of octaves, it is also so small in compass that it can be completely concealed under or behind the instrument. Leaving out of the question the mechanism inside, the visible process outside consists in inserting at one end of the machine an endless strip of paper, about two inches broad, which comes out at the other end with red lines ruled on it, and the notes, etc., printed thereon in black.* The machine re-produces every note sounded by the keys, be the notes on or between the lines, not only marking their position, as *c*, *d*, *e*, and so on, but their value as conveyed by the usual characters; that is: it prints off the notes as demi-semi-quavers, semi-quavers, crotchets, and semibreves; it shows whether they are dotted or not; marks the pauses; the *forte* and the *piano;* points out where the employment of the pedal commences and where it leaves off; and, in a word, re-produces the music so completely, that very little is left for the pen to do afterwards. Following every wish of the player as willingly as his fingers, the mechanism works in $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$ time (and every other time may be reduced to these), and proceeds quickly or slowly at pleasure. But it does even more: it immediately transposes any piece of music from one key to another. While, however, it enables a composer instantaneously to preserve his musical thoughts and fancies by means of the usual notation, it also gives us the power of immediately taking a copy of every piece of music; of writing out from the score the separate parts of instrumental compositions; and of exercising a control over learners by showing whether they play correctly (for it marks every fault), and whether they have repeated certain passages so and so many times; thanks to this invention a deaf person may see what he has played; the master give his pupil a lesson, without being close to him, and so forth. If this new machine can really do all, which, to judge by the experiments already made, there is hardly any doubt it can do, it will certainly occasion a revolution in the world of music.—*Kreuz Zeitung.*

* [This is strongly suggestive of the celebrated American machine for transforming a live hog, at the shortest possible notice, into pork sausages and blacking-brushes.]—ED. *M. W.*

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NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rufus (Salisbury).—Henry Dodwell wrote a treatise on the lawfulness of Instrumental Music in Holy Offices. Macaulay, in his History of England (vol. viii. p. 461) thus speaks of him:—"He defended the use of instrumental music in public worship on the ground that the notes of the organ had a power to counteract the influence of devils on the spinal marrow of human beings."

C. D. D.—The book enquired for was brought out at D'Almaine and Co.'s more than twenty years since. We believe it is out of print.

Essex.—Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton, so tenderly enquired after by our correspondent, is at present on the Continent, and, as we hope, will return to England this week, or the week following.

Various Correspondents.—We have had numerous letters from correspondents, enquiring as to the whereabouts of Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton, and desiring to know when the "Muttoniana Column" will be resumed. We beg to inform all enquirers that Mr. Ap' Mutton is at this moment somewhere on the Continent; that in all likelihood he will return to London this day; and that, should he return to London this day, it is more than probable that the "Muttoniana Column" will be continued next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

THE "Royal English Opera" (Limited) opens its first season this evening at Covent Garden Theatre with *Masaniello*, a French opera, and on Tuesday gives, for its second essay, *Martha*, a work by a Russian composer. Although, from an art point of view, this may not be complimentary to the country at large, nor apparently encouraging to our native musicians, the Company may be defended on the ground that, like the Academie Imperiale de Musique and de Danse of Paris, it intends to be cosmopolitan in principle, and purports opening its doors to talent from whatever source it may come. However, it would have looked better had the Company not rendered their title subject to be called a misnomer on the very threshold of the undertaking. Much, indeed, will be pardoned them for inaugurating the season with *Masaniello*, perhaps the most popular foreign opera ever produced on the English stage. A good deal of the success of the performance will depend on the new tenor, Mr. Adams, who, according to all we hear, is likely to make his way with the public. This is all we will venture to affirm at present. Masaniello is an exceedingly trying part, in which, if a tenor succeeds, he immediately passes the Rubicon of popular favor. Another new tenor, Mr. Herbert Bond, makes his debut in Alphonso. Of this gentleman we know nothing. Elvira will be sustained by Madame Parepa, and Pietro by Mr. Weiss. These parts could hardly have been entrusted to the hands of more competent artists. Moreover, a new *mime* in the person of Mdlle Rose Guiraud, makes her first appearance as the dumb girl, Fenella; so that, in reality, taking into account that Auber's great work will be presented with all the grand scenic effects, brilliant and varied costumes, and perfection of *mise-en-scene*, which afforded such general satisfaction throughout the past Italian season, a very striking performance may be anticipated. But, of course, as we said before, a great deal will depend on the new tenor.

On Tuesday next] M. Flotow's *Martha* is announced, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington as the Lady Henrietta, Madame Fanny Huddart as Nancy, Mr. Henry Haigh as Lionel, Mr. Alberto Lawrence as Plunkett, and Mr. Henry Corri as Lord Tristram.

M. G. A. Macfarren's new Opera, entitled *Helvellyn*, is advertised for Tuesday, October the 25th, with Mesdames Lemmens Sherrington and Parepa, Messrs. Henry Haigh, Alberto Lawrence and Henry Corri in the principal parts. The "Opera Company" also promises new works by Messrs. J. L. Hatton, Gounod, Benedict, Henry Leslie, Frederick Clay, and Félicien David, in addition to which, "works by composers of celebrity and others less known to fame, will be brought out as circumstances permit." What we are to understand by all this we shall no doubt find out by and bye; in the meantime it must be acknowledged that the new "Royal English Opera" makes a very fair show at the outset, and that, with the band, chorus, and ballet corps of the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr. Alfred Mellon as conductor, it is entitled to the highest consideration from the public at large.

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MUSIC is both body and soul, like man who delights in it. As to the body, it is beauty in the sphere of sound, or *audible beauty*. But in this very word *beauty* is implied a soul, a moral end and meaning of some sort, a something which makes it of interest to the inner life of man, which relates it to our invisible and real self.—This beauty, like all other, results from the marriage of a spiritual fact with a material form, from the rendering external and an object of sense what lives in essence only in the soul. Here the material part, which is measured sound, is the embodiment and sensible representative, as well as the reacting cause, of that which we call impulse, sentiment or feeling, the spring of all our action and expression. In a word, it is the language of the Heart. Not an arbitrary and conventional representative, as a spoken or written *word* is; but a natural, invariable correspondence.

Speech, so far as it is distinct from music, sustains the same relation to the Head. Speech is the language of ideas, the communicator of thought, the Mercury of the intellectual Olympus enthroned in each of us. But behind all thought there is something deeper and much nearer life. Thought is passive, involuntary, cold, varying with what it falls upon, like light, a more or less clear-sighted guide to us, but not a prompting energy, and surely not our very essence, not the source either of any single act or of that whole complex course and habit of action which we call our character. Thought has no impulse in itself, no more than the lungs have. Out of the *heart* are the issues of life. Its loves, its sentiments, its passions, its prompting impulses, its irresistible attractions, its warm desires and aspirations:—these are the masters of the intellect, if not its law; these people the blank consciousness with thoughts innumerable; these, though involuntary in one sense, are yet the principle of Will in us, and are the spring of all activity, and of all thought too, since they in fact strike out the light they see to act by.

The special moments and phases of this active principle we call *emotions*. And Music, which we hold to be its natural language, has for its very root and first principle, and is actually born of, *motion*. Sound is generated by motion; Rhythm is measured motion; and this is what distinguishes Music from every other Art of expression. Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry too, and Prose are all quiescent; they address us in still contemplation. But music is all motion, and it is nothing else. And so in its effects; it does not rest that we may contemplate it, but it hurries us away with it; our very first intimation of its presence is that we are *moved* by it; its thrilling finger presses down some secret

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spring within us, and instantly the soul is on its feet with an emotion. Painting and Sculpture give you the idea of an emotion without directly moving you. And if speech can raise or quell a passion, it is because there is kneaded into all speech a certain leaven of the divine fire called music. The same words and sentences convey new impressions with every honest change of tone and modulation in the speaker's voice; and when he rises to anything like eloquence, do you not feel beneath all his articulate utterances a certain buoyant rhythmical substratum of pure tone, on which his words ride, as the ship rides on the ocean, borrowing its chief eloquence from that? Take out the consonants, which break up his speech, and the vowels flow on musically. How often will the murmur of a devout prayer overcome a remote hearer with more of a religious feeling than any apprehension of the distinct words could, if he stood nearer!

Music is a universal language, subtly penetrating all the walls of time and space. It is no more local than the mathematics, which are its impersonal Reason, just as Sound is its body, and Feeling or Passion is its soul. The passions of the human heart are radically alike, and answer to the same tones everywhere and always, except as they may be undeveloped. And music even has power to develope them like an experience of life; it can convey a foretaste of moods and states of feeling yet in reserve for the soul, of loves which never yet have met the object formed to call them out. A musical composition is the best expression of its author's inmost life. No persons in all history are so intimately known and felt to those that live away from them or after them as are Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Bellini and others to those who enter into the spirit of their musical works. For they have each bequeathed the very wine of his peculiar life in this form, sparkling still the same as often as it is opened to the air. The sounds may effervesce in each performance, but they may be woke to life again at any time: so it is with the passions and emotions which first dictated the melodious creations. Hence it is that great composers have almost no biography except their music. Theirs is a life of deep interior sentiment, of ever active passion and affection, of far-reaching aspiration, rather than of ideas or of events; theirs is the wisdom of love; their belief is faith, the *felt* creed of the heart; and they dwell in the peculiar element of that, in the wondrous tone-world, communicating all the strongest, swiftest, and most delicate pulsations of their feelings to the ready vibrations of wood, or metal, or string, which propagate themselves through the equally ready vibrations of the air and of every other medium, till they reach the chambers of the ear, and set in motion chords more sensitive, that vibrate on the nervous boundary between matter and the soul, and there what was *vibration* becomes *sound*, and the hearer has caught the spirit of the composer.

Yes, the whole soul of a Beethoven thrills through your soul when you have actually heard one of those great symphonies! There is no other communion of so intimate a nature possible as that which operates through music. Intimate and yet most mystical; intimacy not profaned by outward contact of familiarity; but a meeting and communing of the ideal one with another, which never grows familiar. Why is it, but because in sentiment the tendency always is to unity, while thought for ever separates and differentiates? Feeling communicates by sympathy or fellow-feeling the earth round. And music is its common language, which admits no dialects, and means the same in Europe and America. Light corresponds to thought, and light is changed and colored by every medium through which it shoots, by every surface which reflects it. Sound, or, which is the same thing, *measured motion* or vibration, corresponds to Feeling; and *its* vibrations are passed on through every medium unchanged, except as they grow fainter. Light is volatile, but sound is constant; so it is when you compare thought with feeling, which last comes more from the centre where all souls are one.

Music is religious and prophetic. She is the real Sybil, chanting evermore of Unity. Over wild, waste oceans of discord floats her silvery voice, the harbinger of love and hope. Every genuine strain of music is a serene prayer, or bold, inspired demand to be united with all at the Heart of all things.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent*).

I threatened you and your readers last week with a detailed account of M. Mermet's new opera, *Roland à Roncevaux*, produced at the Opéra in great state, on the 3rd instant. On reconsideration, I think it better not to keep my word, as I am of opinion that the new opera is not worth so much pains. The artistic history of M. Mermet is sufficiently curious. Some eighteen years ago an opera in three acts, called *David*, words by MM. Alexandre Soumet and Félicien David, music by M. Mermet, was performed at the Versailles theatre, and, thanks to the talents and exertions of Madame Stoltz, who sustained the principal character and took a great interest in the young composer, was very favorably received. A few years before *David* was produced M. Mermet wrote, in conjunction with M. Carmouche, an opera entitled *La Banniere du Roi*. From that time M. Mermet preserved a most religious silence, either because he had lost all confidence in himself, or that he could not get his operas accepted. I am informed that *Roland à Roncevaux* was written fifteen years ago, and that during all that period M. Mermet and his friends have been thundering at the doors of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. If so, it is time that he should obtain access. And yet his fate is not harder than many of your English composers, and of renown, too, who have been kept out of the Royal English Opera by the popularity of two Irish composers, Messrs. Balfe and Wallace. It is to be hoped that the new "Limited" Company will not limit their composers after the fashion of the late joint-managers, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. But to return to M. Mermet.

I told you last week how much curiosity and interest had been created about the new work. M. Mermet has hosts of friends. I told you, too, what kind of success it had achieved and the part the Emperor had taken in the display by sending for the composer to his box at the end of the third act, and complimenting him on the reception his opera had met with. There was, nevertheless, a diversity of opinions as to the merits of the music, and the Parisian aristarchs had been by no means enthusiastic in its praise. Nearly all agree that there is scarcely a trace of originality in the music, and that it is anything but tuneful. The martial strains are by far the most striking parts of the score, and on this account the third act is incomparably the best, some of the *morceaux* being exciting and inspiriting to a degree.

M. Mermet has been his own poet on the present occasion, and this attempt to secure the double laurel-crown—which had never before been aimed at by any of the great composers—has met with the severest strictures at the hands of some of the judges. It appears to me as if the libretto was no disgrace to the "partition," and to my thinking M. Mermet shows to greater advantage as a poet than as a musician. *Roland à Roncevaux* is only deficient as an opera-book because the female characters are not made sufficiently prominent; but this is a fault in *Masaniello*, *Mose in Egitto*, and *Guillaume Tell*. I shall not give you the story of the opera at any length. It is founded on a legend of the Paladin Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. When the curtain goes up the young and beautiful *châtelaine* Alde is about to be betrothed to Count Ganelon, whom, in place of loving, she hates and despises. She loves Roland, whom she has never seen, for the splendour of his fame, and when he arrives at the castle near the Pyrenees, where the ceremony was being celebrated, preceding the great Emperor, who was bound against the infidels at Saragossa, no wonder that her love is inflamed and that she takes an early occasion to inform the hero of the ardour of her affection; and no wonder that the mighty Paladin himself, under the circumstances, should have vailed his lids to the ground, acknowledged the omnipotence of master Cupid, and broken the oath sworn to his sword Durandal of never yielding

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his heart to woman. When the army arrives at Saragossa and the treaty of peace is concluded, Ganelon, now fired with jealousy, conspires with the Emir to way-lay Roland in a defile, the valley of Roncevaux, which is accordingly done and the hero sacrificed. The Emperor arrives only in time to see his nephew expiring, but it is some consolation that he has killed Ganelon, the traitor, before he received his own death wound. This brief sketch, or rather outline, may afford some idea of the pomp and circumstance upon which the plot is founded.

The execution of the music was far from irreproachable, and indeed not one of the singers made anything like a hit. M. Gueymard looked big enough for any Paladin, and stormed his loudest in vain to create any interest for his part. M. Cazaux, as the traitor Ganelon, and M. Warot, as the herdsman, had not arduous characters assigned them. The couplets, however, sung by the last named in the third act, produced a good effect. Madame Gueymard appeared as the *châtelaine*, Madlle. De Maesen as Saida, the Emir's daughter, and M. Belval as the Archbishop Turpin, perhaps the best sustained character in the opera. Indeed M. Belval, with his great height and imposing figure, looked admirable as the Archbishop, while the depth and volume of his voice was favorable to the gravity of the part. Having, as I think, given your readers sufficient information about M. Mermet's moderate work, I shall proceed to matters of more interest.

The distribution of the principal parts in the *Africaine* have been settled definitively up to the present time. It is as follows:—Vasco da Gama, M. Naudin; Don Pedro (Grand Amiral), M. Belval; Nelasko, M. Faure; Le Grand Inquisiteur, M. Aubin; Don Alvar, M. Warot; Selica (Reine de Madagascar), Mdlle. Marie Sax; Inès, Mdlle. Marie Battu. All I know about the book is, that the scene in the first two acts lies at Lisbon—the first act taking place in the Hall of the Grand Council and the second in the prison where Vasco da Gama is incarcerated; in the third act on board a vessel at sea; and in the last two acts in Africa. After all there is a deficiency in the score of the *Africaine*. Meyerbeer had not written the ballet music when he died. Indeed, according to his usual custom, he put off composing the dances until the rehearsals had commenced. It was proposed—wherefore, the Parisian Gods only know—that the task of supplying this want—the ballet was to have played an important part in the *Africaine*—should be entrusted to M. Saint-Léon, but M. Fétis put his direct veto thereupon, and suggested that two of the principal choruses should be adapted to a divertissement; which means nothing more than that the ballerines should dance to the singing of the chorus. This, of course, was not what Meyerbeer intended, but anything was preferable to interpolating music by another composer, or rather by no composer, and Meyerbeer's music should no more be meddled with than any sacred relic bequeathed by saintship or genius to posterity. M. Fétis holds out the flattering hope that the *Africaine* may be ready for production early in March. In London M. Fétis could have it ready by December. They manage these things very differently in Paris.

Madame Marie Gennetier debuted on Wednesday (yesterday week) at the Opéra-Comique, in the *Songe d'une Nuit d'été* of Ambroise Thomas, and had a great success. I do not remember this lady, who, it appears, came out at the Opéra some years ago as Mdlle. Préty, as a *chanteuse légère*. She is now an accomplished artist, with a voice of unusual brilliancy, great facility and extent, while her acting is full of intelligence. I was so surprised and impressed that I shall not venture to say any more about Madame Gennetier, fearing that I should have to swallow my own words. A burnt child dreads the fire.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti has appeared at the Italiens in the *Sonnambula*, with M. Naudin as Elviro and Signor Antonucci as Rodolfo. I will not say what nearly all the journalists say—and will go on saying for twenty years, if the singer keeps the stage so long—that her voice has gained in strength and sweetness and that she sings better than last year. This style of criticism was tried on Signor Gardoni, until Signor Gardoni laughed at himself. Moreover, if Mdlle. Patti improves so much every year, there must have been room for improvement, and what becomes of the critic's eulogy when she first appeared. All I know is that Mdlle. Patti charmed me infinitely by her earnest and most natural acting, and that her singing—not to say it profanely—was divine. Signor Fraschini has appeared in *Lucia*, with Madame de la Grange as Lucy, Signor Zacchi as Henry Ashton and Signor Antonucci as Raimond. Mario is positively engaged, but will go to Madrid first for three months. The subscribers to the Italian opera in the Spanish capital cried out so lustily for the great tenor that M. Bagier had not the heart to refuse. Now, I am inclined to think the non-engagement of Mario up to the present time was but a *ruse* of the director, in order that he might gain more credit from the subscribers who, he well knew, would naturally wish for the greatest living master of song and, in some respects, of acting.

The *Gazette des Etrangers* informs me that a grand dinner was given by Rossini, on the 24th of last month, at his villa, in honor of M. Fétis. There were present Doctor and Madame Conneau, MM. Mocquard and Carafa, Prince Joseph Poniatowski, &c., &c. Auber was invited but was prevented from attending by indisposition. There was a concert in the evening, and the members of the Italian Commission who were entrusted to transmit to Rossini the medal struck in his honor at Florence, on the occasion of the fêtes at Pesaro, were present.

Paris, Oct. 13. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MILAN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The Autumn season of the Regio Theatre "Canobbiana" commenced on September 14th with Pedrotti's opera *Isabella D'Aragona*, but with *little* success. On the first evening the theatre was crowded by an audience evidently disposed to give the work a friendly reception, and in fact, the composer was called out ten, or a dozen times; but I must account for this by the presence of a numerous body of his friends, who on the first night mustered in strong force, as on the succeeding evenings, the thermometer of enthusiasm went down most sensibly, making me feel the want of another opera more suited to the means of the company engaged, and more grateful to the ears of the auditory. The artists did what they could with most ungrateful parts, to give the slightest effect to which singers should have lungs of iron and throats of bronze, inasmuch as throughout the entire score the music is written for the extreme limits of every voice.

In the plot of the opera there are all the elements of the old romantic school, for instance, the country, the monks, the monastery, the procession, the oath, the dagger, the prison, the flight, the surprise, the moonlight, and the catastrophe; but common sense and logic can nowhere be traced. The opera is written in a prologue and two acts, and was composed expressly for the theatre "Vittorio Emanuele" at Turin eight years since; and there it was lauded to the skies, had a long run, and was afterwards played at the smaller theatres in Turin with much success; but there is a great difference between the musical taste of the "Turinese" and the "Milanese" public, for *here* an opera to pass muster must contain something more than shouting and noise. The *Perseveranza*, the principal paper in Milan, in speaking of the new opera says,—"we have on many occasions had to praise Pedrotti for his talent and devoted passion for his art, and have always placed him among the few—the very few—who will maintain the honor of Italian music by his taste and the solid quality of his scoring; and in his comic operas we have always found him *piquante*, original, full of joyous freshness and with abundant inspiration. It was natural to expect much from the composer who has written *Fiorina* and *Tutti in Maschera* in the comic style, and the grand opera of *Mazeppa*, but we were grievously disappointed, and the reception that *Isabella D'Aragona* has met with here must convince both author and composer how many myriads of notes have been thrown to the winds. However, we must bear in mind that this opera was written some years since, before the grand revelation of *Faust* had been made; perhaps then it would have been supportable; but now, certainly not."

The most worthy features of the opera are the overture—which by the way is magnificently scored—and a quartette at the end of the prologue, but which was so noisily sung by all the artists, that its beauties were destroyed. The baritone shouts for vengeance, the tenor for mercy, and the monk, who should utter words of peace, shouts louder than the others. There is a great want of originality observable throughout the opera, and I am sure it can never become popular with the Milanese public.

The opera was played for seven nights only. On the third night the baritone, Signor Cotagni, was to ill too sing; on the fifth night

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the tenor, Signor Antoni, was knocked up, and no wonder, with music written so high. On both these occasions (as they have only a single company of artists) the theatre was closed, and for the remaining two nights another tenor was found to supply Signor Antoni's place. It seems to us a disgrace to the management—who receive from Government annually 300,000 francs (£12,000)—that they should open a Royal Theatre for a season with a single company of artists, so that when any one singer falls ill, the theatre must be closed. This was the case in the Spring season, and the theatre remained closed upwards of ten nights on account of the indisposition of the tenor.

The *Werther* of Signor Gentili is in active rehearsal, and will be speedily produced, but in the meantime, as *Isabella D'Aragona* would not draw, the management have brought out the well-worn *Traviata*, which, with Signora Elvira Demi as the heroine, has drawn large audiences; but on the second night of its representation it was performed minus the music of the baritone, who was indisposed, *another* example of the evil effects of a theatre with a single company.

At the Carcano Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy* has taken place of *Roberto il Diavolo*, but, not making any success, was withdrawn after three representations, and the theatre is now closed for repairs. It is, however, announced to re-open in November with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for which the following company are engaged:—Tenor and soprano, Signor and Signora Ponti dell' Armi, contralto, Madame Lemaire, and baritone, Signor Baraldi. Signora Siebs is re-engaged at this theatre for the carnival season as the prima donna assoluta. At the Teatro Re we have Italian comedies, &c., under the direction of Signor Ernesto Rossi, the young and celebrated actor. The theatre is nightly crowded. Among other pieces, *Ruy Blas*, *Il Padre Prodigo*, and an Italian version of Shakspeare's *Hamlet* have been produced. At the Teatro Radegonda we have the "Ghost," and at the Theatres Fossati, Stadera, Commenda, and the new theatre Re, sensation pieces after the "Victoria" style. ARGUS.

TURIN.—The theatre Vittorio Emanuele opened with Bellini's *Pirata*, which made a terrible *fiasco*. Since then *Il Trovatore* has been produced with Mdlle. Lagrua as Leonora, Signor Zacometti as Manrico, and Signor Cima as Il Conte di Luna, and has created a perfect furor. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* has also been produced, with Madame Palmieri as Amalia, and pleased greatly.

LEGHORN.—The theatre Goldoni commenced its season on the 2nd instant with *Norma*, supported by Madame Ronzi, as the Druidess, Mdlle. Clara Barnett as Adalgisa, and Signor Belardi as Pollio, making an immense success.

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MR. AGUILAR'S first performance of Pianoforte Music this season takes place at his residence this day.

MDLLE. VICTOIRE BALFE.—The marriage of Mdlle. Victoire, youngest daughter of M. W. Balfe, Esq., to Don José Bernardino Fernandez de Velasco, Duke de Frias, was celebrated at the chapel of the Spanish embassy by the Very Rev Dr. Hearn, on Wednesday. After a *déjeunér* at the house of the bride's father, the duke and duchess left for Combe Bank, Sevenoaks, Kent, *en route* to the Continent.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—These very admirable entertainments continue to attract crowded audiences nightly to Her Majesty's Theatre; but M. Jullien does not therefore abide by his old programmes nor cease to procure other attractions. A "Mendelssohn Night" has been given with eminent success, and Mr. Santley, recently engaged, has been singing some popular songs with the greatest possible effect. Mdlle. Liebhardt, M. Lotto and Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin vary their pieces continually, the instrumental performances, such as symphonies, overtures, grand selections, as well as the dance music, also undergoing frequent change. Only the Danish Band continues to perform the Danish fantasia, "Danske Toner," which they introduced the first night of their appearance, and the Danish National vocalists still sing the National song "Et Bondebryllup" and sing and dance the Jutland National song and dance. The season will be brought to a termination on Tuesday with M. Jullien's Benefit, and on Wednesday a grand Bal d'Opera will take place.

WENZEL GAEHRICH.*

THE above artist, who had long been pensioned, died in Berlin on the 15th September last.

He was born on the 16th September, 1794, at Cersowitz, in Bohemia, a country in which, as we all know, music is very much cultivated. In his seventh year he had a violin given him. The schoolmaster of the place, who was at the same time organist, chanter, and professor of music, taught him the notes and musical signs, and explained the scales. In a few months, the boy was allowed to play the second violin in the band. In his ninth year he was the first of the first violins. By his own unaided application, he learned other instruments, also, such as the flute, the clarionet, the horn, and (with the help of a small chair) the double bass. Without understanding aught of the theory of composition, he composed, moreover, dances, which were played, and to which people danced. His scholastic studies suffered a great deal from his application to music. In his nineteenth year, he went to Leipsic, where he began to study law. But it was music which was destined to support him, in consequence of his being the son of parents without means. When he was sufficiently advanced to undergo his examination as *Candidatus Juris*, the money was wanting to pay the necessary costs, and a place in the Leipsic orchestra being offered him at the time, he accepted it. In the year 1825, he entered the Royal *Capelle*, Berlin, and, in 1846, was promoted to be the director of the ballet music. He composed several quartets, symphonies, and cantatas; two operas, not known to the public; songs and quartets for male voices, as well as the following grand and small ballets, all represented at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin: *Die Seeräuber* (3 acts); *Don Quixote* (2 acts); *Die Liebesinsel* (2 acts); *Der Türkische Arzt* (1 act) *Der Dorfschneider* (1 act); *Paul und Virginia* (1 act); *Harlekin, Zauberpritsche* (1 act); *Aladin, oder die Wunderlampe* (3 acts) and *Harlekins Weihnachts Abendtheuer* (3 acts).

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A short series of performances of Italian Opera, with Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Grossi, Signor Gardoni, Signor Bossi, and Mr. Santley, as principal vocalists, is announced to be given at this theatre, to commence on Monday week. Directly the Italian performances are concluded the "Royal English Opera," under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, commences operations.

MR. RALPH WILKINSON, of the *Opera di Camera*, who has been confined to his bed with a severe attack of gastric fever, and whose condition was at one time such as to excite grave apprehensions, is proceeding slowly, though, we are happy to say, surely, towards recovery.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first of The Winter Concerts took place on Saturday last, and was numerously attended. The performance of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was highly satisfactory. The "Brisk Dance," from the Cantata of *Kenilworth*, composed by Mr. Sullivan, was effectively rendered and much approved. There was a new overture by Ambrose Thomas, the instrumentation of which, in some parts, was exceedingly brilliant. In the vocal performances, Mdlle. Leibhart created quite a furor with the favourite "Cuckoo Song," which received an encore. Great credit is also due to Madam Veralli, who sang "Non piu Mesta" with much brilliancy and finish, and was unanimously recalled. The concert was held in the enclosed department, which has been refitted and much improved The orchestra presented a very pretty appearance, being tastefully arranged with ferns, etc., interspersed with statuary.

HACKNEY.—The announcement of "An Evening at the Pianoforte" by Mrs. John Macfarren attracted a large audience to the Manor Rooms, Hackney, on Wednesday last, who exhibited a manifest appreciation and unqualified enjoyment of the admirable programme provided for their entertainment. The accomplished pianist gave with her accustomed brilliancy and artistic expression, a selection from the pianoforte works of Bach, Beethoven, Hummel, Gounod, Thalberg, &c., and was rapturously applauded throughout the evening; but more particularly after her execution of a fantasia of Prudent, and Brissac's caprice "The Babbling Brook." Miss Marian Walsh contributed four vocal pieces, and sang with much effect Mrs. John Macfarren's ballad "One Year," and a Scotch song, in which she met with the compliment of an encore.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*.

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THE BROADWOOD AND COLLARD VOLUNTEERS.—A match of unusual interest took place at Wormwood Scrubs on Saturday last, between the No. 8 (Broadwood) Company Queen's (Westminster) Rifle Volunteers, and the No. 5 (Collard) Company of the 20th (North West) Middlesex Rifles. The companies consist exclusively of the employées of the celebrated pianoforte makers, John Broadwood and Sons and Collard and Collard respectively. Each company has not only a high reputation for shooting, but we believe the Broadwood company has never sustained a defeat. These circumstances gave special importance to the match, and attracted many hundreds of spectators to the Scrubs. Each company was represented by 12 men, the ranges were 200, 500, and 600 yards, 5 shots at each, and the targets and scoring those of Wimbledon, 1864. At the 200 yard range the Broadwood company gained 3 marks over their opponents, increased their lead to 17 marks at 500 yards, and at the first round at 600 yards were 19 marks a-head. Fortune then turned, and the Collard company gradually reduced the lead till at the end of the 4th round, at 600 yards, the two companies were an exact tie. The excitement now became intense, and each shot was eagerly watched by the partisans of both sides. The last and decisive round probably displayed the best shooting of the day, and at its termination a tremendous cheer announced the victory of the Broadwood company, which thus added another laurel to its well earned fame. The scores are given below. After the match the competitors and their friends adjourned to the Rifle Pavilion, and partook of a substantial hot supper, literally provided by Captain Rose, of the Broadwood company, who was in the chair and supported by Ensign Black as vice-chairman. After drinking the usual loyal toasts, and success to the volunteer movement, the company broke up:—

THE 'BROADWOOD' COMPANY.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	600 Yards.	Total Marks.
Ensign Black	15	12	8	35
Sergeant Anderson	12	11	8	31
Sergeant Walmesley	12	13	2	27
Private R. Heath	12	12	10	34
Private Dyke	14	8	12	34
Private Parkinson	16	14	2	32
Private Buist	13	10	12	35
Private Cook	12	10	11	33
Private J. Thomas	15	16	10	41
Private M. Baxter	12	10	8	30
Private S. Thomas	12	9	6	27
Private Henderson	11	14	6	31
Total				390

THE 'COLLARD' COMPANY.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	600 Yards.	Total Marks.
Ensign Osborn	13	16	9	38
Sergeant Garnett	12	14	10	36
Private Page	13	7	8	28
Private Chamberlain	14	5	11	30
Corporal Scotten	12	13	0	25
Lance-Corporal Rendell	11	14	13	39
Private Hembrow	17	5	12	34
Private Clough	12	14	12	38
Private Kersey	14	12	9	35
Private Gurr	12	11	6	29
Private W. Bustard	14	9	10	33
Sergeant Williams	11	6	8	25
Total				390
Deduct				3
Total				387

DUBLIN.—The usual weekly concert at the Dublin Exhibition was given on Friday night, October 7, and notwithstanding the very great attraction of the Italian Opera at the Theatre Royal, the building was crowded. The principal feature of the concert was Madame Ellen Williams Revile's singing of the cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime,"—which she rendered with remarkably fine effect, calling forth the warmest applause of the numerous audience. Madame Reville also sang "The harp that once" with pathos and expression. At its conclusion an encore was called for by the audience, when she substituted "Rich and rare," which she gave with equally fine effect.—*Freeman's Journal, October* 8.

MEXICO.—The first opera given by the Italian company was *Il Trovatore*, the principal singers being Madame Mario-Celli, Madlle Sulzer, Mazzolini, and Ottaviani, all of whom were loudly applauded.

LIVERPOOL.—The eighth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society took place last night, the performances including Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and a miscellaneous selection. Of the *Stabat Mater* as a whole the performance was fully equal, if not superior, to those of recent years, and the apparently easy, but practically difficult, "Eia Mater" was sung much better in tune than we have heard it on previous occasions, and the splendid finale with its elaborate scoring, both for voices and instruments, was delivered with a most commendable degree of roundness and steadiness. Mdlle. Titiens was perhaps never in better voice, and singing as she invariably does to the very best of her abilities, the result was, as may be imagined, absolute perfection. Such was the effect of the "Inflammatus" that, notwithstanding the obvious impropriety of encoring music of such a character, it was enthusiastically recalled (?), and of course repeated. Mdlle. Grossi, who took the contralto part, was successful in the duet "Qui est Homo," and the air "Fac ut portem;" but in the less arduous part she undertook in the two quatuors, owing to a want of knowledge of the music, she was not nearly so accurate as could have been desired, but as a whole her singing was very nice. Signor Gardoni, as might have been expected, was much too weak for his work, and although the great air "Cujus animam" was transposed to suit his voice, it was not an entire success. In the concerted music he was heard to no better advantage, being occasionally even out of tune. Mr. Santley sang the bass music very well indeed, as may be imagined, and found the part not so low for him as might have been thought; indeed, he came out with his bottom F very roundly, and his tempo was very sound in the air "Pro peccatis." Of the orchestral and choral features of the performance we have already spoken favorably. A little more unanimity as to pronunciation would have been desirable, as it was evidently not clearly understood whether the Latin was to have the English or, as customary, the Italian accent. This was very apparent in the trying unison of the "Eia Mater." Though the second part contained music rather of a popular than a classical character, there were at least three pieces suited to the place and the occasion. The first of these, Haydn's symphony in D, was well received; the second, "The Bénédiction of the Poniards," from the *Huguenots*, went well; and the third, the rondo from *Cenerentola*, "Non piu mesta," sung by Mdlle. Grossi, helped to give a stamp of superiority to a second part, disfigured by such trumpery (?) as "La donna e mobile" and "Parigi o cara," the former sung by Signor Gardoni, and the latter only tolerably executed by the same singer, in concert with Mdlle. Sinico, a lady who had previously made her *début* in "Ah, fors e lui." This lady is not, we fancy, destined to become a great singer; she, nevertheless, sang with considerable taste and power the air and recitative. A new song by Benedict, taken from his opera (?) *Richard Cœur de Lion*, which is a very fine work, was superbly sung by Mdlle. Titiens; and Mr. Santley gave the popular "Stirrup Cup," which was encored. The chorus sang a four-part song, "Autumn," by Mr. J. L. Hatton; and a rather pretty overture to *Xacarilla*, by Marliani, brought the concert to a close. Mr. Hermann conducted as usual, but the band, though steady in some places, was the reverse in others. The brass was, however, very well behaved, and was not too obtrusive in the fortes.—*Liverpool Daily Courier, Oct* 12.

DUBLIN.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Our limited opera season came to a close on Saturday night, *Fidelio* being performed for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens. Although the opera is not very popular here, the house was crowded to excess. Mdlle. Tietjens was all that could be desired, her matchless histrionic and vocal powers being tested to the utmost in the difficult part of Leonora, so well suited to the peculiar bent of her genius. At the end of the first act she was called before the curtain, and received quite an ovation, bouquets being thrown to her until the queen of the lyric tragedy was almost surrounded by them. Mr. Santley's grand voice and admirable singing of the difficult music of Pizarro elicited general applause, and Signor Gardoni, as Florestan—notwithstanding his vocal deficiency—sang the music with taste and feeling. Mdlle. Sinico and Mr. Swift evidently had but short notice of their share in the opera, for it was quite apparent that they knew very little about the music. This was especially noticeable in the concerted parts, destroying to a certain extent the effects which the great master's work never fails to produce. At the conclusion of the opera Mdlle. Tietjens was again loudly called for, and on coming forward was received with uproarious cheers and other demonstrations from all parts of the house; my noisy friends, the olympians, being more vehement than ever. And thus ends our few nights of pleasure, called, through courtesy, the opera season, by yours, PIL PURCELL.

MUNICH.—According to report, the direction of the Conservatory of Music is to be confided to Herr Richard Wagner, whose *Fliegender Holländer* is announced to be performed in a few days.—Herr Engelken, formerly manager of the Stadttheater at Ulm, has been appointed manager of the new national theatre here.

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Sebastian Bach.—"J. S. Bach," says a modern writer, in a volume of lectures on musical history, "was beyond all question a great and original genius, one of those men born but at rare intervals, and reared only in particular conditions of the world. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that his music is deficient in some element necessary to make it intelligible, and therefore acceptable to the unlearned hearer." Without undertaking to enter into a disquisition on the propriety or the reverse of this observation, we may safely admit that the fact of the infrequent performance in public of such an Oratorio as the *Grosse Passions Musik*, is in some sort a proof of the correctness of the assertion as to its inappreciability by the masses; but on the other hand, even a quarter of a century ago, there were writers bold enough to contend for the entire performance of the Passions Musik, and strong in the belief, that in course of time (though still waiting for many a long year), Sebastian Bach would be generally appreciated and admired. The *Grosse Passions Musik* (*Messiah*), according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, is an Oratorio in the primitive sense of the term, being in its form essentially dramatic: it describes the last days of our Saviour on this earth, and is interspersed with chorales performing the same office as the chorus in the Greek Tragedy. "One of these," says a clever but eccentric writer (in a valuable periodical many years extinct), is "of more worth than the whole of such an effeminate and whining production as Spohr's *Crucifixion*, which had been so extravagantly bepraised by certain critics, and which has not the merit of novelty to recommend it. The double chorus in E minor, at the beginning of the Passions Musik, is, both in design and execution, the grandest, the most productive of sublime and holy feeling of any we are acquainted with. The choruses throughout the work are all equally fine in their several styles, the *ad lib.* and *accompanied* recitatives are magnificent both in expression and modulation; and the airs possessing all the beauties which we have attempted to describe, are worthy of equal praise." M. Fetis, in his *Biographie Universelle*, considers the *Passions Musik* one of the vastest musical conceptions that has ever seen the light. It is impossible to observe, without the most lively admiration, the introduction (in E minor) in the fugued style, where two four-part choirs and two orchestras unite in movements of a complicated and highly scientific form, with both elegance and facility; while a third choir of soprano voices announce a subject in the shape of a chorale in unison, of a simple and noble species. The dramatic and uncommon manner, in which Bach has contrived to employ the choir as an interlocutor is not the least worthy of remark. The recitatives possess rare beauty and declamatory force; the melodies have a kind of affecting melancholy, full, at the same time, of novelties and boldness. To conclude, the instrumentation offers combinations of such variety as to prove that Bach had in this work better grasped the resources of the various instruments than any other composer. As regards the performance or popularity of the works of Bach generally, the progress made in the last quarter of a century would seem to be discouragingly slow. They are still "exotics," and their appreciation is yet confined to a circle limited even now, although larger than in former times, and consisting of individuals of superior musical taste and acquirements. The *Passions Musik* was last performed at St. James's Hall, by the Bach Society, on the 24th May, 1862. It had only been performed once before in London, in 1858. Why should the musical public remain content with one performance, in four years, of the sublimest musical work, with few exceptions, that can possibly be heard?

The late Mrs. Wood (Lady William Lennox).—"Mrs. Wood was the most eminent *cantatrice* that ever appeared on the English stage"—says Mr. Fry of the *New York Daily Tribune*—"She was, up to nearly the time when Von Weber was known in London, some thirty-five or forty years ago, chiefly occupied with concert-singing and parts in the little musical dramas that passed by the name of operas. Her success in *Der Freischutz*, along with Mr. Braham, was followed by an invitation to the illustrious composer to visit England and write an opera for Drury Lane. He came and occupied himself with some eighteen months' preliminary studies, and produced *Oberon*, and then died, and received the honors of a distinguished funeral in London. The opera of *Oberon* did not prove a success, however, even with Mrs. Wood, and notwithstanding the fine music. The overture alone is worth more than some operas. The fault lay in the poor libretto—words unfitted for music, and scenes of supernatural rubbish, instead of direct dealings with the humorous passions. Mrs. Wood, at that time, was in the fulness of her musical power, and was gifted with a physique and a volume of voice not second to Grisi. She came to this country somewhere about thirty-four or five. The impression made was not equal at first to the expectations formed of her exalted reputation. The fault was not hers, but arose from the feebleness or inefficiency of the dramatic situations. It was not till Mrs. Wood appeared in a wretched translation of the *Sonnambula* that her supremacy was felt. (Qy.) Her level singing was not of the first order; her enunciation of words was not distinct in the tamer passages, which, however, was often a gain considering the trash verbally she had to deal with; but in the chamber scene, where extreme passion, and a very heroic one of despair are needed, attended with profuse action and gesticulation, she was probably never equalled. We have never seen any one to compare with her. The present generation does not know what *La Sonnambula* musico-dramatically is on the stage. (!!) On her third visit to this country, Mrs. Wood played *Norma*, in 1842, in Philadelphia. It was especially translated for her, and was the first sumptuously illustrated drama, musical or otherwise, ever put on the stage in this country. She had immense success in it, but circumstances called her back to Europe suddenly, and she never appeared in it in New York. In the flaming wrath and denunciations of the Druidess, she was on a plane with Madame Grisi (!), and the *mise enscéne* of the American performance contrasted so magnificently with the poverties of the *Italiens* at Paris that some travellers who had seen Mrs. Wood in this country were sorely disappointed with the opera abroad. Here the stage setting was as miniature painting; there it was a daub. Mr. Joseph Wood was a very fine tenor (!) and his retirement from the stage left a hiatus much to be regretted."

Madrid.—The season at the Teatro Rossini closed with a brilliant performance of *Faust*, in which Madame Spezia, Tamberlik, and Aldighieri were greatly applauded.

Warsaw.—There is to be an Italian Opera Company here, under the direction of Signor Merelli. Madame Trebelli and her husband are already engaged.

New York.—The present season of the German Operatic Company (manager, Herr Grover, and conductor, Herr Anschütz) opened with M. Gounod's *Faust*.

Cassel.—Félicien David's new opera, *Lalla Rookh*, has been produced, but met with only a *succès d'estime*.

Brussels.—The German operatic company in this capital have been doing excellently. *Don Juan* proved a great success.

Hanover.—The subscription, started some considerable time since, for the purpose of erecting a memorial to Heinrich Marschner, is getting on but slowly. It is not very edifying, says a writer in a Berlin paper, to reflect that for such a composer the total of the contributions from the Germans at home as well as those all over the world, amounts to no more than three thousand five hundred thalers, and that there is not much chance of any additions being made to this sum. Notwithstanding this state of affairs, the committee have proceeded to carry out their plans. A passage has just been cut through a street close to the Theatre. This has placed at the disposal of the committee a site well adapted for the proposed memorial, and, as the artists who will execute the latter give their services for nothing. there is every probability that the project will be successfully carried out, despite the insignificant amount of the contributions.

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twenty-four times with the same applause, and would be kept on the stage until Easter. Rauquit-Lieutard informed him that fans and snuff-boxes "*a la Tarare*" were for sale in the shops, and that 4,500 livres, his share in the profits of the opera, were already on deposit for him.

(*To be Continued.*)

—o—

Death of Mr. Frederick Buckley.—Boston papers announce the death of Buckley, the well known violinist and composer. He was the leader of the popular troop known as Buckley's Serenaders, whose place of entertainment in Summer Street was one of the institutions of Boston. The *Commercial Bulletin*, in recording his death, says:—"Mr. Buckley was an admirable performer on the violin, and a musical composer of no mean ability, some of his songs having attained a wide-spread popularity. He was appreciated by the public, and esteemed by a large circle of friends in private life, by whom his loss will be sincerely regretted."

Pianoforte Music.—The changes in musical science which the piano-forte has been instrumental in effecting are so considerable, that the sources of that influence for change it may not be uninteresting to consider. The music of the best composers for the Harpsichord and Spinet was generally what is called polyphonic—more fugal in its character than it was either brilliant or *legato*. Sustained notes were not obtainable, and as a consequence the writers for the Harpsichord made use of movements requiring neatness of execution, and presenting a great number of notes arranged in a mode more scientific and elaborate than we now find in music for the piano-forte.—Still, this kind of music, (often very difficult to execute, and some, highly to be admired), with all its beauties lacked *expression*. We look in vain for this quality in the works of the great Scarlatti, Roseingrave, Paradies, the Bachs, Alberti, Martini and others. Neatness of execution and agility of finger were then the qualities most required by the composer and most applauded in the executant. Although the results of the early efforts of Piano-forte inventors afford little delight to us of the present day, the instrument when new must have presented a grateful contrast to the Harpsichord of the period; and the pedal, the discovery of which soon followed that of the piano-forte, was an important improvement, influencing greatly the style of the music that quickly became fashionable. To use the pedal in playing the polyphonic or fugued music of the ancient style would necessarily be productive of confusion; besides, the object of the invention was to obtain *expression*, which is seldom required or indeed expected in the execution of a fugue, any more than it is in a Courant, a Saraband or Giga, and the other quaint old movements of a Harpsichord Sonata. In his op. 35, Steibelt alludes to the pedals as a novel invention; and desiring "more variety on the Pianoforte, found it necessary to make use of the pedals, by which alone the tones can be united," but he adds, "it requires to use them with care, without which in going from one chord to another discord and confusion would result," Indeed at the present day the misuse of the pedal is one of the most fruitful sources of slovenly and faulty execution on the part of learners, and cannot be too carefully guarded against. The Pianoforte, as its volume of tone was improved by successive efforts in the manufacture, and as some power of sustaining the sound was obtained for it, led the way to the adoption of a style more brilliant, more impassioned and less fugal in manner than the music it gradually superceded. In the 16th and 17th centuries musical skill seems to have been very general, and this perhaps may be accounted for by the fact that keyed instruments were scarce, and stringed instruments (viols they were then termed), were in very general use. After the adoption of the Harpsichord and its successor the Pianoforte the "Chest of viols" began to be overlooked, and gradually to fall into disuse. With the neglect of these, it is easy to perceive that there was taken away one great incentive to a musical education. The Harpsichord or Pianoforte would satisfy the musical propensities of most people; while one performer could afford the entertainment sought in the quartett or trio of the instruments of the Violin family. The powers of expression of which the Pianoforte was now susceptible were soon tested by such works as the *Didons* of Clementi; the Elegy of Dussek; and other sonatas designed to portray the passions, and to excite sympathy in the mind of the hearer by the power of the "harmony painting." It is in this that the Pianoforte under the hands of a great performer is, and ever will be, unrivalled. In short, in taking a retrospective survey of what has been effected in the art, we shall find, that since the period at which the Pianoforte was working its way into public estimation, there has been no further radical change in the general characteristics and description of the compositions for the instrument; and that we may still refer to the works of the old masters as containing most of the fine qualities which have distinguished the styles of the numerous and talented professors—who have performed and written during the former half of the nineteenth century.

Lisbon.—The success of Madame Volpini in the *Traviata* surpassed even that she obtained in *Rigoletto*. The local journals were unanimous in their praises of the fair artist's Gilda and Violetta.

Liverpool.—The papers here describe the farewell benefit of Miss Milly Palmer, which took place at the Royal Amphitheatre, on Monday, as presenting a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm. The *bénéficiaire*, who played Parthenia (*Ingomar*), and Paul (*Pet of the Petticoats*), and also spoke an original address in verse, was vehemently applauded and recalled at the end of every act, the stage being frequently strewn with bouquets. The house was densely crowded, hundreds being unable to obtain admission, and the whole proceedings were a good augury of Miss Palmer's career in the metropolis, where she will shortly make her *début*.

Mr. Howard Glover's Festivals.—The second concert was given on Saturday afternoon, and attracted a very crowded audience. As there were no less than forty-four vocal and instrumental *morceaux* set down for performance all that is possible is to note a few of the most salient features of the concert. Among the principal vocalists were Madame Florence Lancia, whose rendering of "Bel raggio" aroused hearty applause as did also her brilliant execution of Boscowitch's "Nightingale;" Miss Banks, who sang "Tell me, my heart," with unassuming grace; Miss Louisa Pyne, who sang as sweetly as ever "The Power of Love," and, in conjunction with Miss Susan Pyne, gave the duet from the *Crown Diamonds;* Miss Emily Soldene (Mr. Glover's clever pupil), who confirmed the favorable impression she had produced at the first concert in the grand air "Ah! quel giorno," from *Semiramide*, and in Loder's song "There's no music like a drum;" Miss Palmer, who declaimed "The Minstrel Boy" with so much energy as to elicit an encore; Miss Florence De Courcy, whose fine soprano voice was heard to eminent advantage in Leonora's air "O Mio Fernando" (*La Favorita*); Mr. Elliott Galer, who was applauded to the echo "Eily Mavourneen;" and Mrs. Howard Paul, whose delivery of the hymn "To Rome or to Death," in the character of Garibaldi, raised the audience to enthusiasm. Among the instrumentalists who appeared especial mention must be made of Herr Hartvigson, pianist to the Queen of Denmark, who was heard for the first time in England. He played Lizt's Hungarian fantasia and displayed considerable executive powers, creating a very favorable impression.

Maryport.—Master Willie Pape gave a pianoforte recital in the Music hall, under the patronage of J. P. Senhouse, Esq., before a large and fashionable audience. This entertainment, as might have been anticipated, proved a treat to all lovers of pianoforte music, and even those of a less highly cultivated musical taste could not but be both charmed and astonished at the brilliant execution and faultless memory of the youthful pianist. What, however, seems most wonderful, is, that one so young should be endowed with such appreciation of the composition of mature minds; and that such taste and feeling should pervade *all* he plays. Indeed with regard to music, it may be said of him as formerly of a great poet, "he touches nothing but he adorns it." Since we last heard Master Pape he has added many pieces to his repertoire, of which we noticed Mr. Benedict's "Where the Bee sucks," a composition of fairylike lightness and brilliancy, played as if the "Dainty Ariel" had herself inspired the performer. It is impossible to particularize all, suffice it to say, that Mendelssohn's sparkling "Rondo Capricioso," Thalberg's "Mose in Egitto" and "Home sweet home," and Prudent's "Lucia," all compositions of great difficulty, were played by him, so as equally to astonish and delight the audience, and to elicit their heartiest applause. The Prince of Wales Grand March, composed by the "Young Thalberg" himself, is a masterly production, which proves beyond doubt, that he possesses creative talent of no mean order. During the last six months Master Pape has resided in London, and has frequently had the honor of appearing before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. He is now commencing his second provincial tour, and we are confident that from the impression he left on his last visit to the provinces he will meet with a hearty reception wherever he goes.—(*Maryport Journal.*)

Melbourne.—The Haymarket Theatre at Melbourne has lately undergone thorough renovation. Lady Don has been playing there to crowded houses.

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Florestan, Signor GIANNONI; Pizarro, Mr. SANTLEY; Rocco, Signor BOSSI; Il Ministro, Signor CASABONI; Marcellina, Mdlle. SINICO; and Leonora, Mdlle. TITIENS.

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

Commence at Eight o'clock precisely, terminating in time for the Night Trains to the Environs.

PRICES.—Gallery, 2s.; Pit, 5s.; Dress Circle, 7s.; Upper Circle, 5s.; Orchestra Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Private Boxes (to hold Four), from Half-a-Guinea upwards.

NOTICE.—The usual restrictions to Evening Dress will not be enforced.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Places to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from Ten till Five. Tickets also procurable on the evenings of performance at the special offices open at the entrance of the Pit and Grand Tier.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

These Performances cannot on any account be extended beyond SATURDAY, the 5th of November, the Lessee and Director having granted the use of Her Majesty's Theatre for "English" Opera for a short period until the re-opening of the Theatre for the regular Opera Season of 1865.

MR. W. HARRISON begs to announce that HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE will be Opened, under his direction, on MONDAY, Nov. 7th, 1864, for the Winter Season. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

IT is respectfully announced that the following eminent Artists will make a PROVINCIAL CONCERT TOUR during the months of January and February next:—

Madame FIORENTINI,
Prima Donna Assoluta of the Licio Theatre, Barcelona,
AND
Mademoiselle LIEBHART,
Kammer Sangerin und Prima Donna der K. K. Hofoper, in Vienna, and Her Majesty's Theatre.

PRIMO-TENORE:
Signor AMBONITTI.
CONTRA-BASSO:
Signor BOTTISINI.
CORNET-A-PISTON:
M. LEVI.
PIANOFORTE.
Signor ROMANO.

All Letters to be addressed to Mr. SHEPPARD, 4, Coburg Place, Bayswater Road, W.

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SATURDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS,

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THE DIRECTORS are prepared to negotiate with Artists of respectability, whose talents are calculated to afford amusement and instruction to a large and appreciating audience.

Applications from Touring Parties, with full particulars, addressed to the Secretary, Mr. C. OLLIVIER, Bradford, Yorkshire, will receive every attention.

MAD. D'ESTE FINLAYSON,

From Mr. German Reed's "Opera di Camera,"

WILL be prepared to accept engagements for English Opera, Oratorio, Concert, Dinners. All communications to be addressed—Priory House, St. John's Wood.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN,

(OPERA COMPANY, LIMITED.)

On MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY next, will be performed Auber's celebrated Opera,

MASANIELLO.

Principal characters by Madame PAREPA and Mdlle. ROSA GRAUD, Messrs. WEISS, H. BOND, A. COOK, C. LYALL, E. DUSSEK and Charles ADAMS.

Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

The incidental Divertissements will be supported by Mdlles. DUCHATEAU and BONFANTI, Messrs. H. and F. PAYNE.

Acting Manager, Mr. J. RUSSELL.

Commence at Eight. No charge for Booking Places.

PRODUCTION OF "HELVELLYN."

On THURSDAY next, Nov. 3, will be produced with New Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments, a New Grand Opera (the Music by G. A. Macfarren; the Libretto by J. Oxenford), entitled

HELVELLYN.

Hannah, Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Martin, Mr. HENRY HAIGH; Luke, Mr. ALBERTO LAWRENCE; Old Steenie, Mr. H. CORRI; and Mabel, Madame PAREPA.

The Opera produced under the Direction of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS

STRAND MUSICK HALL.—PROMENADE CONCERTS EVERY EVENING, with a full Band of Forty Performers.

CONDUCTOR,—MR. F. KINGSBURY.

Vocalists,—MDLES. WILKS, MOLIDOFF, and MAYER.

Instrumentalists,—Violin, SIG. GIOVANNI ADELMANN; Cornet, M. DUHEM; Pianoforte, M. MATTEI, Pianist to His Majesty the King of Italy.

Admission, 1s.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 2s. Commence at Eight.

STRAND MUSICK HALL.—MUSICK at Eight o'clock. COMIC at Ten o'clock. EVERY NIGHT THE GREAT VANCE at HALF-PAST TEN.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

BEGS to announce that he has REMOVED from Torrington Street, and requests all Letters to be addressed to his Residence,

No. 6 ST. MARY ABBOTT'S TERRACE, KENSINGTON, W.

WILLIE PAPE, of Alabama, visits Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Penrith, Liverpool, Litchfield, Leamington, Banbury, Lynn, Sandringham, Norwich, Penzance, Truro, Plymouth, Torquay, Exeter, Sidmouth, up to 15th November, he then visits Belfast, Armagh, Dublin, &c. For engagements, please address 9 SOHO SQUARE, London, W.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Vocalist (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedral of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, in the City of Dublin), sings in Italian, German and French. She sings also all the popular English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. Mrs. CAMPBELL BLACK accompanies herself on the Harp, Pianoforte and Guitar. All communications respecting engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at 7 Well Walk, Hamstead, N.W.

MADAME HELEN PERCY (Contralto) and MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY (Soprano), will be in the North to fulfil engagements after December 17th, and will be happy to arrange for Concerts or Oratorios *en route*. Address—68, Richmond Road, Bayswater, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," composed by EMILE BERGER, at Halifax, November 7th; St. James's Hall, November 9th; Leicester, November 28th; and Walworth, Nov. 29th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing HENRY SMART'S new song, "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING" (Companion to the Lady of the Lea), at Mr. Howard Glover's concert at Drury Lane Theatre, THIS DAY.

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MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Vocalist (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedral of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, in the City of Dublin), sings in Italian, German and French. She sings also all the popular English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. Mrs. CAMPBELL BLACK accompanies herself on the Harp, Pianoforte and Guitar. All communications respecting engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at 7 Well Walk, Hamstead, N.W.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS begs to inform her friends and pupils that her Soirées for the practice of Vocal concerted music, will commence on Thursday, November 17th at her residence, 50. Bedford Square.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," composed by EMILE BERGER, at Halifax, November 7th; St James's Hall, November 9th; Leicester, November 28th; and Walworth, Nov. 29th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY (Soprano) and MADAME HELEN PERCY (Contralto) will be in the North after December 18th, for a few weeks, fulfilling engagements. Applications concerning Concert or Oratorio engagements *en route*, to be addressed, 7, Sutherland Place, Bayswater, London.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" (Reichardt), "Are they meant but to deceive me" (Reichardt), "Si tu savais" (Balfe), and "Alice where art Thou" (Ascher), at the following places:—LIVERPOOL, November 9th; Lancaster, November 10th; AYRE, November 11th, and GLASGOW, November 12th and 19th.

MR. WILBY COOPER begs to inform his friends and the Musical Public that he has returned to Town, and that all Communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should bear his new address, 68, Richmond Road, Westbourne Grove, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his new Scotch fantasia "WAVERLEY" and romance "SILVER RIPPLES," at LIVERPOOL, November 9th; LANCASTER, November 10th; AYR, November 11th; and GLASGOW, November 12th and 19th.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he has returned to Town for the Season. 16, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

SIGNOR ALBERTO RANDEGGER will return from Italy the second week in November. Letters to be addressed to 31, Orchard Street, Portman, Square, W.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS begs to announce that he has arrived in London, and intends staying for a few months. All Communications to be addressed to his Residence, 36, Oakley Square, N.W.

The highly important Stock of Engraved Music Plates with Copyrights of Messrs. Cook, Hutchings, & Co.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Music and Literary Property, will sell by Auction at their House, 47, Leicester Square, W.C. (West Side), on Monday, November 14th, and four following days, the very important stock of about 36,000 Engraved Music Plates with copyrights, of Messrs. Lamborn Cock, Hutchings, and Co. (formerly Leader and Cock), of New Bond Street, who are dissolving partnership, comprising the works of the most popular composers, vocal and instrumental; extensive series of works suitable for tuition; the important original works and arrangements of Professor Sterndale Bennett; editions of the works of classical masters specially arranged for the publishers; compositions and arrangements of Jules Benedict, W. H. Callcott, F. Romer, Brinley Richards, Kuhe, Karl Vogel, John Barnett, M. W. Balfe, W. V. Wallace, and other popular composers.

The Miscellaneous portion of the stock will be sold in December.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON will sell by Auction at their House, 47, Leicester Square, in November, a collection of Miscellaneous Music, and many important Musical Instruments, including numerous Pianofortes by eminent modern makers.

*** Consignments for this sale can be received up to the 12th instant.

Price 3d.; by Post, 4d.

THE CHOIR AND MUSICAL RECORD for November contains:—Notices of Choral Festivals, Reviews, and the Musical News of the Month, with

FOUR PAGES OF MUSIC.

"O happy he who liveth," a Part Song of the Sixteenth Century, adapted by E. F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

Subscriptions can commence at any time.

*** Notice.—On DECEMBER 1ST will be published a DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, containing EIGHT PAGES of seasonable Music, &c. Price 6d.

METZLER & Co., 35 to 38 Great Marlborough Street, W., and of all Book and Music-sellers.

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G. F. WEST'S JERUSALEM the GOLDEN, and twelve other Pieces for Piano, carefully fingered, each 2s. 6d.

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ONE YEAR,

(A VILLAGE TALE),

Composed by MRS. JOHN MACFARREN, and sung with immense success by

MISS BANKS.

Price 2s. 6d.

FOSTER & KING, 223 Regent Street.

The rooks are cawing in the elms,
As on the very day,
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again?
The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me she made
The sweetness of the year;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.
A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said;
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

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"WHERE IS HE;"

SONG,

Composed by RALPH WILKINSON.

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Just published, price 3s.,

THE ROSEBUD,

MELODY FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

Dedicated to Miss Catherine Matilda Blackburn;

COMPOSED BY CHARLES FOWLER.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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DEATH OF MR. JOHN LEECH.

(*Times*, *Oct.* 31.)

Suddenly there is a great blank among us, and the shadow of a great darkness. One of our dearest and most delightful companions, one whom not only we, but also all whose eyes will rest upon these columns, must think of as in some sort a cherished friend, is taken from us. John Leech, known to the public as the most kindly and the most graceful of humourists, known to his own circle for a peculiar gentleness and refinement of character that at first sight seemed as it were in opposition to the robustness of his judgment, and therefore took many by surprise, died on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. The death of Garrick was said to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and the death of Mr. Leech will touch many more hearts, both of this and other nations, than Garrick ever reached. Although he looked strong, he had been long a sufferer, and complained of sleeplessness; his incessant brain-work inducing a peculiar irritability with which most persons have a tendency to jest rather than sympathise. He was much affected by noise, and literally driven from his house in Brunswick-square by street musicians. He hoped to get peace at Kensington, especially as he shut them out by the device of double windows; but he had no peace, and, in addition to the torment of the organs, he came to be afflicted at early dawn by the hammer of some small mechanic. His friends made light of it, and tried to jest with him. "You may laugh," he would say, "but I assure you it will kill me." He was so unwell that during this last summer he was obliged to go abroad, and forbidden to indulge in his favourite exercise of riding on horseback. He returned better in the autumn, but still strangely susceptible to noise, and only a fortnight ago spoke with more than his usual earnestness, with something even of passionate entreaty in his tones, about the suffering which the street organs gave him, and about the small sympathy he received from people who have to work their brains in a mere routine. At last his sufferings have come to an end, and, if any of his friends were inclined to treat them as imaginary, they will now be convinced. It is not a year since he stood in tears by the grave of Thackeray, and now his friends will follow *him*, too, to his long home. Thackeray and he were school-fellows, workers together in *Punch*; both had something even of womanly gentleness intermingled with the strength of their characters; and both were in their styles of working classical.

Although Mr. Leech lived to be 47 years of age, the record of his life is short and simple. He was born in London in 1817, and educated at the Charterhouse. He left school to study medicine, and had made considerable progress in that direction before he discovered what was his true path in life. His maiden sketch in *Punch*, entitled "Foreign Affairs," appeared in the first week of August, 1841, and thenceforward the history of his life is to be seen week by week in the pages of that popular periodical. No doubt, he was otherwise engaged. He illustrated almanacs and novels, books of travel and poems. A Christmas time without two dozen sketches by Leech, full of the most graceful and delicate humour, would be a Christmas without holly and mistletoe, dancing and good cheer. He always took great pains as Christmas drew nigh, and year by year seemed to surpass himself in delicacies of touch, and charm of humour. But it was through the weekly pages of *Punch*, far more than through the yearly almanac, that Mr. Leech was known to the public; and his life is there reflected. He goes to France and draws a French scene; to Scotland and draws a Scotch one. Then his experiences of our social life—his pictures of balls, dinner parties, mess-rooms, bachelors' chambers, Rotten-row, gardens, parks, streets, watering-places, shooting parties, hunting-fields, boating, fishing, and we know not what else, make up such a history of his time as to the future historian will be invaluable. The fashion of the day, the passion of the hour, is reflected on his page as in a photograph. And while we have thus in his sketches a curiously complete history of certain phases of this Victorian era, we have also in them a picture and a chronicle of the artist's own life. Anyone, without knowing Mr. Leech personally, can detect in these sketches the work of a keen-sighted, hearty sort of man, healthy and broad in his sympathies, full of fun, but still more charmed with grace, and sensitive to beauty, fond of children, fond of dwelling on all youthful beauty, fond of beautiful dogs and horses, but above all things fond of truth and nature.

We have said that he was classical in his style of working. One cannot well speak of the ridiculous as classical; and much of Mr. Leech's work concerned the ridiculous. But in him the sense of the grotesque and the love of satire was never allowed to interfere with, much less to over-ride, his attraction to whatever was beautiful and true. There never was a caricaturist so little of a caricaturist; one who could present genuine nature on so many different sides, and at the same time to have so quick an eye for whatever is lovely. He drew with equal ease a fine lady and a crossing-sweeper; on the same page he would bewitch the reader of *Punch* with the prettiest of little maidens, and provoke him with the vulgarest of upstarts. And he was always seeing and drawing something new. Suddenly we should be astonished with a sea-piece, in which the billows were rendered with wonderful skill. Or we had mountain scenery, or a glade in a wood, or ploughed fields, or standing corn. He never was still. When we wondered what should come next, we had some rare sky, some curious effect of light. And all this display of scenery was the mere background to views in which men, and women, and children were the chief objects of interest. All seemed to flow from his pencil so easily that people scarcely understood how hard he worked. He must have worked very hard to produce so much variety in constant succession week after week for more than 20 years. He died, too, in harness, working to the last, and working, indeed, beyond his strength. With characteristic generosity he made unusual exertions in aid of relatives, and his labours were latterly more severe than they need have been if he had had only to think of himself and his household. These anxieties and exertions have at length struck him down—and who is there to fill his place? A good, great man, of fine and rare genius, has gone from among us, and we shall not know how much he was to us until we discover by his loss that nature does not often produce such artists as John Leech. Sir Edwin Landseer has said that there is scarcely a sketch of Mr. Leech's which is not worthy to be framed and hung on our walls. Other artists are equally strong in its praise. No man envied him. The public at large think more of the human interest that belongs to his drawings and the amusement which may be derived from them. But over and above this, they have qualities which, notwithstanding the lowness of the material employed, will hereafter confer on Leech's sketches a very high renown as works of art.

ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

(CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS.)

The "English Opera Association (Limited)" has at length begun its first season. The winding-up of a company formed a little while since for a like purpose and the many difficulties which were known to beset the managers of the present enterprise had given rise to not unreasonable doubts as to whether the promises made in recent announcements could be fulfilled. Upon this day week, however, the doors of the great theatre in Covent Garden were actually opened for a first performance. The opera was *Masaniello;* and the piece was repeated on three succeeding evenings, *Martha* being announced for the latter end of this week. The start thus made by the new company may, on the whole, be described as promising. If the staple of its performances is to consist of operas as good as *Masaniello*, and if other pieces are to be played and sung as this has been this week, the musical public cannot fail to become good clients of the management. And the adhesion of the musical public is, as a rule, sure to be followed by the patronage of more miscellaneous pleasure-seekers. The world of theatrical speculations may have its full share of feuds and jealousies. An age which has made "competition" its chief idol cannot expect to be an age of peace; the company will therefore not expect the most cordial welcome from all quarters. But its managers may be quite sure that an endeavor to do honestly and thoroughly the work of establishing a vernacular lyric drama will be right heartily supported by the thousands of the English middle classes who love good music. The musical public cannot be accused of being illiberal or intolerant. They know that the business of theatrical management is one involving great and exceptional difficulties; and for these they are ready to make allowance. They are so far from being hard judges or difficult to please that it may be almost said that they err rather on the other side. Any one who recalls the circumstances under which previous undertakings of this kind have been begun, carried on and ended, can scarcely help wondering, not at the failure, but at the success of these undertakings. We need not go far back, for instance, to recall the case of an Opera supporting itself for some seasons virtually upon the merits of one singer and a good band. To hear that one admirable artist, whose every note delights every listener, one had to tolerate the intolerable in other departments. The inference to be drawn from such a case as that is, surely, how much must people enjoy good music if, for the sake of it, they will endure to hear so much bad. But it would be an unkindly and not a very profitable task to pass in review the long series of past failures. The new company need not, so far as we can see, find in those failures much cause for discouragement. It may console itself by remembering (a company may, perhaps, have a memory, though it cannot, apparently, have a conscience) that, in most of the schemes in question, however

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good the intentions of the promoters, there were deficiencies and faults too glaring to make permanent success possible. But for this consideration the presumption would lie, it must be confessed, terribly against the success of the present scheme. By some inscrutable fatality it has somehow happened that every operatic speculation, from the days of Handel to those of Gye, has been a loss to its promoters. Men conversant with the history of these things assert that the success of the present energetic director of the Royal Italian Opera is the first well-ascertained exception to this rule; and this exception will not, we fear, give much ground of hope to our new company; for every one knows that there are special circumstances surrounding Italian opera which take it out of the category of all like undertakings. It is not the love of music alone that supports Italian opera; it is fashion that pays the larger share of its cost; and this motive is every day gathering fresh force with the increasing luxury and wealth of the age. The real hope for English opera lies in the fact that the people who enjoy music now make up a very large multitude, and that this multitude have never yet had the thing offered them in its integrity. That they are willing to pay for it no one doubts. If the new association works out its scheme with spirit and honesty, success must come, though it may not come immediately. To work out its scheme, however, it must have a definite policy, and pursue that policy unflinchingly; and it must address itself fearlessly to the reform of a number of abuses small and great, the toleration of which has had much to do with the failure of former enterprises. We need not here enter on a discussion of the difficult questions referred to. For the moment we have little else to do than to say welcome to the new undertaking, and to report, in a few words, the manner of its inauguration.

The choice of *Masaniello* and *Martha* as the two opening pieces is understood to have been partly due to certain obstacles which prevented a work by a native composer from being adequately rehearsed. But we are not sorry to notice thus early that the managers intend to give the more liberal and, as it seems to us, the more sensible interpretation to the phrase "English opera." If the right policy be to play the best music, whatever the nationality of the composer, the production of the masterpiece of the most brilliant of living musicians was not a bad beginning; and perhaps the old-English subject of Flotow's most popular opera was a sufficient reason for the choice of that as a second piece.—*Reader*—*Oct.* 22.

By way of commencing our notice of the campaigns of the rival houses, at both of which opera in English will be performed till opera in Italian shall "set in," we could not do better than transcribe the able article on the subject, which appeared in the *Times* a few days ago. Able we may well think it, seeing that in its retrospect of the busy period of thirty years, since the appearances of *Nourjahad* and *The Mountain Sylph*, and *The Siege of Rochelle*, and *Amilie*, and *The Gipsy's Warning*, were held to promise the creation of a national opera, competent to cope with anything Italian, German or French, the very tone of argument and comment is used which during a large portion of that period we were solitary in using; and in which might be found our reason for holding back from the chorus of unmixed gratulation with which every new home effort was received and accepted. Considering what the musical activity of this country has been since the year 1834; considering the amount of real talent indicated in it, our theatres should have had some more genuine result to show than they have obtained. If all the praise without interruption or alloy which has been lavished on every work put forward by a countryman, since the Society of British Musicians was founded, has come to so little, is there no lesson to be learnt from the fact? Is no light thrown on the mischief of indiscriminate encouragement? We have seen one play played out in the downfall and ruin of that management of our Italian Opera, which was all but exclusively supported by the press as no management in our recollection has been;—it seems as if we were witnessing the end of another, in the beginning of fresh undertakings on the old principles which, by common consent, have been owned to contain within themselves the seeds of failure. At all events, we cannot but consider that the start is not a prudent one which, after months of committees sitting and paragraphs penned and rumors flying from east to west, has been made by bringing out a pair of translations of works as hackneyed as *Masaniello* and *Martha*;—the reason given for the step being that the superb and lavish scenery, dresses and properties were ready at hand under the agreement which the Limited Liability Company is understood to have entered into with Mr. Gye. That such an accidental circumstance should have stood for a ruling consideration speaks poorly, we submit, for the prosperity or policy of the management,—for the expectations entertained as to the success of the new works and artists to be brought forward under its auspices. Of course, with regard to the former, we must wait to form a judgment. The company of singers assembled, headed by a pair of well-known vocalists no less accomplished than Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Parepa, can demand no deliberate review at our hands for the moment, save such as has been called for by the appearance of that much-talked-of person, a new tenor,—at a time when stage tenors are not over-plenteous.

For an average tenor singer the part of Masaniello is an arduous one to appear in, having been written for an exceptional voice (Nourrit's), and requiring vivacity, delicacy, and force in combination. For an actor of any experience it offers fewer difficulties; provided he is bright, and ready, and unaffected, he can hardly fail to make a good impression in it. Mr. Adams is at ease on the stage. His presence is agreeable, if not striking. He has sufficient voice for any theatre, and for almost any part, demanding something less than the "chest C" which has tempted so many a singer to his ruin. His tone is of agreeable quality when not forced,—when it is he is out of tune. Now-a-days, it would seem as if the fable of "the Frog and the Ox" was the lesson more steadily impressed on any singer than any *solfeggio*. Neglecting the power which style, accent, and distinctness of delivery can impart to the phrase, too many contemporary artists spoil half the music allotted to them, and forfeit the whole of their natural charm and individuality by "crying aloud" to an extravagant extent. That Mr. Adams is not clear of this defect the martial duett in the second act sufficiently showed: that unless he can cure himself of it, he will sink, not rise, in public favor, he may rest assured. He speaks well—too well, we are sorry to say, for the wretched English words with which the managers of the new company have thought fit to replace the text of Mr. Kenney, who was a dramatist and a gentleman. The "Limited Liability *Masaniello!*" gains in serious interest and common sense in proportion as no one hears what the Liberator of Naples and the excellent Elvira (Madame Parepa is the best heroine we remember) have to utter. The orchestra is good, and spiritedly conducted by Mr. Mellon: "the cuts" in the score being those made —for once injudiciously—by Mr. Costa. The chorus, when we heard it, was less well in tune than a Covent Garden chorus should be at the beginning of the season. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington appears to great advantage in *Martha*. The theatre is fairly well attended. *Helvellyn*, by Messrs. Oxenford and Macfarren, is announced as to come next week; we fear at some disadvantage, since no one must expect, on this occasion, the luxuries of scenic arrangement, in which Mr. Gye has, of late, outdone even the musical theatres of Paris. We cannot but think it a false move to have exposed the first national work produced to inevitable comparison with its two predecessors, in points which the public has been trained to regard as important,—*Athenæum* —*Oct.* 29.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(*Times*—*Nov.* 4.)

The new company has at length fairly established its position by the successful production of an original grand opera, from the pen of an English composer. Mr. Macfarren was, for reasons unnecessary to explain, judiciously appointed to the post of honor, and his *Helvellyn* (the book furnished by his literary associate in *Robin Hood*), brought out last night in a style of thorough efficiency, has inaugurated what pretends to be, and what every one interested in the progress of our home school of operatic music hopes may really turn out to be, a national undertaking, in a befitting manner. The house was not inconveniently crowded, but the audience, disposed to view everything *couleur de rose*, was evidently well inclined to the cause at stake.

Though the plot of *Helvellyn* is borrowed from *Der Sonnenwendhof*, a German drama, by Mosenthal, whose *Deborah* has been rendered famous in England by the "Leah" of Miss Bateman, the details that give a local coloring to the story are wholly original. The entire action bears reference to the destruction of a foundry in the north of England, many years before the play begins. By this calamity, which is clearly attributable to an incendiary, numerous families are plunged into distress, and it is consequently remembered with horror over a large district; Ralph, a discontented workman, supposed to have been the criminal, and who perished in the flames, being everywhere mentioned with execration. During the progress of the overture a *tableau*, representing the conflagration, is shown. Ralph appears, dying, with his wife and child leaning over him, while at the back of the scene is another labourer, named Luke, of whom more anon.

The business of the drama takes place on the estate of Mabel, a wealthy proprietress, in the vicinity of the Cumberland mountain, Helvellyn. Mabel's farm is superintended by an active, intelligent young man, called Martin, whom she has reared as an orphan, and whom (though she does not tell him so) she intends to choose as the successor of her late husband. Everything in the farm seems prosperous, the grumbling of Steenie, an old servant, giving zest to the general hilarity. While all are congratulating themselves on their happy condition, Hannah, an unknown girl, reduced to mendicity, arrives among them, craving for food and shelter. Urged by Martin, Mabel takes Hannah into her service, despite the protestations of Steenie, who instinctively dislikes strangers. More disturbing, however, is the appearance of a second mendicant—namely, Luke, the

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brother of Mabel's deceased husband. After many years' absence, Luke returns to the home of his father, a low debauchee, of the worst description, and proclaims himself entitled to half the profits of the farm. Mabel, a large-hearted woman, instead of turning him out of doors, grants him a lodging, herself setting off for London, in search of a document that will establish her claim to the undivided possession of the estate; and with Mabel's departure the first act terminates.

During the absence of Mabel the care of the farm is, by her direction, intrusted to Martin, whom all the other dependents are ordered to obey. Luke, comfortably installed in a snug room, drinks and smokes the livelong day, varying the monotony of existence with a libertine passion for Hannah, who is forced to repel his attentions with a reaping hook. Martin has also become enamoured of the fair wanderer; but his is the tender, modest love, that hardly ventures to pronounce itself. The festivities of a harvest home (elaborately represented) are suddenly checked by a quarrel between Martin and old Steenie, who views with a jealous eye the young man's superior position. Hannah having given away a bowl of milk to a sick pauper, is accused of theft by Luke, who burns to avenge his defeat; and the accusation is supported by Steenie, but rejected by Martin, who applauds Hannah's charitable motive. In the midst of the dispute Mabel returns from London, and, ascertaining the merits of the case, dismisses Steenie from the farm, as guilty of insubordination towards Martin, sending Hannah—however innocent, the primary cause of mischief—to a mountain-hut, where she is to tend the sheep. Luke's claims are overthrown by the production of a copy of his brother's will, by which the whole property is bequeathed to Mabel; and, as he grows contumacious, Mabel charges Martin to eject him, at the same time declaring that she has selected her young *protegé* for a husband. By this resolution Luke and Martin are equally put out of countenance, the latter being consumed by his secret passion for Hannah.

The third act commences at the mountain hut, where Hannah, in spite of the desolate nature of the place, is rejoiced, after long years of trouble, to find herself at peace. Soon, however, she is followed by Martin, who, telling her of Mabel's offer, states also his resolution to decline it, and at length makes an avowal of his love. Though it is obvious that his passion is reciprocated, Hannah gives no encouragement, but, to curb his affection at once, informs him that she is the daughter of the reputed incendiary, Ralph, and that her father's crime has been the curse of her life. When even this proves insufficent to damp the aspirations of the ardent swain, she flies from his presence. The scene now changes to the exterior of the village church, where the people are assembled for the Sunday's devotions, in the course of which it is expected that the wedding of Mabel and Martin will be solemnized. But the bridegroom is wanting, and Mabel now learns from Luke, who has derived his knowledge from Steenie, all about the interview on the mountain. The entrance of Martin, wild and haggard, by no means induces her to doubt the correctness of her information; and when at last Hannah herself appears, she is laden by Mabel with reproaches, from which she cannot wholly defend herself; for, though, in compliance with Mabel's demand, she swears she never encouraged Martin, she breaks down when required to make oath that she does not love him. Mabel is, of course, indignant with Hannah, but when the fourth (and last) act commences, better thoughts have resumed their sway over the good lady's heart, and she resolves to abandon her pretensions in favour of her rival. At the conclusion a strange incident relieves Hannah from her hereditary despair. Luke visits her hut, and, overcome with rage at his ejectment from the farm, proposes to set fire to it, confident that its destruction will be ascribed to a thunderstorm which is now raging. With this view he snatches up a brand, when straightway a scene of her youth is recalled to the mind of Hannah. She was the child exhibited in the introductory *tableau*, and encouraging Luke, she now discovers that he, not Ralph, was the destroyer of the foundry. Charged with the crime, Luke escapes her grasp, but clutching at a tree that is stricken by lightning, falls down a precipice. Steenie, who happened to be concealed in the hut, is able to proclaim the innocence of Ralph and the guilt of Luke, and thus all is brought to a happy conclusion.

That the piece is somewhat complicated may be gathered from the foregoing; it is, nevertheless, crowded with situations more or less amenable to effective musical treatment, and affords excellent opportunities for that "*couleur locale*" of which critics have talked so much, but the proper application of which is still a matter of controversy. Of the music of Mr. Macfarren, however—as of the performance generally—we must defer speaking. Enough that the *dramatis personæ* were last night thus distributed—Mabel, Mdlle. Parepa; Hannah, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; Luke, Mr. A. Lawrence; Steenie, Mr. H. Corri; and Martin, Mr. H. Haigh; that no less than six pieces—including a song for Mabel, the last movement of Luke's *scena*, a part song ("Harvest Home"), a ballad for Martin, the last movement of Hannah's *scena*, and a ballad for Hannah—were encored; that the principal singers and the composer were several times called forward, and that at the termination of the opera the same compliment was paid to Mr. Alfred Mellon, the conductor.

REVIEWS.

"C. M. WEBER'S BIOGRAPHIE."

(*Continued from Page* 693.)

Weber's bark was destined to be soon launched; still it had to avoid many shoals and quicksands before reaching the wished for haven of success. The author of the *Biographie* gives us a full and circumstantial account of all Weber's movements at this eventful period of his life.

The tremendous success of *Olympia* did not last. The undeniable merit it exhibits was properly appreciated, but the infatuation diminished. Not only did even the third representation meet with an almost cool reception, but there were actually empty places in the front of the house, though all the Berlin critics still continued to trumpet forth at the top of their voices the grandeur of the work. The public seceded from a party that could create no more dissensions. This caused the German party to raise their heads all the more confidently, just as the first impression produced by *Olympia* had discouraged them.

It was at this time that Weber made his first appearance before a Berlin audience at a morning concert got up by his friends, Blume, the singer, and Tausch, the clarinettist, on the 13th May, in the concert room of the new theatre. It was the first concert ever given by daylight in the new and brilliant locale, which, on this occasion, was the principal object of attraction. Weber played, with Tausch, his "Variations for Piano and Clarinet," but did not produce a particularly profound impression on the somewhat inattentive audience, as neither his note-book nor the critics make mention of any very great applause bestowed upon him.

On the 21st May, Weber was at length able to commence the rehearsals of *Der Freischütz*, with a trial of the choruses got up by Laidl, at the second of which, a quartet rehearsal, he was surprised by the arrival of his favourite pupil, Benedict. Weber and his wife received the excellent young man as though he had been their own son. Mad. Weber felt easier at knowing he was now always near her husband. With beaming eyes she told him with what restless zeal, and with what love the artists devoted themselves to the work, adding: "But what surprises me most, while affording me the liveliest satisfaction, is that Weber himself feels well and happy."

The choruses already went admirably.

Great was the rejoicing when at the "Schützenkönig Marsch"* —the march after the firing at the popinjay—Weber took the instrument from the hands of Henning or Seidler, both of whom were among the first violins, and began tuning, himself. He wanted the three fifths to be so bold and saucy! As in this instance, so in all the following pieces, every one perceived, frequently with astonishment, but, finally, always with pleasure, the vivifying breath of originality. In his own way, sometimes with gentle earnestness, and sometimes with irony, Weber discovered the secret here, as elsewhere, of enlisting the sympathy of the artists, and maintaining strict discipline. Their partiality for him, and their enthusiasm for the work, the genuinely German beauty of which became more and more apparent, increased with every rehearsal. It would seem that, during the rehearsals, some changes struck Weber here and there as advisable, for, according to all accounts, the last finale was not written in its present form till after the first few rehearsals in Berlin, while the music between the acts after the scene of the Wolf's Glen underwent, in all probability, material modifications. Weber's activity during the time the rehearsals were going on reached an incredible pitch. The rehearsals began generally at ten, and lasted till one or two o'clock; one hour each day was devoted to piano exercises; besides

* I may here mention that Weber founded this splendid piece of musical composition on a very old, but most trivial march, which is still sung, here and there, in Bohemia, and which he probably remembered from having heard it in Prague.

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this, he worked industriously at the fine "Concertstück" (F minor) which he had commenced in Hosterwitz. Visitors came and went, and their calls were returned. The afternoon was devoted to his friends, and the evening to studying the theatre, and admiring the two fair actresses, Naumann and Stich, who were then fascinating every one. His early mornings were dedicated to his extensive correspondence, and to conferences with painters, costumiers, and stage-carpenters; even Brühl often called upon him as early as seven o'clock. Of a night, however, he might sometimes be found at Lutter's or Wegner's, with Duport, Devrient, and Hoffmann, when the latter and Devrient, by the flames of the flaring punchbowl, tried who could make the most devilish faces, and played all kinds of demoniacal antics, until the others felt their flesh crawl, and, with an oath, put an end to such unearthly doings by lighting the candles again!

As Weber was one day walking along the avenue known as "Unter den Linden" with Benedict, after an orchestral rehearsal, a charming boy, some twelve years of age, with gleaming eyes and waving locks, sprang forward to meet him. Weber stretched out his hand to him, with the words: "There is Felix Mendelssohn." The boy accompanied them in their walk, and, when the two parted, dragged Benedict into his father's house, and introduced him to his mother. "Mother, here's Benedict, one of Weber's pupils, he can play us something out of Weber's opera," he said. Benedict was obliged to sit down at the piano and play as much as he could manage to recollect. A few days later, Felix played it all to *him*, pointing out the instrumental effects almost precisely as they actually were, as if he himself had thought of them.

The rehearsals, we are informed, now followed each other in rapid succession. Weber had, altogether, sixteen rehearsals of *Der Freischutz*, including the reading; three rehearsals for the chorus; five quartet rehearsals; two rehearsals with scenery; an especial rehearsal of the Wolf's Glen alone; and four full rehearsals, two of which were regular performances, with complete costumes and scenery, together with all the supernatural business. Time was strictly kept, and the singers required to sing their parts through from beginning to end.

Herr Hellwig, the stage-manager at Dresden, surprised Weber, to the latter's great delight, at one of these performances, which he had come to Berlin for the express purpose of witnessing. On the the 10th June, Weber writes as follows to Könneritz:—

"....I beg to acknowledge with the warmest thanks the great kindness displayed by your Excellence in leaving the further duration of my absence to my own option. I feel, in consequence, doubly bound neither to take an undue advantage of your good nature, nor to forget the respect which I owe my own official position generally. My opera cannot be produced before the 16th. As I shall have to direct the first three performances, and give a concert as well, I see no possibility of my stay in Berlin being brought to a close before the end of this month. I shall, therefore, return hence straight to Dresden.

"It would be wrong of me not to confess that I am grieved at being obliged to deprive my wife of the opportunity of drinking the waters, not to speak of the holiday I so greatly need myself. But I feel that in consequence of the absence of Herr Morlacchi, the Royal *Capellmeister*, my presence is more requisite than your Excellency's good nature would allow you to say.

"My friend Hellwig surprised us yesterday in the most agreeable manner. He received, however, no slight shock on hearing that *Der Freischütz* could not be produced before the 16th, as he had to play on the 18th at Pillnitz. It would be a very great pity for him to have made the journey for nothing; and I entertain a sufficiently firm conviction of your Excellency's indulgence, and the kindness of the first person of the realm, to believe that, on this occasion, a small change in the bills will be allowed. He was perfectly charmed with the internal arrangements of the new theatre, and is very desirous for your Excellence to send Lissmann over here to him, so that some of the most judicious of these arrangements may be introduced into the building at Dresden. He was going to write to your Excellence only yesterday, but I will not vouch for his having done so, and, therefore, thought it would be better for me to speak to you about it myself in this letter. If you would kindly answer by return of post, your reply might still arrive in time.

"Since I have been here proposals have been made for me to take the management of the opera in Cassel....

"In the way of art there is nothing new here. Herr Meyer, from Carlsruhe, is starring it, but is not successful. The fifth, and, for the present, last performance of *Olympia* takes place on Wednesday, as Mad. Milder is then going on a professional tour. I trust I may succeed in justifying the confidence which, in your letter, you so very kindly express of me. I am certainly animated by the best intentions, and thus I am also animated by the hope of attaining my end, and thereby affording you satisfaction, etc."

With this letter was joined one from Herr Hellwig, in which that gentleman most urgently requested Herr Von Könneritz to send Lissmann, the machinist, as soon as possible to Berlin, for the purpose of studying the machinery made for *Der Freischütz*. He begged him, also, not to grudge the few thalers more it would cost to travel by the "extra-post," so that Lissmann might have a few days longer than he otherwise would have for carrying out the purpose of his journey.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From our own Correspondent*).

As it is sometime since I have written to you, and as what I said in my last letter may have escaped your memory, I would remind you that one of the facts I chronicled in it was the great sensation Herr Gunz, or Dr. Gunz, or Herr Dr. Gunz, as he is styled here, had created among the Berlin public. He was the operatic lion of the day—lion? pooh! he was a host of lions, a whole menagerie in himself. He came to this capital at a period of the year when most of the opera-goers are not opera-goers, being, "on the land," *i.e.*, in more idiomatic English: in the country; or preferring out-door to in-door amusements, garden-concerts and such like, for instance, to operatic performances within the four, or more, walls of a theatre; he was engaged at an establishment which the fickle goddess—need I say I mean Fortune?—had certainly not selected as her head-quarters for the season, but, despite these disadvantages, and they were by no means slight, he achieved a great success. His engagement was extended from four to sixteen evenings, and, greatest triumph of all, the applause he received in the Victoria Theatre was so hearty; the audience, what with clapping, and shouting, and stamping, and encoring, and hurraing, kicked up such a shindy, made such a noise, indulged in such a confounded *charivari*, indicative of their unbounded satisfaction, that the hubbub was heard as far off as the Royal Operahouse, and roused up the "Intendanz" or manager of that national establishment from the half-sleepy state which seems natural to most government officials in most countries of the world, especially of Germany. The consequence was that Herr Gunz received a most flattering invitation to give a series of performances at the Grand Opera-house aforesaid. This was a feather, I need scarcely add, which he lost no time in sticking in his cap, where it looked remarkably well, by the way. He replied, at once, that he should be most happy to appear at the Royal Opera-house, provided he could obtain leave of absence from the Theatre-Royal, Hanover. This was nearly tantamount to saying at once that he *would* appear at the first-named establishment, because it is not very likely that the "Intendanz" at Hanover would say no to the "Intendanz" at Berlin. The upshot was that, on the 24th September, Herr Gunz made his first bow on the royal boards, and before the royal foot-lights, as Octavio in Mozart's *Don Juan*. His second part was that of Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. He was most favorably received in both characters, and a wish has been pretty generally expressed for the management to engage him permanently. The management would be, and, indeed, is, nothing loath to do so, but there is a small obstacle which first requires to be cleared out of the way. This obstacle is the fact that Herr Gunz is bound by his engagement to the Theatre-Royal, Hanover, for a considerable period—some years to come, I believe. However, if he is as much a favorite after he has appeared in *Jessonda* and *Fidelio*, as he is now, I make no doubt that some means will be found to secure him for this capital. As I before hinted, when Prussia wills a thing, Hanover is only too delighted to will it too. I should have mentioned that Herr Gunz would have already appeared in the two operas I have just named, had he not been recalled by telegraph to Hanover. So much, at present, for Herr Gunz, or Dr. Gunz, or Herr Dr. Gunz as he is styled here. How a German does go in for a title! He loves one as dearly as an Englishman loves a lord. The last two sentences have not, I am free to confess, much to do with music. They are more closely connected with national characteristics. No matter. Sprigs of parsley are not generally eaten

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with cold mutton, yet no one objects to the dish being garnished with them.

The management still continues angling for a "Heldentenor" "a herioc tenor," but not with the desired result. It has often—as I have duly informed you—felt something very heavy on its hook, but, on pulling up the hook, discovered that the something very heavy, instead of being a fine fish, was simply a quantity of worthless weed. On the present occasion, they have brought to the surface a certain Herr Kolomann-Schmidt, who tried his fortunes here last year, and failed, or, at least, to put it more mildly: did not succeed. Nor will he create a great sensation this time. Such is the opinion I have formed after having heard him in *La Juive*, *La Muette*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Guillaume Tell*. To assert that he is entirely without natural qualifications would be to assert too much, but I am strictly within the bounds of truth when I say that he has, evidently, neglected to make the most, by a due course of application and study, of those natural gifts which he does possess. Had he been properly trained, he might have really secured the position to which he aspires, just as the ricketty, warped, and treacherous piece of furniture which has, within a month after its purchase in Tottenham Court Road, fallen to the ground with a loud crash, and its luckless owner's Sunday's dinner, might have had pretensions to be called a table, had the wood of which it is composed been properly seasoned, instead of being employed in a condition as green as the person who bought it. Without wishing to be too much of the

> "Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
> *Me* puero,"

I cannot help regretting the period when it was considered essential for a singer to learn how to execute a simple shake; to know a little of phrasing; and to sing sometimes in tune.

To use the English equivalent for the term employed in Germany to designate the wandering stars in the firmament of art, who shoot from city to city, profiting by a reputation already made, or doing their best to acquire one, and an engagement simultaneously, another "guest" has visited us lately. I allude to a young lady of the name of Metzdorff. She comes from St. Petersburgh. She made her first appearance as Isabella in *Robert le Diable;* her second, as Mathilde, in *Guillaume Tell;* and her third, as Pamina, in *Die Zauberflöte*. Unlike Herr Kolomann-Schmidt, this young lady's training is superior to her natural gifts. Her execution is correct and fluent, her intonation nearly always sure, but her voice is weak and devoid of anything like breadth or fullness. Nor is her histrionic talent satisfactory. It wants feeling. But if Mdlle. Metzdorff was not a genuine success, if she proved "caviare to the general," which is not desirable here, however, much it might be in the capital of all the Russias, where to be "caviare"—at least as far as regards edibles—is to be highly popular, another lady, Madame Zademack-Doria, had still less cause for self-congratulation. She impersonated the haughty and unscrupulous Lucrezia Borgia in Donizetti's opera of the same name, or to be more correct, names—I am fond of splitting straws sometimes. What sort of an impression she produced you will immediately know on learning that, though engaged for three parts, she attempted only this one, and returned at once to that provincial oblivion from which it was highly ill-advised of her to emerge. Had she possessed the slightest scintillation of ability, the management would not have thus dispensed with her services, seeing that some one was required to keep the theatre open, so frequent and so numerous have been the cases of indisposition lately, among the fairer members of the company.

Perhaps the most popular artist at the Royal Operahouse just now is Mdlle. Lueca. Her first appearance since her hasty return from "perfidious Albion" was a perfect triumph. She was greeted with long-continued applause and a perfect downpour of bouquets. The public were overjoyed at once more greeting a young and amiable lady blessed with so fine a voice and so punctilious a sense of what is due to the honor of her country. She chose the part of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. Not having to contend with the murky atmosphere of that horrid hole, London, where a person, according to her, cannot even smell a flower without getting his nose begrimed with dirt, and, moreover, not being exhausted by such long rehearsals as she had to attend under the iron sceptre of that arch-tyrant, the manager of the Royal Italian Opera in Bow Street, she acquitted herself brilliantly, and added another sprig or two of laurel to the already tolerably thick wreath which encircles her forehead. It is really a thousand pities that so gifted a *prima donna* should entertain such antipathetic sentiments against the English. Let us hope they may wear off, and that Madlle. Lucca may still delight the inhabitants of your overgrown metropolis with her siren strains. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," and not quite so improbable as might at first appear, if certain rumors have any truth in them. What those rumors are, I do not feel justified, as yet, in divulging. If they are not founded on fact, it is useless to specify them. If they are, you will hear them in due course, for, sooner or later, "todo se sabe, hasta lo de la callejuela."—Madlle. Lucca has since appeared as Mrs. Ford in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*, which is still a stockpiece here, little as it pleased in London; Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo;* and Rachel, or Recha as we call it on the banks of the Spree, in *La Juive*. She has sung Zerlina several times, for the management are not at all inclined to let her rest upon her laurels now that she has returned. And who shall blame them? Every time her name appears in the bills, it is the certain forerunner, *avant-coureur*, or *avant-courrier—car tous les deux se disent*—of a house, to use a homely expression, "choke-full" from floor to ceiling.

Did you ever, O respected Editor, hear or read Marschner's opera entitled *Hans Heiling?* If you ever did, you will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that the management of the Royal Operahouse have revived it, and revived it, too, with great care. It is exceedingly well put upon the stage. The principal singers exert themselves to the utmost; the choruses go smoothly; and the orchestra executes its allotted task with commendible conscientiousness, but I am afraid the result will not repay all this trouble. Neither the music nor the *libretto* is of a sort to take a very firm hold of the public, and I feel strongly tempted to predict that, before I write to you again, the opera will have been reconsigned to the limbo of the library.

There have been some very good operatic performances at the Victoria Theatre and Kroll's lately, but the space at my disposal will not allow me to enter into a detailed account of them. I must, however, mention the singing at the last named establishment, of Herr Schön, from the Stadttheater, Posen. Herr Schön possesses a fine and well trained bass voice which he turns to the best account. His comic histrionic powers, also, are by no means to be despised. He is a great favorite with his audiences, and deservedly so.

The first of the series of Soirées to be given by the Members of the Royal *Capelle* took place on the 15th inst., and was, as the public had a right to expect, highly successful. The programme comprised Emil Naumann's overture to the tragedy of *Loreley*; the introduction to *Lohengrin*, by Herr Richard Wagner, of whom his Majesty the King of Bavaria has lately ordered the sculptor, Herr Zaunbusch, to execute a bust in marble; Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*; the "Reigen seeliger Geister" from Gluck's *Orpheus*; and Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*.

The above have been the principal events in the world of music here during the last month or so. Before concluding my letter, I may add, by way of chit-chat, that Herr Hans von Bülow, or Dr. Hans von Bülow, or Herr Dr. Hans von Bülow,—see, if you choose, my remarks on Herr Dr. Gunz—has so far recovered from his recent severe indisposition as to be able to accept a very flattering invitation he has received to be the "Vorspieler," or player, i.e. pianist, of his Majesty the King of Bavaria, with a salary of two thousand florins a year. Verily, his Bavarian Majesty must be exceedingly partial to the music and musicians of the Future. There would not be much harm in this, were his Majesty a private gentleman, but, occupying the position he does, there is no doubt he will insist on Herr Richard Wagner's music being played rather frequently at the Theatre Royal, Munich. A pleasant prospect for the inhabitants of that German Athens! But to return to Herr Hans von Bülow. That gentleman will take up his permanent abode in Munich sometime in the beginning of November. To console, however, as far as in him lies, his numerous admirers here for his loss, he will pay us a visit about January or February and give a series of three concerts of ancient and modern pianoforte music. This is exceedingly kind of him, is not it? I hear that Herr Rudolf Willmers is to succeed him at the Conservatory of Music. And with this item of information, I conclude.

VALE.

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NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Quarto.—Nicolai. composer of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was born at Kœnigsberg in 1809, and died in 1849.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

ALBRECHTSBERGER.

(*Continued from page* 691.)

CHAPTER XIII.—*Of the first species of Counterpoint for three parts*).—59. This first species (like that of the duo), is called counterpoint, from having note against note. It may here be explained, for the advantage of beginners, what that third sound is which may be added to the two sounds of the duo, for the third part.

1*stly*. To the perfect unison (the augmented unison being seldom used in this species), the third must be added, in the first bar; the fifth may likewise be used. 2*dly*. The minor second mostly takes the minor fourth or major fifth; sometimes also the major third. The major second has the minor fourth, or major fifth. 3*dly*. The major and minor thirds take the major fifth, or octave; the diminished third is seldom seen, and then it is in the chord of the diminished seventh, only where it stands, in the minor third. 4*thly*. The diminished fourth requires the minor fifth, or minor sixth. The minor fourth, when it is ligatured, takes the same fifth which belongs to that degree of the scale which serves for the bass; in that case it likewise takes the sixth; but when not ligatured, the latter consonance is required. The major fourth takes the major second, or minor third, or again the major sixth; when this fourth is ligatured, the major fifth must be placed, as if it were, properly speaking, the fourth. 5*thly*. The minor fifth has the minor third; the major fifth takes the third which is shown by the degree which that fifth bears, or the sixth may be employed in case of a ligature; then it becomes a dissonance, and *re* resolves on the third if the bass rises, or on the fourth, if the bass remains stationary. The augmented fifth takes nothing but the third. 6*thly*. The minor sixth requires the major or minor third, or the octave, which may also, but very seldom, be supplied by the unison; the augmented sixth should have the major third, seldom the major fifth; still seldomer the tritone. 7*thly*. The diminished seventh should have the minor third or fifth; the minor seventh requires the major or minor third, the octave or major fifth; the major seventh, not ligatured, being taken without preparation, and, rising to the octave, should have the major second or minor fourth; that seventh which is ligatured and resolves in descending, should have the third, even the major third, seldom the octave, and still more seldom the simple unison. 8*thly*. The octave has the third which is analogous to the degree of the scale. 9*thly*. The minor ninth likewise requires the major or minor third, or the minor sixth; the major ninth should also have the third or major sixth. 10*thly*. The two tenths require the fifth, rarely the minor fifth; the minor tenth takes the octave, or the third (the octave of the tenth). Otto Beard.

(*To be continued.*)

ADELINA PATTI.

A M. Dishley Peters.

ADELINA PATTI est en 1864 la plus jeune, la plus brillante, la plus enviée des cantatrices. Quand un nom est entouré d'une telle auréole, la curiosité se mêle à l'admiration publique: on aime à connaître la vie de celle qui le porte, quelque courte qu'elle soit. La vie de Mlle. Patti est déjà longue de triomphes. Elle est née à Madrid, il y a vingt-deux ans d'une nombreuse famille d'artistes. Le berceau de sa famille fut l'Italie, la patrie des belles filles et des belles voix.

A cinq ans elle était à la Havane. Un soir, pendant que sa mère jouait *Norma*, on l'envoya coucher. L'enfant n'obéit pas. En rentrant on la trouva drapée en druidesse. Sa mère avait une concurrente. Cimabuë trouva un jour un petit pâtre qui dessinait des brebis sur le sable. Giotto fut un grand peintre. Adelina est une grand cantatrice.

A douze ans elle chantait dans les concerts à New-York. Les Américains raffolèrent de cette ravissante enfant; ils la comblèrent d'applaudissements et de présents. A New-York se trouvait un musicien distingué, M. Strakosch. Il avait de la fortune; il épousa une sœur de la Patti qui n'avait rien. Il devint le soutien de toute une famille. Une action généreuse porte avec elle sa récompense. Son élève est devenue sa gloire et sa récompense. A seize ans, Adelina débuta à New-York dans *La Sonnambula*, son triomphe. Comme à Londres, comme à Paris, elle y arracha des larmes aux spectateurs. Le chef-d'œuvre de Bellini est son œuvre de prédilection; le rôle d'Amine est son bien-aimé. C'est par lui qu'elle inaugure chaque saison.

A Londres, il y a trois ans, les Anglais luttèrent d'enthousiasme avec les Américains.

A Paris, le rossignol fut discuté. C'est la condition de la vraie gloire et du génie. On était si peu accoutumé à cet organe enchanteur, à cette flexibilité et à cette agilité surprenantes que l'on se mit à douter. Chanter sans ficelles et sans efforts, avoir une voix d'une pureté de cristal, avec un timbre sonore, métallique et en même temps sympathetique, cela parut inouï. C'était un miracle: on l'accusa de sorcellerie. Cependant on accourait en foule, on était transporté on battait des mains, on pleurait; c'était, sans doute, de dépit. Au bout d'un an, l'opinion publique avait porté son jugement. C'était beau, c'était touchant, c'était magique. Les ennemis se vengèrent en disant qu'elle était admirable dans les rôles bouffes; mais qu'elle ne valait rien dans les situations dramatiques. Ils offraient d'envoyer le rossignol au conservatoire. Aujourd'hui voici ce qu'on dit:—

"—Adelina Patti a vingt-deux ans. Elle a des cheveux couleur de jais avec de grands yeux noirs, un peu fauves, le teint mat et des dents charmantes. Ce qu'il y a de moins régulier dans ses traits ajoute à sa physionomie vive et mobile. Elle est de taille moyenne, un peu frêle et mignonne. Dans le *Barbier*, *Don Pasquale*, *Marta* et l'*Elisir d'Amore*, elle est étincelante d'esprit, de finesse et de malice. Elle est incomparable dans la *Sonnambula* et la *Lucie*. Elle ne chante pas, elle pleure la *prière* d'Amina; elle est tout-à-fait folle au troisième acte de la *Fiancée de Lammermoor*. Dans la *Traviata*, elle rèvèle une tragédienne. Rachel aurait voulu *mourir* comme elle. Dans *Faust*, qu'elle a appris en quatre jours, la Marguerite de Goëthe aurait été jalouse de ses attitudes de retenue et de pudeur. Son talent grandira, son style se perfectionnera; car elle écoute, etudie et est pleine de respect pour le public. Elle aime son art pour lui-même. Elle ne se laisse éblouir ni par ses triomphes, ni par les séductions de la gloire et des adulations. Aussi, elle est recherchée autant comme femme que comme artiste. Elle appartient à la meilleure compagnie."

Tel est, esquissé rapidement, le portrait d'Adelina Patti. Qu'en dites vous, mon cher Peters?

Paris—Hotel Bis—Nov. 1. Figaro Naissaine.

[Je l'ai tout predit—et mieux encore.—Dishley Peters.]

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PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The director of the Italiens is likely to have his hands full this season; and, if I am not much mistaken, he will find the administration of the Italian Opera at Madrid too hot or too heavy to hold. The subscribers and the public have appeared dissatisfied with the manner in which affairs have been conducted, and M. Bagier has been compelled to make certain concessions to popular clamour, as in the engagements of Mario and Gassier. As far I can learn the patrons of the theatre were bent upon having a row, and took occasion to make one at the first appearance of Signor Brignoli to serve their purposes. It does not seem certain that the new comer was a positive failure as a singer, as one might be led to conclude from the *emeute* at his performance, and there is no doubt that the audience made use of the opportunity to signify their dislike to M. Bagier's management. I will say nothing of the extraordinary want of rationality displayed in making a stranger the medium for the exhibition of their hostile feelings; but I will say that worse taste was never shown towards an artist very naturally looking to his audience for sympathy and support. A Madrid Journal, *La Corrispondenza*, gives the following narrative of this most disgraceful affair:—

"Scenes of the most deplorable nature have taken place at the Theatre Royal. The new tenor, Signor Brignoli, is far from possessing those qualities which render an actor sympathetic to the public. He has shown indeed some knowledge of his art; but it is certain that the public appeared determined to make a grand demonstration against the direction, and that demonstration has taken place. The curtain had scarcely been raised when the scandalous proceedings commenced, and did not cease until the end of the last act, when the representation terminated in the midst of a deafening storm of whistling and hisses and outcries. Their Majesties and the Infanta Doña Isabella remained in their box until the commencement of the last act, when the noise became insupportable. It is stated that the director received information that more than 300 billets had been distributed among the students, with as many *sifflets* (whistles, or catcalls). We are ignorant how far this is true, but the number of *sifflets* which we heard certainly surpassed 300."

For my part I do not see what complaints the Madrid folk have to urge against M. Bagier. He has engaged nearly all the celebrities now before the public, from Adelina Patti and Mario downwards, and if all his singers have not proved equal to that renowned pair, is it M. Bagier's fault? The day after the explosion the Governor-General of Madrid called upon M. Cabrera, one of M. Bagier's managers at the Theatre Royal, and intimated to him the necessity of making concessions to the public demands, handing him at the same time a list of the artists who were required by the subscribers and *habitués* of the Opera. In this list appeared the names of Mario and Gassier. M. Cabrera explained to his Excellency that both these artists had been engaged. His Excellency then pointed to the names of Mdlle. Grossi, the tenor Geremia Bettini and the tenor Negrini. The manager declared that the tenor Negrini had been engaged, but was suffering from indisposition, and could not appear for some time, and that the tenor Geremia Bettini, at his villa on the Lake of Como, and the contralto Mdlle. Grossi, at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, would be forthwith telegraphed for; from all which it would naturally follow that the people of Madrid are more remarkable for prejudice than for taste and judgment.

A new *proverbe*, entitled *Les Absents*, was produced at the Opéra-Comique on Wednesday last, and was very favourably received. It is an amusing trifle, and, excepting that it involves in the cast five personages instead of four, might be recommended to Mr. John Oxenford, Mr. Morton, or Mr. Alfred Mellon,* as a libretto for an *Opera di Camera*. The writer of the words is M. Alphonse Daudet, the composer, M. Poise. *Galathée*, with Madame Cabel and Mdlle. Wertheimber, has proved very attractive. Madame Cabel has lost little or nothing of the freshness of her voice and her wonderful facility. Her illness does not seem to have affected her in any way. I must say, however eminent her success has been, that she has many characters in her repertory in which she is heard and seen to far greater advantage than in *Galathée*—as for instance, Catarina in *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and Angela in the *Domino Noir*.

* Mr. Alfred Mellon is a conductor and composer, not a writer of books for music.—ED. M. W.

An unusual sensation and the greatest possible curiosity were excited at the Théâtre Lyrique on Thursday—yesterday week—by the *debut* of Mdlle. Nillson in the *Traviata*. Mdlle. Nillson is a countrywoman of Jenny Lind; she has a decided Swiss cast of countenance, and the expression is smiling and good-natured. She is rather on a large scale; her hair is auburn; her eyes are blue; her appearance, altogether, prepossessing. In short, when she came on in the first scene she created a favourable impression before she sang a note. I am told positively it was her first appearance on any stage. If so, I must congratulate the young lady—she is young—on a very rare achievement. As a matter of course she was nervous, painfully so at first. Indeed the presence of such a company was enough to have made the oldest stager tremble. Among the audience—a numerous and brilliant one—I noticed Adelina Patti, the most original and perfect of Violettas, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Madame Vandenheuvel Duprez, Madame Ugalde, and other celebrities of song, together with Madame Doche, who created the *rôle* of La Dame aux Camélias. Mdlle. Nillson could scarcely be heard at first, but, receiving warm encouragement, she took heart, and in no long time satisfied her hearers that she possesses a voice of beautiful quality, and fresh as a lark's, and that she does infinite credit to the schooling of her instructor, M. F. Wartel. Her delivery of the French language is worse than indifferent, and, remembering the scurvy treatment which Mario and Titiens had met with from Parisian audiences on the score of faulty pronunciation, I was astonished at the forbearance shown to the *debutante*. M. Monjauze played Alfredo, and M. Lutz, Germont. *Murta* is in preparation, and Madame Ugalde will sustain, for the first time, the contralto part of Nancy. Madame Carvalho, of course, will be the Lady Henrietta.

At the second Popular Concert of Classical Music, the following programme was performed:—Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven; Overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—Nicolai; Adagio from Quintet for clarinet and stringed instrument (op. 108)—Mozart; Symphony (No. 42 ("The Surprise")—Haydn.

A grand performance is about to be given at the Opéra for the benefit of Bouffé, the celebrated comedian, who, in consequence of his declining health, has been compelled to leave the stage, and is, I hear, in indifferent circumstances. The entertainment will comprise *La Fille de l'Avare;* the duet for tenor and baritone from the *Reine de Chypre*, sung by M. Roger and M. Faure; and the third act of the *Prophète*, including the famous ballet of the *Patineurs*, with M. Roger as Jean of Leyden. While speaking of the Opéra I may inform you that in future representations will be given in that theatre every Sunday throughout the winter, in place of alternate Sundays, which has been the custom to the present time.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, Oct., 26, 1864.

MR. HATTON'S NEW OPERA.—The title of Mr. Hatton's anxiously expected opera, about to be produced at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, is *The Deserter*. It is to be hoped the public will not also prove its claim to the title.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The performances of English opera, under the direction of Mr. W. Harrison, will not commence on Monday, as announced, in consequence of Madame Kenneth having been detained in Paris by indisposition. The season will therefore be inaugurated on Tuesday, with *Faust*. Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, sustaining the principal parts; and on Wednesday the *Traviata* will be given, with Madame Kenneth as the heroine.

DEVONPORT.—A concert was given last week at the Mechanics' Institute, conducted by Mr. Emile Berger. The hall was crowded, and the audience, by their frequent applause, showed their appreciation. The programme commenced with "This magic wove scarf," by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Frank Elmore, and Mr. A. Irving. At the conclusion of the first part, Mr. H. Vandenhoff read a selection from *As You Like It*, in which the "Seven ages of Man," "Under the greenwood tree," and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" were introduced. In the second part, Miss Wynne gave "Where the bee sucks," and was encored. The piano solo, "*Silvery triplets*," by Mr. Berger was exceedingly clever, and called forth loud applause. "Bel raggio" was sung by Mdlle. Enequist, in excellent style, and repeated by desire. The performances terminated with the trio, "Bello e il cielo," by Miss Wynne, Mr. Elmore, and Mr. A. Irving.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The revival of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, though it came so late that only four performances could be given, was the most memorable event of the last season. Its attraction proved as great as at any previous time. The simple and affecting story was as easily understood, and the magnificent music went as directly to the heart. Then there was, in Mdlle. Titiens, a Leonora both in a dramatic and musical sense the ideal heroine of the poet-musician; and lastly an orchestra equal to all the intricacies of the score, and headed by a conductor whose thorough musical experience enabled him readily to grasp its full meaning. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was in other respects efficient; and the one opera of Beethoven, in consequence, brought the accustomed crowds and raised the accustomed enthusiasm. Under the circumstances, it was natural enough that *Fidelio* should be included in the brief series of winter representations now running their course. Some difficulties stood in the way, but these have been surmounted, and on the whole *Fidelio* is reproduced in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon Signor Arditi and those whose efforts he controls. Although Signor Gardoni is unfortunately compelled to transpose the last movement of Florestan's air in the dungeon scene, his performance is, in other respects, one of the most intelligent and artistic we can call to mind. He is excellent in the trio—in the great quartet—and above all, in the duet with Leonora, when the designs of Pizarro are frustrated and Florestan has recognized in his unexpected deliverer his faithful, loving wife. Madlle. Sinico, the new Marcellina, is also agreeably efficient, having studied the music conscientiously, and doing the utmost for a part which, however important to the general effect, can hardly be made to stand out as a marked individuality. She sings her quaint and tender air in a style at once unaffected and correct. Signor Bossi, too, while unable to impart to the character of Rocco any semblance of dramatic life, has made himself so familiar with the music that he is never at a loss; and this is more than can be said for one or two representatives of the rough but kindly gaoler, endowed with some portion of that histrionic genius which in Signor Bossi is unmanifested. The fine tenor voice of Mr. Swift is heard to advantage in the small part of Jacquino. But among those who now come forward for the first time in *Fidelio* Mr. Santley shines pre-eminent. Amateurs who remember the late Herr Staudigl in Pizarro can alone form a proper estimate of the merits of our English barytone's performance. Since Herr Staudigl there has been nothing to approach it. The fierce phrases of the soliloquy are heard distinctly penetrating through the orchestral thunder with which Beethoven, swayed by impetuous feeling, has unmercifully accompanied it; the duet with Rocco (Leonora overhearing) is perfect; the sublime quartet—where the foiled Pizarro stands amazed in presence of the heroic wife, who, shielding her husband with her person, confronts his assailant with a loaded pistol, is dramatically and musically all that could be imagined. The Pizarro of Mr. Santley, in short, is worthy the Leonora of Madlle. Titiens. By this last remarkable assumption—as touching, intellectual and full of poetic grace as it is physically splendid and imposing—the audience are no less keenly impressed than before. Last night, after the great scene alluded to, and the rapturous love duet which is its culminating point, the house literally rang with applause. Twice Mdlle. Titiens came forward, first with her three companions, then alone, amid a display of genuine and unmistakeable enthusiasm. Among her many artistic triumphs we cannot but think that her Leonora is unquestionably the most legitimate and the greatest—which is equivalent to saying that she excels precisely where it is most difficult, and therefore most honorable to excel. The overture (the grand one in C major No. 3) is admirably played and applauded according to its deserts.

Il Trovatore (Leonora, Mdlle. Sinico) was given on Wednesday, *Norma* (Norma, Mdlle. Titiens) on Thursday. *Fidelio* to-night, for the third time (the last performance of the season).

MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's "Grand Concerts" are among the most important and interesting music meetings in the provinces. Manchester has, in one respect, the advantage over the Triennial Festival towns in matters musical. Instead of one brilliant week in three years, she enjoys during the winter a series of weekly concerts, unsurpassed in design if not in execution, even by the Metropolitan Philharmonic Societies. It is not too much to say that Mr. Hallé's concerts are to Manchester what the Philharmonic, Sacred Harmonic, and Monday Popular Concerts are to London.

A glance at the prospectus for the present season will confirm this opinion. We are promised, as usual, the great masterpieces of instrumental music—the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and Mendelssohn, including the colossal Choral Symphony of Beethoven. We shall have occasionally the visits of leading instrumentalists who, as soloists or in combination, will introduce some of the choicest gems of classical chamber music. The choral performances will include the greatest works of Handel and Mendelssohn. Mr. Costa's *Naaman* will be an interesting novelty, and a Mass by M. Gounod will be heard for the first time in England. The leading vocalists of the day have been engaged to aid in these visits, and the fame of the orchestra, of seventy well selected instrumentalists, is already so well established that Mr. Hallé may look forward with confidence to the ensuing as the most successful of his series. The present high position of these concerts has been gradually achieved. To the determination of the conductor to depend upon art and present first class music in first class style it is mainly due. Faithfully has he adhered to his resolve; no one can accuse him of pandering to vitiated taste, but no one has ever charged him with giving dull concerts. The most skilful Chinese gong-soloist, however popular, would never be called to aid Mr. Hallé to crowd his gallery; and even those of his friends who once thought he ought to vary the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart and the "Italian" of Mendelssohn by the occasional introduction of an arrangement from Verdi or Flotow, are now convinced that the public can enjoy good music even more than pretty music when familiarity has revealed its excellencies. In speaking of the position of these concerts it would be unjust to make no reference to the popularity of the conductor. The Manchester people consider him as one of themselves; they highly appreciate his talent, and consider his success in London and elsewhere as reflecting, in a certain sense, credit on themselves.

The first concert of the present series was given on Thursday last. The attendance was very numerous. The programme was, as usual, full of interest:—

Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; Cavatina, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Il cielo azzuro," ("La Nonne Sanglante") Gounod; Concerto, pianoforte—Mr. Charles Hallé—in G minor, Mendelssohn; "Adelaide"—Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied by Mr. Charles Hallé, Beethoven; Symphony in D, No. 2, Beethoven; Overture, "Mirella" (first time), Gounod; Solo, Oboe—M. Lavigne, "La Traviata," Lavigne; "Danse des Bacchantes" from "Philemon and Baucis," Gounod; "The Message"—Mr. Sims Reeves, Blumenthal; Solos, Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé—"Berceuse," in G flat (first time) Henselt, and Grand Polonaise in A flat, Chopin; Overture, "La Part du Diable," Auber.

The symphony in D is a great favourite here. It was listened to with the utmost attention by the vast audience. The graceful melody of the *Larghetto* excited deep interest, and moved the people more than we ever remember to have seen effected by "Il Balen," or "Di Provenza," in the envied operatic selections. Next in importance to the symphony was the pianoforte concerto, which was executed with rare appreciation and perfect skill by Mr. Hallé. He seemed to "carry away" his audience both in the *Andante* and the sparkling *Allegro*, and was rapturously applauded at the conclusion. The pretty *Berceuse* of Henselt, and the characteristic *Polonaise* of Chopin varied the interest of the second part and showed Mr. Hallé's powers as an executant of drawing-room music. The overtures which opened and concluded the concert are old favourites. That to *Mirella*, heard for the first time at these concerts, afforded unanimous satisfaction and was encored. The "Danse des Bacchantes" of M. Gounod is a great favourite of Mr. Hallé's. M. Lavigne's solo, a marvel of skill, was enjoyed by none more than by his friends in the orchestra.

The first concert of the series was graced by the presence of the first of English vocalists. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in splendid voice, never was more successful in proving himself as unrivalled in taste and refinement as he is in vocal power. He was compelled to re-appear after *Adelaide*. In Blumenthal's song, "The Message," he was encored so persistently that he was absolutely compelled to repeat it.

UXBRIDGE.—The singing class of this town has made such progress that it has changed its title, and now aspires to that of "The Uxbridge Philharmonic Society." The meetings are fixed for Wednesday evenings, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, under the direction of Mr. J. T. Birch and Mr. Edgar. The members of the Society, already familiar with *The Messiah*, are now practising *The Creation* and *Judas Maccabeus*.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

Sir,—A great deal has of late appeared in the columns of the *Musical World* respecting this very ancient instrument, but I think that what has been said "'twere better 'twere never said at all," as nothing so conduces to bring into contempt anything about which there has been an useless controversy. Without the slightest intention or desire to enter the lists with either of the gentlemen who have been duelling so long, I beg to say that it is my humble opinion they would have done more material good for themselves and the instrument they both appear to regard with affection, if they had searched into the origin, progress, and effects of "an instrumeat which appears to have commanded the passions in an eminent degree, and to have communicated so much delight to mankind." Their arguments, however, caused me to reflect, and now reflection has given place to a strong desire to "search the scriptures" and other works which have passed the ordeal of criticism, for information concerning the *harp*; I therefore give you the result of my researches, trusting they may be deemed worthy of acceptance, as also the perusal of the two antagonistic *Harpers*.

In perusing the Holy Bible we shall be convinced from the highest authority that Jubal was the inventor of the *Harp*. (*Genesis* iv, 21.) In this "Book of books" the *harp* is used *lawfully*, *unlawfully*, and *mystically*. It is used *lawfully* in setting forth the Lord's praise, (*Psalm* xxxiii, 2, *Psalm*, xliii, 4, *Psalm* cxlvii, 7, and *Psalm* cxlxix, 3), as also in many other places in the same book. Accordingly, use was made of the *harp* when the ark was brought from Kirjath-jearim, (*II. Samuel*, vi, 5, *I. Chronicles* xiii, 8, and *I. Chronicles* xv. 16, 21, 28) "and set in the tent that *David* had pitched for it," *I Chronicles* xvi, 1, 5. It was used by *Jehoshaphat* upon the overthrow of his enemies, (*II. Chronicles* xx, 28); also by *Hezekiah* in the House of the Lord, according to the commandment of the Lord (*II. Chronicles* xxix, 25); and by *Nehemiah* at the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem (*Nehemiah* xii, 27.) The *harp* was used *unlawfully* by profane and luxurious persons (*Job* xxi, 12, and *Isaiah* v, 12), by *idolators*, (*Daniel* iii, 3, 5, 7, 10, 15.) It was used *mystically*, as of the four beasts, and four-and-twenty elders (*Revelations* v, 8), and of the *Harpers* mentioned (*Revelations* xiv, 2) *harping* with their *harps*. The *harp* was used in expressing great joy and gladness, (*Genesis* xxxi, 27,) but this not always, as we find in *Job* xxx, 31, and *Psalm* cxxxvii, 2. Occasion may be offered when the joy of the *harp* shall cease (*Isaiah* xxiv, 8) and the sound shall be heard no more (*Ezekiel* xxvi, 13.)

We find that music and the spirit of prophecy were united in the same persons. Samuel speaks to Saul in these words: "After that thou shalt come to the hill of God, where is the garrison of the Philistines, it shall come to pass when thou art come hither to the city, thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place, with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a *harp* before them;" (*Samuel* x, 5). The *Royal Psalmist*, who was possessed of the spirit of prophesy, cultivated music early in life, and his *Psalms* give ample testimony of his poetical abilities. He used to console himself with his *harp* when his soul was in heaviness, and to sing the praises of God. He was sent for by Saul, who had heard of his skill in music, to administer relief to him by the power of his *harp*, when he was afflicted with an evil spirit (*I Samuel* xvi, 23).

Leigh, in his annotations says: "The *harp* is an instrument used in the temple under the law, whereon they praised God according to those times when the church was in her infancy." "These instruments and their song show their cheerful thankfulness, and are a *symbol* of divine praise, thanksgiving, and gladness (*Psalm* xxxiii, 2, and clx, 3).

As I fear this letter is already too long, I will defer sending the remainder of my extracts until next week.

Belgravia, Oct. 26th, 1864. Yours faithfully, A. J. P.

Sir,—Your known liberality induces me to hope you will allow me a corner in your valuable columns. I find that there has been singing at the Albion Hall and elsewhere a person bearing or assuming the same name as myself, and as this would, if unexplained, be of some detriment to me in my profession, I venture to ask the insertion of this letter, as the only means of publicly stating that I have never sung at this hall or any of the places where this person has been singing. With many apologies, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Lizzie Wilson.

124 (*late* 63), *Church Road West, Islington, N.—Nov.* 2, 1864.

Sir,—I present you with a report of the Stockport Choral Society's library (sent by book post). In doing so, I feel persuaded that you take a deep interest in the spreading of good music throughout our land. The S. C. S. meets every Tuesday evening in the large room of the Stockport Sunday School for the purpose of practising sacred music. We don't depend upon the public for support, but we support ourselves. Each member contributes 4s. 2d. per year. Female members are free. We have a commodious orchestra which contains a most efficient organ. We number more than 100 members. We have given many concerts for the benefit of our Infirmary, Ragged Schools, and other charitable institutions. By these means we have contributed largely to the funds of the above institutions. Our orchestra will accomodate 200 performers at least. The concert room will seat upwards of 2000 people. T. B. B.

Stockport—Nov. 2.

[See another column.—Ed.]

Oxford.—On Friday, the 14th inst., the theatrical season (in compliance with the wishes of the Vice-Chancellor) was brought to a close with the following pieces:—*The Corsican Brothers*, *Ici on Parle Francais*, and *My New Place*. After the second piece, the manager, Mr. Hooper, came forward to make his parting address, and was received with continued rounds of cheers. He spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is now three years, or nearly so, since I had the pleasure of addressing you on an occasion like the present, and I recollect that I then said that I considered the manager of a theatre one of that numerous and interesting class of mankind, usually denominated 'gentlemen in difficulties.' I think that impression is strengthened and confirmed, for I feel the greatest difficulty in returning thanks for the very kind and generous reception which you have given me. It is a much easier task gracefully to acknowledge a failure, than to find words to return thanks in adequate terms, for benefits conferred. An unsuccessful manager appears upon the stage, claiming the sympathy of all around him, and it is so interesting to see him standing, 'like patience on a monument, smiling at grief,' that the ladies exclaim, 'poor dear fellow, how well he bears it,' while the rougher sex say, 'poor devil, he has done all he can.' Thus the unfortunate Thespian, retiring with the comiseration of all parties, makes 'a golden set, and by the ruddy brightness of his track gives promise of a goodly day to-morrow.' But you, ladies and gentlemen, have deprived me of all these advantages, and have not left me a loop hole to attack your commiseration, for every effort which I have made this season to minister to your enjoyment, has been crowned with the most decided success. You may judge what was my astonishment, when at the end of the very first week of the season, the treasurer announced a balance in my favor, and though bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, I can truly say that a better treasurer, or a better man—no woman of business—never stood in crinoline. I rushed to the treasury-chamber, and found that it was not an illusion of the brain, but a *bonâ fide* balance. I could scarcely credit my eyes, and exclaimed with Macbeth, 'Is this a balance which I see before me, and ready to my hand—come, let me clutch thee.' I did clutch it, and walked forth with all the importance and complacency of a man, who is entitled to tack to his name the honorary abbreviation of £ s. d., being the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence. Now ladies and gentlemen, after these few hints you will have no difficulty in arriving at the result of the season, and as I stand here with a light and grateful heart returning you my acknowledgments, you will say our 'veteran manager' has had a successful cruise. Ladies and gentlemen, it has been successful, a few light squalls may have disturbed our voyage, but the sunshine of your favor cheered us on our course, and I am now about to loosen our ropes, lower our canvass, and cast anchor with profit to ourselves, and I hope with satisfaction to you, our kind and liberal supporters. I cannot refrain from availing myself of this opportunity to return my acknowledgments to the university and city authorities, and especially to your worthy Mayor, for his consideration and kindness to me on all occasions. My thanks are also due to the Aldermen and Corporation, who, together with the Mayor, honored me with their bespeak, which was not only flattering but highly profitable. To the gentlemen of the Press I am also greatly indebted, and I hope they will receive my acknowledgments. Little now remains for me but to thank you in the name of the ladies and gentlemen of the company for your great kindness and indulgence to them, and, believe me, they feel it as they ought; in short, the heart of the establishment is full, and the head of the establishment is here to say so. Permit me once more to thank you, and to wish you all health, happiness, and prosperity until next year, when I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again. I most respectfully bid you farewell."

The farce of *My New Place* followed, and then the curtain fell to one of the most successful seasons the manager has ever had in Oxford. Great credit is due to Mr. Hooper for the successful way in which he has catered for the public, the admirable manner in which the pieces have been produced, and the good order and decorum which have prevailed.—*Oxford Times, Oct.* 22.

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Muttoniana.

Dr. Wind can happily make short work of this current. Mr. Ap'Mutton being still absent, he (Dr. Wind) has no alternatives. Nevertheless, he has received a letter from Dr. Shoe, the brief contents of which he (Dr. Wind) feels impignerated to educe. Mr. Ap'Mutton is compelled to remain at the Vatican through the imperformance of a promise made to him (Ap'M.) by Cardinal Antonelli. At the same time while in the Tiberian city he (Ap'M.) is authorised by Pope Pio to issue bulls and excommunicate. Recently he (Ap'M.), bathing in the Po, experienced a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder, upon which he (Ap'M.) swam to shore, and found his body-clothes brent. Happily the Cardinal was hard by, and threw over his (Ap'M.'s) shoulders his (the Cardinal's) red cloak.

Dr. Wind can make short work of this current. First a protest.

PIE NOT "PI."

SIR,—My *patrimomen* is not "Pi," but Pie; and I cannot see the point of omitting the *e* mute, which, being mute, could not offend any ears. My sponsor was a rich *avunculus*, who called me Omicron to satisfy a whim. He drank nothing at the Christening feast, but retired couchward, glassless. I am, Sir, OMICRON PIE.

Dr. Wind is satisfied. Pie (not Pi) be it, by all means.

A LETTER FROM BEAKE.

SIR,—I beg to inclose a circular given me at Copenhagen at Lumbye's concerts, in the folds of the programme for the evening's concert. You may ask "What has this to do with music?" That is just the question I asked at the Tivoli—and I yet pause for a reply. I may however mention that "Dos Amigos" was plentifully advertised in the establishment, and that the *Segar* merchant there seemed to drive a lucrative trade, much to the annoyance of Lumbye, who "*will not permit smoking in his concert room*" if he can help it. The Prince of Wales and party was there (or were) (which?) and *they* were highly amused at the peculiar construction of inclosed circular. It may give your "devils" an idea as to how long words may be conveniently and cleverly separated from line to line. Again you may ask "What has this to do with music?" Well, might you not send it to the able translator who put *English* words to Gounod's *Faust*? Might *he* not take a hint from this sample of literature, which has evidently been translated from Spanish into French and from that into English? And is it not a glorious achievement? Pray publish it exactly as printed! I have the honor to be, Sir, &c., &c.,

HOOKEM BEAKE.

Dr. Wind, in deference to Mr. Beake, complies with his (Beake's) request.

"NOTICE is given that having been hired the Establishment Dos Amigos, where thi Segars are mannfactured, by Mrs. Plà, Ramon and the *proprie tor* now has *puthimself* again to the administration, and that the tenants have oponed anoter of the Same nature under the sing Dos Amigas *and as they might be confounded* whilst they only can be distinguished by the masculine terminatiou of the former *and femule of the lacter*, for the *preven al mis*take, the boxes and casks of the mark DOS AMIGOS will ece fort bear *on* their *inside*, besides the aver user conntermak, this notice in the English, French and Spanish, sul scribed by mi son Mr. Domingo Hernandez Abreu, without the verification ofwhom they arenot genuine." D. HERNANDEZ ABREU.

Dr. Wind now blows open an envelope enfolding a note from Mr. Verdant Green, Jun.:—

SIR,—Squire Harrier bet me a bottle of whiskey the other day that the funny portion of your paper is that entitled *Muttoniana*, and that all your serious reflections are published in the columns of "Albrechtsberger." I flatter myself that I have not corresponded with *The Musical World* so long without being able to smell a good joke, and I am sure I am right in saying that your "Albrechtsberger" papers are meant to be very comical, but the *Muttoniana* essays, the production of a grave and serious thinker, are intended for a very different purpose than to raise a laugh. Pray decide the bet by saying which articles should really amuse your most simple subscriber, VERDANT GREEN JUN.

The Asylum, Houghton le Spring, Nov. 3.

P.S.—You will observe that I have changed my address.

The change of address explains the otherwise inexplicable nature of Mr. Green's epistle. Squire Harrier should join our "most simple reader" at the Asylum. The bet is forfeited on both sides, neither "Albrechtsberger" nor "Muttoniana" being intended otherwise than seriously. Dr. Wind recommends that they (Harrier and Green Jun.) bestow the quotient on the Lunatic Asylum of Houghton le Spring.

Dr. Wind has no pretence to comprehend the aftercoming:—

ON DIT-DRAMATIC COMET.

The young and fascinating artiste, who is about to appear at one of the west-end theatres, is of French origin, and born in the island of Guadaloupe. She has studied in France and Italy, and has also been a favorite pupil of Mrs. Stirling (who has great faith in her genius and talent) for more than six months. She also commands the esteem of a large circle of the *beau monde*, who take the greatest interest in her success in the dramatic world.

Dr. Wind has no pretence to comprehend the foregoing. He (Dr. Wind) here stops to acknowledge receipt of communications from Captain Coombes, Lord Belcher, Dr. Paper, and Mr. Punch. Dr. Paper next *Muttoniana*. The prose epigrams of Mr. Punch have been forwarded to the Vatican.

A QUERY AND QUERIES.

SIR,—Is M. Gounod's symphony in E flat an early work?—and was it ever played in England till last Saturday at the C. P.?—and if so when?—and was Mozart's smaller symphony in D (announced for next Saturday at the C. P.) ever heard in London?—and if so when and where?—and am your obedient, humble servant, ABEL GHOOE.

I O U Club (limited).—Nov. 3.

Gounod's symphony is an early work; and "prize symphony" to boot; and was played in England; and *where?*—at the New Philharmonic; and *when?*—Dr. Wind forgets; and Mozart's smallest D has been heard in London; and *where?*—at the old Philharmonic; and *when?*—Dr. Wind forgets. Wherewith he (Wind) winds up for this current. SEPTIMUS WIND.

Air Street, Piccadilly, Nov. 4.

FISH ON THE BEACH.

A capital concert was held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, by Messrs. Metzler and Vickers. The attractions were great—so great that a crowded attendance might have been reckoned on in advance. The first part of the concert began with Arditi's *bolero*, "Leggero invisible," sung by Mad. Florence Lancia; to whom succeeded Miss Palmer, with "Ah mon fils" (*Le Prophète*); to whom succeeded Mr. Sims Reeves, with a ballad called Annabella Lee (H. Leslie); to whom succeeded Arabella Goddard, with that divinely tuneful *suite* of Handel which ends with the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (divinely played); to whom succeeded the three singers already named, with a trio dubbed "Memory" (H. Leslie—who has a good memory); to whom succeeded Herr Engel, with his own harmonium arrangement of the "Garibaldi March," played (right well) upon his own harmonium; to whom succeeded Mr. Sims Reeves, with "Adelaide," accompanied by Mad. Goddard (how sung, and how accompanied, need I say?); to whom succeeded an interval of silence. The second part opened with a very effective duet for pianoforte and harmonium, on airs from *Le Prophète*, composed by Herr Engel and performed (in first rate style) by Mad. Goddard and the composer (a real "hit"); to which succeeded a ballad styled "Ruby" (Virginia Gabriel), sung by Miss Palmer in her best manner; to which succeeded Benedict's Shaksperian fantasia on Arne's "Where the bee sucks," played, with a grace and perfection that would have made Ariel jealous, by Mad. Arabella Goddard; to which (the "encore" being unanimous) succeeded Thalberg's *vol-au-vent* of "The Last Rose of Summer," from the same supple "fairy fingers," with an equal result; to which succeeded "The Message" (Blumenthal), uttered by Mr. Sims Reeves with unutterable gusto; to which (the "encore" being unanimous) succeeded "Come into the garden, Maud," from the same Orphean voice, with an equal result; to which succeeded Gounod's delicious serenade, "La Bercesse," prettily sung by Mad. Florence Lancia, and cunningly aided (on the harmonium *obbligato*) by Herr Engel; to which succeeded Harry Chorley's ditty, "When I was young," dealt out expressively by Miss Palmer; to which succeeded a duet by Rossini (Voga o Tonio"), for Mad. Lancia and the contralto above-lined: to which succeeded (Herr W. Kuhe and Mr. Vickers having accompanied the vocal music—"Adelaide" excepted—on the piano) the dispersion of an audience manifestly well pleased—so well pleased that it (the well pleased audience) would have been better pleased had the entertainment (which could not have succeeded better) been succeeded, incontinent and without let, by just such another. The pianoforte was a magnificent Broadwood concert-grand. COVENTRY FISH.

Brighton—Sole and Mackerel—Nov. 4.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Winter Saturday Concerts are resumed. The "Sydenham Philharmonic" has become an established institution. Amateurs look forward to the reannouncement of the symphony-programmes of Herr Auguste Manns with constantly increasing interest. And most legitimately has that interest been created. The programmes are models in their way; neither too long nor too short; containing a fair admixture of novelty with what the world acknowledges as classic; judiciously varied and open to every individual manifestation and peculiar phase of the musical art—from Sebastian Bach to Schubert and Schumann, from Joseph Haydn to Wagner and Gounod. The eclecticism of the Crystal Palace *Kapellmeister* is useful in its sphere; and his efforts to obtain for his favorite Robert Schumann, a share of the popularity enjoyed by Beethoven and Mendelssohn are as estimable as they have hitherto proved unsuccessful. Herr Manns may fairly boast that at the concerts he directs with so much ability and zeal examples of almost every style are frequently to be heard. The preponderance of the German school in his schemes, to the occasional detriment of the Italian and French, is as easily understood as the comparative indifference with which he regards some of the most finished productions of English art—as, for instance, the concertos and overtures of Sterndale Bennett. Herr Manns being German, his sympathies and prejudices are German; add to which he is upheld by the fact that as composers of orchestral, and, indeed, of instrumental music generally, his compatriots have accomplished more and better than all the other nations put together. Nevertheless, although professedly an eclectic, eager in the search after novelty, and desirous above all to vary the interest of his programmes, there are many things French, both old and new (a catalogue of operatic overtures, for instance, by Mehul, Boieldieu, and Auber), many things Italian, and a few things English, not difficult to cite, which have hitherto either eluded his search, or been unadvisedly rejected—unadvisedly, because they would precisely answer the end he apparently has in view. Even his cherished German repertory might be materially enriched by a little wider research, the names of several composers occurring, who, if not Mozarts and Beethovens (still less Schumanns and Wagners), if not Mendelssohns, Gounods, &c., deserve a trial not the less. But enough of this for the present. Herr Manns has already given four concerts, all more or less good. At the first the orchestral pieces were Beethoven's Symphony in C minor—which heralded the new series in triumphant tones; the "Brisk Dance" from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Kenilworth*—recently performed at the Birmingham Festival; and the overture to *Le Songe d'une Nuit de Eté*—an opera in which M. Ambroise Thomas, of the French Institute, has shown how uncongenially a French musician may treat a Shakspearian theme. The vocal music (generally the weakest point at these entertainments) was from Rossini, Verdi, Abt and Kücken; the singers were Mdlles. Liebhardt and Marietta Veralli, Signors Wenceslas Agretti and Carlo Bertani. The second concert opened, happily, with one of the ever green symphonies (in B flat) of "Papa Haydn;" the companion orchestral piece being the masterly interlude ("*intermezzo*") from Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*—the other new English *cantata*, written for and produced at the late Birmingham Festival. There was also Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* (pianoforte, Miss Freeth—whose solo performance was Godefroid's *Danse des Sylphes*); the chorus being further employed in Gounod's *Motet à la Meditation* ("Benedictio et Claritas") and Mendelssohn's "Departure"—the gem among part-songs. The solo vocal music, by Mozart, Gounod, Arditi and Abt, was confided to Mdlle. Liebhardt and Mr. Santley. At the third concert the symphony was Mendelssohn's great "A minor" (the "Scotch"); the other orchestral pieces being three of the minuets composed by Beethoven for the Apollo and Redouten Saals at Vienna, and Weber's overture to *Oberon*. The solo was a violin *fantasia* on airs from *La Traviata*, composed by M. Alard of the Paris Conservatoire, and played by M. Lemarié; the singers were the Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, who, besides a duet by Auber, each gave a ballad, to which Miss Louisa Pyne added a *cavatina* by Rossini. The fourth concert, on Saturday afternoon, was in one respect the most remarkable of the present series,—why may best be explained by citing the instrumental features of the programme:—

Symphony in E flat—No. 2 (first time)	...	...	Gounod.
Concerto in A minor—No. 5 (first time)	...	...	Vieuxtemps.
Overture—*Faust* (first time)	...	...	Spohr
March—*King Stephen* (first time) ...	...	...	Beethoven.

Four "pieces for the first time," and one of the four a symphony by the most popular composer of the hour. By "first time of performance" Herr Manns, it must be presumed, intends first time in this country. M. Gounod's symphony was played, not long since, at the *Concerts Populaires*, in Paris, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, and terribly abused by some of the critics—more especially by the late Signor Scudo, of the *Revue des deux Mondes*—for its bombastic pretensions on the one hand, and its prevalent obscurity on the other. Yet a single attentive hearing is quite enough to convince any competent and impartial judge that M. Gounod's second symphony (like his first) is a plain, straightforward work, with very little "pretension," and absolutely no "obscurity." That every one of the four movements bears testimony to the powerful influence of Beethoven—melodic phrases, passages, figures, and combinations from whose symphonies (Nos. 3, 4, and 9 in particular) are continually aped and parodied—is unquestionable; but this does not necessarily render the composition of the French musician either pretentious or obscure. In fact, as we have hinted, it is neither one nor the other. That it must be an early composition, however recently brought to light, seems evident. Not only does it exhibit no sustained style (by which is intended that any musician clever and well practised enough to compose a work of the same order might have written it); it has none of the depth and genuine expression, none of the beauty and exquisite finish of M. Gounod's late operas (*Faust* and *Mireille*, for examples), and at the same time none of those peculiarly rich and seizing effects which in his best stage-pieces show him so great a master of orchestral coloring. In short, there is nothing in the second symphony (any more than in the first) to proclaim it the offspring of M. Gounod's imagination, the result of M. Gounod's artistic workmanship; whereas there can be no mistake about the source whence his operatic music is derived. If, on the other hand, the symphony in E flat be a recent effort, we can only gather from it that M. Gounod is very unlikely to attain as a writer of purely orchestral music the eminence justly accorded to him as a dramatic composer. The work was carefully executed throughout, but seemingly made little impression—notwithstanding which it merits another trial, if only because it is a serious effort by one of the most thoughtful, as well as gifted, of modern musicians. This is the symphony which was announced, though not presented, at one of the concerts last season. It may be here in place to acknowledge the welcome addition of some extra instruments to the "string" department of the band. This, while proclaiming the liberality of the managers, was fairly the due of Herr Manns, to whose exertions the musical attractions of the Crystal Palace are so considerably indebted. The noble and vigorous overture to *Faust*—that *Faust* without a Margaret, produced at Vienna in 1814, during the political turmoil of the Congress, when as a violin player Spohr was astounding and delighting the connoisseurs among the crowd of notabilities then assembled in the Austrian capital—came all the more welcome inasmuch as it had never been heard before at these concerts. Although not quite so perfectly executed as might have been desired—the *tempo* of the *allegro*, both in the major opening and the minor *coda*, being somewhat accelerated—the beneficial effect of the added strings was sensibly felt in the energetic and brilliant passages that characterise this fine dramatic prelude. The *Sieges Marsch* and *Geistlicher Marsch* (Triumphal and Sacred Marches) from Beethoven's music to Kotzebue's drama of *King Stephen* (composed in 1812 for the opening of the theatre at Pesth), are favourable specimens of a *pièce de circonstance* which, with all its merits, does not exhibit Beethoven in his happiest mood, much less at his highest flight, nor is at all comparable either to the ballet of *Prometheus* or the masque of *The Ruins of Athens*. The music of *Der König Stephan*, or at least the larger part of it, has been heard in London before now—at the Philharmonic Concerts (Hanover-square Rooms), and elsewhere.

The violin solo—a showy example of the concert-music of M. Vieuxtemps—was extremely well played by Herr Louis Ries (who has held the post of second fiddle at the Monday Popular Concerts since their first establishment), and received with the utmost favour. Like all the more pretentious music of its composer, the concerto in A minor is very difficult; but Herr Ries had thoroughly mastered it and was supported to a wish by the accompaniments in the orchestra. The vocal music was more than commonly successful. Miss Banks (also of the Monday Popular Concerts) is a favourite at the Crystal Palace, as she is at St. James's Hall. Both in a grand *aria* from *Il Giuramento*—one of the most laboured of Mercadante's laboured dramatic works—and in the plaintive ballad, "On the Banks of Allan Water," this rising young singer elicited and deserved the warmest tokens of satisfaction. Mr. Santley, a favourite everywhere, roused the whole audience to enthusiasm by his superb delivery of the air in which Polyphemus glowingly apostrophizes the perfections of Galatea—the incomparable

"O! ruddier than the cherry,
O! sweeter than the berry."

Which is the finer love-song of the two—that of "the monster Polypheme," or that of the pensive, sighing Acis ("Love in her eyes sits playing")—which, in short, proclaims most triumphantly the genius of Handel as a composer of amatory music, it would be difficult to say. Like to Shakspeare, all came home to Handel; all touched some chord in his large brain and expansive heart; and he could sympathize with the raging flame of Polyphemus just as readily as with the tender passion of Acis. The song and the singing (worthy each other) made their due impression on Saturday. Mr. Santley (like Mr. Sims Reeves, a staunch enemy to the "encore" nuisance) was forced to

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succumb on this occasion; and indeed it was not easy to refuse compliance with a demand so unanimously and heartily expressed. Mr. Santley's other solo was an English version (by Mr. E. A. Bowring) of Heinrich Heine's ballad, "The Two Grenadiers" (a tale of the fallen empire), set to music by Robert Schumann—despite the allusion to the "Marseillaise," in the concluding couplets, about as dull a composition as could well be listened to. The last vocal piece was the lovely duet from Spohr's *Faust*, known in English as "Dearest, let thy footsteps follow," in which Miss Banks and Mr. Santley were associated.

The concert-room was crowded to the doors. By the way, as "an interval of five minutes" is allowed at the end of the symphony (which usually begins the concert) would it not be advisable to keep the doors closed during its entire performance? Those who don't care about symphonies (a small minority) can surely derive no gratification from disturbing the attention and otherwise incommoding those who are differently disposed. The draughts and the continued annoyance of people going in and out on Saturday were intolerable, sadly interfering with what should have been an unqualified enjoyment.

At the fifth concert (to-day) the symphony is one of Mozart's; the overture Schumann's (*Genoveva*). A selection from Franz Lachuer's orchestral *suite* composed for the Munich festival last year, is also included in the programme. The singers are Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne. During the promenade after the concert, and when the palace is lighted up, the visitors are enlivened as formerly by Mr. James Coward's excellent performances on the Handel Festival organ. A more agreeable means of passing a winter afternoon, in short, could hardly be imagined than is now provided every Saturday at the Crystal Palace.

STOCKPORT CHORAL SOCIETY.

(Report of the Sub-Committee).

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE STOCKPORT CHORAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,—Appointed by you, a Sub-Committee, to Inspect and Catalogue the Library, we beg to present the following Report:—

"At the formation of the Society in 1840, the want of a Library of Music was a great bar to its progress. At that time, music in a printed form was obtainable only to a very limited extent. Thus the means for practising those compositions by the great masters (for which the Society was established,) were chiefly from manuscript copies, compiled at great cost and labour from score copies, mostly published in the last century. These copies were more or less difficult to decipher, according as the skill in writing, or musical knowledge of the writer (mostly an amateur) served him to make them intelligible, and often the various marks of their expression, &c., were altogether wanting. Too much praise cannot, we think, be given to the zeal and determination displayed by the writers of this music, to make the most of the means at their disposal. The quantity of this writing in our own, and more especially in the Library of the S.S.S., to which the Society has had access, is prodigious; and remains a lasting proof of the devoted, patient industry of Mr. Leech, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Oldham, Mr. Bently, and others, to whom the town was at that time indebted for what was known of those sublime compositions.

"Still, the superiority of (properly edited) printed music over manuscript was so obvious—and Mr. V. Novello, Mr. Surmann, and others, having already commenced issues of Oratorio and other music in a greatly improved style of printing, the Committee of the Society at one of its first meetings decided to purchase only printed music. This resolution has been as far as practicable adhered to, and has resulted in the purchase from time to time of the present superior library. The delight of the members, when these splendid copies (printed with all the clearness and comprehensiveness of modern musical notation) were put into their hands was unbounded; and as those great compositions, which, before that time, could rarely be heard out of London, were, one after another, performed by the Society, the advance in musical proficiency of the members proved, most conclusively, that on its library must greatly depend the position of any musical society. It is especially gratifying to those whose efforts have been directed to the purchase of this music, that, as works of art in printing, they have not, up to the present time, been surpassed. The music on the shelves of your library is second to none extant in beauty and correctness of workmanship. It is a collection of Sacred Music so rich and varied, as to be at once a source of pride to the members of the Society and a pleasure to any musician inspecting it.

"The library at present consists of eight complete oratorios by Handel, viz., *The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Samson*, *Joshua*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Jephtha*, *Deborah*, and *Dettingen-te-Deum*; six works by Mendelssohn, viz., *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, *Hymn of Praise*, *Christus*, *the 114th Psalm*, and *Praise Jehovah*; by Haydn, *The Creation*, *Seasons*, *Third Mass*, *Fifth Mass*, and the *3rd*, *5th*, *6th*, *7th*, *8th*, *10th*, *and 12th Symphonies*; by Mozart, *The First and Twelfth Masses*, *and Praise Jehovah*; Kent's Anthems and Services complete; separate pieces for full orchestra by Handel, Beethoven, Hummel, Haydn, and Novello; separate instrumental pieces, &c., by Handel. Selections from Horsley and *Elijah*; Farrant's anthem—"Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake;" and 25 score copies of various other works not yet purchased in an orchestral form. These are all detailed in the accompanying sheets, and present a list of 19 full scores, 55 organ scores, 74 hand scores, 1488 vocal parts, mostly stitched, 1187 instrumental parts, do., and 263 various manuscript and printed. Grand total, 3086 copies, besides a number of small copies not enumerated."

"SUMMARY OF PROPERTY BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY, 1863, WITH AMOUNT OF VALUATION."

	£	s.	d.
Library as per statement	249	12	0
2 Drums, Boxes, Covers, &c	28	10	0
Double Bass, Bow, &c	12	6	0
Library Cupboard and Secretary's Drawer	5	10	0
Sundry property	3	0	0
	£301	18	0"

"With the exception of *The Messiah* and *Judas Maccabæus*, the whole of the music may be said to be in good condition. The two named are partially worn out, and the same may be said of some of the detailed sheet music: but the bulk is securely bound and capable of much wear. Many of the hand and some full scores require binding, and we would recommend a uniform style of binding and lettering, so that when in their places they may be easily known. In conclusion, we believe the library comprises nearly every oratorio that up to the present time has attained any degree of celebrity, and we earnestly hope no effort will be spared to maintain on its shelves as full and complete a selection of sacred music as the funds of the society can compass.

JAMES WHITAKER, Hony. Secy.
M. BESWICK, Librarian.
T. JARMAN, Assistant do."

At the half-yearly meeting, held January 26th, 1864, it was unanimously resolved that the report now read, as to the condition and number of works in our library, be adopted and entered on the minutes; and that the best thanks of the society are due, and be cordially given to the Secretary, Messrs. Beswick, Alcock, and Jarman, for the manner in which they have executed a very onerous duty, and for the valuable report and statistics which they have presented.

REIGATE.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. Thurnham's concert in the Public Hall was attended by a very numerous and brilliant audience. The chief attraction was Madame Arabella Goddard, who was associated with Miss Fanny Armytage, Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Renwick, vocalists, and Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Zerbini, Mr. R. Blagrove and Mr. Aylward, instrumentalists. Madame Goddard—an artistic Queen at Reigate—was received with extraordinary favor. Beethoven's grand trio in C minor (Madame Goddard, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Mr. Aylward) was played to perfection, listened to with breathless interest, and at the end of each movement applauded with genuine heartiness and unanimity. A duet by M. Thalberg and De Beriot (*Huguenots*) was splendidly executed by the accomplished young English pianist and her eminent partner (also English) Mr. H. Blagrove. Madame Arabella Goddard's solo was Mr. Benedict's fanciful, ingenious and always welcome *fantasia* on "Where the bee sucks," played, it need hardly be said with what fairy-like delicacy, and enthusiastically encored by the whole audience. Miss Fanny Armytage was very successful in "Jenny of the Mill," and a new and charming ballad by Mr. E. Thurnham ("Let her depart"—with *obbligato* accompaniment for violin)—both deservedly redemanded. Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Renwick each made an impression—the former in a song by Mr. Henry Fase (encored) the latter in one by Mr. A. S. Sullivan. Spohr's genial string quartet in G minor (95) led by Mr. Blagrove, was given in the course of the concert, which began with a trio from Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, and ended with another from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Mr. Thurnham accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte with his accustomed ability. Altogether the concert was one of the most attractive ever held at Reigate.

M. FREDERIC HOFMEISTER, the well-known publisher of Leipsic, died recently, aged 83. Mr. Hofmeister was one of the early publishers of Beethoven's works.

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MARGATE.—An "amateur concert," given at the Assembly Rooms in aid of the Home for Motherless Girls, was very successful. Mrs. Francis Talfourd was the attraction among the lady amateurs; and an excellent singer she proved herself by her delivery of Blumenthal's "The Message" (rendered so popular by Mr. Sims Reeves), and Mr. Aguilar's song, "The Appeal." Mrs. Talfourd also shone as a singer of operatic music, and in "Casta Diva" received such applause that she was obliged to repeat it. The other lady amateurs were Mrs. William Crockford, who sang "The three fishers," and Miss Cooper, who gave "Home, sweet Home," and afterwards appeared as pianist (being a pupil of Mr. Aguilar) in a *Tarantella* by Stephen Heller, which being encored she played "Les Ailes" by Blumenthal. The gentleman amateur was Mr. F. Hodges, a flautist, whose execution and brilliancy of tone was favorably displayed in a solo by Tulon ('Thême de Mayseder") which obtained the honor of an encore. Signor Ciabatta in the concerted vocal music was invaluable; and Mr. Trelawny Cobham sang Reichardt's *lied*, "Thou art so near and yet so far," with genuine feeling. Mr. Aguilar, pianist, played his new *fantasia* on airs from *Faust*, his new galop "Couleur de Rose," and his fancy-piece called "Dream Dance." The concert ended with a quartet from *Martha*, sung by Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Mrs. W. Crockford, Mr. Trelawny Cobham and Signor Ciabatta. The conductors were Mr. Aguilar and Mr. Louis Wright.

PRESTON.—Mr. Norwood's first subscription concert was given in the Theatre Royal on Thursday evening. The boxes were filled with the *élite* of Preston and the neighbourhood. The programme included madrigals, glees, songs, solos, duets, &c., and the singers were Miss Wells, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Winn, of the London Glee and Madrigal Union. Herr Liddel (violoncello) was the solo instrumentalist. "Slumber mine own," sung by Miss Wells, elicited an encore, as also did the "Strike it up, neighbour," by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Winn. The duet, "Swift flows the sea," was well given by Miss Wells and Mr. Cummings. A song, entitled "The leap year," effectively sung by Mr. Winn, was encored. The serenade, "Maiden fair, O! deign to tell," sung by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, and Winn, was also encored. The catch—"Would you know my Celia's charms," was given with excellent effect.

MR. GEORGE TEDDER gave a morning concert on Monday at the Agricultural Hall. Mr. Tedder sang the Barcarolle "La Donna é Mobile" (*Rigoletto*) and "The Red Cross Banner" with his usual spirit, and was warmly applauded after each. Misses Rebecca Isaacs, Leffler, Mina Poole, Lotti and Ellerie, Messrs. Cart, Turner and Leonard Walker were the other singers. Mr. Walker was encored in "Largo al factotum" and "Chi mi dira" (*Martha*). A solo on the Saxophone was played by Mr. Schallehn and some solos on the organ were introduced by Mr. C. Wenbon. The concert was highly successful.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

TREMBUR (Ave Maria Lane).—"Christmas Minstrelsy" by Joseph Williams.
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REVIEWS.

"C. M. WEBER'S BIOGRAPHIE."

(*Continued from Page* 608.)

On the 26th May, Schinkel's new theatre was opened with a Prologue by Goethe; that author's *Iphigenie;* and a pretty ballet, invented by the Prince of Mecklenburgh, and then, after the performance of Iffland's *Jäger*, Schröder's *Unglückliche Ehe*, some small pieces by Kotzebue, Ziegler's *Hausdoctor*, and several repetitions of the Prologue, closed on the 8th June, that certain improvements might be introduced into some of the stage-machinery. On the 12th June, everything was completed, and *Der Freischütz* quite ready for production, when Brühl received the Royal command to play *Olympia*, on the 13th and 15th, because the king wished his visitors, the Prince of Anhalt-Pless, and the Duke of Cumberland, to see that magnificent spectacle. *Der Freischütz* was, therefore, postponed till the 18th. In this, Weber saw a good omen. The 18th was the day of the battle of La Belle Alliance, and he, too, now stood armed and ready to do battle with the foreigner!

He took advantage of the delay, by having two more full rehearsals on the 14th and 17th, that on the latter date lasting quite five hours. The evenly balanced condition of Weber's mind previously to the production of *Der Freischütz* was something wonderful. His friends remarked it with astonishment. The strongest proof that can be given of the undisturbed tranquillity of his feelings is the fact that, on the morning of the 18th June, the day on which the great question was to be decided, he sat down to his desk, according to his wont, and composed for two hours, completing the grand "Concertstück" in F minor. With an air of delight he brought the manuscript, hardly dry, to his wife. She had just recovered from a slight indisposition. Benedict was with her. Weber took his place at the pianoforte, and played them the "Concertstück" through, from beginning to end, with great spirit, accompanying his performance with the following commentary in a loud voice:—

"The lady of the castle sits on the balcony.—She gazes sadly out into the distant landscape.—The Knight has been, for years, in the Holy Land.—Will she ever see him again?—There have been many sanguinary battles.—No tidings from him who to her is everything.—In vain are all her prayers to Heaven, in vain is her yearning for her Lord.—Suddenly she beholds a fearful vision.—He lies upon the field of battle—deserted by his own party—his heart's blood is flowing from his wound.—Ah! could I only be by his side, and, at any rate, die with him!—She sinks down conscionsless and exhausted.—Hark! what sonnd was that far away?—What glitters near the wood in the sun?—What is that approaching nearer and nearer?—The stately Knights and Squires all with the sign of the cross—and waving flags—and the shouts of the people—and yonder—it is he!—and now she rushes into his arms.—What a real store of love—what endless, indescribable happiness!—What joy rustles through the branches and murmurs through the waves—announcing, with a thousand voices, the triumph of true love."

This hour in which the master thus opened to the glance of his two auditors the very inmost recesses of his heart has never been forgotten by either. Weber would not, however, have the above words printed as a "programme" for his "Concertstück" in F minor, but simply corroborated them with a friendly nod when Benedict showed him what he had written down from memory the same morning.

Four hours previous to the opening of the theatre, a compact mass besieged the doors. It is impossible to conceive how badly planned are all the approaches to the building, and it was entirely due to the admirable precautions of the police that, with all the fearful pushing and struggling when the doors were opened, there were only clothes torn, and a few slight pinches received. The pit was crammed, presenting a serried mass of heads, youthful intelligence, patriotic fire, and enlightened opposition to the foreign element: students, young savants, artists, government officials, and persons engaged in trade, who, eight years before, had helped to drive forth the Frenchman. Under Caroline's box stood Benedict; there, too, was the long, slim form of Heinrich Heine, who said, in his sarcastic manner: "For once in a way he would exchange childish verses for Byron's *Childe Harold*" (on which he was then engaged); and there, moreover, was a small, sturdy student, with powerful lungs and good hands. The *haute-volée*, and the authorities among the literary, musical, and learned circles of Berlin filled the stalls and boxes. Very few high officials were visible, and scarcely any uniforms. Gradually the orchestra filled; the musicians commenced tuning their instruments; the buzzing of the masses, jammed together, and suffering from the excessive heat in the overcrowded house, increased more and more; suddenly a clapping of hands was heard in the orchestra; Weber had entered, and the whole house, with thousands and thousands of hands, took up, like an echo of thunder, the weak signal given by the orchestra. Three times was Weber compelled to lower his *bâton* and bow his acknowledgments before he could give the signal to begin. The stormy reception was followed by the most solemn silence. And now the magic tone-picture of the overture was unrolled in all its irresistible and moving beauty. The impression was magical, and when, after the dull, mysterious blows upon the kettle-drum, there came, at last, the powerful chord of C major, succeeded by the brightly glowing, jubilant conclusion, there burst forth such a storm of applause, and such a tumultuous cry of "da capo," that the desire of the audience was obeyed, and the entire overture repeated amid, if possible, still greater enthusiasm. The first scene, charmingly grouped by Beschort, and played with great fire and animation, produced an extraordinary impression, but all the musical daring exhibited in Kilian's air, and the mocking chorus, though sung with remarkable intelligence, were not immediately comprehended, or received as favourably as the passage: "O lass Hoffnung dich beleben und vertraue dem Geschick," in the following trio. This passage, partly on account of the admirable singing of the chorus, and partly because it reminded the audience of the overture, produced an extraordinary effect, and occasioned a tempest of applause. "Nun lasset die Hörner erschallen," and the waltz, characterised by such deep originality, were now over. The stage grew dark, and the attention of the audience was raised to such a pitch in Max's scene, "Nein, länger trag' ich nicht die Qualen," that, in the general excitement, the beautiful arioso: "Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen," despite the manner, so genuinely artistic and yet so simple, in which Stümme delivered it, passed over, and scarcely left a trace. At the unexpected entrance of Samiel, a shudder ran through the whole house, which was deeply moved; it was only the light diffused by the beautiful "Jetzt ist wohl ihr Fenster offen" that somewhat dispelled the feeling of awe inspired by the apparition, a feeling again experienced, and with still greater intensity, in the last allegro. Tumultuous applause greeted the conclusion of the air. Kaspar's drinking song—conceived in a manner so opposed to the usual forms—was not understood, and Blume did not give his voice a fair chance in his scene—in short, the curtain fell on an anti-climax. The applause was lukewarm, and the long wait between the acts afforded an opportunity for very animated, nay, even stormy, discussions. The Spontini-ites, in mass, rubbed their hands and inquired jeeringly: "Is that the music which is to make us forget *Die Vestalin*, *Cortez*, and *Olympia?* What a fuss about a simple piece with songs, nay, almost a melodrama!" "What is the meaning of a conversation a quarter of an hour long, and wearisome narratives in an opera?" "How monotonous a long act like this without a female voice!" The house resounded with the voices of eager disputants.

During the tumult, Weber returned to his place. The curtain went up, and a round of applause greeted the elegant and pleasing forms of Agathe and Aennchen (Seidler and Eunicke), who, after the gloomy local tone of the first act, resembled bright and redeeming apparitions of light. We, who have been accustomed to hear this opera from our youth, scarcely experience such impressions any longer! The magical duet, so new in form and treatment, and still more unmistakably, Aennchen's air: "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen," met with the approbation of the whole house. But the gem of the first performance was indisputably the Seidler's grand scene: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer." Here all opposition ended; astounded and carried away, Weber's most zealous opponents went with the irresistible stream of the general audience. The orchestra, pit, boxes and gallery inhaled the perfume of the beautiful night; prayed piously, in death-like silence with Agathe; heard, like her, the rustling of the trees; saw Max approaching with the nosegay, and simultaneously with Agathe's outburst of delight, hearts, hands, and souls joy-

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ously greeted with shouting, clapping, and never-ending cries, the composer of the magic work! From this moment, the success of the opera was decided. The trio found the audience most attentive and appreciating. The Wolf's Glen with its supernatural appliances, its perfectly new instrumental effects, and its highly effective scenic arrangements, carried out in such strict conformity with the master's own conceptions, brought the second act to a truly triumphant close. The vigorous student under Caroline's box, took his cap from between his knees, where he had held it, in order to have his hands free, and said, blowing on the burning palms of the latter: "That little Weber is a devil of a fellow. It is rather tough work proving to him how well he has acquitted himself." If the hubbub after the first act had been great, the noise now became overpowering, but how different was the character of the exclamations! The Italian party was reduced to silence. "Wonderful"—"magnificent"—"gentle and vigorous"—"as new as beautiful"—"admirable"—"daring but successful"—such were the words which re-echoed on all sides. Weber, meanwhile, had slipped into the box to Caroline and Lichtenstein, and sat in a dark corner, having in his own hand that of his wife, who was weeping for joy. After the curtain was again raised, Agathe's Prayer, played with freshness and energy by the orchestra, and approaching more than the other pieces the old cavatina form, was extremely well received, as was, also, Aennchen's "Kreideweisse Nase," with the *obbligato* viola, and the half toying, half tender allegro. It was sung most captivatingly by the Eunicke. The folk's song: "Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz," so thoroughly popular, in the best sense of the word, besides being composed with such genuine German feeling, had to be repeated, in obedience to a most uproarious demand, although the Reinwald, who was extraordinarily nervous, sang it in a trembling voice. "The Huntsmen's Chorus" was greeted with thunders of applause, but, strange to say, did not take a really strong hold of the public till the eighth or tenth performance. The melody of it was one of the few in *Der Freischütz* which was not immediately sung about the streets. Prince Ottokar (Rebenstein) gave the signal for firing at the Dove, and the magnificent finale—with a slight tendency to coolness among the audience, a tendency occasioned by its being somewhat spun out in comparison with the rapid and stormy rate of progress distinguishing the other parts of the opera—brought the work to a glorious conclusion.—(*To be continued.*)

HAN ROUKERS' CLAVICHORD.

On a morning of August in the year 1613, a carriage, drawn by four horses, was seen before a house built of gray bricks on the old place de Meire in Antwerp; the door of the carriage was opened and held by tall, richly gilt lackeys. Several persons descended the six steps of the entrance, to accompany an aristocratic looking gentleman, decorated with several orders to the carriage. He was the Ambassador of France at the Court of the Netherlands, who had come in company with the magistrate of the town, in order to receive a clavichord, which had been ordered of Han Roukers by Maria of Medecis for the future Infanta of Spain, Elizabeth of France, oldest daughter of Henry IV., who was soon to be married to Domingo Victor de la Cruz, son of Philip III. The Ambassador seemed well satisfied with the instrument, and paid for it the price agreed upon, after he had it tried by the organist of the church of Notre Dame. This artist, like all his contemporaries, did nôt confine himself to the rigid style. The organists of that time transposed all the eccentricities of vocal music on the organ, for whether they played after a cyphered bass or after written copies, they would always bring variations of very common songs, which often recalled the worldly meaning of the original words in the memory of the audience. These so called *Ricerari* even adopted the names: *Mimi, Saturnin, Martinelli, Chaconne, Basse Flamands*, etc., from the songs or dances, the melody of which served them as a theme. But that which might appear improper on the organ was very well fitted for trying a piano, and thus it happened that both the player and the instrument were received with extraordinary applause. However the ambassador is gone and most of the personages together with its master are back again in the house, preparations having already been made to remove it to the Escurial.

This building, containing a monastery and a royal castle, was built by Philip II. in commemoration of the battle of St. Quentin. It was erected in the shape of a roasting grate in consequence of a sacred pledge made by the King to St. Lawrence before the battle. The Antwerp instrument arrived there in good state and found its place between different lutes, theorbors and other instruments in the same apartments, where Philip II., some years after the building had been finished, being alone and without any sign of his royal dignity, saw a stranger enter, who immediately asked of him an explanation of the pictures suspended there. The King willingly responded to the desire of his visitor, who, gladdened by the complacency of the King, said to him when leaving: "Sir, my name is so and so, I live in Sevilla, and if ever you pass through that city, come and see me, I shall treat you to a glass of good wine." "Sir," the King replied, "I thank you very cordially; my name is Philip II., King of Spain, and if ever you come to Madrid, please honor me with your visit; I shall then treat you on *my* kind of wine, and you must tell me which of the two is the better." The reader will pardon this digression upon historical ground; but the annals of Han Roukers' Clavichord are so closely connected with the events of his time, that I am obliged to mention such as are necessary to the understanding of my fate.

When Maria de Medicis commanded all the musical instruments to be made and brought, which formed part of her dowry, she did like certain young women, who ordered the cradle before the birth of the child, or like one who buys a frame without having a picture, for Elizabeth was hardly twelve old years before her marriage, and had never touched a clavichord, an instrument which then was entirely new. True she had had some lessons on the theorbor by Claude Nicon, the king of professional minstrels, yet what could be expected of a twelve year old princess, or even of a queen of nineteen, who had been independent since years, when she ascended the throne at the side of Philip IV? Hence the instruments brought to the escurial were only considered as pretty toys, and afterwards as fine pieces of furniture, which remained all the time hidden in their covers, being only shown to curious visitors as most precious articles. If ever the splendid clavichord was opened, a tuner would have to be got from Madrid, in order to replace the broken chords or to re-arrange the hammers loosened within their caps. As soon as the marriage ceremonies of the twelve year old princess with a ten year old infant-prince had taken place, the young wife of course was sent back to her dolls again, and the noble husband was invited to follow his governor to Madrid. The young princess was placed under the inspection of her tutoress in the Escurial, who was unable to teach anything to her royal pupil, or even to control her violent temper, which she had inherited from Henry IV. and his mother. As to her young spouse, his shameless courtiers—a set of which Spain has at all times produced real models—offered him so many opportunities for uncouth pleasures, that he was unable to rule, when his time had come. The young king was constantly hunting up amorous adventures, even in all classes of society, and, as he was not in the habit of concealing his misdemeanour, the queen cried, raved and threatened by turns. These constant matrimonial quarrels, recalled to the memory of the people the sentence of Alphons V. of Arragonia: "To make a good match, there must be a deaf man and a blind wife." They destroyed all the power the queen might have possessed in the beginning over the heart of her consort, and the latter incapable of government suffered himself to be ruled entirely by Olivarez, who hated everything that was French. The administration of Phlip V. was therefore nothing but a long series of wars, during which the arts, and particularly music, in Spain was lying in a deep slumber. It cannot be surprising, therefore, that Han Roukers' Clavichord remained, so to say, closed till the death of the queen. Yet no; it was opened on a memorable night, in the year 1638, at the very moment which gave birth to the Princess Maria Theresa. The queen demanded in that painful hour, that the Motetts of du Caroy, chapel-master of Henry IV., with which she had already been lullabyed in her infancy, should be played to her in the intervals of the "labor." A monk from the monastery, well taught in the art of organ-playing, was sent for, and charged with the performance, but was often interrupted by the plaintive moaning of the patient. After the death of the queen the clavichord of Han Roukers became the property of her daughter, for Maria Theresa was the only surviving child among many brothers and sisters. This princess was promised to France, as a warrant of peace and of the new alliance between the two realms, in consequence of the "treaty of the Pyrenees." Yet Philip IV., continually retarding the fulfilment of this promise, and means being constantly suggested to postpone the yielding up of the princess who was to marry Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin induced a farce to be played, equally unworthy both of the majesty of the throne and the loyalty of the French nation. According to the advice of his ministers, Louis XIV. pretended to resign his projected union with Spain, and demanded the hand of the princess of Savoy. The interview of the intended couple took place at Lyons, accompanied by great solemnities, and everything seemed already agreed upon and settled, when Count Pinental offered the hand of the Infanta Maria Theresa in the name of Spain. Princess Margaret was then immediately dismissed by way of a written document, and the French Monarch wrote to her in a farewell-letter, addressed to her, that he would return to Savoy, in case "Spain would not prove faithful to him."

(*To be continued.*)

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OLD, NEW, AND NO MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

It may be worth while—for those, at least, who do not share Swift's contempt for "the fiddlers" and their "fine stuff," but rather nourish their sympathies for a beautiful art, under the more genial sanction of a Shakespeare or a Milton—to stand still for a moment, and attempt to form some idea as to what England's gains in the matter of music have been during the past quarter of a century. This can hardly be accomplished without illustrating by comparison. If comparison show loss on the part of other countries, the result gives no ground for the vulgarities of personal triumph, howbeit it may point out sunken rocks we should do well to avoid—paths not to be entered without the certainty of fatigue, loss of patience, and loss of strength. The writer was, not long ago, driven on such a retrospect—on such expedients for testing progress—by a couple of striking experiences, which occurred within the compass of three weeks: the experiences of a German and of an English musical festival.

When the writer began to frequent meetings of the kind—more than a quarter of a century since—two of the great schools of European art had little, if at all, passed their prime. Italy's greatest operatic composer—Signor Rossini—had only just ceased to produce, and the works of Donizetti and Bellini (both in full activity) were all but unknown to our public. Great singers crossed the Alps to us from Milan, and Venice, and Naples. Matters were in an even more satisfactory state in Germany, regarding the art and literature of which country English admiration then stood at its highest point. Beethoven had not long passed away, leaving a treasury of his music complete and incomplete still to be unsealed for us. Weber was carrying England by storm with the supernatural fascinations and "flattering" melodies (as Mendelssohn called them) of his *Freischutz*. The rich sedateness of Spohr still passed for something as profound as it was individual. People clambered on the roof of St. Andrew's Hall at Norwich to hear his oratorio through the windows, unable to find a place within the building. Prescient amateurs, who do not wait till originality is crowned by success, were looking out for the prodigious boy, Mendelssohn, whose *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture is possibly the most extraordinary piece of early promise existing in music. The day of the disinterment of Bach had not come, but our passion for Mozart was then, as now, in its way, as much of a religion as our reverence for Handel. In short, we lived and listened, and gave a blank credit to everything, past and present, that came from a certain land, without any closer wish to discriminate than belongs to implicit hero-worship. And had any one, then, whispered a prophecy of downfall or decay, or suggested that the germs of these might even then be traced in the midst of musical productions tempting to the enterprising by their originality, and to the vain, because of their difficulty of comprehension, as compared with the more fluent and spontaneous music of Italy—he would have been hooted down by all the "elect and precious" as a flimsy trifler, incapable and unworthy of understanding and receiving the highest and most profound pleasures which Poetry can give.

England's faith in German music, at that time, if excessive, was sincere, and justified by the state of matters at home. What have been the facts of the case since those days? The great school of instrumental writing has received no healthy development in Germany, while the art of singing, which largely includes the culture of melody, has been allowed to fall into a state of dilapidation which could only have a bad result, as lowering the standard of one material used in musical composition. In the early days of German art—when Bach, by way of holiday, used to go to Dresden to hear "the pretty songs"—when Handel passed into Italy, to smoothe himself without laying down a whit of his northern manliness, by making acquaintance with the treasures of Beauty in the south—when Haydn (pupil of another Italian, the rugged Porpora) professedly ripened and refined every theme he treated—when Mozart exhibited the most completely-balanced combination of charm, invention, and learning we have ever seen,—there was no thought of antagonism, no dream of such a folly as that form could only be vindicated by neglect of color, still less that, without having form or color, a vaporous and confused concoction should, because of its scale or its singularity, pass as a great poem only to be relished by the profound and the far-sighted. Yet these follies have been adopted, and preached, and fanatically pushed to their extreme consequences in the world of modern German music.

The stirrings of this folly—taking the form of a spurious nationality—the introduction into an art which has an universal language, of contradictions, defiances, renunciations, as so many precepts and principles—in Germany originated with Beethoven, and were largely shaped and forwarded by the personality and the misfortunes of that sublime poet. He fell "on the thorns of life," if ever artist did. He had little, if any, home training; he was born with a spirit at once colossally generous, and rugged, and jealous; he hardly became aware of the privileges as a ruler and a discoverer, which his good genius had given him, before he was touched with palsy—to such a man more terrible than violent death. He had hardly wakened to his consciousness, that immense and unknown combinations were at his command, when it was also made so clear to him that the power of testing these by experience (invaluable to a musician, beyond every other artist) was steadily decaying. A thoroughly disciplined mind might have mastered even this calamity; but Beethoven's was not a thoroughly disciplined mind, and no help was ministered to him by the bystanders—his patrons of quality—his rapacious kinsfolk. He was in advance of his time, he was in advance of his patrons, and he only followed the law of weak human nature—apt to mistake suffering for injustice, and to fancy inevitable neglect persecution—in finding relief for his unhappiness in the defiance of fashion, and precedent, and protest, and in pushing advance too far and too lawlessly towards chaos.

The mischief which such an example, left by such a man, can do to idle dreamers and theorists (showing, nevertheless, the most wondrous patience for collecting details), can hardly be estimated in this practical shop-keeping England of ours. It might be hard to the verge of impossibility, to emulate the vigor and spirit of idea to be found in every one of Beetheven's compositions, be they as full of diffuseness, confusion, and cruelty as his Posthumous Quartets and his Second Mass, but it was easy, because he broke bounds, for his idolaters to defend such licences as so many bold and beautiful enlargements of a domain narrowed by pedantry. Yet to adhere to established forms without becoming tiresome demands as much cultivated intelligence as reverence—to break proportion and harmony in pieces—to represent ugliness and discord as new oracles, from whose sayings those superior to common superstitions could alone derive real inspiration—requires no thought, no training, no power of really appreciating what is beautiful and holy. Then it was found in Germany new and noble to represent music as something which music never was and never will be—an expression of political feelings—of metaphysical definitions—of the yearning anguish of the present—of enlightened contempt for the past—of a defiant and exclusive nationality, frowning at one country, scowling at another, sneering at a third, ignoring a fourth. It was held as divine of an artist to be morose, uncomplying, unkempt—not to win, but to force his way; to insult taste into that sort of terrified silence which despotism mistakes for spmpathy—to mystify those who are appalled at sounding words, by a liberal use of the jargon of solemn nonsense. That all these cheap and easy innovations were provoked by the mechanical phlegm of a set of manufacturers, who, in Germany more than in any other musical country, in their works substituted letter for spirit, *ad nauseam*, is not to be questioned by any one who has glanced at the bales of waste paper that fill the music-publishers' warehouses.

Considering the flaws and specks in Beethoven's latest music as the starting-point of the movement, the first name among those moderns who have helped in German music to confound good and evil, is that of Robert Schumann: a dreamy, heavy, bewildered man, not without generous aspirations, and a satisfactory amount of scientific preparation, but whom clearness of purpose and vision seem to have largely forsaken whenever the work in hand was one of any length or importance, and in whom the instinct for Beauty seems to have been extraordinarily weak. That man shall run the risk of being pilloried as a malevolent bigot, who shall venture in certain German circles (and these made up of intelligent and sincere persons) to declare that very little of the mass of music bearing Schumann's name has any real value, save those slight trifles thrown off for children and young persons at an early period of his career, which he lived to disown with transcendental contempt. Want of freshness in idea, want of simplicity in treatment, a resolute determination to be eccentric (that most commonplace of follies), a lumbering uncouthness where animation was aimed at, affectation where tenderness and pathos might have been looked for—these characteristics, with more or less mitigation, distinguished Schumann's symphonies, his cantatas, his overtures, all, in short, of his compositions on an extended scale. His songs, which are in high favor with those who are advanced in cloudy connoisseurship, are stale, strained, and sickly, as compared with the best by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Lindblad, the Swede (the last far too little known in England). In his pianoforte music, such real fancy as it contains is confined to the titles of the pieces. As for affording the player on the instrument any scope for special display, that, of course, was too base and trivial a concession for a high-minded transcendentalist to stoop to. Yet this was the musician for whose sake the composer of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, and of *St. Paul*, and *Elijah*, and the Italian and Scottish symphonies, and the Antigone choruses, was, almost before he was cold in his grave, decried as having been shallow, superficial, amiably worldly (Mendelssohn, worldly!), an artist with a factitious reputation fast wearing out, totally incapable of depicting the anxiety of the great German mind, or expressing the honorable determination after unity at home (implying antagonism and antipathy for the stranger without

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its gates), which it is the privilege and mission of the German art of the nineteenth century to display and to develop. Nothing can be much more curious to the English stranger who is not prepared to "stand and deliver," because the giant in his path (but half seen) has a false air of bravado and a real disproportionate overawing ugliness, than to study the tone of enthusiastic idolatory in which the music of Schumann has been treated in the journals, and in the schools, and in the societies of Germany.—(*To be continued*).

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. W. H. Harrison—who, associated with Miss Louisa Pyne, established (in 1857) what the public was used to recognise as "The Royal English Opera"—having abandoned his old quarters in Covent Garden, has taken up new ones at the great theatre in the Haymarket. On Tuesday night he gave what may be termed a house-warming; and the entertainments provided for his friends were varied and of high character. Mr. Harrison, whose short and unboasting programme is widely known in musical circles, has engaged an operatic company as complete as could well be brought together at the present time and under existing circumstances. Into an examination of this programme it is unnecessary to enter; enough that Tuesday night's performance afforded a sufficiently fair notion of the resources at Mr. Harrison's disposal, and justified a belief that he will be enabled to go through the winter season with credit to his management and to the satisfaction of his supporters. A more solid basis for an efficient operatic troop than the well-known orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of its own excellent conductor, Signor Arditi, could not be possibly desired; and Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, well selected for the occasion, and splendidly played, at once put the crowded audience in good humor, eliciting applause as hearty as it was unanimous. To the overture succeeded Mr Maddison Morton's comedietta entitled *You Know Who*, the principal parts in which were allotted to Miss E. Bufton, Messrs. G. Honey and J. Rouse. From this it may be presumed that it is the intention of the new management to begin the performances every evening with a "*lever de rideau*," in the shape of a one-act farce—an expedient which (in the absence of one-act operettas) is likely to meet with approval from the general public, and is certainly of advantage to those who, unable or disinclined to go to the theatre before 8 o'clock, are not the less anxious to hear the whole of the work, which—to employ a hackneyed formulary—must always form the "*pièce de résistance*." The opera chosen by Mr. Harrison to inaugurate his new undertaking was M. Gounod's *Faust*—or rather the English version of M. Gounod's *Faust*, first introduced at Her Majesty's Theatre something less than a twelvemonth since. The cast was in two important instances—Faust and Mephistopheles—the same as before. There was, however, a new Margaret, and certainly on the whole one of the most charming representations of that attractive character ever yet witnessed on the London stage. That so perfectly accomplished a mistress of her art as Miss Louisa Pyne would shine in the exquisite music which M. Gounod has put into the mouth of his most favored heroine, was only what everybody anticipated. Indeed, her fluent and graceful delivery of the "*Air des bijoux*" had already more than once won the admiration of amateurs in the concert-room. Nevertheless, her extremely poetical conception of the part showed that its dramatic requirements lay as easily within the scope of her talents as the execution of the music, which, from the first brief interview with Faust amid the bustle of the Kermesse, to the scene of the death and apotheosis, was pretty nearly perfect. Without entering into details or dwelling upon points reiterated allusions to which have made so familiar to all who interest themselves in such matters, it suffices to add that Miss Louisa Pyne's Margaret was a success as complete and legitimate as any that could be named in the history of her brilliant career. It may be as well to add that her reading inclines more to the pensive, earnest, and traditionally *German* view of Margaret, the ideal beauty of which was attained in the impersonation of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, and has no affinity with the impassioned "*abandon*" of Mdlle. Titiens, or the pretty sauciness of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca. The Faust of Mr. Sims Reeves needs no description; but in justice to an artist who never seems to think that a part can be too deeply or too frequently considered, and who had already more thoroughly studied the music of M. Gounod's hero than perhaps any of his contemporaries, it is but fair to state that his performance has gained both in ease and dramatic force. In vocal finish it had little or nothing to gain, and—not to speak of the opening soliloquy—it would be difficult to imagine a more expressive reading of the apostrophe to Margaret's home in the garden, or of the passionate and beautiful duet between the lovers, which brings down the curtain upon the third act—the masterpiece of the opera. Applause more unanimous than that which greeted Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Reeves, when summoned before the lamps at the end of this absorbing scene, has rarely given expression to the hearty approval of an audience. The Mephistopheles of Signor Marchesi has more of the masked arch enemy in its assumed *bonhomie* than we have been accustomed to on the English boards. Here is the scoffer scoffistical to a T. M. Faure might take a hint from it.

Mr. Garcia, who played Valentine (for the first time—at any rate in London), is, we believe, a son of the eminent vocal professor, Senor Manuel Garcia, and thus a nephew of Malibran and Pauline Viardot. His success was decided. His voice is a genuine barytone; he sings like an artist, and the impressive episode of Valentine's death (Act IV.) was quite sufficient to establish his possession of no ordinary dramatic feeling. It is long since a young *débutant* of more promise has come forward. To estimate Mr. Garcia's real powers, however, it is necessary to judge him in other parts. There was also a new and very acceptable representative of Siebel in Miss Cottrel (late of St. James's Theatre), who sang the pretty air while gathering the flowers so unaffectedly and with such good taste as to win an encore, as well as an offering of bouquets which might have appropriately swelled the tribute to Margaret. The little part of Martha was efficiently sustained by a Madame Burrington, from Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music; that of Wagner by a Mr. H. Corri—of course not the Mr. H. Corri of Covent-garden. About the general performance of *Faust* it is enough to add that, with the aid of Signor Arditi and his orchestra, it presented all the excellence to which the public had been accustomed at Her Majesty's Theatre, and that the strophe of elderly citizens, in the introductory chorus at the Kermesse, obtained its accustomed "encore." At the end of every act the principal performers were called; and after the opera the National Anthem was performed by the whole company—solos by Miss Hiles, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves. A loud call for Mr. Harrison had not been responded to; but, when the curtain rose for the anthem, he appeared, with the other performers.

Madame Kenneth made her *début* on Thursday night as Violetta in an English version of *La Traviata*, and, though evidently suffering from the indisposition which prevented her appearing on Monday night according to announcement, and although, as might have been anticipated, over-anxious and nervous, satisfied her audience that she had considerable talents both as singer and actress, and that she would be a decided acquisition. So great was Madame Kenneth's timidity in the first scene that she could do little more than get through the *brindisi*. Still it was evident that she was a practised artist; and, once emboldened by encouragement, she dashed through the *cabaletta* of "Ah! fors' e lui" with so much brilliancy, that a sudden feeling was evoked in her favour, and the curtain descended amid considerable applause. The second act was altogether better than the first, and the third better than the second, thus proving that the *quasi* failure of the early part was owing to accident. Mr. Swift gave force and vigour to the character of Alfredo, and Mr. Gustave Garcia, who sustained that of Germont, again exhibited his voice and style to advantage.

The general performance (band, chorus, and ballet, &c.) was all that could be wished.

Faust was repeated on Thursday, *La Traviata* last night. This evening *Faust* again. Why don't the "English Opera Company (Limited)" get up *Faust*?

NICE.—The *Journal de Nice* gives the following account of the representation at the Imperial Theatre at which the two Emperors of France and Russia were present:—"The representation yesterday at the Imperial Theatre was magnificent. The doors of the theatre were besieged at an early hour by an immense crowd; the boxes and stalls were occupied by ladies *en grande toilette*. The Emperor Napoleon arrived at eight o'clock and was saluted with unanimous cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' many times repeated, and which were interrupted by the national air of Queen Hortense executed by the orchestra. The Emperor Alexander arrived a quarter of an hour after Napoleon III., who had set aside a part of the Imperial box for his reception. The entrance of the Russian sovereign was also saluted by the national Russian hymn, which interrupted for a few moments the performance. The audience received the Czar with enthusiastic acclamations, mingled with reiterated cries of 'Vive l'Empereur.' The two sovereigns were in plain clothes; the Emperor Alexander, placed on the right of the Emperor Napoleon, wore the grand *cordon* of the Legion of Honor; and the Emperor Napoleon wore the grand *cordon* of the order of Saint-André. In the Imperial box were also the households of the two sovereigns, the mayor and civic functionaries of the town of Nice, and the *préfet* of the Maritime Alps. During the representation the two sovereigns talked to each other, and were frequently observed to smile. The audience seemed to be moved in a very lively manner by these manifestations of cordiality between the two emperors. The façade of the theatre was brilliantly illuminated and ornamented by the colours of the two nations. The front of the box and the box itself were decorated with much splendor and elegance by the care of the municipal authorities. The staircase leading to the box and the ante-room sparkled with lights and flowers. Upon a table in the middle of the ante-room was placed a magnificent *jardinière*, a *chef d'œuvre* made by a celebrated *artist-en-bouquets*.

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FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN LEECH.

Ten months and one week ago a crowd assembled in Kensal Green Cemetery to pay the last tribute of respect to William Makepeace Thackeray, and among those standing by the vault, as it received the coffin of the author of *The Newcomes* was John Leech. On Friday (the 4th inst.) he too was borne to his long rest, and laid within four yards of his friend, in presence of a throng, many members of which were the same that on the last day of the past year stood looking into the tomb of Thackeray. Noon was the time appointed for the removal of the body of John Leech from his residence—No. 6, Terrace, Ken-Kensington, opposite the private road leading to Campden Hill. By that time a crowd of the nursemaids and the small boys whom he loved to depict were there assembled, and in the crowd an eager fancy might detect figures and faces that may well have been the originals of many a laughter-stirring picture; while as more than one omnibus passed by the conductors looked curiously—and one might suppose with a touch of regret—at the house with the drawn blinds, where lay coffined the mortal remains of the artist whose pencil has sent them down to posterity for our grandchildren to smile at. And more than one artist with pencil or with pen came here uninvited, that he might raise his hat reverently to the remains of John Leech; while the whole *Punch* staff prepared to accompany to the grave side the body of their valued *collaborateur*. The hearse, provided by Mr. Garstin of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, who had charge of the funeral arrangements, was drawn up to the door a few minutes after twelve. It was an open platform on wheels, surmounted by a canopy with plumes. The platform was covered with black cloth, and on each side hung a scutcheon bordered with white, and bearing in the middle the monogram J. L. When the coffin was borne forth from the house of mourning it was covered by a black velvet pall bordered with white brocade crosses, and as soon as it was placed on the hearse a wreath of *immortelles* was laid on the top, and two wreaths on either side. Seven mourning coaches followed the hearse, and conveyed the mourners to the cemetery. The first coach contained Mr. John Leech, sen., Mr. Charles and Mr. Thomas Eaton; the second, Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. Samuel Denton and Mr. Evans; the third, Drs. Quain and Walshe, and Mr. W. B. Hutchinson. The remaining four coaches conveyed the literary associates of the late Mr. Leech. In the first was Mr. F. Evans, sen., Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. John Tenniel and Mr. Horace Mayhew; in the second were Mr. H. Silver, Mr. S. Lucas, Mr. C. Keene and Mr. Tom Taylor; in the third were Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. F. Evans, jun., Mr. W. Bradbury, jun., and Mr. Percival Leigh; and in the fourth were Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. A. Armstrong, Mr. H. H. Howard, Mr. Felix Joyce and Mr. John Millais.

Precisely at half-past twelve the hearse and mourning coaches moved slowly off, followed by five private broughams, in one of which sat Mr. Philp, R.A., sent by friends as a mark of respect. It was half-past one o'clock when the funeral, starting like Thackeray's from Kensington and following the same route, reached Kensal Green. For some ten minutes previously the mournful bell of the mortuary chapel was tolling sadly, and announcing to those assembled about the end of the principal avenue that the time for the last rites had now arrived. And on the steps or in the chapel were at this time assembled Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. W. P. Frith (R.A.), and a host of other gentlemen associated with Mr. Leech in literature or in the ties of friendship. When the hearse drew up at the door of the chapel the body was removed, and being met by the Rev. George Currey and the Rev. Chas. Stuart, A.K.C., the chaplain, was carried to the bier, followed by the mourners and accompanied by the pall-bearers, who were Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. John Tenniel, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. John Millais, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Evans (sen.) Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Charles Keene, Mr. Perceval Leigh and Mr. Henry Silver. A considerable number of persons followed the mourners into the chapel and listened with reverent attention to the service, which was read by the chaplain of the cemetry. At the close of the lesson the coffin was replaced in the hearse, and, followed by the chief mourners and the pall-bearers, was borne to the vault, on the south side of the cemetry, and only separated by one tomb from that in which lies all that was mortal of W. M. Thackeray. Fully a hundred gentlemen connected with literature and art followed the hearse bareheaded; and it was here a general subject of remark how much the day resembled that on which Thackeray was buried. Hardly so cold, it was yet as bright and cheery; and the few leaves lingering on the trees alone served to show that the seasons had since then come and gone. Approaching the grave the coffin was removed from the hearse and placed by the side of the vault, and the private friends of the deceased having taken their places under a canopy formed of mourning drapery the service was proceeded with by the Rev. S. R. Hole, the preacher of the school where John Leech was educated, as well as William Thackeray. At the thrilling sentences, "Man that is born of a woman," &c., the emotion was general; and when the coffin was being lowered into the vault, as the priest said, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed," strong men fairly broke down, and wept as women might weep for a dear one who goes to his rest, and many a twitching mouth and many watery eyes among those who knew John Leech only through his works, testified how truly he was mourned. With choaked throats the multitude joined in the Lord's prayer; and when the officiating clergyman, himself deeply affected, came to "We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world," convulsive sobs again burst from the mourners and the pall-bearers, among whom there was not a single eye undimmed with tears. And even on the outskirts of the crowd several persons who had known John Leech bore witness by their tearful eyes to their deep regret for his loss. At the conclusion of the service the pall-bearers each cast upon the coffin a wreath of *immortelles;* and then the mourners, mourning in something more than for custom's or for appearance sake, passed away to their carriages, and John Leech was left beside a little daughter whom he loved and lost fifteen years ago.

Few of those present left the cemetery without taking a look at the coffin of stout elm covered with black cloth, and bearing between two gilt crosses a brass plate, with the inscription:—

JOHN LEECH,
OBIIT 29th OCTOBER,
1864.
Ætat 46.

BRESLAU.—The enthusiasm caused by Mdlle. Carlotta Patti's first appearance has settled the question which for weeks had, to a certain extent, kept the public in a state of excitement. We ourselves have, with some hesitation, abandoned the principles we have always advocated, especially where the performances of *virtuosi* were concerned, in order to adopt those views by which alone, in our opinion, such a phenomenon ought to be judged. The usual standard for forming an opinion is, in the present case, insufficient; by employing it, we should unjustly depreciate a great deal, and completely overlook much more which is precisely what strikes us as new. If, therefore, we offer, for instance, no opposition to the pieces sung, we do so, because we consider such pieces the only ones adapted for exhibiting in every phase such a natural phenomenon. On the other hand, we are delighted that from time to time Italian compositions are sung by Italians, because the public learns thereby *how* compositions of this kind should be sung. When Mdlle. Carlotta began her first air from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, a great number of the audience were certainly surprised at finding she possessed a voice of only moderate strength; but they soon recovered from this little disappointment of their expectations, and became more and more astonished as the fair artist opened upon them the floodgates of her artistic powers. One of the most striking features of Mdlle. Carlotta's singing is the unusually brilliant character of her voice in the two-line and three-line octave. We never knew anything like it in anyone else, and it possesses a peculiar fascination. Another quality which enlists the sympathies of all is the unerring certainty with which this lady executes unheard-of feats of strength, such, for instance, as sustained shakes on the three-line *d* and *e*; and staccati up to *f* in the same octave, executing them, too, with extraordinary clearness, &c. But far more captivating than all these feats is the great feeling manifested in her singing; it must win over, we should say, even those who were proof both against the high *f*, and the remarkable virtuosity exhibited by the fair artist. Besides the air mentioned, we heard Mdlle. Carlotta Patti sing the well-known "Shadow Song," from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah;* a piece arranged expressly for her, and consisting of an Introduction for the Piano by Schulhof, and the "Carnival de Venise," by Paganini; and "Laughing Air," by Auber. In consequence of the applause which greeted this last, and which seemed as though it would never end, Mdlle. Patti repeated it, charming every one by her great fund of natural humor and winning grace. The concerts began with Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, performed by Herren Alfred Jaell and Henri Vieuxtemps. The work was given entire, and loud applause rewarded each separate movement. Later in the evening, immense enthusiasm was excited, also, by the solo performances of the same gentlemen. Herr Jael played Handel's well-known "Variations," and his own Transcription of "Home, Sweet Home!" adding, in consequence of the great satisfaction evinced by the audience, Liszt's Paraphrase of the march from *Tannhäuser*. Herr Steffens, the Russian *virtuoso*, by his performances of Goltermann's Concerto, justified the high reputation which had preceded him. He has a full and beautiful tone, and his handling of the instrument indicates a good school. Herr Steffens was rewarded with great applause. The room was densely crowded.—E. v. BLUM.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAJOR HAT should address himself to Dr. Shoe

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER will appear next week, with any additional news with which our correspondent may favor us.

MR. TIDBURY How at the C. P.—The "London Choral Union," and the "Crystal Palace Concerts," are unavoidably postponed.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

JOHN LEECH.

OBIIT OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.,

ÆTAT 46.

THE simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest. Punch.

—o—

IT is not long since Fiorentino died, and musical criticism in Paris has again suffered a severe loss; Pierre Scudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes* and some other Parisian periodicals, fell a victim, on the 21st October, at Blois, to the attacks of madness which, for some months previously, had prevented his pursuing his professional avocations and necessitated his retirement from public life.

Scudo was born on the 8th June, 1806, at Venice. He went, however, at an early age to Paris, and, when about eighteen, was admitted into Choron's Musical Institute. How he found his way to France, and what took him to Paris is something we do not know. His eccentric manners rendered him a favorite with his fellow students, among whom was Duprez, afterwards so celebrated as a singer. Choron usually called him his Court Jester. His voice was insignificant, and his musical knowledge still more so; but he possessed an intelligent mind, to which were added the impulses and nature of an Italian, together with great confidence in himself. As he was continually engaged in musical pursuits at the Institute, his practical education was advanced by the study of classical works, which Choron made his pupils sing, almost to the exclusion of all others. Technical vocal instruction, properly so called, was imparted only in a defective manner, so that Scudo never properly learned how to sing. Notwithstanding this, he was selected, owing principally to his nationality, to sustain a second part in *Il Viaggio a Reims*, an opera composed by Rossini expressly for the coronation of Charles X. in 1824.

In consequence of the Revolution of 1830, Choron's School for Church-Music was closed, and Scudo compelled to look about for some means of gaining a livelihood. From this period, M. Fétis, as he tells us in his *Biographie Universelle*, vol. VII, lost sight of him, but was informed that he became a clarinet player in a regimental band, and, in 1832, was stationed at Nantes. He is said, at the same period, to have plunged into the writings of the theosophers Jacob Böhme, Van Helmont, St. Martin, and others. Fétis mentions the fact as a mere report, but if it be true, now, that Scudo has so unfortunately fallen a victim to mental derangement, it carries with it greater weight than would otherwise have been the case, since it is suggestive of a previous eccentric tendency in his mind. That, however, he devoted the period in question to the task of making up for lost time seems highly probable, and may be asserted with tolerable certainty, from his subsequent appearance as an author.

After his return to Paris, he gave lessons in singing. He wrote, also, a large number of songs or romances, many of which were published, and, for a time, were popular among *dilettanti*. Fétis gives the title of two or three dozen, but passes a very severe judgment upon them. What we remember to have seen of them proves, it is true, that composition was not the sphere in which Scudo was destined to shine. In the accompaniments, also, of these romances we perceive what was either a striking want of acquaintance with the elements of harmony, or unpardonable haste.

He did much more in the way of musical criticism, or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, of reporting matters connected with music, for he did not possess sufficient acquirements to write sterling criticism founded upon the theoretical analysis of a work of art. We should, however, be doing him injustice were we to go so far as to deny him the musical knowledge necessary for an independent æsthetic opinion on music, and in exactly the same degree that the judgment Fétis passes on him as a composer is correct, what he says about him as a writer on music is ill-natured and unjust. If we leave out of consideration a partiality for the Italians, his countrymen, which sometimes exercised a strong influence on him, Scudo was, above all, one of the few Parisian critics who gave utterance to his conscientious convictions, and never allowed himself to be swayed by any considerations whatever save those of art. He possessed, moreover, a polished and attractive style, especially and laudably remarkable from the fact of his being free from that continual striving after *esprit* which besets so many *feuilleton* writers, and of his never being tempted into coloring his judgment in one way or the other for the sake of a witty idea, or into wounding any one personally, although, especially in the last years of his life, he despatched many subjects very curtly, and was frequently harsh and dogmatical. As one of the writers, for very many years, on the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he had, it is true, succeeded in making himself a sort of authority in musical matters, and in asserting his equality with the other talented contributors to that periodical.

His articles in the *Revue* and other publications he gave to the world under various collective titles in the years 1850, 1854, 1859, 1860, and 1864. He wrote, likewise, a kind of art-romance: *Le*

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Chevalier Sarti, which has been translated into German. The *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, also, reproduced many of his articles, though often obliged to oppose him, especially in his opinions on German art. On the other hand, however, he expressed unbounded admiration of German and especially Rhenish concert performances, with which he became acquainted only a few years since, while, according to his own assertion, the oratorio choruses transported him into a completely new sphere of artistic enjoyment.

His intellect began to be deranged at the commencement of the present year, and, at last, his disease degenerated into downright madness, so that his death—which occurred on the 21st October—must be looked on as a blessing by all who felt any interest in him.

L. BISCHOFF.*

Cologne, November 5.

ERNST.

Paris, November 6.

QUI ne connait le nom d'Ernst, un grand et charmant artiste, un des plus aimés et des plus populaires de notre temps? Mais la foule qui s'est empressée aux concerts sans nombre qu'Ernst a donnés dans ses voyages à travers les grandes et les petites villes de l'Europe, cette foule ne connait que le virtuose extraordinaire, qui s'est joué des difficultés inextricables de l'art *Paganinien*, et cela suffisait pour qu'elle lui décernât le nom de grand artiste. A côté de cette multitude, il y avait une élite de connoisseurs (moins nombreuse—cela va sans dire)—qui ne connaissait rien de plus délicieux que d'entendre jouer par Ernst un quatuor de Beethoven. Tout a été dit sur ce jeu tour à tour passionné, tendre, spirituel, *humoristique*, et je ne veux pas répéter ce qui a été dit et écrit par les meilleurs juges.

Ernst a publié une foule de morceaux, écrits pour mettre en relief tout ce que le public exige aujourd'hui d'un virtuose accompli. Il les a fait entendre dans tout l'univers civilisé, et ils ont été adoptés par les virtuoses de toutes les catégories. Ils ont probablement coûté bien les larmes à ces pauvres petits êtres que des pères sans entrailles, ou vaniteux, intéressés, consacrent à l'état d'*enfant prodige*, état que l'on exerce souvent pendant longues années, car il y a des enfants prodiges de tout âge. J'ai connu des artistes, que parlaient, agissaient, jouaient d'un instrument ou composaient en *enfants prodiges* jusqu'à leur mort. Dans ces morceaux brillants, composés, par Ernst, on voyait néanmoins poindre souvent un sentiment d'un art plus élevé. On sentait l'artiste richement doué à travers ces accords plaqués, ces folles gammes, ces traits échevelés et tout cet attirail du grand virtuose, qui veut et doit frapper, stupéfier même ce monstre vorace et insatiable qu'on nomme un auditoire. Comment un artiste voyageur, à chaque moment sous le coup d'une grande *exhibition*, comme disent nos voisins, trouverait-il le calme, le recueillement si nécessaires à l'éclosion d'une œuvre d'art? Cependant, de temps à autre, il paraissait quelque œuvre d'Ernst, où l'on voyait bien ce qu'il y avait en lui de sentiment profond et poétique. Je ne veux citer que sa célèbre *Elégie*, dont les accents si tendrement passionnés ont provoqué partout les applaudissements les plus enthousiastes. L'Élégie a été—j'allais dire traduite dans toutes les langues—arrangée du moins pour tous les instruments; piano seul, flûte, clarinette, et pour la voix. Enfin, elle a eu tous les honneurs, si j'en excepte celui de l'orgue de Barbarie, le triomphe, le Capitole des compositeurs victorieux. Je dois citer encore le concerto en *fa* diéze majeur, conception remarquable, dans laquelle Ernst a fait preuve de qualités supérieures. J'ai dit plus haut qu'il est bien difficile sinon impossible, de trouver le recueillement nécessaire à une œuvre d'art sérieuse, au milieu des tracas et des occupations sans trève d'une vie nomade, comme celle d'un virtuose voyageur. Ce recueillement, cette solitude, ce calme, Ernst les a trouvés, hélas! mais à quel prix? Depuis dix ans, il souffre d'une maladie cruelle, et son violon enchanteur lui est échappé des mains. Mais la Providence a voulu que son esprit restât vaillant, et il souffre avec courage, avec résignation, parce que le plus vif sentiment de l'art divin se conserve toujours dans son âme. Par un destin cruel, le virtuose n'existe plus: il s'est consumé comme le phénix, et de ses cendres il en est sorti un autre qui plane bien au-dessus du premier, quelque admirable qu'il fût. Ce second phénix au vol radieux, c'est le compositeur.

Il y a quelques jours, nous avons extendu deux œuvres de lui, deux quatuors pour deux violons, alto et violoncelle. Nous ne voulons pas même essayer, par une sèche analyse, de donner une idée d'œuvres aussi importantes par leur étendue que par leur valeur. N'y cherchez pas l'aimable et charmant compositeur de la fantaisie sur *Otello*, ou sur *le Pirate*. Mais vous y reconnaîtrez l'auteur de l'*Elégie* et du *Concerto*, singulièrement agrandi et épuré. Toutes les promesses contenues dans ces deux ouvrages se sont réalisées, et vous avez devant vous un noble artiste arrivé à l'apogée de son talent. Ces quatuors ne pouvaient être écrits que par un grand musicien, qui a cent fois exécuté, médité les chefs-d'œuvre de ce genre que nous ont laissés les grands maîtres. Le style le plus noble y règne d'un bout à l'autre; aucune lâche complaisance pour les oreilles novices ou frivoles. Tout y est de cette beauté sérieuse et sévère qui seule assure l'avenir aux œuvres d'art. Ne croyez pas toutefois que la mélodie n'y abonde pas. Les *adagio*, les *andante* sont ce qu'ils doivent être: des chants ou expressifs ou tendres, et passionnés souvent. Les *scherzo* sont d'un véritable humoriste: celui du premier quatuor, d'un laconisme étonnant, en dit beaucoup plus qu'on ne pense. C'est une épigramme, mais sans fiel ni amertume, et comme un confidence aimable et rapide, glissée à l'oreille en passant. Le *scherzo* du deuxième quatuor est au contraire très-développé, d'une grande hardiesse harmonique et rhythmique. Ces deux morceaux ne rapellent aucune composition de ce genre, et c'est là un bien grand mérite. Je voudrais citer encore le ravissant *andante*, de style un peu pastoral; et j'aurais à citer tant d'autres passages!—J'en ai assez dit. Je ne puis me résigner à une analyse, il faut entendre cette musique. Je me résume: ces deux quatuors témoignent d'une complète transformation du talent de l'auteur. Ces grands ouvrages méritent la plus sérieuse attention, et il est impossible que le suffrage de vrais connaisseurs leur fasse défaut.

Deux jeunes artistes anglais, les frères Holmes, et MM. L. Jacquard et C. Ney, ont interprété les quatuors avec un rare talent. Après une seule répétition, ils ont dit ces œuvres si difficiles avec un entrain et un ensemble bien remarquables. L'auteur était présent, et il était visiblement ému de la profonde impression qui partait de lui pour lui revenir. L'auditoire, composé de nombreux artistes et connaisseurs, l'a chaleureusement félicité. Je ne veux pas terminer ces lignes sans dire un mot des deux frères Holmes que je viens de nommer. Après la grande pièce, la petite. Ils ont joué un duo pour deux violons, sans accompagnement; quel ensemble merveilleux! quel spectacle sympathique, celui de deux jeunes gens, de deux frères, qu'on dirait issus du même violon, comme ils sont issus de la même mère! Paris, cette ville si affreuse et si belle, le public parisien, ce public si détestable et si adorable (choisissez entre les épithètes: chacune son heure et son à-propos) jugeront les jeunes artistes: je ne suis pas inquiet pour eux.

STEPHEN HELLER.

MR. BALFE has left England for Paris, where it is his intention to pass the winter.

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN is said to have composed a violoncello concerto expressly for Sig. Piatti.

* Editor of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

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(*To the Editor of the* MUSICAL WORLD.)

SIR,—Since I last addressed you on the subject of the "Royal English Opera (Limited)" I have been favoured with a letter containing particulars of which your many readers may not have had previous knowledge, which, in any case, must be admitted to possess a certain interest. The subject of this letter is the band now performing under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction at Covent Garden Theatre; but, without further preamble, here it is *in extenso*:—

SIR,—Permit me to call your attention and, by the aid of your valuable journal, that of the public, to an error unfortunately but too often committed by musical and other speculators. I make the following extract from an advertisement of the Opera Company (limited) which appeared in the *Times* on October 5th, &c. of the present year:—"The orchestra and chorus will be composed entirely of members of the Royal Italian Opera, now so justly celebrated all over Europe." Now the public from this can only suppose that they are listening nightly to the celebrated orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, perhaps a trifle reduced in numbers. The facts are, however, as follows:—The orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, under Mr. Costa's conductorship, consisted last season of eighty-six performers, forty-one of whom (less than half, observe) now play in the orchestra of the Opera Company (limited), assisted by eighteen gentlemen who *are not members* of the Royal Italian Opera, making the band of the Opera Company (limited) consist of 59 performers, very nearly one third of whom are not members of the Royal Italian Opera band. This may not be a subject of great interest to the public as long as the band provided for them is a sufficiently good one, but, as it is for various reasons one of considerable importance to many of the forty-five members of Signor Costa's orchestra, who from the advertisements quoted may be supposed to assist at the performances now being given at Covent Garden Theatre, and who are *really not so employed*, I am instructed to say that you will confer an important favor upon those gentlemen by the insertion of this statement. I enclose a list of names (for reference or publication) which is correct in every particular, and am, Sir, yours obediently, SIMON HALF.

New Moon Street, Nov. 10.

In a *postscriptum* Mr. Half gives the names of forty-five members of the Royal Italian Opera who *do not* play at the "English Opera Company (Limited)." These are:—

Messrs. Sainton, Dando, Carrodus, Goffrie, Ries, Love, Streather, J. J. Watson, Zerbini Sen., Willy, Bort, Kelly, Loades, Newsham Nicholson, Simmons, Schmidt, S. Webb, W. H. Hann, Wilkins, J. Hill, Thompson, Westrop, Calkin, Hancock, Paque, Reed, Shepperd, Campanile, Castell, Mount, Reynolds, Russell, Severn, Vaudrelan, A. Winterbottom, Cheshire, De Folly, A. Nicholson, Maycock, Hutchins, Anderson, Irwin, W. Winterbottom, and Chipp Sen.

He then adduces the names of eighteen of the "English Opera Company (Limited)" who *do not* play at the Royal Italian Opera. These are:—

Messrs. Betts, Jones, Thomas, Zerbini Jun. Payton, Brown, White, C. Ould, Harper Jun., Waud, Radcliffe, Engle, Owen, Winterbottom (John), Smith, Sutton, Horton and Ouhard.

I feel convinced that should there be inaccuracy in the statement of Mr. Half, you will allow any literary representative appointed by the "English Opera Company (Limited)" to point it out in your impartial columns. Meanwhile it is only fair to Mr. Alfred Mellon that the plain reason should be known why the band of Her Majesty's Theatre (Mr. Harrison's band) is unanimously pronounced superior to the one he (Mr. Mellon) directs.

By the way what has become of Mr. Charles Adams? Is it true that he was only engaged for one month? and that he has returned to Berlin? DISHLEY PETERS.

Tadcaster—Service-tree and Sable, November 10.

—o—

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

To SIR GEORGE SMART, *&c., &c., &c.,*

DEAR AND HONORED SIR,—Your letter of the 10th inst., resigning the chairmanship, &c., of the above foundation, has been duly laid before us. We cannot receive it and accept it without forwarding to you, in return, the expression of our deep regard for a loss which we must all feel so great a one, however considered,—and our unanimous and most sincere gratitude for the valuable services you have rendered to the committee since its formation. We remain, respectfully and affectionately, yours,

The Mendelssohn Scholarships Committee:—
CIPRIANI POTTER (*Chairman*).
JULES BENEDICT.
WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.
E. BUXTON (*Hon. Treasurer*).
HENRY F. CHORLEY.
J. W. DAVISON.
OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.
JOHN HULLAH.
C. LUCAS.
LINDSAY SLOPER (*Hon. Secretary*).

October 26, 1864.

—o—

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The *reprise* of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* at the Italiens is not likely to be of much service to the theatre. Why M. Bagier revived it I cannot say. When first produced in Paris, in 1838—with Rubini, Tamburini, Grisi and Albertazzi—it had a very moderate success, and no success at all in London the following year. *Roberto Devereux* was written at Naples, and produced at the San Carlo in 1837, with Madame Ronzi di Begnis, Signor Bassadona, the tenor, and M. Barroilhet, the French baritone. The present cast at the Italiens includes Madame de Lagrange as Elisabetta, Mdlle. Vanderbeck as Sara, Signor Fraschini, Roberto, and Signor Delle-Sedie, Nottingham. Roberto has been a favourite part with Signor Fraschini in Italy, which, in all probability, is the cause of its reproduction at the Italian Opera at Paris. Signor Fraschini has certainly some "great moments" in Roberto, but I cannot agree with one of the journals who praises "his superb voice, his large *virtuosity*, his admirable and glowing vocal sentiment." How is it that with these rare artistic virtues he is utterly ignored by the London Italian directors? For my own part indeed, I should much rather hear Signor Fraschini, in any music under any circumstances, than Herr Wachtel. The Italian at all events, is a thorough artist; the German, or Austrian, or Hungarian, whichever he may be, has little knowledge of the art of singing. Signor Delle-Sedie made but little of the character of the traitor Nottingham, not having the requisite voice and fire for its just interpretation. The *Elisir d'Amore* is in active rehearsal for Adelina Patti, whom, I fear, the other prima donnas of the establishment cannot greatly reverence, seeing that she alone proves eminently attractive with the public. The Sisters Marchisio are expected shortly, and will make their *debut* in *Semiramide*. Afterwards Sister Carlotta will appear in *Poliuto* with Signor Fraschini. The new *divertissement*, which is to inaugurate the performance of ballets and dances at the Italian Opera and is intended to precede the representations of the *Elisir d'Amore*, is, I hear, the composition of a young Florentine musician, Signor Mattiozi, of whom rumour is not stinting in praise. M. Bagier, I understand, has determined to compete with the best achievements of the Grand Opéra in the matter of scenery, decorations and costumes.

Madame Gennetier has confirmed the good impression she made in M. Thomas' opera, by her performance of Angela in the *Domino Noir*. The music suited her perfectly, and her success in the "aragonaise" and the rondo finale was triumphant. The Opéra Comique has been fortunate in securing the services of this brilliant and fascinating singer. On Saturday the first representation of the *Tresor de Pierrot* took place. The music is by M. E. Gautier, the book by MM. Cormon and Henri Trianon. It had a tolerable success. Particulars in my next.

At the Théâtre Lyrique Mdlle. Nillson has, in one respect, made large advances on her first performance in the *Traviata*. Her singing has gained more force and more accent, and her voice, in consequence, more tone and quality. She has not yet shown any great improvement in her acting, which is apathetic enough for so inflammable a young lady as Violetta. However, Rome was not built in a day; nor can a histrionic reputation be made in a moment. The friends and admirers of Mdlle. Nillson are perfectly satisfied with her success; the manager rubs his hands; and I write my remarks. *Voila tout.*

I fear it is all up—or, rather, all down—with Signor Negrini, one of M. Bagier's pet tenors, and a special favourite of the Madrid

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public, as my last letter must have informed you. A Naples journal, *L'Independente*, states that Signor Negrini was a few days since seized with an apoplectic fit, and that his life is in imminent danger.

The rehearsals of the *Africaine* are being pushed forward with activity. The principal singers and chorus have pretty well mastered the first two acts, and the third has been just distributed. I hear that M. Perrin is determined that the scenery, appointments and dresses shall surpass those of any former production of the Opéra—which is saying a great deal.

According to my usual custom I supply you with the programme of the week's Popular Concert of Classical Music. These concerts, to a certain extent, may be called "The Monday Popular Concerts" of Paris, although they are given on a Sunday. The following selection was performed at the Third Concert:—Overture to *The Ruler of the Spirits*—Weber; Symphony in G minor—Mozart; the *Agitato* movement from the Symphony—Cantata, *Lobgesang*—Mendelssohn; Concerto for pianoforte in B flat—Beethoven; Suite d'Orchestre, in D Major—Franz Lachner. M. Théodore Ritter was the pianist. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, Nov. 9.

—o—

MDLLE. MURSKA, writes the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, one of the most brilliant pupils of Madame Marchesi, is engaged at Vienna, and for next season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.—The infant son and heir of this distinguished artist will, if report speak truth, have the King of Hanover for a godfather.

MR. BENEDICT has been decorated by His Majesty the King of Wurtemberg with the Grand Order of the Crown. This decoration, writes a Parisian journal, only bestowed on extraordinary occasions, confers on the recipient at the same time credentials of nobility.

MDLLE. PAULINE LUCCA.—All difficulties between Mr. Gye and Mdlle. Lucca are happily arranged, and the pleasantly vivacious, piquant, and gifted little lady will positively be one of the "stars" of the Covent Garden troop next year. *Tanto meglio*. Mr. Gye is at present at Berlin, having had scent of another desirable prey. We hope he may catch it.

LEECH AND THACKERAY.—The two great humorists who so lately satirised in a kindly and gentle spirit the follies of their time, and who now lie within a few feet of each other at Kensal Green, sat side by side in the great hall of the Charterhouse on the last celebration of Founder's Day. It is proposed to erect within the building a monument to their joint memories, and the Rev. Dr. Currey, of the Charterhouse, has consented to receive the subscriptions which the general public, and particularly Carthusians, will be anxious to contribute for this excellent purpose.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER has returned to London after a continental tour. He had the honor of sharing with the renowned Mercadante the conductorship of the San Carlo orchestra, at the Grand Concert given to the members of the Italian Musical Congress, on the 29th September, in Naples. He directed (among other pieces) the *Festival Overture* of Mr. Benedict, which was received with immense applause. Signor Randegger has been appointed, by the President of the Congress, one of the four members of the Commission of Enquiry as to the Method of Instruction pursued at the Conservatoire of Naples, and to furnish a report to the Minister of Public Instruction at Turin. Signor Randegger has visited Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Trieste, Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart and Paris—in each of which cities he was welcomed and appreciated as a musical artist of the first class.

DAWLISH, DEVON, Nov. 9th.—This favourite watering-place was visited, last Monday, by Mrs. John Macfarren, whose Evening at the Pianoforte attracted to the Town Hall a crowded and appreciative assembly of the neighbouring gentry; indeed, an audience so numerous, that the space proved too limited for its convenient accommodation. The programme comprised a selection from the pianoforte works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Sterndale Bennett, Liszt, Brissac, &c., and these were executed by Mrs. John Macfarren with such appropriate vigour, brilliancy, and refinement, as to elicit cordial and unanimous applause. The entertainment was agreeably diversified by vocal pieces, charmingly sung by Madame Gilardoni, who, in Mrs. John Macfarren's new ballad "One Year" (a village tale) was vociferously encored.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Helvellyn has been given every night during the week, excepting Wednesday, when *Masaniello* was performed for the last time, Mr. Charles Adams being compelled to return to Berlin, and last night, when the sudden illness of Madame Parepa necessitated a change of performance. Whether Mr. Adams rejoins the company before the end of the season we cannot say. While speaking of *Masaniello* we may note the first appearance of Miss Illingworth in the part of Elvira. This lady, of whose antecedents we know nothing, has a *soprano* voice of good quality, but is somewhat timid in its use. *Helvellyn* pleases more and more those who are able and willing to appreciate good music.

Miss Linas Martorelle will, it is said, shortly make her *début* in the *Sonnambula*.

—o—

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gives a "Recital" of classical and modern pianoforte music here on Thursday.

MISS MILLY PALMER.—This young lady, whose fame, as an actress of the highest repute, has been more than once recorded in our Liverpool correspondence, made her first appearance in London, at the Strand Theatre, on Monday evening. The character selected for her was Pauline in the comedietta of *Delicate Ground*. There was indeed but one opinion about the new *comedienne* after the performance—namely, that she is destined to become an ornament to the Metropolitan stage. We shall have more to say anon, of Miss Milly Palmer, whose legitimate arena, by the way, is hardly the Strand Theatre.

BOSTON.—(*Massachusetts*).—Grover's German opera company is the musical attraction at present. The season, as usual, commenced with *Martha*. We have, of late, seldom seen so large an audience to listen to this somewhat stale and uninteresting opera. Could we have had Formes as Plumkett, it would have given a different character to the performance, although Herr Steinecke did as well as he was able. Mdlle. Frederici left nothing wanting in the part of Nancy. But the manner in which she uses the lower register of her voice will impair it ere long. The choruses were sung with more spirit and accuracy than we are accustomed to by Italian choristers. The orchestra was not well prepared. Herr Karl Formes made his first appearance this season on Wednesday, as Bertram in *Robert le Diable*. This is one of his best parts, and his popularity in Boston was sufficient to insure a full house. Herr Formes' voice has suffered in its middle and upper register, from hard usage; but he had prepared for the performance, and proved to be still a great artist vocally and dramatically. The company have given some of the best German and French operas, including Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and they have several good things in store. The "Mendelssohn Quintet Club," with a few singers, have given a short series of concerts at the Melodeon. The biggest concert of the season was at the burning of Halloet and Davis's piano manufactory, when the Boston Fire Department played on one hundred pieces at once.—(*Boston, Oct.* 18.)

NEW YORK (U. S.)—The Italians at the Academy of Music have given *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Un Ballo*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Faust*. The new tenor, Signor Massimiliani, has not improved on closer acquaintance; his means are certainly not large. The *prima donna* Mad. Corezzi-Zucchi, thus far, is the best acquisition Mr. Maretzek has made. She is a little cold, but always artistic and tasteful. The new *contralto*, Mdlle. de Gebele, has a pretty voice, but little else. Her delivery is faulty and the registers of her voice have not yet been brought to any kind of blending. In *Faust* Mdlle. Kellogg made her appearance and again charmed the audience by her truly poetical and finished performance of Marguerite. It was a wise, a necessary step on the part of Mr. Maretzek, to re-engage her. Signor Lotti was Faust. He has a pleasing voice, and the higher it goes the better it sounds; his delivery is good, and he is altogether acceptable. But he might be a favorite, if he only knew a little more of the secret of accentuation and expression. With all his means he makes but little effect. Mdlle. de Gebele was very indifferent in the part of Siebel, and Signor Susini made a failure as Mephisto. He seemed to be under the impression that he had to act Falstaff. His singing was by no means artistic. Must this once good artist, too, fail in all operas which are not Italian? There was rather more dancing in the second act than necessary, and we do not think it enhanced the poetry of the first meeting between Faust and Marguerite.—(*New York, October* 22.)

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Muttoniana.

Dr. Wind cannot blow hot and cold—at least not in the same second; nor would he if he could. He nevertheless, feels impignorated to educe a communication from Mr. Paper Brown, which under diverse circumstances he might have felt impignorated to reject.

Most Serene Highness, Gracious Prince and Sir.—Sir,—Your most serene Highness, as high connoisseur and protector of the musical science, I take the liberty to offer most submissively my quite newly composed six quartetts for two violins, alto et violoncello concertante, for subscription for six ducats, correctly copied. They are in a new and quite peculiar manner, my quite new symphonies, concertos, and operas are ready to follow at your most gracious desire—foreign high families will receive the subscription quartetts sooner than I shall bring them out here. Recommending myself to your illustrious grace, I remain in hopes of a favorable reply, with deepest respect always, Your most serene Highness's most humble and obedient Josephus Haydn (*Capellmeister to the Prince Esterhazy.*)

"*Wien, a. 3 Decembre*, 1781.—*Addresse N. N. to be left at the house of his serene Highness Prince Esterhazy in Wien.*"

The foregoing was forwarded to Mr. Ap'Mutton's quarters too late to be despatched to the Vatican, with his (Ap'M.'s) Wire. It was accompanied by a copy of the German original, and also an apologetic note from Mr. Paper Brown, which Dr. Wind thinks it harmless to affix:—

Dear Ap'M.,—My friend Herr Schlangenstab (of Breslau) has forwarded me a letter from the late composer, Joseph Haydn, to an exalted personage, which he says he found in an excavation. With the letter came equally a translation into English, by Herr Schlangenstab himself, who declares that the letter was never published and must have remained in the excavation since *feu* Haydn wrote it. I enclose both to you, thinking it may do for *Muttoniana*. My best compliments to Mrs. Ap'M., and a kiss for Miss Fleece. Believe me, dear Ap'M., yours as till now. Theodore Paper Brown.

Foolscap Lodge, November 5.

Dr. Wind would ask whether the excavation was a post office in Haydn's time—and if so, why did the letter remain there till now?—and if it remained there till now, how did it reach the "exalted personage?" Dr. Wind does not put these questions lightly, inasmuch as the letter has long been known to exist by him (Wind), who is also aware that it was addressed to the Prinz C. Anselm von Tour und Taxis, about whom he (Wind) has often heard Mr. Ap'Mutton talk—as he (Ap'M.) has often talked of Joseph Haydn—as of a close friend. Moreover (and this is a poser for Herr Schlangenstab), Dr. Wind possesses a copy of a certain book intitled *History of the Music of Ratisbon*, which was expedited to him (Wind) by its learned author, Dr. D. Mettenleiter, with the following invoice:—

"*To Siptimus Wind, L.L.D.D.—from D. Mettenleiter, in token of regard if not of esteem—this volume.*"

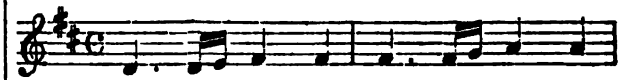
Furthermoreover (and this is a *finisher* for Herr Schlangenstab) the self-same letter of self-same Joseph Haydn to self-same Prinz Anselm von Tour und Taxis is published in self-same *History of Music of Ratisbon*. How then about the excavation? What Mr. Ap'Mutton—who possesses scores of autograph letters from Haydn, to whom he (Ap'M.) imparted certain mysteries of *Fugue*—will say on his (Ap'M.'s) return from the Vatican (unless that Paper Brown has been hoaxed by Schlangenstab), Dr. Wind does not greatly care to conceive. He (Wind) thinks it superfluous to publish German original of letter, finding Schlangenstab's translation (printed *literatim*) all that is requisite for Muttonianian purposes. Let Mr. Paper Brown excavate himself as well as he may. That is his (P. B.'s) affair, not his (Wind's).

Haydn's First Symphony.

Dear Dr. Shoe,—Can you, or the respectable Mr. Ap'Mutton, or one of his respectable staff, inform me when Haydn's first wife died, (a mother of how many brats?), when and where his first symphony was performed, and how many times his house was burnt down, by whom (and how often) rebuilt, and when his oratorio of *Toby* was composed? If so I shall feel extremely grateful, as my friend, Herr von Bismark has a bet about it with His Majesty the King. Yours humbly,

Berlin—Schloss Eeel, November 3. A. Longears.

Dr. Shoe might or might not have been able to settle these questions. About Mr. Ap'Mutton's possibility there cannot be a suspicion. Happily Dr. Wind (in their absences) is able to blow into the ear of Mr. A. Longears the knowledge which it pines to be the receptacle of conveying to that worthy gentleman's capacious skull. Haydn's wife—to whom, according to his (Haydn's) declaration, "it was all one whether her husband was a cobbler or a composer of music"—died in the summer of 1800, at Baden near Vienna (bratless). His (Haydn's) first symphony, commencing:—



was written when he (Haydn) was *Concertmeister* to Count Morzin (the Count with the beautiful wife, whose handkerchief, one day falling off, discomposed the composer at the harpsichord)—about 1760, near Pilsen, in Bohemia. Haydn's house was twice set on fire (and twice built up again by his friend, patron and master, Prince Nicolai Esterhazy, who died in 1790, and on the subject of music was by no means "hazy"). His (Haydn's) oratorio of *Toby*—or, reverentially speaking, *Il Ritorno di Tobia*—was composed in 1774.

For the subjoined archæological scrap Dr. Wind is indebted to his doct and lexicographical friend, Dr. Otto Beard, whose masterly digest of Albrechtaberger is the admiration of acoustical philosophers.

Two Leaves from the Last Century.—In the chronicle of the sequestered Benedictine Convent, Upper-Altaich (in Lower Bavaria), by Hennauer, printed in Straubing, 1731, the author says of Maria auf dem Bogenberg (a place near Straubing, visited by numbers of pilgrims):—

"Wir singen zu Deinem Lobe Tag und Nacht:
Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, ascendit gloria Matris,
La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Ut, descendit gratia Matris."

In Haydn's Chronicle (1732), of the also sequestered convent, Lower-Altaich, it is said in praise of the Abbey, which he calls "a moral Libanon."—"It was there a continual merry Musicke-making, a constant singing and ringing, but such a one as St. Paul writes of to the Ephes. v. 19. This diversion of singing and dulcet musik of this 'moral Libani' one has not only heard in the choir and the churches, but everywhere did one hear them; the Benedictines sing the praise of God *per pradicationis suavitatem*. To those little ones they sang at the chancels the *Discant;* to those more experienced ones in the way of God, they everywhere sang the *Alt*: *O Altitudo divitiarum;* to those running the erroneous way of sin, they sang the *Tenor, i.e. tenorem poenitentiæ judicii interni;* to those desponding ones they sang the *Base: Christus passus est.*"

Dr. Wind here takes occasion to say, that—in the absence of Mr. Ap'Mutton many of the more recondite sluices of information being inevitably closed—all such parcels of learning and research are welcome. The following comes from Mr. Table (a frequent, though humble communicator):—

Dr. Liszt and Pius IX.—A vapid anecdote about these two well-known characters has lately been going the rounds of the continental press. It is reducible to the mere fact that the ex-piano-virtuoso has again been playing to his Holiness. That such an event should be judged worthy of the flourish of trumpets with which it has been announced to the world is absurd enough, but it is surpassed in absurdity by the details. Pius IX, we are informed, begged Liszt to play "some *lively* piece by way of a change," on which Liszt, "with an amount of tact which does him honor, chose the *melancholy* melody of 'Casta Diva' from Bellini's *Norma*." The Pope, we are furthermore told, was so "carried away" by this that, "with his sonorous voice," he sang the words, though the cavatina, be it remembered, is written for a soprano. This is the sort of rubbish which continental papers, large and small, with scarcely an exception, publish in all seriousness.—S. T. Table.

Oddly enough Dr. Wind has just received a letter from the Vatican, from which he takes occasion to extract the subjoined:—

"Dr. Wind,—Thanks for your careful investigation of Ap'M.'s prerogative. Fish has written for his (Ap'M.'s) pardon and got it by post. * * * * * He (Ap'M.) affects his (Fish's) new word, "pennyaliner," but should affect it deeplier with the sixth letter omitted. * * * * * You will see an anecdote about Pio. IX. and Friar Liszt. It contains only two-thirds of the truth. Stopping at the Vatican for the following reasons * * * * * (*Dr. Wind keeps these to himself*) Ap'M. naturally smokes his (Ap'M.'s) evening pipe with the Pope. His Holiness indeed wont let him (Ap'M.) get out of his (His Holiness's) sight, and

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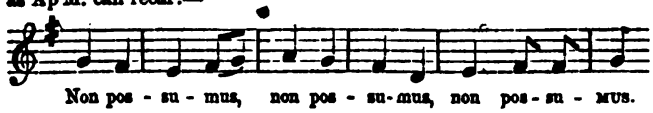
has offered him (Ap'M.) the command of * * * * Being on warm terms, however, with Lamoriciére, he (Ap'M.) has declined. The "lively piece Friar Liszt played by way of a change" was *not* "Casta Diva," but "Poor Mary Anne." Nor was the Pope "carried away" at all; nor did he sing the words of anything of the sort. He merely muttered (melodiously), through his teeth, as follows—so well as Ap'M. can recal:—

—dwelling emphatically, and with a smile of placid irony, on the last syllable, MUS, as one who would insinuate that the "Convention" after all will turn out no better than a *ridiculus mus*. Whereupon Friar Liszt played one of his own symphonies. Whereupon both the Pope and Ap'M. fell on sleep and their pipes on the floor. Indeed, since Ap'M. has been at the Vatican, the signal for his ordinary night-cap has been one of Friar Liszt's performances of one of his (Liszt's) own recent compositions—which remind him (Ap'M.) of Richard Wagner (whose best work is the book of a Dutch captain) bit by a tarantula. * * * Salutations to Shoe, and inform or apprise him (Shoe) of Ap'M.'s speedy reapparition * * *

Ap'Mation.

Vatican, Nov. 2.

After which Dr. Wind hopes the sub-editors of papers will not reproduce the anecdote, "Liszt and Pius," without dusting and reimposing it. He (Dr. Wind), nevertheless, is at loss to apprehend the subjoined,—thrust into his bag at a late hour, just as he (Wind) was distancing Air Street:—

A RUINED CASTLE.

RESPECTED SIR.—The revival of the *Castle of Andalusia* at the Haymarket Theatre proved a failure. The opera, or lyric melodrama, had scarcely had a fair chance, seeing that much of the music written for it was omitted, and that several modern ballads, quite out of character with the rest, were interpolated. It may be urged, however, with some force, that the piece has always been played as a *pasticcio*, and with still greater force that it does not signify how it has been played. It is, in fact, a helplessly imbecile concoction, and it is evident that the time for such "operas" has long since gone by. As an entertainment, the *Castle of Andalusia* has completely *echoué*; but its revival has had some interest for playgoers as an index of the progress of taste.

I am, respected Sir, your obedient humble servant to command,

JULIUS AUGUSTUS HORACE HARRY MAYHEW.

To DR. SHOE, A.S.S.

Dr. Shoe, Mr. J. A. H. H. M. is reminded, is not A.S.S. but L.S.D. Which reminds him (Wind) of a note from Herr L'Engel—fortunately not mislaid, being (soberly) appellant, egoistic and exculpatorial:—

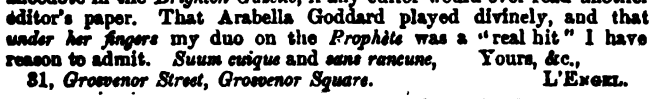
DEAR SIR,—Will you oblige me by correcting a statement of your rum "Fish" who, in his report of a Brighton concert, says that I played my own harmonium *arrangement* of *the* "Garibaldi March." Permit me to say that *the* Garibaldi March which I played is not an arrangement either of the Garibaldi Hymn—I leave that to my brother barrel-organists—nor an arrangement whatever, but an original composition of mine, about which you could read a very interesting anecdote in the *Brighton Gazette*, if any editor would ever read another editor's paper. That Arabella Goddard played divinely, and that *under her fingers* my duo on the *Prophète* was a "real hit" I have reason to admit. *Suum cuique* and *sans rancune*, Yours, &c.,

31, *Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.* L'ENGEL.

Dr. Wind has much pleasure in stating that Mr. Coventry Fish would be the last willingly to hurt Herr L'Engel's feelings, or (soberly) those of any of his brother barrels.

But place for an old if not distinguished communicant, who asks many questions:—

SIR,—Please—at your earliest convenience, or inconvenience, it is all one to me—tell me, 1*st*, Who wrote a song commencing as follows, and where is it to be obtained?



2*nd*, What has become of the Bach Society? 3*rd*, Why do the stalls erected for the vendition of comestibles at the Crystal Palace persist in an unvaried programme, of bread more or less stale, of cheese more or less Dutch, and pies more or less pork; and would not an attentive perusal of the musical columns of the *Athenæum* induce the proprietors "to widen their repertory?" 4*th*, Have you heard the golden voice of Signor Mario since his departure on a tour, and rejoiced to know that his voice was never finer? 5*th*, Do you fail to appreciate the sempiternally grand manner of Madame Grisi, and, 6*th*, if so, why? 7*th*, Can anything be more ingeniously put together than M. Sainton's *fantasia* on *Faust*; or, 8*th*, played in more thoroughly masterly style? 9*th*, Is not Mr. Patey a clever and rising singer with a good voice? 10*th*, Is not Madame Sainton as remarkable for the unvarying excellence of her repertory: giving a fresh modern beauty to Handel's songs, lending dignity to the ballads of our days, and charming us everywere, as her singing is for its never-failing skill and perfect elaboration?—R.S.V.P. TIDBURY HOW.

All which questions have been forwarded to the Vatican and will doubtless be solved by Mr. Ap'M. on his (Ap'M.'s) much coveted reapparition.

Air Street, November 11. Septimus Wind.

BERLIN.—Herr Ernst's quartet in B flat (No. 1) has been performed here (Herr L. Ries being first violin) with distinguished success.

MADAME GUERRABELLA, we understand, will not appear this season at the Royal English Opera, the negotiations with the Opera Company not having come to a satisfactory conclusion.

MR. COSTA'S NAAMAN.—Mr. Costa, at the desire of her Majesty the Queen, has dedicated his oratorio of *Naaman*, performed for the first time at the late Birmingham Festival, to the memory of the late Prince Consort, who, it is said, took great interest in the selection and treatment of the theme.

THE ORIGINAL OPHICLEIDE.—A curious specimen of earthenware of the fifteenth century has just been discovered in the village of Ozon, near Chatterelault (Vienne). It is an ophicleid, the body of which is made of the sort of majolica for which Tuscany was so celebrated about the year 1500. The three letters A R O are barely distinguishable on the inside of the instrument; the other letters are almost completely obliterated. The keys of the instrument are made of wood hardened at the fire, and the mouthpiece is made of a metal much resembling aluminum.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—At his third *matinée*, on Thursday, Mr. Aguilar was assisted by Miss Aguilar, his daughter. The following was the programme:—*Sonata Pathétique*—Beethoven; *Nocturne*—Aguilar; *Polonaise* in A flat—Chopin; "Evening" (romance)—Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*—Mendelssohn; *Sonata* in G—Aguilar; *Transcription* of "The stars are brightly shining"—Aguilar; *Fantasia* on *La Traviata*; *Gavotti*—J. S. Bach; "The Last Rose of Summer"—Aguilar; "The birds at sunset" and "*Danse des Latins*"—Aguilar. The audience was not more numerous than appreciative.

M. GEORGES PFEIFFER was lately married at l'Eglise d'Auteuil, Paris, to Mdlle. Thea Lemoine. Rossini and M. Wolff-Pleyel were the attesting witnesses. Several of the professors of the *Conservatoire* assisted at the ceremony, among whom were Signor Delle Sedie, Mdlle. Wertheimber and M. White. Signor Delle Sedie sang an air by Stradella, and Mdlle. Wertheimber an "Agnus Dei," M. White playing an *andante* by Beethoven; M. Lavignac an *impromptu*, in which were introduced several extracts from the compositions of M. Pfeiffer.

BRIGHTON.—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave their first concert on Thursday week, when Spohr's *Last Judgment*, the oratorio selected for the occasion, was very creditably performed. Herr Kuhe has been giving his annual series of recitals of Pianoforte Music and has been honored with crowded audiences on each occasion. Madame Arabella Goddard is announced by Messrs. R. Potts & Co. for a pianoforte recital next Thursday at the Pavilion. Mrs. Fanny Kemble is announced also for six "readings," so that the winter season may be said to have commenced in good earnest.

LEICESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The second of the concerts organized by Messrs H. and A. Nicholson took place on Tuesday evening. The spacious music hall was crowded with a fashionable audience evidently delighted with a well-arranged programme. The principal performers were Miss Stabbach and Mr. Santley (vocalists), Miss Deacon, for whose benefit the concert was announced (pianoforte), Mr. H. Nicholson (flute), Mr. A. Nicholson (oboe), and Mr. Lazarus (clarionet). The well drilled chorus of the New Philharmonic Society contributed some part songs, madrigals, and choruses. The solo singers were most successful. Mr. Santley, who had to repeat all his songs, was in splendid voice, and achieved a genuine triumph.

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THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I hope that what I have written concerning the "harp of the Hebrews," will not be so far mis-construed by any of your readers, as to cause them to imagine that the wonderful effects that have been ascribed to the tones of the harp, is that small instrument made generally of iron, shaped as a lyre, supplied with an elastic tongue, and played by being placed between the teeth, and which is commonly designated the *Jews' harp*.

Lord Bacon says of this peculiar instrument of the juveniles, "as for the Jews' harp it is a sharp percussion; and, besides, hath the advantage of penning the air in the mouth. Therefore as the subject upon which I am engaged is *not* played "I' th' mouth," I will proceed.

Papias and Du Cange after him assert that the harp took its name from the Arpii, a people of Italy, who were supposed to have been the first inventors, and from whom, they say, it was borrowed by other nations. Menage, &c. derive the word from the Latin *harpa*, and from the German *herp* or *harp*; others bring it from the Latin *carpo*, because touched or thrummed with the fingers.

Dr. Hickes derives it from *harpa* or *hearpa*, which signifies the same thing; the first in the language of the Cimbri, the second in that of the Anglo-Saxon.

The English priest who wrote the life of St. Dunstan, and who lived with him in the tenth century, says, cap. ii. n. 12, *sumpsit secum ex more eitharum suam quam paterna lingua* hearpa *vocamus*; which intimates the word to be Anglo-Saxon. It is supposed that the *kinnor* is the lyre or ancient *harp*.

Mr. Bruce tells us that he saw on one of the Thebian monuments a figure, in *fresco*, of a man playing on the *harp*, supposed to represent the *Thebian harp*, about the time of Sesostris (B.C. 1722), and it is of beautiful workmanship, affording proof (continues Mr. Bruce) "stronger than a thousand Greek quotations that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music were at the greatest perfection when the *harp* was made."

From the royal sepulchres, west of Thebes, and the Temple Teutyra, Mr. Denon took drawings representing a group of three females, one playing on a theorba like a violin, tuned with pegs, and played with the fingers; the second blows a wind instrument, and the third touches the *harp*; she is in a kneeling position, and striking the *harp* with both hands; it rises considerably above her head, and has from fifteen to twenty strings.

Another *harp*, sketched, had the arch on the back part, the form of a serpent, surmounted by a human head. Another represents a man playing on an instrument like a half moon, with nine strings from the two extremes of the crescent.

Fetis, the learned Belgian musical critic, alludes to the *harp*, which, he says, is represented upon the most ancient monuments amongst the Hebrews and other eastern nations, also in Egypt.

The *trigons* or *sambugne* "was nothing more than a *harp*." This writer further adds, that "a learned commentator on the poems of Callinachus has proved that all the instruments with oblique strings, such as the *nablum*, the *barbitos*, the *magade*, the *psalterium*, and the *sambugne*," as named in the Holy Scriptures, and in the writings of antiquity, "were varieties of the *harp*," and were of "Phœnician, Chaldaic, or Syrian origin." The Cinnara of the Romans was a *harp*, like the *kynnor* or *kinnar* (before mentioned) which is the name given *in the Hebrew text to David's harp*.

The *harp* solaced the hours of the Greek heroes.

The delegates from Agamemnon to Achilles found the latter playing on that instrument as thus described by Pope:—

> "Amus'd at ease the God-like man they found,
> Pleased with the solemn *harp's* harmonious sound:
> With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
> The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings."

With your permission I will send an account of the *cruit* or Irish harp next week.

Meanwhile, I am, yours faithfully, A.J.P.

Belgravia, Nov. 8th, 1864.

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. Scarisbrick's benefit concert, at St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, was very successful. "The Minstrel Boy," in which she was encored, she substituted "Home, Sweet Home," which pleased quite as much. Mr. Scarisbrick gave Signor Arditi's popular song, "The Stirrup Cup," and sang a duet with Mdlle. Enequist, the Swedish vocalist, who, in addition, sang some of her National airs with great applause. The other vocalists were, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Frank Elmore (encored in "Alice where art Thou") Mr. Emile Berger, the pianist, was encored in an agreeable composition of his own. During the course of the evening Mr. H. Vandenhoff recited the history of "Mary Queen of Scots."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO & Co.—"A Book of Common Praise," by S. G. Hatherly, Mus. B. SHEPHERD.—"Music to a Book of Common Praise," by S. G. Hatherly, Mus. B.
SHAW & Co., (Paternoster Row).—"A Selection of Psalms and Hymns," by the Rev. Charles Kemble. The Music by S. S. Wesley.

BIRKENHEAD.—A large, commodious, and handsome theatre, built by a joint stock company, was opened here on Monday night with great *éclat*. The lessee is Mr. Henderson of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool. The "star" on the opening night and during the week has been Miss Lydia Thomson, her first appearance in public since the melancholy and fatal accident to her husband. A very witty and pointed address by Mr. W. Brough was spoken on the opening night by Mr. Henderson.

LIVERPOOL—(*From our own Correspondent*).—Mr. Skeaf's annual benefit took place on Wednesday night at St. George's Hall. There was a numerous and respectable audience. The principal attraction was Madlle. Louisa Van Noorden, a vocalist who has been highly spoken of by the London critics. Mr. Skeaf was also assisted by Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Foulkes, Mr. T. J. Hughes, and Mr. Lander, of Chester Cathedral, vocalists; Mr. Powell, solo cornopean, and a chorus selected from the musical societies of Liverpool. The band of the 4th brigade of Lancashire Artillery Volunteers was also in attendance. Mr. George Dolby's Grisi and Mario party appeared at St. George's Hall on Saturday evening, and on Wednesday evening a complimentary benefit concert was given in the same *locale* to Mrs. Scarisbrick. A new drama by Watts Phillips, *The Woman in Mauve* (in which Mr. Sothern will appear in the spring at the Haymarket), is shortly to be produced at our Prince of Wales Theatre—a favourite establishment with "stars" for "airing" their new characters.

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As on the very day,
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again?
The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me *she* made
The sweetness of the year;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.
A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said;
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

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December 1, 1864.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing at Glasgow, December 3rd, 9th and 10th; Falkirk, 8th; Leeds, 14th; Worcester, 15th; Croydon, 20th; Bristol, 23rd; Manchester, 24th; Bristol, 26th. Address—Fern Villa, Forest Hill, S.E.

MISS FLORENCE DE COUREY will Sing "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," at Westbourne Hall, December 13, and Abingdon, December 19.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed by BLUMENTHAL, at Reigate, on Monday, December 5.

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IT is respectfully announced that the following eminent Artists will make a PROVINCIAL CONCERT TOUR during the months of January and February next :—

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Mademoiselle LIEBHART,
Kammer Sängerin und Prima Donna der K. K. Hofoper, in Vienna, and Her Majesty's Theatre; Her first appearance in the Provinces.

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Signor AMBONETTI,
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MR. VIOTTI COOPER is engaged for the THIRD TIME by the West London Sacred Choral Society, Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square, Monday evening, December 5th, 1864, when he will sing the Tenor solos in Jackson's (of Masham) oratorio, *Isaiah*.

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MASTER PAPE will perform at the FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER, every Monday during the present year. For Engagements, address as usual, 9, Soho Square, London.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "ARE THEY MEANT BUT TO DECEIVE ME ;" composed by A. Reichardt. At Newcastle, Dec. 5; Greenock, December 12; Hamilton, December 14.

MR. J. G. PATEY will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE" (by Formes) at Weymouth, December 15.

MR. J. G. PATEY begs to announce that his present engagement will terminate on December 3rd. All communications respecting oratorios and concerts to be addressed to him, Adelphi Chambers, 7, John Street, Strand.

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When Lucy went away;
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And April's gentle rain;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again?
The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me she made
The sweetness of the year;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.
A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said;
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

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MUSIC AT FLORENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The autumn season is the only one which in Florence is looked forward to with much interest by the musical public, for during the Carnival and spring every one goes to the Pergola—the "grandes dames," by exhibiting the last toilettes their Parisian *modistes* have forwarded to excite envy in the hearts of those of their female friends and acquaintances who happen to be less wealthy; the fashionable young men, to flatter the said "grandes dames," or to "lorgnon" the exceedingly pretty ballet-girls; and the general public, to gaze upon those ladies and gentlemen to whom for the time being scandal has given a certain notoriety—or for any other purpose, except to listen to the music, so that singers not much above mediocrity are tolerated, and anything—forgive the expression—"goes down." However, it is not so during that season which usually commences just at the present time and continues up to Christmas, for then superior artists are engaged, and operas of more merit—or at least, operas less hackneyed than those which in the present degenerated state of musical taste in Italy, enjoy the greatest popularity—are produced. In the last few years, for instance, during the autumn—or, as it is styled here, the "*grande stagione*"—the *Huguenots*, *Semiramide*, *Le Prophète*, *Moïse*, *Robert*, *&c.*, *&c.*, have been represented; and La Pergola was the first theatre to introduce to an Italian audience M. Flotow's *Marta*, as it was just this time last year the second to do the same for M. Gounod's *Faust*; and certainly in no theatre in Italy now can operas by Meyerbeer and others, who make the orchestra play as prominent a part as the *prima donna*, be so satisfactorily produced. The orchestra of the Pergola can now justly claim to be regarded as one of the best after those of Covent Garden and the Conservatoire of Paris. This is saying a great deal, and will doubtless be astounding news to those who remember what an execrable thing it was less than ten years ago. But, nevertheless, it is true, and I believe I am not wrong in attributing the great advance that has been made of late years in orchestral playing in this city to the excellent concerts of classical music established here in 1859, to play at which seems the goal towards which most instrumentalists aim, and which seem likely to rival in popularity Mr. Chappell's Monday Evenings at St. James's Hall. Great attention is now paid to both the band and chorus of the Pergola, and it is satisfactory to find that Italian audiences are beginning to understand the value and importance of these adjuncts, and are not carried away alone by a tender tenor or a dashing *prima donna*.

After what I have said of the character of works usually produced in the autumn, your readers will be surprised to hear that this year the season commenced with the everlasting *Trovatore;* but I am told that the choice of this done-to-death opera was caused by the rupture of the engagement of the Mdlles. Marchisio, who were to have appeared in *Semiramide*, and also by a stipulation in the agreement of the *prima donna*, to make her *debût* as Leonora—Verdi's, not Beethoven's. However, although there could be no excitement to hear the *Trovatore* in a town where I am assured it has been done upwards of a thousand times, yet the opening night of the autumn season of '64 was by no means devoid of interest. First and foremost there was Madame Medori, concerning whose merits there are such wide differences of opinion—that lady whom the Vienna Press writes up to the skies, and who had such extraordinary success at Naples, but who, on the other hand, never has managed to please the Parisians, and not very long ago was so uncourteously received at Milan, that, before the close of the first evening's performance, she tore up her written engagement, and made a present to the occupants of the pit of the fragments—a just rebuke, I must confess, for they were so unfair as to refuse to grant her a hearing and commenced hissing before she had commenced singing. Secondly, a young man, a tenor, whom report declared to be of more than ordinary promise, was to appear for the first time before an audience capable of estimaing his talents at their proper worth. Next, the part of the Count was to be sustained by one who seven years ago followed the highly honorable but *not* aristocratic "*metier*" of relieving the Arno of its superfluous mud, and who then was unable either to write or read, but who now has gained a high reputation as a singer; and last, though by no means least, we were to hear and see for the first time a young lady—judging by her name, a fair daughter of Albion—who, though of a good and rich family, it is said, had forsaken home and friends in order to come to Italy and cultivate one of the most magnificent contralto voices it has ever been the lot of woman to possess.

Considering her age, Madame Medori retains in a wonderful degree the brilliant voice and execution for which in some operas she is so remarkable; yet the faults and peculiarities of her style are still prominent, and it does not appear she cares to soften them down. However, I must give her her due, for in parts of Leonora she was admirable. In her acting she is decidedly impressive and dignified, and she gave the air in the last act with a deep and quiet pathos and a delicacy of tone which astonished all who heard it, while, in the subsequent duet with the Count, her well remembered brilliant notes came forth with an *aplomb* and effect that called forth the loudest applause. Of Miss Chambers, the new contralto, I am happy to be able to speak most favorably. At the present time our stage contraltos are decidedly on the decline—or rather, they all want to become "mezzo sopranos"—why and wherefore, I never could conceive. The first night—doubtless suffering from tremor and emotion—Miss Chambers was unable to do herself justice; nevertheless, she gave evidence of great musical feeling and science, and of the possession of a voice which, though somewhat unequal in point of tone, possesses notes of remarkable sweetness and of a most touching quality. On the second occasion she had completely recovered her self-possession, and there was no difficulty in forming a correct judgment on her merits, which are undoubtedly of a high order. No one who hears her can doubt for a single moment that she is a first-rate musician, or that her genius is unquestionable. The hearer is as much astonished by the extent of her register as delighted by the indescribable charm of her voice, and, when she has a passionate sentiment to deliver in the lower portion of the register, she never fails to command the sympathies of her auditory. Although her talent is apparent in every thing she sings, I am inclined to think that the part of Azucena is not suited to her, and that she will be heard to greater advantage in *Lucrezia Borgia*, which is said to be in rehearsal. The new tenor—like Miss Chambers on the opening night—was paralyzed with fear, and, though proving that he possessed a clear, sweet, sympathetic voice, conveyed but an inadequate idea of his resources. He then gave no idea of the impassioned feeling and the dramatic power of which he is capable, while his lovely voice had not nearly the fulness or the force of which he has since shown it to be possessed. Of all the "unknown tenors" I have heard during the last four years in Italy—with the single exception of Signor Bignardi—he is decidedly the most promising. Although he has not the enthusiastic energy which characterizes Sig. Bignardi's singing, and he does not sufficiently keep his voice in reserve, so that at times it fails him in moments requiring a special effort, yet his range of notes is extensive, and in all parts perfect; and his singing belongs to that more serious and conscientious modern school of art which never suffers a *fioriture* to interfere with the dramatic purpose of the music, and which employs none of the "clap-traps" by which so many artists have been able to extort applause, even while their purpose was to conceal defects. He is truly a delightful singer, and having the advantage of youth he will daily make still further advance in his art. I should add, that in addition he possesses that qualification which, if not essential, yet greatly adds to the effect of dramatic performances, "good looks." Signor Mazzanti, the baritone, has a most wonderful voice, and your readers will understand what the character of his singing is, when I tell them that although he sings "Il balen" with much taste and expression, yet he produces his great effect and is almost nightly encored in the boisterous second movement, "L'ora per me fatale." In a word, he is rather an energetic than a refined singer.

As the chronicler of musical events in this city, I must not conclude without mentioning that the Teatro Nazionale is now open with opera and ballet; the latter not exactly on the scale of grandeur to which La Scala has accustomed me, but the admittance to all parts of the house being only fourpence, one cannot well complain. I will not inflict on your readers an account of the performances, for I cannot say that I was struck by anything except by the pretty looks and winning ways of a very young and inexperienced *prima donna*, and the remarkable badness of the conglomeration of instruments which were supposed to represent the band.

If the first opera produced during the autumn season of '64 was uninteresting "*per se*," the same charge could not be laid to the second, which was Verdi's *Macbeth*—the least known of all his works. This opera was written for Varese*—that great artist to whom I have often alluded in these pages, but who unfortunately was never heard in England until this year—expressly to display his vocal and histrionic powers, and was first performed here in '47, when, as subsequently throughout Italy and Spain, it created an unprecedented sensation. It has always appeared to me incomprehensible how this opera, with a subject as familiar as household words, has never been produced in England; but doubtless managers—there as well as here—plead the difficulty of finding a *prima donna* who not only must be a mistress of her art, but also should be a tragic actress of the highest order; and a baritone, who to the gifts of an intelligent actor, should unite the possession of immense compass of voice, and, moreover, be a singer capable of giving expression to the most varied emotions. I am not a sufficiently profound musician to enter into a learned critique on the merits and defects of this opera, but I may be permitted—having heard

* It was for Varese also that *Maria di Rohan* was composed, and not for Ronconi as is constantly asserted in England.—A. S. C.

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it some ten or twelve times—to make a few remarks, and to express an opinion that it does Verdi more credit as a musician than any other work he has produced. The general remark that Verdi's operas rather strike the ear of the amateur than satisfy the judgment of the professor, cannot be applied to *Macbeth*. This work professes more nicety of thought and conception—the situations are dramatic, and give scope for the composer's genius—the immense superiority of the libretto giving great advantages in its favor. The music throughout is admirable, rising with the dramatic situations in intensity—the third act, in which occurs the scene of the apparitions, being as fine as anything can be in the way of fertile imagination and elaborate treatment. Here the composer's poetical imagination advances in a remarkable manner with the subject—his harmonies are picturesque and animated, his melodies sparkling and original, and his orchestral working brilliant and effective in the highest degree; and, though I cannot deny that those eternal unisonous effects to which Verdi has accustomed us are to be found in the score, and that in parts it is noisy and vulgar, yet there is a dramatic coloring in the ensemble which tells upon the audience, and, in my humble opinion, I must say that I consider it superior to any other of his works—*Un Ballo in Maschera*, perhaps, excepted. In a word, whatever severity of criticism may be exercised in the analysis of *Macbeth*, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that Verdi is a composer of eminence of whom Italy may well be proud. To those who never witnessed the performance of Mad. Ristori as Lady Macbeth, doubtless that of Madame Medori would be acceptable in that character, for her bitterest enemies must acknowledge that she is, on the whole, a fine actress, although, like all mortals, she is by no means perfect. Her acting has still all those extravagant gestures, and that excess of energy which so greatly deteriorates from its effect, and which although repeatedly warned by well-meaning friends she seems not to care to soften down; yet she certainly has moments of passion and fire in which she awakens an answering chord of sympathy in the hearts of all her listeners. Her eye is also very remarkable, and she has the faculty of expressing varied emotions with astonishing facility. In a musical point of view I can scarcely say that her performance is satisfactory—the faults and peculiarities of her style being, more prominent, in this opera than in the *Trovatore* These, I think, arise from an exuberance of energy and life—running often to waste and to unprofitable excess. Study and practice do not seem to have taught her to prune away whatever was superfluous. There are still those sudden bursts and sinking of the voice which, except when they add to the effect of the music, are unmeaning and *not* artistic. However, she dashed off with great effect, and was loudly applauded in the cabaletta of the "Aria d'intrata" and the "Brindisi," both of which, though brilliant in the extreme, are loaded with difficulties which overtax the executive powers of most singers. As I said in my last letter, so I now repeat, Mazzanti, the baritone, has a stupendous voice, but he is totally inadequate to perform a part requiring such histrionic excellence as that of *Macbeth*. He is no actor, and with his truly magnificent voice and all his energy and good will, he is no more fitted to play such a part than Miss Louisa Pyne, with her refined vocalisation and her long stage experience, is to appear as Norma or Donna Anna. Signor Mazzanti's voice is remarkably full, round and clear, but wanting in a quality, for which I know no appropriate term but the French word *mordant;* it does not lack vigor and nerve, but is deficient in coloring and delicacy of modulation. His singing, though disfigured by a taint of exaggeration, is not devoid of feeling, and, though by no means an actor, when excited by a strong dramatic situation, he is effective; indeed in the scene where Macbeth is urged by his "*cara sposa*" to murder his royal guest, he produced an electrical effect, and was admirably seconded by Mdme. Medori, whose dramatic genius here displayed itself in a remarkable manner.

A performance for the benefit of the poor, on which occasion a selection from *Semiramide* was performed, gave the new contralto whom I mentioned in my last letter an opportunity of displaying her vocal powers in a school much more adapted to her refined style than that of Verdi, and also of exhibiting her person in a costume more becoming to a young lady, who has not numbered very many more than twenty summers, than the Italian stereotyped dress of a gipsy quean—which, to say the least, is hideous. As every woman is more or less vain, and doubtless Miss Chambers is not an exception to the rule, it must have been gratifying to her to appear in a costume so becoming to one of her *personel*—for she has the small foot of an Andalusian, the hand of a duchess, together with the most perfect symmetry of those lower extremities, about which, in the costume usually worn by ladies, we of the sterner sex have no opportunity of forming an opinion. She is rather above the middle height, with—like Alboni—no inconsiderable *embonpoint*. Her face is full of intelligence, her eyes expressive and beautiful, and her deportment easy and elegant. It is difficult to describe the beauty of her organ; it comprises upwards of two octaves in compass, combined with rare flexibility, and is one of those voices which at once go to the heart and produce an irresistible emotion. Her qualities are certainly of the rarest kind, her style is refined, and her expression truthful. Her pathos, sensibility and energy are alike remarkable. It is quite marvellous with what ease she conquers the most difficult divisions in *bravura* passages, and by her performance in this new part, in which she has shown herself to be possessed of so much taste, skill and impassioned feeling, she has raised herself tenfold in the opinion of the public. I can only trust that the favor with which she has been received will not turn her head—and like so many others—once able to win applause—abandon study—for at present she is by no means a perfect mistress of the art of vocalisation, but having the advantage of youth, and being possessed of such a magnificent voice, and so great a natural taste for music, I am convinced that by assiduous application to her studies and perseverance, she may attain to the highest position in her profession.

Martha has just been given with Signor and Mdme. Tiberini—the latter known in England as Mlle. Ortolani—and it is said that these same artists are about to appear in *Matilda di Shabran*, and the now almost forgotten *Straniera*. At Bologna, *Faust* has met with great success. The principal singers are Mdme. Lotti della Santa, Signors Stigelli and Atry. A. S. C.

Florence, November 16.

[EPITAPHIUM.]

LUDOVICUS VAN BEETHOVEN.

NAT. 1767, OB. 1832.

"Non lo conobbe il mondo!"—*Petrarca.*

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PRIVATUS.
PAUPERTATE AUT VERA AUT IPSI CREDITA OPPRESSUS,
INFELIX POSSET PUTARI, SI NON NATURA ILLUM PULCHRÆ
CONSOLUERIT AUSTRLE.
MONTES ET VALLES SILVAS ET RUPES AMABAT, BRUCK
AM GERÜRGE, BADENÆ THERMAS, IBI IMMERSUS
QUASI IN PENSAMETIS VAGRAVIT SOLITARIUS.—
MORBO PAULUM SERIOSO AFFECTUS, SOLUS, NEGLECTUS
DERELICTUS FERE AB OMNIBUS MORITUR—
TESTIMONIUM OBLIVIONIS ET NEGLIGENTLÆ DIVITUM
HUJUS (ET OMNIS FORSITAN) ÆVI.
SED POPULUS VIENNENSIS MORTE TALIS INTIME COMMOTUS
CIVIS, FUNUS EJUS "TRIGINTA MILLIA NUMERO"
CONCOMITAVIT;
NATURA TANDEM PORTENTOSA PROCELLA ET TEMPESTATE
TERRIBILI
ULTIMUM BEETHOVENI DESIGNAVIT DIEM.—
POPULUS MAGNUS ANGLICANUS NUNC, TRIGINTA FERE
POST ANNIS,
MEMORIAM ET GENIUM ILLIUS INCREDIBILI POPULARITATE
ET AMORE VINDICAVIT,
ACNE HARMONIA AUT SENTIMENTO MOTUS OCCULTO!

Londini, 1864. Dr. LOTSKY, fec.

LISBON.—The services of Madame Borghi-Mamo have been secured for next season.

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HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, the translator and adapter of Mosenthal's *Der Sonnenwendhof*, entitled, in its new form, *Sunny Vale Farm*, has discharged his duty in a conscientious manner. To be successful in the first capacity necessitates the original dramatist's language being preserved in its integrity; while to be equally happy in the second particular demands the exercise of much discretion, and that rare tact as a playwright, which long acquaintance with the stage alone can give. The ordinary responsibilities of anyone preparing a literary work for representation, are increased tenfold when the materials are not his own. This is, of course, assuming that the adapter is impressed with the justice of adhering as closely as possible to his original, instead of ignoring all such considerations in the pursuit of self-exaltation. From the care and fidelity shown by Mr. Bridgeman in transcribing the play, it is clear the honourable feeling we have suggested was constantly present to his mind. The weight resting upon an individual who undertakes the above duties is by no means decreased when condensation of incident is needed, and the events of five have to be presented in three acts. Such is the case with *Sunny Vale Farm*; and, for an acute sense of the obligations previously mentioned, Mr. Bridgeman is deserving of very high praise. An Englishman arranging a foreign production for the national stage is unquestionably at liberty to alter, or even omit, whatever he may feel sure will run counter to native prejudices, especially when they spring from moral and religious convictions. On these grounds, two incidents of the German play have been very properly excised in the adaptation. We allude to a card-playing scene, between a priest and the villain Matthias; and the substitution of a withered tree for a cross, as the accidental instrument of the aforesaid villain's death. The scene opens at the farm, in quiet possession of Monica (Miss Snowdon), a widow, whose late husband's brother, Matthias (Mr. Howe), returns to claim half the emoluments of the estate. He is a wild, dissolute, wicked man, who, ten years previously, was driven from home. As an ordinary workman he quarrelled with the proprietor of Ilsang forge, and set fire to it; but was paralyzed by the gaze of a child, whose father was the suspected incendiary. This fancied detection of his crime haunts every moment of Matthias's life, and increases the savage moroseness of his disposition. He instals himself at the farm, where Hilda (Mdlle. Beatrice) is employed as a servant. No one knows she is the suspected "fire raiser's" child. She outlives various evil reports spread about her by a malicious old domestic, Dorothy (Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam); but is persecuted by the unlicensed passion of Matthias, who, when repelled, accuses her of selling some milk which she charitably gave to a young girl. Matthias, before seeing the child, had resolved to reform; but, as she approached the farm gate, the terror of his life again oppressed him, and, in desperation, he relinquished his good impulses. Hilda, under this charge, is shielded by Valentine (Mr. W. Farren), the young farm superintendent, who is the widow's *protégé*, and already chosen for her second husband. He, with a perversity common to *protégés*, loves Hilda, who is sent to tend the cattle up in the hills, while Dorothy is turned away from her old home. The young man confesses his love, both to the object of it and his mistress. Matthias influences Monica's jealousy, by telling her of Valentine's journey to Hilda's mountain hut. Monica tries her hardest to separate them, but at length magnanimously gives up all idea of Valentine, who will not cease loving Hilda, though she is the daughter of a reputed incendiary. A storm is raging on the mountains, when Matthias visits Hilda, and proposes, with her help, to fire Monica's farm, he having been legally expelled therefrom. The scene at the burning forge is now more distinct than ever to her imagination, and she hurls the accusation of incendiarism at him. He admits his guilt, and, to quiet her denunciations, tries to stab her. This is prevented by Valentine. Matthias rushes to the edge of a precipiece, when, clinging to a tree, it gives way, and he thus meets with instant death. Dorothy, in concealement, has witnessed this scene, and so can affirm Hilda's name is without blemish. Upon this climax, and the bethrothal of the lovers, the curtain falls. It will be seen the play is one of more equalized interest than very many produced for a dramatic star. Mdlle. Beatrice in making this selection for her third assumption in London was, to say the least, unfortunately advised, if advised at all. The peculiar excellence supposed to be exemplified in the young lady's performances, had, in this play, but little chance of development. We refer to the lady-like bearing and peculiar refinement of manner which won for her such general praise in her opening character. Mdlle. Beatrice was perfectly at home in realizing the "patient Grissel" tone of the part, and clearly obtained a firm hold upon the sympathies of the audience in those passages expressive of a gentle sorrow and suffering resignation. The stronger situations, as for instance, that in which she seizes a hatchet and dares Matthias to molest her, were destitute of the force required. Mdlle. Beatrice has apparently something to learn in those observances of probability which proclaim an intimate knowledge of the dramatic art, and long practice therein. Without being hypercritical it may be argued that a wandering outcast would hardly cross a range of snow-covered mountains with no covering on her head; nor would she perhaps be able to indulge in the vanity of a satin apron. A reasonable regard for these dramatic nicities, or a partial forgetfulness of them, proves an individual to be either an artist or a comparative amateur. When an actor can by the force and truthfulness of his performance secure applause in such an "uphill" part as Matthias, it must be accepted as a conclusive proof of his talent. No one could sympathize with a brutal reprobate such as the principal male character in this play, but that the intelligence and earnestness of a practised actor are always sure of recognition, was proved by the reception accorded to Mr. Howe's conscientious, forcible, and picturesque delineation. At the end of the piece a general call was made for him. Miss Snowdon was somewhat out of her element as Monica; and but one requisite was wanting to make Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam's Dorothy perfect. Persons of Dorothy's age seldom preserve their blooming appearance to such an extent as the countenance of this valuable actress exemplified. The contrast between the old farm-servant's mischief-making manner when high in office, and the emotion when leaving the farm, was admirably given. Mr. W. Farren, as the devoted lover, had an important share in the play, and supported Mdlle. Beatrice with his usual energy. A kind of underplot is carried on by Miss *Marie*, formerly Miss Marie Harris, as Frauzl, a young peasant; and Mr. Coe, as Wolfgang, her admirer, both of whom afforded considerable relief to the play. Mr. Clark and Mr. Braid were efficient representatives of Fritz, a tinker, and Father Ernst, the parish priest. The first named was especially effective. Mr. John O'Connar may be regarded as one of the cleverest scene-painters of the day, and, in conjunction with Mr. Morris, has furnished some uncommonly well executed *tableauz* for this play. The scenes of the farm, and the hut on the mountains, were most charming specimens of stage effect. The Styrian dresses are also highly picturesque. Miss Virginia Gabriel supplied the incidental music. At the end of the play Mdlle. Beatrice received a most flattering ovation, and was led on by Mr. Howe; and *Sunny Vale Farm* was announced for repetition by Mr. Farren.

"THE BRIDE OF DUNKERRON" AT LIVERPOOL.

(*From a Correspondent*).

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society has been the first of the large choral bodies in the provinces to present to their Subscribers Mr. Henry Smart's admirable cantata, the genuine success of which at the late Birmingham Festival has been duly chronicled in these columns. At their Eleventh Subscription Concert on Tuesday evening last, the 29th, the first part of the programme was devoted to *The Bride of Dunkerron;* the solo singers being Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. W. H. Cummings (as at Birmingham) and Mr. Lewis Thomas for basso. The orchestra and chorus were very efficient, under the able conductorship of the composer, who had been expressly invited to superintend the production of his work. The most striking numbers were those which also made the greatest effect at Birmingham; the tenor air "The full moon is beaming," with its delicious "Moonlight" accompaniment, was excellently sung by Mr. Cummings; the splendid bass song "The sea rules all" was done full justice to by Mr. Lewis Thomas; and Madame Rudersdorff quite outshone herself in the two duets with Dunkerron, and in the elegant melodious cavatina "Our home shall be on this bright isle." The vigorous and highly dramatic choruses of storm-spirits were very well rendered by the choir, and the popular sea-maiden's chorus, "Hail to thee, child of the earth," was rapturously encored. The entire performance was most satisfactory, and produced a genuine effect, on what is usually a somewhat apathetic audience. The composer was overwhelmed with plaudits at the conclusion, and hopes were warmly expressed on all sides that the *Bride of Dunkerron* would be soon repeated. The distinguishing feature of the second part was the playing of Madame Arabella Goddard in Mendelssohn's Rondo in E flat (with orchestral accompaniment), which, for combined vigor and delicacy, could not be surpassed or even equalled. In Thalberg's *Lucrezia Borgia* Madame Goddard again delighted her audience by her brilliant playing, and, in answer to a most marked encore, gave the same master's ever popular variations on "Home, sweet home."

ST. LEONARD ON SEA.—Herr Wilhem Coenen, the eminent Dutch pianist from London, gave a concert in the Assembly Room last week, assisted by Madame Lemmens Sherrington, M. Lemmens (harmonium), and M. Antone (violin). Herr Coenen opened the concert with a sonata by Beethoven; M. Lemmens followed with two of his own compositions for the harmonium—"Invocation" and "Fanfare;" M. Antone then gave one of Beethoven's romances for the violin; Madame Lemmens the grand air from Mr. Macfarren's *Helvellyn;* Herr Coenen ending the first part with his *fantasia* (for the left hand) on two national airs. The second part opened with a *Preludum* by Bach, arranged as a quartet for voice, violin, harmonium, and pianoforte (Madame Lemmens, M. Antone, M. Lemmens, and Herr Coenen) which was greatly applauded. The concert terminated with Herr Liszt's arrangement of the Valse from M. Gounod's *Faust*, played with great spirit by Herr Coenen.

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ARABELLA GODDARD'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

(*From "The Brighton Guardian."*)

This much anticipated musical treat took place on Thursday last, at the Pavilion, in the presence of the most numerous and brilliant audience of the season. The queen of pianists was welcomed, on her appearance, with enthusiastic applause, which was renewed at the conclusion of each performance. We have recently spoken of Madame Arabella Goddard on the occasion of Messrs. Metzler and Vicker's concerts, so that we shall not require to enter into elaborate criticism; suffice it to say, that she was in magnificent play, and surpassed herself. We cannot pay her a greater compliment than to say she played her very best, the "best" being, perhaps, beyond the reach of any other pianist. The selection of music was, of course, entirely classical, as Madame Goddard never condescends to play anything less worthy of her interpretation. She began with Mozart's sonata in A major, which introduces a Turkish March, and this she played with the chasteness and purity and absence of all affectation for which she is so eminent. Not an embellishment was introduced, not a note altered. As Mozart wrote, so did the fair pianist play. Can any praise be higher? Next we were treated to Bach's prelude in C sharp major, which was given with so much clearness, the principal subject so well marked as to be intelligible even to amateurs unacquainted with that school of music. Next followed Handel's *Suite de pieces*, concluding with the "Harmonious Blacksmith." It was an irresistible performance, which quite electrified the audience. The encore was so rapturous that the fair pianist could not help repeating this piece, so well known to all lovers of pianoforte music. Who would not have been delighted to listen to such a performance, even a third time? The great event, however, of the recital was Beethoven's sonata appasionata in F minor. Beethoven himself might have played it as Madame Goddard did, but certainly no one else could have ever surpassed her or even have played it so well. The first and last movements were given with so much fire and spirit, all the passages being performed with so much rapidity of fingering as to render the execution truly marvellous. The *andante con moto* was rendered with deep feeling and exquisite expression, the phrasing might have been a lesson to any vocalist. The whole performance of this splendid work was absolute perfection. Benedict's "Where the bee sucks," which, evidently, Madame Goddard plays *con amore*, brought this interesting recital to a brilliant conclusion. It was loudly encored, but greatly to the disappointment of the audience the enchantress did not again come forward. The pianoforte was one of Broadwood's concert grands. It was worthy of the great performer:—we can give it no higher praise. Fraülein Mehlhorn contributed some vocal pieces with her accustomed good taste, and she was greatly applauded.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Whatever the eventful result may be to the directors and shareholders, the opening of two rival theatres for English opera must benefit our composers. The laws of supply and demand hold good in art as in commerce. So long as operas are required to feed the English public, composers will be perfectly willing to write them. Whether the public will benefit in the same degree as the composers may, perhaps, be open to question. We think they will—ultimately. At all events, the constant production of novelties of home manufacture must throw some light upon the question whether or no the English possess creative genius in music. In reply to the sneers of foreigners, we have hitherto maintained that our composers had no chance of achieving distinction. This excuse we can no longer bring forward. We are promised a long succession of operas from the pens of Englishmen, known and unknown to fame, and the public will soon be in a position to judge what native musicians can, and what they cannot do. We fancy the result of the inquiry will be that there is very little difference between the natural capabilities of Englishmen and of foreigners. Here, as abroad, we shall find hosts of talented men whose bright and sparkling fancies may be the delight of thousands; here, as everywhere, we shall find that the men of genius, whose imagination "bodies forth the form of things unknown," arise but once in a generation, perhaps but once in a century, to be the wonder and the worship of centuries to come. One reason, we opine, why English opera has hitherto been unsuccessful, and why English musicians have been unjustly depreciated, is that the men of talent have insisted on grappling with subjects which none but men of genius should attempt to illustrate. Every novice who has the chance of coming before the public *will* set to work on the writing of a grand opera, striving with his unpractised hand to fill a canvas the vast proportions of which need the fertility of invention and resource of a Meyerbeer. If the repeated production of novelties with varying success only tends to convince our composers that the less pretentious their works the more they are relished by the public the rival operas will not have run a risk in vain.

DEATH OF MR. DAVID ROBERTS.

On the afternoon of Friday last an elderly gentleman walking in Berners-street fell down in a fit of apoplexy. To the people who went to his rescue he was able to utter only two words—Fitzroy-street; he never spoke afterwards, and he died at 7 o'clock on the evening of the same day. It was a Royal Academician—David Roberts; a kindly, canny Scot, well-to-do, amazingly clever in his own sphere of art, and liked by all who knew him. Born four years before the close of the last century, he began his active life as a house-painter in Edinburgh; he rose in 1822 to be a scene-painter in Drury-lane Theatre, along with another Academician, Mr. Clarkson Stanfield; after that he began to exhibit in the Royal Academy; he travelled in Spain and in the East, and published more than one fine series of sketches thus obtained, which gave him a great public reputation, and which entirely justified his election into the Academy in 1841. He was certainly the best architectural painter that our country has yet produced. In this department of art, indeed, he stands almost alone among us, the artist who comes next to him being Samuel Prout, the water-colour painter, who died in 1852. Probably the chief reason why he stands so nearly alone is, that the artist who has an eye for the picturesque in architecture naturally becomes an architect, and will not be content to make pictures of architecture. Mr. Roberts had a wonderfully quick eye for all striking effects of architecture, and transferred them to his canvass with great ease. Nothing can be more effective than his views of cathedral interiors lit up with the magnificent pageants of Roman Catholic religion. He gave a grand, broad effect, a truthful general result, and did not much trouble himself with minuteness of workmanship. in this respect one is apt now and then while looking at his pictures to remember the scene-painter; but, in point of fact, minuteness of work would be misplaced in an architectural painting, and there if anywhere the artist may be allowed to generalize. In this broad style of treatment Mr. David Roberts was particularly happy, and he could be very prolific. He painted quickly and he painted much. His pictures were snapped up at heavy prices. If he fell short of genius he was, nevertheless, a man of rare ability, of sturdy industry, and of admirable tact. Like many Scotchmen, he spoke slow with a broad accent, and gave one in conversation the idea of a slow-working intellect. In his art, however there was nothing slow or drawling. Whatever he did he did quickly, sharply, and with marked vigour. Apart from the interest which attaches to him as an artist, and which is to be measured by the amount of his actual achievement, there is another interest which belongs to his career, and which is to be measured by the amount of difficulties he had to overcome. He who began as a humble house-painter and ended as a Royal Academician has not a little to boast of. He too belongs to that proud phalanx of men whose biographies touch most keenly all young ambition,—the self-made men who from small beginnings have fought their way upwards to fame, to wealth and to station.

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Mr. Clemow last week resumed his readings to the patients at Bethlehem Lunatic Hospital, the selection being as follows: A Misadventure at Margate (Ingoldsby Legends); The Shooting expedition (Pickwick); The valuable young lady (Jane Austen); Sister Sal's courtship (Sam Slick); The Grandmother (Tennyson); and the trial scene from Pickwick. The whole of these were listened to with the greatest attention, and the sanest audience in existence could not possibly have shown a more thorough appreciation than that exhibited by the 200 patients who were present. Dr. Helps, the resident physician, speaks most highly of the benefit effected by these readings.

The Winter Exhibition.—The committee of artists and connoisseurs, namely, Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., Mr. Pickersgill, R.A., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. Lewis Pocock, Mr. Tom Taylor, and Mr. J. Brunton, who had accepted the duty of deciding the claims to prizes in the Winter Exhibition of Pictures at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, have pronounced their judgment, by which the first premium of £100 is awarded to Mr. Orchardson, for his picture of "The Challenge," and the second of £50, to Mr. H. W. Davis, for his "Morning on the Salaises of Boulogne." An extra prize of £50 is given by Mr. Wallis, to Mr. John Morgan, in recognition of the high merit of his picture, "Raising a Church-rate." The committee, within a very few days of delivering their judgment, lost one of their body in a very melancholy manner. Mr. David Roberts, R.A., was proceeding to the gallery in Pall Mall, to keep an appointment with his brother Academician Mr. Ward, when he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died very suddenly. It may be mentioned that the opinion of Mr. Roberts was entirely concurrent with that of the whole committee in the distribution of the prizes. Since his lamented death, one of his latest and best pictures, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, at Venice, has been added to the Winter Exhibition, where it will be a conspicuous adornment.

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GREAT ORGAN OF ST. SULPICE.*

COMPOSITION DES JEUX; DES REGISTRES ET DES PEDALES DE COMBINAISON.

Clavier de Pédale ou Pedalier Dict a fa, 30 Notes.		Premier Clavier Grand Chœur Dict a Sol, 56 Notes.		Deuxieme Clavier Grand-Orgue Dict a Sol, 56 Notes.	
1 Principal-Basse	32	1 Salicional	8	1 Principal-harm.	32-16
2 Contre-Basse	16	2 Octave	4	2 Montre	16
3 Sou-basse	16	3 Grosse Fourniture	4R.	3 Bourdon	16
4 Flute	8	4 Grosse Cymbale	6r.	4 Flute comique	16
5 Violoncello	8	5 Plein-jeu	4R.	5 Flute harmonique	8
6 Flute	4	6 Cornet	5R.	6 Flute Traversiere	8
Jeux de Combinaison.		7 1re Trompette	8	7 Montre	8
7 Clarion	4	8 2e Trompette	8	8 Bourdon	8
8 Ophicleide	8	9 Clarion	4	9 Diapason	8
9 Trompette	8	10 Clarion Doublette	2.	10 Flute à favillon	8
10 Basson	16	11 Basson	8	11 Prestant	4
11 Bombarde	16	12 Basson	16	12 Grosse Quinte	5⅓
12 Centre Bombarde	32	13 Bombarde	16	13 Doublette	2

Pedales de Combinaison.		Registres de Combinaison	
1 Orage	11 Anches Bombardes	1 Comb. Pedale	G
2 Tirasse Grand-Chœur	12 Anches Positif	2 Do. Gr-Orgue	G
3 Tirasse Grand-Orgue	13 Anches Recit	3 Do. Bombarde	G
4 Anches Pedale	14 Copula Grand Chœur	4 Do. Positif	G
5 Octaves Grand Chœur	15 Copula Grand-Orgue	5 Do. Recit	G
6 Octaves Grand-Orgue	16 Copula Bombardes	6 Do. Pedale	D
7 Octaves Bombardes	17 Copula Positif	7 Do. Gr.-Orgue	D
8 Octaves Positif	18 Copula Recit	8 Do. Bombarde	D
9 Octaves Recit	19 Tremblant	9 Do. Positif	D
10 Anches Grand-Orgue	20 Expression	10 Do. Recit	D

Troisieme Clavier Bombarde Dict a Sol, 56 Notes.		Quatrieme Clavier Positif Dict a Sol, 56 Notes.		Cinquieme Clavier Recit. Exp. Dict a Sol, 56 Notes.	
1 Sou-basse	16	1 Violin Basse	16	1 Quintaton	16
2 Flute Conique	16	2 Quintaton	16	2 Bourdon	8
3 Principal	8	3 Quintaton	8	3 Violoncelle	8
4 Flute harmonique	8	4 Flute traversiere	8	4 Prestant	4
5 Bourdon	8	5 Salicional	8	5 Doublette	2
6 Gambe	8	6 Viole de gambe	8	6 Fourniture	4r.
7 Violoncelle	8	7 Unda maris	8	7 Cymbale	5r.
8 Keraulophone	8	8 Flute douce	4	8 Basson et Hautbois	8
9 Flute octaviante	4	9 Flute octaviante	4	9 Voix humaine	8
10 Prestant	4	10 Dulciana	4	10 Cromorne	8
Jeux de Combinaison.		*Jeux de Combinaison.*		11 Cor Anglais	16
11 Grosse Quinte	5⅓	11 Quinte	2⅔	12 Voix celeste	8
12 Grosse Tierce	3⅕	12 Doublette	2	*Jeux de Combinaison.*	
13 Quinte	2⅔	13 Plein-jeu harm.	3-6	13 Flute harmonique	8
14 Octave	4	14 Tierce	1⅗	14 Flute octaviante	4
15 Octavin	2	15 Larigot	1⅓	15 Dulciana	4
16 Cornet	5r.	16 Picolo	1	16 Nazard	2⅔
17 Trompette	8	17 Trompette	8	17 Octavin	2
18 Clairon	4	18 Clarinette	8	18 Cornet 5 rangs	8
19 Baryton	8	19 Clairon	4	19 Trompette	8
20 Bombarde	16	20 Euphone	16	20 Trompette harm.	8
				21 Bombarde	16
				22 Clairon	4

Registres Accessoires.			
1 Sonnette du Haut	G	3 Sonnette du Haut	D
2 Sonnette du Bas	G	4 Sonnette du Bas	D

Resume.

100 Jeux. 118 registres
20 pedales de combinaison.

MANCHESTER.—The directors of the Monday Evening concerts have been unfortunate as regards weather. We fear this circumstance will effect them in a pecuniary point of view, for the scale of admission is fixed at so low a rate that the concerts cannot be remunerative unless the hall is absolutely filled; indeed, considering the excellence of the performances, we consider the prices too low. Hitherto the directors have relied on local talent, but last evening they engaged Master Willie Pape, the celebrated American pianist. Master Pape is a youth of extraordinary musical acquirements. His age is, we believe, only thirteen; yet we have before us a list of nearly sixty pieces which he is able to play from memory—a *repertoire* of compositions recently offered to the Prince and Princess of Wales for selection when Master Pape performed at Marlborough House. The list includes four of Beethoven's sonatas, besides brilliant *morceaux* from Mendelssohn, Weber, Herz, Liszt, Thalberg, &c. Last evening his selection comprised one of Beethoven's sonatas (Op. 29), Thalberg's arrangement of "The Last Rose of Summer," "Jerusalem" (*paraphrase de Concert*), by Liszt, and a *fantasia* on American national airs; all given with wonderful power, and received with unbounded applause. Master Pape could not evade the pressing demands of the audience, which elicited, in addition to the pieces set down for him, Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," and *fantasia* on *Mose in Egitto*. The vocal selections were given by the soloists and chorus who have afforded so much satisfaction at these concerts. Miss Winward, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. N. Dumville, Mr. Wroe, and Miss Lomax were the chief singers. The choruses were under the direction of Mr. D. W. Banks.

* Paris—Built by Cavaillé Col.

MADRID.—The Theatre Royal re-opened, on the 17th inst., with Meyerbeer's *Robert*.

MUNICH.—The first performance of Herr Richard Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* was fixed for the 19th. Probably, however, it will not have taken place until a later date.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The members of the Concordia Association of Male Voices celebrated its five-and-twentieth anniversary on the 20th and 21st ult. One great attraction on the occasion was the playing of Herr Joachim.

MILAN.—A new opera, entitled *Werther*, and from the pen of a young composer of the name of Gentili, has, after numerous delays, been produced with moderate success only. It had been previously represented and received much more favorably at Rome.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Musical Society of Russia inaugurated their winter series of concerts with the following programme: Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*; Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Schumann's overture to *Julius Cæsar*; selections from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and from *La Fuite en Egypte*, by Hector Berlioz.

DRESDEN.—*Die Nibelungen*, by Herr Dorn, is in active preparation.—The *Liedertafel* celebrated their 25th anniversary on the 9th and 10th inst., by two concerts and other festive proceedings. The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by the Masters of the society, of whom the following is a chronological list:—C. G. Reissiger, 1839; Julius Otto, 1840-43, 1849-1851, 1856-1858; F. Adam, 1842; C. G. Naumann, 1843-1860; Richard Wagner, 1843-1845; Ferdinand Hiller, 1846-1847; Robert Schumann, 1849; C. Krebs, 1852-1856, 1860-1864; Robert Pfretzschner, 1859; and Friedrich Reichel, 1860-1864.

MUNICH.—The King is never tired, it appears, of giving fresh proofs of the high regard he entertains for Herr Richard Wagner. His Majesty has now resolved to found an operatic school, where aspirants of both sexes may go through the necessary course of instruction under the direction of the Musician of the Future. Herr Friedrich Schmit of Frankfort, formerly a singer himself, and now well-known as a teacher of the vocal art, will be appointed one of the professors.—Herr Peter Cornelius of Vienna, a zealous Futurist, has been invited to accept a post in the Conservatory. The King, with a degree of consistency which must be charming to all who love that quality *quand même*, is certainly "going the whole hog."

DEAL.—Mr. Harrison gave a concert on Tuesday evening, the 22nd ult., in the new Assembly Rooms. All the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood were there, as a mark of respect to the professor, who opened the new rooms for the occasion. The vocal star of the evening, Madame Alexandre Newton, was encored in "Una Voce," when she gave Arditi's well-known "Il Bacio" with great effect. Mr. W. B. Harrison sang with Madame Newton the duet "Crudel Perchè, also unanimously re-demanded. The performances of Mr. W. Harrison on the pianoforte, of Mr. Aptommas on the harp, and Mr. J. Harrison on the violoncello, afforded a genuine treat to the lovers of instrumental music. The duet for harp and piano elicited universal approval. Mr. W. B. Harrison's solo on the piano, and Mr. Aptommas's on the harp commanded, as they deserved, plaudits long and loud from the audience. The choruses with which the evenings amusements were interspersed, were admirably rendered. There were nearly 500 persons present.

BROOK GREEN.—An evening concert was given at Eagle House last week for the benefit of distressed families. The large room was filled, and thanks are due to Miss Elizabeth Stevenson and Madame Henrie (under whose direction the concert took place) for their exertions. The artists who assisted were Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Herr Oberthür, and an amateur choir. Miss Wilkinson was encored in Gounod's *romanza*, "Le parlate d'amor," and in Signor Randegger's cradle-song, "Peacefully slumber," was deservedly applauded. Mr. Trelawney Cobham pleased very much by his delivery of an air from M. Ambroise Thomas, "*Un songe d'une nuit d'été*," and by the manner in which he gave Herr Reichardt's *Lied* "Thou art so near." Herr Oberthür played with Miss Stevenson his duet for harp and piano, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and two elegant pieces also of his own composition—"*Meditation*" and "*Fairy Legend*," as well as his "Bonnie Scotland," which were greatly admired. Miss Stevenson, besides joining Herr Oberthür in the duet above mentioned, gave an excellent reading of Chopin's "*Marche funèbre*" and a *Lied ohne Worte* (No. 6, book 5) by Mendelssohn. Madame Henrie's principal songs were "My home in cloudland," from Mr. Benedict's operetta of *The Bride of Song* (the harp accompaniment admirably played by Herr Oberthür), and the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. In the last she was supported by the amateur choir, which also joined Miss Wilkinson in the solo and chorus, "Giulia gentil," which was encored. Miss Elizabeth Stevenson accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

THE Vienna *Recensionen* published lately a highly interesting article, by Herr L. von Köchel, on Mozart's *Requiem*. The following is the substance of it:—

After long and sharp literary as well as non-literary disputes, the most important historical facts connected with the origin of the *Requiem* were gradually brought to light, as is set forth in O. Jahn's *Mozart*, Vol. IV., p. 565 *et seq.*, and especially at pp. 775-790. There have still remained, however, certain points of the affair which it is interesting to the investigator to have cleared up. Through the kindness of Herr J. von Pfusterschmied, of Vienna, Herr von Köchel was favored with two documents relating to the points above mentioned, and, moreover, allowed to make use of the documents. One of them is the following declaration of Herr Joseph Eybler, who was subsequently Imperial Chapelmaster, and died in 1846:

"The undersigned hereby acknowledges that Mad. Constancia Mozart, widow, has entrusted to him the *Requiem* begun by her late husband for the undersigned to finish; the undersigned engages to have it completed by the middle of next Lent, and, at the same time, pledges himself both that no copy shall be taken of it and that it shall not be given into the hands of any one save those of Mad. Mozart, widow. Vienna, the 21st December, 1791. —Joseph Eybler."

This determines at least one of "the *numerous* masters" whom, according to Süssmayr* Mozart's widow requested to complete the *Requiem*, though they did not do so after all. No name, however, is given by Süssmayr. The document quoted induced Herr von Köchel to examine again repeatedly Mozart's original score of the *Requiem* in the Imperial Library, with especial reference to those portions contributed by *some one else's* (and not Mozart's) hand. As we are all aware, on the finding of the autographic manuscript of the *Requiem*, it was remarked, and emphatically asserted by the Abbé Stadler, that, in the autographic sketches of the score for the "Dies Iræ," "Tuba mirum," "Rex tremendæ," "Recordare," and "Confutatis," the vocal part and some hints for the instrumentation belonged to Mozart; these parts were separated from the rest for publication in André's edition of the "score of the 'Dies Iræ,' etc., as having been written by Mozart's own hand and copied by the Abbé Stadler," while the instrumentation written by *some one else's hand* into the first sketches of the work were encircled with a pencil mark. After a most careful comparison of it with several autographic scores, Herr von Köchel felt convinced, without the shadow of a doubt, that this instrumentation written by some other person and not Mozart was in Joseph Eybler's hand, as well as the two bars in the vocal part of the "Lacrymosa" (comp. Otto Jahn, p. 693, obs. 30 and elsewhere). This instrumentation does not extend beyond the "Confutatis," and, as a rule, is restricted to the stringed quartet; in the "Dies Iræ" and the "Confutatis," alone there are parts for the wind instruments. This attempt at instrumentation is remarkable for the nervousness evident in the rhythms of the accompaniment, in the distribution of the harmony, and so on, and we can easily understand that it was abandoned from want of power to carry it out, and that the completion of the work was, without any importance being attached to this first attempt, confided to Mozart's pupil, F. Süssmayr, as being far more capable of executing the task. It is probable that the Abbé Stadler and Eybler, both friends of Mozart, and deserving praise for what they did in the matter of the papers he left behind him, received from his widow the autographic sketches for the score of the *Requiem*, in order, perhaps, that the "secret" concerning its completion might not be betrayed too soon.

The second of the documents referred to is entitled: *A true and detailed Account of the "Requiem" of W. A. Mozart, from the Origin of the same in the Year* 1791 *to the present Time:* 1839. *By Anton Herzog, Principal District School Director, and Master of the Choir in Wiener-Neustadt.*—The manuscript was intended for press. It was, however, never printed. The author was, in 1790, and some subsequent years, a teacher at Klam, a school of which the patron was Count Wallsegg, who ordered the *Requiem*. Herr Herzog acted as musician generally in the Count's orchestra, mostly an extemporised one, and more particularly at the first performance of the above composition. The facts stated in this "Account" bear inward and outward marks of truth, and deserve to be better known, both on account of many traits they contain characteristic of him who ordered the *Requiem*, as well as on account of several circumstances which happened at the first performance and after the work appeared in print. We omit the Introduction, and those portions in which the author does not speak from his own actual knowledge, but we subjoin the historical narrative in his own words, merely adding some few observations of our own now and then.

"Franz, Count of Wallsegg,* proprietor of the Lordships of Schottwein, Klam, Stuppach, Pottschach and Ziegersberg in Austria unter der Enns, situate in the Circle unter dem Wiener Walde, resided, after his marriage with Anna Edlen von Flammberg, in his castle at Stuppach, as a tender husband and a true father of his dependents. He was passionately fond of music and the stage. In consequence of this, on the Tuesday and Thursday of every week, quartets were played for quite three hours, while, every Sunday, there were theatrical performances, in which the Count, the Countess, and the latter's sister took part, as did, also, all the persons employed on the estates, and the members of the very numerous household, everyone according to his capacity. For the quartet performances, the Count retained two distinguished artists, Johann Benard as violinists, and Louis Prevost as violoncellist. In the violin quartets, the Count played the violin, and, in the flute quartets, the flute—I generally playing the second flute or the tenor."

"In order that there might be no want of new quartets in consequence of the frequency of the concerts, the Count not only obtained all the published compositions of this description, but, although always *without mentioning his name*, maintained relations with several composers, who sent him in works of theirs, of which he kept the whole and sole right, paying the composers liberally for it. Hoffmeister, for instance, furnished many flute-quartets, in which the part for the flute was very easy, while the three other parts were exceedingly difficult, so that the performers had to exert themselves to the utmost, at which the Count was accustomed to laugh. The scores thus mysteriously forwarded to him he generally copied out with his own hand, and then gave them out, so that the separate parts might also be copied. We never saw an original score. When these quartets were played, we had to guess who was the author. As a rule, we guessed it was the Count himself, because he really did compose some trifles now and then; hereupon he would smile, and felt delighted, because, as he fancied, he had mystified us; we, however, laughed to think he should believe we were so credulous. In this fashion, the system of mutual mystification went on for some years. I consider it necessary to mention these facts beforehand, in order to be the better able to give an opinion on what is called the 'mysterious' circumstances connected with the origin of the *Requiem*."

"On the 14th February, 1791, death deprived the Count of his beloved wife in the flower of her age. In honour of her memory he commissioned his agent, Dr. Johann Sortschan, to order a costly tombstone, and of Mozart a

* Letter to Härtel, of the 8th Feb., 1800.

* He died on the 11th November, 1827.

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Requiem, of which, as he did in other cases, he reserved for himself the exclusive right. * * * After the Count had received the score of the *Requiem*, he made a clean copy, according to his custom, note for note, and gave it, in portions, to his violinist Benard, for the latter to write out the separate parts. While this was being done, I often sat for hours by Benard's side, and followed, with constantly increasing interest, the course of this admirable work, for, at that period, I was perfectly acquainted with the whole transaction concerning the *Requiem*,* my informant being Herr Leutgeb, the upper bailiff, who had to pay the price agreed on out of the monies accruing from the sale of gypsum in Vienna. After all the separate parts were written out, the arrangements for the performance were made at once. As, however, it was not possible to procure in the neighbourhood of Stuppach all the musicians required, it was resolved that the first performance should take place in Wiener-Neustadt. The selection of artists was made in such a way that the solo and most important parts were assigned to the best musicians, wherever they could be found. The result was that the soprano Ferenz, of Neustadt; the altish Kernbeiss, of Schottwein; the tenor Klein, of Neustadt; and the bassist Turner, of Gloggnitz, were secured for the solo parts. The rehearsal was held on the evening of the 12th December, 1793, in the choir of the Cistercian Chapter-Church, at Weiner-Neustadt, and, at ten o'clock of the 14th December, a funeral mass was celebrated in the said church, the famous *Requiem* being performed for the first time on the occasion with the object for which it was written.† Count Walsegg himself conducted the whole. On the 14th February, 1794, on the day of the Countess's death, the *Requiem* was performed in the church of Maria Schutz am Semmering, of which the Count was the patron. From this time forth, however, no further use was made of it by him, save that he arranged it as a quintet for stringed instruments, of which quintet I had the score some years in my custody. The score of the *Requiem*, said to be written in Süssmayr's hand,‡ neither I nor any one else except the Count ever clapped eyes on; we were not even aware what the Count did with that any more than with the other original scores of various kinds in his possession. The score, however, which the Count gave me for the singers to study their parts from, was written in his own hand, and I should know it again at a glance. I have not seen the score acquired by the Imperial Library, but I am inclined to believe it is that written out by the Count, because that score is said not to have been found among his music after his decease.§

"It may be easily imagined what an impression was produced upon the Count, when he heard that the score, which was his property, had been printed and published at Leipsic. He really felt at first inclined to take serious steps against Mozart's widow; but he was restrained by his kind disposition, and the matter was afterwards amicably settled. He was not, by the way, quite sure how far Mozart's own work extended;‖ he thought it went to the "Agnus Dei." This is evident from the following fact:—I subsequently caused, for my own use, the separate parts to be copied out from the score published at Leipsic, and begged the Count to favor me with the Organo of his *Requiem*. It was not figured in the printed score, and I wanted to be saved the troubling of figuring it. He said in reply that I should not be able to use his organ part entirely, as he had a different "Agnus Dei." I, however, convinced him of the contrary, because I was acquainted with every note of his *Requiem*. That he should wish to have an "Agnus Dei" in his score different from that in the Leipsic score was a fact he endeavored to make us regard as natural by always saying that he was a pupil of Mozart's, and had forwarded the score, piece by piece, to Vienna for Mozart to look through. He asserted that, after Mozart's death, the *Requiem* had been found from the beginning up to the "Agnus Dei," and people fancied it was Mozart's composition, because their two handwritings (that of himself, the Count, and that of Mozart) were wonderfully alike. He had then, he continued, finished the *Requiem* by the addition of the "Agnus Dei" and the rest. Süssmayr, however,—according to the Count—had completed the work with additions of his own, and thus it came to pass that the Count had an "Agnus Dei" differing from that which appeared in the Leipsic score."

It was thus that Count Walsegg endeavoured to deceive people about the *Requiem*; very different motives induced the partisans of Mozart's widow to withhold and distort the real facts, the result being that the public mind was utterly confused, until after nearly forty years of feuds, and the death of most of the persons implicated, the truth has, bit by bit, been brought to light.

* The fact of the *Requiem* having been ordered of Mozart.

† Krüchten's account (*Cäcilia*, iv, 806; and vi. 217, 221, *et seq.*) does not tally with this. According to Krüchten, the rehearsal took place in the house of a physician called Obermayr, whose eldest daughter sang the soprano part, both at the rehearsal and the performance in the Cistercian Chapter-Church. Krüchten is evidently wrong in assigning the year 1791 as the date of the first performance, and appears not to have taken down correctly Obermayr's statements regarding it. At any rate, Herzog, who was personally engaged in the performance, is more deserving of credit.

‡ The greater portion is so, but the "Requiem" and "Kyrie" are in Mozart's hand.

§ The author is mistaken in this particular; the copy made by the Count was, after his death, in the possession of the Countess Sternberg, his sister, and bore the inscription: "Requiem composto dal Conte Walsegg."

‖ Count Walsegg must have known, from the Abbé Stadler's negotiations with Sortschan, how far Mozart's share in the *Requiem* extended; he would not, however, divest himself of his borrowed glory in the eyes of his own people.

VIENNA.

IT is reported that Herr Salvi, the manager of the Imperial Opera house, has gone to Graz, in order to see the mode in which *Dinorah* is put upon the stage there; and, also, to hear Madlle. Klettner, who sustains the part of the heroine. I can believe that Herr Salvi may desire to form an opinion of the young lady's talent, if she have any, but it strikes me as very unlikely that the manager of the Imperial Operahouse in the Austrian capital should make a long journey to see how things are done in Styria. I should as soon expect to see Mr. Buckstone taking a lesson in the art of mounting a piece from the manager of the theatre royal, Gravesend, or Mr. Benjamin Webster running over to Dublin to learn from Mr. Boucicault's *Arra na Pogue* what the expression: *mise-en-scène* really signifies. I give the report, however, as I heard it, and may add that Herr Salvi is furthermore said to have offered the lady just mentioned an engagement, which I make no doubt she will accept, supposing the statement be true. Some one ought to be engaged at any rate, and, perhaps, at any price, for the programme of the week has frequently to be changed in the most unexpected manner, simply because Herr So-and-so, or Madame This-or-that is either really ill, or simply indisposed—to sing. At present, it is Madlle. Wildauer who isunable to appear. Her illness is the result of a mental shock. There was a performance of *Robert le Diable* lately. Herr Ferenczy enacted the unscrupulous gentleman from Normandy in the most careless and indifferent fashion it is possible to conceive. You may suppose, perhaps, the andience hissed him; but they did not. A number of them reserved that mark of their favour for Madlle. Wildauer, who had certainly done nothing to deserve it. She felt so surprised and hurt that she forthwith had a fit of hysterical sobbing. Medical aid was procured, but in vain. The young lady could not proceed with her part, and Madame Hoffman-Schäffer was kind enough to undertake it, literally at a moment's notice. Madlle. Wildauer is still unable to leave her bed. Persons who are well-informed say that they know by whom the dastardly attack upon her was prompted. Perhaps the amiable individual to whom they refer will find himself, one day or other, hoisted by his own petard. The above anecdote will enable you to form some notion of the state of matters at the Imperial Operahouse. Verily, if the birds and beasts constituting the "Happy Family," which, when I was in London, used to be stationed at one end of Waterloo Bridge, had not agreed better than the members of Herr Salvi's company, the proprietor would have been under the necessity of providing fresh inmates for his cage pretty often.—The Society of the Friends of Music began their season the other day with a performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. You would fancy the result could not be doubtful; that the oratorio would please everybody. But this was far from being the case. The choruses, it is true, were pretty well received, but the audience thought nothing of the solo music; it was not to their taste; so much the worse for their taste.—Our quartet entertainments are progressing bravely. The other day Herr Hellmesberger opened his winter campaign in the most triumphant manner. The pieces most admired on the occasion were Mendelssohn's B flat major quartet, and Bach's trio for Flute, Violin, and Pianoforte. Herr Laub's second Quartet Soirée took place on the 17th ult., when the programme consisted of Beethoven's stringed trio in G major; Mozart's sonata for Piano

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and Violin; and Schubert's D minor quartet. There have been many other concerts lately, but none of them are worth recording, if I except one as the last ever to be given by Herr Carl Maria von Bocklet, the only survivor of Carl Georg Hummel's contemporaries, and the last recipient of what is known as the Egriny Fund. As Charles V. resigned the imperial crown; and retired to the convent of St. Just, so does Herr von Bocklet wisely disappear from the concert-room, and leave it to younger men.—A certain Herr Sipos, a pupil of Liszt's, has arrived. It is stated that he intends giving a series of concerts. Another little item of intelligence is that the well-known Herr Johann Strauss has returned here with his wife. He is in a very bad state of health.
—*From an occasional Correspondent.*

—o—

THACKERAY.

THE arrangements have now been completed for the erection of a memorial to Mr. Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. The Dean and Chapter have granted for this purpose a site in which Thackeray's bust will appear in companionship with those of Addison and Macaulay. The commission for the bust has been given to Baron Marochetti, who had the advantage of being his intimate friend. It has been calculated that about £600 will be required, of which a third part will, according to rules of long standing, go in fees to the Chapterhouse. Subscriptions for the memorial may be paid either to Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co., the bankers, in Lombard Street, or to any of the following gentlemen:—Sir Charles Taylor, Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Shirley Brookes.

—o—

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MENDELSSOHN.

DEAR SIR,—I have much thought of the proposal you made in your last letter, and determined to accept it. I shall be very happy to write an opera for the English stage, of course the "*conditis sine qua non*" is a good libretto, which strikes me as good, and fit for me; I should wrong the poet, you, and myself, if I was to undertake it without that feeling. Mr. Planche would surely find one quite suitable to our purpose. I have no predilection for any subject, only I do *not* wish it to be with fairies or other romantic modern spirits. I wish it very substantial and human; historical, or else fictitious—but at all events lively and dramatic in every little part. In fact I wish for a libretto which gets *me* into magic at once, not one which I must set first; and now I hope you may find such a thing for me. Hoping to hear from you very soon,

I am, Dear Sir, Yours very truly,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Leipzig, December 26th, 1837.

MY DEAR MR. BARTHOLOMEW,—Have my best thanks for the great pleasure which your translation of the *Antigone* has afforded me. Indeed, I do not know how to express sufficiently the admiration for the wonderful task you have performed, and the gratitude I feel for the most valuable assistance which you have given to the cause of my music—or rather the cause of the King of Prussia, whose idea it was—or rather the cause of old Sophocles, whose idea the whole was. A thousand most heartfelt thanks for all you have done. I am sorry I have not received the whole of the music, with your translation, to it, and hope the rest is at present on its way to Leipsic. Should it not, and should this arrive in time, pray Mr. Buxton to let me see the rest also, before it is published. In those books I have seen, I took the liberty of pointing out a few passages where I could have wished an alteration in the words. I marked those passages thus (× ?). It is particularly the case when there are syllables to the notes I had slurred, and where I would wish them to remain slurred if possible. Will you excuse this, and the few questions which I wrote on the Margin. Do you call the earth *Tella* in English, and the family of the Edonen "also with our German termination." I sent the metronomes to Mr. Buxton, but could not get the business of the stage, which I have written at greater length in my letter to Mr. Buxton. And now once more have my sincerest thanks; present my compliments to the Misses Mounsey, whose organ playing I always listened to with so much pleasure, and believe me always to remain

Yours very truly, FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

—o—

PARIS.

From our own Correspondent.

The festival of Saint Cecilia took place at the Church of Saint Eustache on Tuesday week, the 22nd instant, when Beethoven's Mass in C major (Op. 86), was executed by a band and chorus under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. The Mass in C had been performed last year at the same annual solemnity without creating any remarkable effect; but the Committee of the Association of Musicians—under whose superintendence the performances of these festivals are given—considered, and shrewdly, to my thinking, that the Mass should be heard more than once to be thoroughly appreciated and understood, and so introduced it into this year's programme as the *piéce-de-resistance*. The solo executants were Mdlles. Wertheimber and Leveilli, MM. Warot, Alard, Faure and Batiste. The Bishop of Tulle delivered the discourse. The whole affair was an eminent success and (the Charity—the festivals are given on behalf of poor artists—will be largely benefited. All the players and singers gave their services gratuitously, and the most eminent performers from the different lyric theatres assisted in the orchestra.

If I am to credit all I hear in this voluble and hyperbolizing city—which, I assure you, I do not—I should be compelled to believe that *Roland à Roncevaux* had been the greatest success at the Opéra since *Robert le Diable*. No!—I wrong the rumourers. "Greatest success" was not the word, or words, but "Greatest receipts." "Pactolus is flowing into the doors of the Opéra;" "Manager Perrin has found a new California;" "The Academie Imperial de Musique et de danse is being insensibly converted into a Bank;" "The success of *Roland à Roncevaux* must inevitably postpone the production of the *Africaine* to an indefinite period"—such are some of the many expressions hazarded about a work which, in honest truth, has not more to recommend it than one of Mr. Balfe's second rate operas—and that is paying the composer of *Roland* a compliment. It is openly given out that the sum nightly received at the Opéra, when *Roland à Roncevaux* is performed, is between ten and eleven thousand francs. In the meanwhile, not at all involved in the vortex of enthusiasm which seems to have drawn all Paris within it—or is made appear to draw—I went on Sunday the 20th, to hear *Guillaume Tell*, and came away from the performance, if not thoroughly satisfied, ten million times more pleased than if I had been listening to M. Maillart's uninspired and arrogant music. The grand ballet *La Maschera*, by MM. de Saint-Georges, Rota and Gioza, considerably abbreviated and modified, is in active preparation for Mdlle. Salvioni.

At the Italiens *Il Trovatore* and the *Ballo in Maschera* have been given with Madame Charton-Demeur and Signor Fraschini. The Leonora and Amalia of the lady are both fine performances, the former more especially, which comes thoroughly within her means. Mdlle. Brigni was exceedingly attractive as the Page in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. I was sorry I could not attend the representation of *Marta* on Sunday last, as Signor Brignoli made his first appearance in the part of Lionel. Opinions differ widely about him, so I shall make it a point to be present at his next performance and tell you what I think of him. Moreover, by not going to the Italiens that evening, I lost seeing Mdlle. Adelina Patti in one of her most captivating and finished achievements, the Lady Henrietta. I consider it high time that M. Bagier should think of procuring a better contralto than Madame Méric-Lablache for such parts as Nancy. Signors Delle-Sedie and Scalese sustained respectively, and, I have no doubt, respectably, the characters of Plumkett and Lord Tristan. *Linda di Chamouni* and *La Gazza Ladra* are announced for La Patti. Who is to personate the father in Rossini's opera no one can guess. Formerly all barytones could sing florid music. Now not one in a hundred can fairly execute a passage. What a change must have come over singers, singing and operatic music, to produce this result!

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Madame Ugalde has persuaded herself that her voice is a contralto and not a soprano, and so she is about to undertake all the contralto *rôles* at the Théâtre-Lyrique. She has already played Maddalena in *Rigoletto* to Mdlle. de Maesen's Gilda—what rare condescension!—and is, I hear, studying Azucena, Nancy, and Siebel (*Faust*) in the low register—the register of Mdlle. Trebelli, Madame Nantier-Didiee and Mdlle. Grossi. Some unkind persons suggest that Madame Ugalde undertakes characters with low notes because her voice has no longer any high ones. Talking of *Faust*, one of the most important alterations made by M. Gounod in *Mereille* is restoring the heroine to life in the *denouément*, and marrying her to her lover. If I remember rightly, this was the way in which the opera terminated at Her Majesty's Theatre, so that M. Gounod is indebted to Mdlle. Tietjens or Signor Arditi for an idea. M. Gounod having beaten Spohr out of the dramatic field with his *Faust*, is now busy writing an opera on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, that he may send into utter oblivion Zingarelli, Bellini and other Italian composers. *Romeo and Juliet*, I understand, is being written expressly for the Théâtre-Lyrique.

At one of the latest performances of *Le Songe d'une nuit d'eté*, at the Opéra-Comique, M. Achard was taken suddenly ill, and the rôle of Shakespeare was undertaken *à l'improviste* by his brother, M. Charles Achard, who acquitted himself wonderfully well under the circumstances. Indeed, so decided was the impression he made that the management a few nights afterwards entrusted him with the more important part of Horace in the *Domino Noir*. Madame Cabel has followed up her triumphs in *Galatée* with success not less decided in *La Fille du Regiment* and *La Dame Blanche*. *Capitaine Henriot*—the new work of MM. Sardou and Gavaert—is being rehearsed in earnest, and it is fully expected will be ready for public representation in about a fortnight. The cast will include the names of Mesdames Galli-Marié, Belia, and Colson; MM. Achard, Couderc, Crosti, Pronchard and Prilleux.

"Acting on the proposition of M. the Senator Count de Nieuwerkerke, Superintendant of the Fine Arts"—I quote from the official authorities—"His Excellency the Marshal Vaillant, Minister of the Household of the Emperor and the Fine Arts, has ordered M. Chevalier to execute in marble a medallion of the maestro Rossini." The medallion, it is supposed, is intended for the *foyer* of the Opéra, where already there is a magnificent full-length statue in marble of the composer of *Guillaume Tell*.

A *Concert Extraordinaire* was given on Sunday last in honor of Meyerbeer by the Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire. The programme gave the following *morceaux*:—Symphony in D—Beethoven; Chorus from *Marguerite d'Anjou*—Meyerbeer; Overture to the *Pardon de Ploërmel*—Meyerbeer; Air, sung by M. Faure; Fragments from the 63rd quartet, executed by stringed instruments—Haydn; Scene of The Benediction of the Poignards from the *Huguenots*—Meyerbeer; March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Mendelssohn.

The programme of the sixth Popular Concert of Classic Music, given last Sunday, was as follows:—Symphony (No, 51)—Haydn; Adagio from quintet in G minor for stringed instruments—Mozart; Overture to *The Isles of Fingal*—Mendelssohn; Air from the ballet (*rigodon*) from the Opera *Dardanus*—Rameau; Symphony in A—Beethoven.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, November 30.

—o—

ERNST has quitted Paris for Nice.

MDLLE. TIETJENS has commenced an engagement at Hambourg with *Fidelio*.

A TREMENDOUS TENOR.—A Marseilles journal thus writes of M. Lefranc, the tenor, apropos of his performance of Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*:—"We are bound to state that, during the few months he has been absent from the stage, M. Lefranc has made great and notable progress. The word cannot sound ill in the ears of the excellent tenor, since he knows well that in fact Art can always progress and that one has never done with learning. In full possession of his means, M. Lefranc electrified the audience. Not a single hesitation—not a single failing—all was perfect. The grand trio and the final air obtained for the favorite artist one of those successes the remembrance of which can never be effaced. Bouquets, crowns, and laurels were not provisions for an entertained display, but the natural *obbligato* accompaniment to enforced manifestations."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

SIR,—In my last letter I left off rather abruptly, and with a promise to send a description of the "very interesting monuments" mentioned in Mr. Bunting's work, which goes to prove "how long anterior to the Anglo-Norman invasion" the Irish had been in possession of the harp.

"The first of these (monuments) is the ornamented cover or 'theca' of an Irish MS., preserved in the library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, which cover appears, from inscriptions remaining on it, to have been made and ornamented prior to the year 1064.

Among these ornaments are five delineations of the harp of that period, containing, however, two pairs of duplicates, fac-similies of which are given in the second volume of O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*.

Now, in the first of these ornaments it appears that the method of holding * and playing on the harp had altered nothing from the practice of the time of Cambrensis, and both harps correspond in their general form in a remarkable manner with the harp of Arthur O'Neill, one of the last of the Irish harpers. This carries it back more than a century beyond the Anglo-Norman invasion.

The other monument is a sculptured cross at Ullard, in the county Kilkenny, which, from the style of the workmanship, may be safely assigned an antiquity of 1000 years. Speaking of a representation of the harp on this monument, Mr. Ferguson remarks, that "*it is the first specimen of the harp without a fore pillar that has been hitherto discovered out of Egypt.*"

I almost repent me for having commenced those series of letters upon this subject, as I find that one of the two gentlemen mentioned in my first letter had already published in New York a *History of the Harp*, in which he *pretends* to give a *comprehensive* view of its "origin and progress." Now I beg to say (particularly as I am extremely nervous), that I do not presume to enter into the arena with *antiquarian gladiators* upon these matters; I merely give (as I said in a previous letter) extracts or quotations from works that have passed the ordeal of criticism, and that are recognised as good authorities to extract from.

The account of the two monuments so well described by Mr. Ferguson, this modern author (of the history of the harp) ascribes to Mr. Bunting, and says of the latter learned antiquary, that he "makes the *startling surmise* that the Irish harp was derived originally from Egypt, which presumption is founded upon the circumstance of their being a representation of an ancient harp in one of the ornamental compartments of a sculptured cross, at an old church in Kilkenny, which instrument is described as the only specimen ever known out of Egypt as having no pillar."

The author of the *History of the Harp* has the presumption to doubt such an excellent authority as the talented Mr. Ferguson, for he says in reference to *one* † (only one) of these monuments: "but the worn condition of the architecture might easily have given it such an appearance, and thus give rise to the speculation." Now mark an extraordinary parallel—this gentleman's name fully convinces us that he is of Welsh origin (just the same as the name of Mr. Ap'mutton does); being convinced of this fact, we have a natural desire to read what he has written concerning the Welsh harp, and see if he doubts any of the authorities upon the "origin and progress" of that institution. Certainly not. How could we expect such a thing? Is not "posterity always ready to believe *anything* that reflects honor upon its ancestors?"

Most decidedly, and very naturally so.

Well, I turned over the pages of this book to see what he had written concerning "The Harp in Wales," and found the following very interesting particulars:—"Diodorus Siculus' description of the Hyperboreans (or Britons‡) will suffice to substantiate *completely* the assertion, that the Welsh were acquainted with the Harp previous to *every other nation* since the commencement of the Christian era." Writing forty-five years before Christ, he says:—"There is an island §

* I am extremely sorry that Mr. Ferguson does not say *which shoulder* the harp should be rested or held against.

† Why does he not speak of the Stowe monument?

‡ The Hyperboreans were equally Irish as Britons, because the ancients denominated those people and places *Hyperborean* which were to the northward of the Scythians. They had but little acquaintance with these Hyperborean regions; and all they tell us of them is very precarious and much of it false. Diodorus Siculus says, "The Hyperboreans were thus called by reason they dwelt beyond the wind Boreas." This etymology is very natural and plausible. Herodotus doubts whether or not there were any such nations as the Hyperboreans. Strabo says that *Hyperborean* means *most northern*; so that the Hyperboreans of our present day are those Russians who inhabit between the Volga and the White Sea.

§ Wales (it is almost unnecessary to say) is not an island.

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over against Gaul, the size of Sicily, under the Arctic Pole, where the Hyperboreans inhabit, so called, because they lie far north.

They say that Latona was born there, and therefore, that they worship Apollo above all other gods; and they daily sing songs in praise of this god, ascribing to him the highest honors. They say that there is a city, likewise, there consecrated to this deity, whose citizens are most of them harpers. They use their own language;* but have of ancient time had a special kindness for the Grecians, and more especially for the Athenians and the Delians. Some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans and left behind them presents inscribed with Greek characters. Aboris formerly travelled thence, and renewed the ancient league of friendship."

This author, after making this long extract from a work I am sorry to say I am not in possession of, deduces the following [whether for our information, or whether with the idea that "posterity is always ready to believe *anything* (no matter what rubbish) that reflects honor upon its ancestors," I cannot say.] "These quotations show the source from whence the Welsh derived their knowledge of the instrument, which they claim the honor of transmitting to the period now under consideration."

If the "Welsh were acquainted with the Harp *previous* to every other nation since the commencement of the Christian era," why did that wise monarch of Britain, Alfred the Great, "voluntarily retire to Ireland, and for fifteen years engage in a life of philosophical tranquility, and progressive improvement"—*Turner Hist. Ang. Sax. Bk.* 3), "during which period he studied the harp with which he obtained access to the camp of the Danes in Somersetshire," when Wales was so much nearer?

I feel impelled to ask you to allow me to write a few more words upon the *Cruit* or Irish harp anon. Meanwhile, believe me to be, sir, yours faithfully, A. J. P.

Belgravia, Nov. 28th, 1864.

"FAUST" FROM A STOCKPORT POINT OF VIEW.

STOCKPORT, *April 25th*, 1864.

SIR,—If it were my good fortune to dwell in the great city of London, I should be most regular in my attendance at the oratorios, the opera, the symphony, and the Monday Popular Concerts. When I read the excellent descriptions which the *Musical World* from time to time gives, I long to be one of the listeners. Whenever there is an opera company down in these districts I embrace the opportunity of hearing and seeing their performances. I had the pleasure of being present at the first performance in Manchester of Gounod's *Faust*, I made a few notes at the time which I send you, and "Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as my honesty puts it to utterance." Gounod's *Faust* was performed in the Theatre Royal, Manchester, for the first time to a Manchester audience, December 16th, 1863. Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Trebelli, Signor Bettini, Mr. Santley and Signor Bossi performed the principal characters. I obtained a front seat in the first gallery. From this position I could see and hear as the scenery and music rolled along. The opera opens with an introduction, which is well scored for the orchestra; this led me to think that Gounod had paid the greatest attention to the instrumentation. There are some good ideas worked together, which are in keeping with the subject he had to compose his music to. In this piece of writing, there is a singularity of wildness which prepares the mind for the poetical effects which are produced as the opera goes on. The opera contains five acts, and each act contains much which is striking and new. In my opinion, the third act contains the best music in the whole opera; the melodies of this act are exquisitely fine. The orchestra in many instances enhances a beauty to the melodies which are pleasing to the ear. *Faust* is without doubt a work of art; it is written in a style which is new to me. In listening to this musical work, I was much struck with a strangeness in its melodies: they do not roll along like the themes of other *maestros*, neither do they possess that charm upon the first hearing which takes you by storm, so to speak, and penetrates the soul, so that they afterwards spring up in one's mind in fragments, like those of Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Bellini and Verdi; yet they are sweet and graceful. Gounod shows a masterhand in the instrumentation of the work; he exhibits great skill in scoring for an orchestra, as is evident to an attentive listener, for as the various scenes pass along, you may notice many striking features of his abilities by the different instruments pouring out sweet bits of melody, which increase the beauty of the work and fascinate your attention from the beginning to the end. In some parts the violins accompany on the G string with great power until the strings vibrate against the finger board, which produces a curious effect of wildness; again the altissimo notes are written for the violin, which produce a still wilder and more weird effect and sound unnatural; but still they are in keeping with the *libretto*, and they portray the superhuman character Mephistopheles, who exhibits a predominating influence throughout. In some of the choruses, I noticed discordant effects which were anything but pleasant; whether this is done designedly by the composer I cannot say, but they sounded like a great strain which was unable to produce the effect desired. It is evident that Gounod cannot harmonise his voice and instrumentation with such melodious skill as Mozart has done in all of his operas, nor even with such taste as Rossini. He cannot produce those grand combinations of melody and harmony which Weber and Meyerbeer produce, yet there is much which is praiseworthy and commendable in Gounod's *Faust*, which entitles it to be ranked as a great work of modern art. I remain, yours truly, T. B. B.

18, *Warren Street, Stockport.*

* So *I* think according to what I have read.

DON GIOVANNI A PARIS.

Au Rédacteur du "MUSICAL WORLD."

MONSIEUR,—Il n'y a rien de plus beau au monde que le *Don Juan* de Mozart. Il n'y a rien de plus mauvais aux Italiens que ce même *Don Juan*. C'est une création divine; c'est une exécution navrante. C'est le chef-d'œuvre de Mozart, et peut-être de la musique universelle; c'est le désespoir et la perte des artistes qui s'y produisent. Tous les ans, depuis plus de dix ans, le public demande à grands cris qu'on lui rende *Don Juan*. Il lui faut *Don Juan* ou la tête du directeur qui ne donnerait pas *Don Juan* au moins trois fois dans la saison. M. Bagier, l'année dernière, avait esquivé cet abime. La représentation d'avant hier donne raison à son abstention blamée de l'année dernière. Voulez-vous être dégoutés même des chanteurs que vous applaudissez dans d'autres opéras, allez les entendre dans *Don Juan;* voyez-les réduits au rôle de cariatides impuissantes, écrasés sous le poids d'un monument trop lourd pour leurs épaules. J'ai toujours vu se renouveler le même espoir, le même empressement suivis de la même déception: on court à *Don Juan;* on en sort la mort dans l'âme. L'œuvre est immortelle. Elle est mortelle à presque tous les chanteurs qui y touchent. *Ne touchez pas à la hache!* Ne touchez pas à *Don Juan*. Don Giovanni lui-même, quand il a livré sa main à l'étreinte de la main du commandeur, ne sent pas courir en ses veines un mal plus implacable que celui qui désole la salle attentive à ce massacre ordinaire de l'opéra de Mozart. Peut-être vaudrait il mieux avoir le bon sens de renoncer à la partition sainte, si l'on n'est plus digne de se mesurer avec elle. "Mais quoi!"—nous objectent comme un seul homme les directeurs qui se sont succédés dans ces dernières années au Théâtre Italien—"le public veut son *Don Juan*. On le lui donne comme on peut." J'admets le raisonnement, mais je n'en déplore pas moins la profanation qui en est la conséquence. Voilà une médaille devant laquelle tout antiquaire intelligent se met à genoux dans son sanctuaire, et à la façon dont elle est défigurée chez vous, un cocher de fiacre la refuserait pour prix de sa course. On peut encore comparer ces représentations douloureuses à ces duels mortels des deux parts où les adversaires s'embrochent et s'enferrent réciproquement. Ceci tue cela et cela tue ceci. Mozart tue ses interprètes, qui le lui rendent bien.

Voilà le résultat général de la bataille. Il y a eu cependant de brillants épisodes. La merveille Adelina Patti n'a jamais eu et jamais mérité plus de succès. Costumée comme un ange (une improvisation de Worth!), vive comme un démon, musicienne comme la musique, telle s'est montrée Zerlina. Je ne parle pas de sa voix; ce n'est qu'or, perles et diamants, on le sait de reste. Mais il faut l'avoir entendue, il y a deux ans, dans ce même *Don Juan* et l'y retrouver aujourd'hui pour apprécier les progrès qu'elle a faits. Son style est devenu plus élevé et plus pur. Zerlina est à présent son triomphe le plus noble. Où les autres succombent, elle a emporté sa plus belle couronne. Le public a très spirituellement pris son parti des mécomptes du reste de la représentation en se faisant, pour compenser ce qui manquait au régal, et pour remplacer les plats manqués, servir deux fois tout ce qui était excellent. Il a bissé tous les morceaux de Mlle. Patti qui s'est prêtée à ces exigences redoublées avec une bonne grâce infatigable et charmante. Il a voulu entendre deux fois dire à Delle. Sedie sa sérénade: "Deh! vieni alla finestra," le seul morceau du rôle de Don Juan, avec le duo non moins fameux, "La ci darem la mano!" qui soit dans les moyens de l'habile baryton. Il a passé condamnation sur le reste. Ce n'est pas la faute de Mme. de La Grange, que j'aime et que j'honore tant pour ma part comme femme et comme artiste, si le trio des masques à absolument manqué son effet. Cette vaillante a eu de beaux élans, comme toujours et son grand succès ne lui a pas fait défaut plus qu'à l'ordinaire. Mais, que faire tout seule? Je ne voudrais rien dire de pénible à un artiste dont j'ai eu souvent plaisir à encourager le talent dans des rôles de sa compétence. Ottavio n'est point le fait de Baragli. Avec sa voix tremblottante, c'est vraiment un soutien trop vacillant pour les deux dames, Elvira et Anna, auxquelles il sert de cavalier. Je ne dis rien de l'air: "Il mio tesoro;" mettons qu'il n'a pas été chanté.

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Le menuet n'a pas été dansé non plus, ou ce qui est pis, n'a pas été dansé en mesure. Mascarille et Jodelet, dans les *Précieuses ridicules*, n'ont pas plus de peine à attrapper la cadence des violons lorsqu'ils attaquent leur courante, pour les beaux yeux de Cathos et de Madelon. On ne doit rien bâcler en ce monde, ni un sonnet, ni un menuet, et l'on voit trop à l'exécution du menuet en question que les danseuses ne sont demeurées qu'un quart d'heure à l'étudier. On a eu sans doute une répétition. Il en aurait fallu six, pour le moins. Je suis, monsieur, votre fort humble et fort obéissant serviteur, H. de Pène.

—o—

To Owain Ap'Mutton, Esq.

Sir,—Sig. Mario, as *Faust*, is very unfairly treated by the critics. They insist upon praising him. Now I have heard Gounod's work in almost every city where it has ever been performed. I love the music, and because I love it, I know every note in the opera. And I affirm that of all the *Fausts* I have heard, Giuglini is the best, and Mario (vocally) the very very worst. Even of the minor theatres abroad, I have never heard the part so badly sung (with the sole exception of the duet trio) as it was by Mario on Thursday night last. I can make every allowance for physical infirmity, but I cannot excuse misinterpreting music. To cite but one example, the opening phrase of the lovely duet, as sung by Mario, was hardly recognisable. How differently Mdlle. Lucca sang the same phrase. Pauline Lucca is the very best Marguerite that the musical world has ever listened to. I thought so when I heard her in Berlin. I think so now more than ever. She is the first who ever gained an encore for the Jewel song in this country. Faure, to my mind, is magnificent as Mephistopheles. I like him better than Attri, on the whole. There are two tenors in the Covent Garden company who ought to sing in *Faust*. I mean, of course, Naudin and Wachtel. The former of these gentlemen, would, I feel convinced, achieve a great success in the part. The latter, could he but gain style, would distance all competitors. In conclusion, Sir, can Mr. Gye be aware of the existence of such artists as Sig. Mongini, Sig. G. Bettini, Sig. Fraschini, Sig. Carrion, and Niemann? When are we to listen to the exquisite voice of the last mentioned world-renowned tenor?

Your obedient Servant, An Occasional Correspondent.

[It is really unfortunate that Mr. Ap'Mutton should have returned to the Vatican. He would have given "An Occasional Correspondent" a shake. It may not now be too late.]

D. Peters.

To Owain Ap'Mutton, Esq.

Sir,—Being a permanent (free list) subscriber to the Sacred Harmonic Society, I was of course present at *St. Paul* last Friday, and was better pleased with the performance than any I have yet heard of the work in London. Having been recently at the Vatican, perhaps you can inform me why the gangway of the stalls should gradually become small by degrees and anything but beautifully less. I am not an obese personage, but my wife, like the rest of her sex, wears a crinoline, and complains badly, and justly, of the "narrow way which leadeth to destruction" of her skirts. Remedy this, and oblige

Drinkwater Hard.

[Mr. Ap'Mutton has returned to the Vatican. D. Peters.]

—o—

Crystal Palace Concerts.—The following was the programme for the last concert (Saturday afternoon):—

Overture, *Figaro*—Mozart; Aria, "Ah, fors' e lui," *Traviata*—Verdi—Mdlle. Sinico; Capriccio brilliant, (B minor)—Mendelssohn—Pianoforte, Mr. Dannreuther; Serenata, *Faust*—Gounod—Signor Bossi; Symphony No. 8, in F—Beethoven; Canzone Spagnuola, "La Calesera"—Yradier—Madame Rudersdorff; Duet, "La ci darem," *Don Giovanni*—Mozart—Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Bossi; Finale to the Opera of "Lorelei"—Mendelssohn—Madame Rudersdorff and Chorus; Bolero, "Leggero invisibile"—Arditi—Mdlle. Sinico; Marche et Cortege, *La Reine de Saba*—Gounod. A. Manns, Conductor.

The whole programme was heard with delight by an audience that nearly filled the concert room.

New Philharmonic Society.—The seventh *soirée musicale* took place at St. James's Hall. The novelties were a *trio* for piano, violin and violoncello, composed by Miss Alice Mary Smith, which was much applauded, and a duet for piano and harp by Dussek, well played by Miss Fanny Baker and Mr. T. H. Wright. Messieurs. Witt, Wiener, Webb, Aylward and Henseler, assisted as instrumentalists, the singers being Miss Florella Illingworth and Mr. Herbert Bond (both members of the new Opera Company), and the choir of the society.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The series of concerts for 1864-5 began on Friday night (Nov. 26), with what, in some respects, may be pronounced the finest performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* ever heard in London, or, indeed, leaving out Birmingham during the Festival, not three months since, anywhere in England. The vast improvement in the execution of the choruses, of which this great work presents so many noble examples, was agreeably felt on the occasion of its revival by the Sacred Harmonic Society last season. The singers are becoming better and better acquainted with them, and promise before long to get them as completely into their heads as the more familiar choruses of *Elijah*, which it should always be borne in mind are less intricate as specimens of part-writing, generally less elaborate in construction, and thus more accomodating to the voices than those in the younger oratorio. The experience of ten years sufficed to make of Mendelssohn, with ever-ripening powers, as thorough a master of choral writing as Handel, Haydn, or Mozart. Happily spared the calamity which afflicted Beethoven, whose later vocal writings (witness the Second Mass and the Choral Symphony) are far more trying and far less grateful than his earlier ones, he had gradually acquired the art of producing the largest effects with the simplest means. This is continually shown in his *Elijah*, and nowhere more surprisingly than in the magnificent quartet with chorus, "Holy, holy." But to surmount the choral difficulties abounding in *St. Paul* should be regarded in the light of a duty by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, towards the prosperity and renown of whose admirable institution its composer contributed no little; and that it is so regarded may be fairly concluded from the excellent performance of last season and the still more excellent performance under notice. Out of more than 20 choruses exception could scarcely be taken to one; while the chorales, more especially the impressive "Sleepers wake"—the culminating point of the splendid scene of Saul's conversion—and the truly pathetic "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," were pretty nearly irreproachable. The soft choruses—"Happy and blest are they," "How lovely are the messengers," and "See what love hath the Father," were almost beyond criticism, an opinion evidently shared by the audience, who loudly applauded all three, and insisted upon a repetition of the second—like its fellows, one of those peculiar inspirations characteristic of the genius of Mendelssohn, who loved especially to finish and set them off with every grace and beauty of detail which taste the most exquisite could suggest and art the most consummate devise. Of the grander pieces, such as "Oh, great is the depth" (only surpassed by "Thanks be to God," in *Elijah*) and "Arise, shine, for thy light is come" (only equalled by "The night is departed," in the *Lobgesang*), it is needless to speak. These are just the displays in which the "nearly 700" take particular pride; and never were they shouted out with mere enthusiastic fervor and unanimity than on the present occasion. But most gratifying of all, perhaps, was the extraordinary progress revealed in the delivery of "But our God abideth in Heaven"—which has a touch in it of the Handelian majesty; and "This is Jehovah's Temple," so perpetually the subject of unfavourable comment, but now very nigh unimpeachable. To cite other examples would be to set forth a catalogue; whereas our intention is merely to record, with general terms of praise, a marked instance of improvement in a large body of singers whose opportunities for assembling together for the purpose of simultaneous practice are rarer than might be found desirable, and whose diligence is therefore all the more commendable.

The principal solo singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Montem Smith, the last-named gentleman acting as deputy for Mr. Sims Reeves, whose indisposition has also deprived Her Majesty's Theatre of his services during the present week. On the whole this was a very effective quartet. Madame Rudersdorff, an artist of high intelligence and intimately conversant with almost every part of importance in the repertory of sacred as well as that of secular music, was as zealous and efficient as she never fails to be, delivering her many recitatives like a true mistress of lyrical declamation and giving her solos—the angelic admonition, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," and, in another style, the not less serenely beautiful "I will sing of Thy great mercies"—with genuine sentiment and expression. Miss Julia Elton, to whom the *contralto* music was assigned, afforded entire satisfaction by her careful, correct, and unobtrusive style; and so pleased was the audience with her in the melodious *arioso*, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," that they compelled her to repeat it. As the apostle, Paul, Mr Weiss is no less at home than as the prophet, Elijah. To go through either part uniformly well is a task of no ordinary responsibility—a task, however, to the adequate accomplishment of which Mr. Weiss, not for the first time by many, proved himself fully competent. Rarely—to quote a single instance—has he imparted more depth of feeling to the pathetic air in which the miraculously converted enemy of Christ's preachers

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utters his penitence and entreats for mercy. The tenor music, besides the declamatory recitatives of the martyred Stephen, contains one of the most graceful and tuneful songs in the oratorio—the so-called "*cavatina*." "Be thou faithful unto death." This was exceedingly well given by Mr. Montem Smith, and received with great applause, not a little of the success being due to the perfect manner in which the violoncello *obbligato* accompaniment was played by Mr. G. Collins. In some of the less important music good service was rendered by Messrs. C. Henry and Smithson; while the charming little duettino, "Now are we Ambassadors," was so well sung by Messrs. Montem Smith and Weiss, that the audience were almost inclined to imitate the example of the audience at the late Birmingham Festival, and "encore" it.

The orchestra was splendid from first to last; and an enthusiastic welcome was accorded to Mr. Costa, to whose invaluable aid so much of the success of these performances is due.

The next oratorio (on Friday, December 9) will be Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.

Mr. Aguilar's Matinées.—The following was the programme of Mr. Aguilar's last performance of pianoforte music: Sonata in C—Aguilar; Andante—Beethoven; Caprice—Aguilar; "Evening" and "Last Look," 2 romances—Aguilar; Sonata in D minor—Weber; *Lieder ohne Worte*—Mendelssohn; "The stars are brightly beaming" (Transcription)—Aguilar; "The Blue Bells"—Aguilar; Passe Pied and Gigue—J. S. Bach; "The Birds at Sunset" and Valse Brillante—Aguilar.

Lyons.—M. Paque, the eminent Belgian violoncellist from London, has given two concerts at the theatre with great success. The public filled every available space, and expressed their satisfaction at Paque's performance by applauding him with enthusiasm. One of the most successful pieces was his *fantasia* on theme from *Rigoletto* (accompanied by the orchestra), which produced a marked effect. M. Paque also played a *fantasia* on *Martha*, and a *bolero*—both of his own composition, besides some brilliant variations in the style of Servais, and a caprice on Scotch airs. We may hope soon again to hear this talented artist in Lyons.

Royal Gallery of Illustration.—The Opera di Camera entertainment has been brought to a close after a successful season, necessarily shortened in order to enable Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry (who have been too long away from the public) to reappear in a series of their most popular "Illustrations." Their entertainment, which commences next Monday evening, will consist of *The Rival Composers; The Bard and his Birthday;* and Mr. Parry's descriptive song, "The Sea-side, or Mrs. Roseleaf out of Town." The selection is eminently adapted to display their talents to the best advantage, and will no doubt ensure them a favorable reception till Christmas, when we shall have another novelty.

Brighton.—The second concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society took place on Tuesday evening at the Pavilion. A portion of the oratorio of *Samson* was given. Miss Foster was encored in the air, "Return, O God of Hosts." Miss Attree, Miss Loader, Mr. Amcombe and Mr. Butler were the other solo singers. The band and chorus went well except in "Awake the trumpet." Mr. Roe presided at the organ. Mr. Woodin's entertainment, given also at the Pavilion last week, was successful. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Land have announced their Scottish entertainment on Tuesday and Wednesday evening; and Messrs. Potts and Co. have engaged Madame Arabella Goddard to give a second recital of Pianoforte music next Saturday.

The Conservative Land Society.—The twelfth annual meeting was held on Tuesday, the 29th November, at Exeter Hall, Viscount Ranelagh in the chair, supported by the following directors: Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P., the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Talbot, the Hon. R. Bourke, Colonel Augustus Meyrick, Captain Jervis, M.P., Messrs. Currie, Holmes, Newcomen, and Winstanley, C. L. Gruneisen (secretary). The report stated that the receipts for the year were £81,242 15s. 3d., an increase over the previous year of £548 9s. 10d. The grand totals were £782,389 13s. 10d. The sale of land £368,800 13s. 10d. The total withdrawals were £231,487 17s. The society has acquired 55 estates in 21 counties, that 21,228 £50 shares had been issued, representing £1,061,400, and that the reserve fund was now £11,000. A dividend of 5½ per cent. was declared. The following members of the Board were re-elected: The Earl of Bectirce, M.P., the Hon. Robert Bourke, Col. Augustus Meyrick, Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., M.P., and N. Winstanley, Esq. The purchases of the Deal Navy Yard, the Sandown estate, Isle of Wight, and the Wood Green estate near the Alexandra Park, were announced. The new railroad lines were developing several estates both in town and country. The society's claims in the Registration Courts had been generally successful. The report was unanimously adopted, and votes of thanks were given to the Executive Committee, the auditors, and the officers and clerks of the society.

At Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's sale of Messrs. Cock, Hutchings, and Co.'s copyrights, "The Ship-boy's Letter" was knocked down for £132, and "Katey's Letter" for £210, to Mr. Hutchings.

The C. C. C. Christy Minstrels, who have been attracting large audiences to St. James's Hall during the past month, have announced next week as the last of their stay in that *locale*. Every one should go and hear them as they are a very clever *troupe*. The comic scene "Dooral Mac Dill Darrell" creates roars of laughter every night, and indeed their whole entertainment is extremely amusing.

Madame Volpini at Lisbon.—The *Chronica dos Theatros* writing of Madame Volpini as Gilda in *Rigoletto* says:—"Madame Volpini is the most charming and seductive Gilda we have ever seen at the Teatro de S. Carlos. Beautiful in person, full of talent, indeed, we may say of genius, her flashing eyes, her ardent and youthful spirit, make her the veritable impersonation of the ill-used, passionate and unhappy daughter of *Rigoletto*. Her silvery and sympathetic voice has all the freshness of the rose on a lovely summer morning. Her ardent nature, born under the burning sun of Spain, and born of a race with whose blood is mingled that of Arabia, Madame Volpini possesses the power of feeling her art, and imparting it to the public in a way that elevates and renders it sublime.

Ancient Musical Instruments.—The *Quebec Chronicle* describes two violins and a violoncello, recently sold by the nuns of the General Hospital in that city. They are the oldest musical instruments in Canada, and were imported many years before the conquest of that Province. They were used in the convent choir long before the appearance of organs or pianos in the new world; and the violins seem to have been originally used as viols or seven-stringed instruments. Their form as well as that of the violoncello, is peculiar in the extreme, and highly suggestive of their antiquity. They appear to be in very good condition notwithstanding their age. The violoncello bears the maker's name, "*Nichals Bertrand, a Paris*," with the date "1720." One of the violins is marked "*Fait par Caroly*—1734," and another bears the name "*Villaume—Demivicaud*—1743."

York.—The first concert of the York Choral Society was given in the Festival Concert Room, on Wednesday last, the selection being Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, which was produced in very good style. The principal vocalists were Miss Fitton, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Newall, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Pattinson, tenor, and Mr. David Lambert, bass. Mr. Shaw was leader, and Mr. Hopkinson, as usual, filled the post of conductor. Mr. Lambert's voice told well in the recitatives and airs allotted to Elijah, and Mr. Pattinson sang the tenor airs creditably. Miss Fitton gave some of her pieces with good effect. The choruses were well done, and the instrumentalists got through their work in a praiseworthy manner. It was evident that much care and patience had been exercised by Mr. Hopkinson in the rehearsals.

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ROSE; or, LOVE'S RANSOM

WRITTEN BY SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

COMPOSED BY J. L. HATTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The most brilliant success yet achieved by the Royal English Opera Company it is our pleasant office now briefly to report. In very truth, the scenes of enthusiasm and the sounds of triumph from which we have escaped only a very short time before we must be at press, have left us in a state of comparative bewilderment, which unfits us for the grave obligations of our office. *Rose, or Love's Ransom*—composed by a gentleman whose instincts for melody and mastery of the laws of his art are second to none of his English contemporaries, and who, though he has done enough to create several reputations, has yet done so little as almost to compromise his own—is, if we mistake not, a work not only likely to become popular with the masses, but entitled to the earnest respect of connoisseurs. The whole production is marked by a freshness, a freedom, a spontaneity, and an unction, if we may use the word, in which the anatomist might discover faults, but to the fascination and force of which the ordinary hearer will find it impossible not to yield.—*Sunday Times.*

We are particularly glad to record the success of Mr. Hatton's opera, *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, produced on Saturday night at Covent Garden. We stated unreservedly our opinion that *Helvellyn* was a quasi-failure, and we have been justified by the result. The directors of the English Opera Company deserve great credit for speedily making another venture, instead of forcing upon the public an uncongenial work. *Helvellyn* was an ambitious failure; *Rose* is an unpretentious success. We do but record two facts, which we leave to speak for themselves. It is scarcely fair to the composer to express a decided opinion on a new opera after a single hearing. We may be allowed, however, to state a general impression, that the flowing melodies which abound are attractive enough to secure for the work immediate attention, and that the exquisite orchestration cannot fail to sustain the interest thus early excited. Mr. Hatton has produced so many charming part songs, that we were quite prepared to find his choruses and concerted pieces admirably written, alike grateful to singers and listeners; but we were surprised by the masterly manner in which the whole work is instrumented from end to end.—*Daily Telegraph.*

If full houses and loud applause may be accepted as warrant, Mr. J. L. Hatton's new opera is successful. Though nowhere strikingly original, occasionally Mr. Hatton rises above this level, and shows both ambition and power. Take for instance the quartet in Act 1, "Learned Wizard," the trio in Act 2, "Hail to the fair Theresa," the round in the *finale* to the same Act, "Dear Rose, with thy pure breath," and the air for Rose, "Oh blessed sleep" (Act 3), with a remarkably well-contrived accompaniment, which are all dramatic, effective, and in keeping—good music, in short, however considered. How exquisitely Madame Sherrington can sing a plain ballad is shown in this very opera. Her delivery of the pretty little air,

"Gentle flower, canst thou tell
If my loved one loves me well?"

—the words of which, by the way, are as graceful as they are unaffected—is absolute perfection. No wonder that a spontaneous "encore" is the result. There is another good ballad—that in which Stephen deplores the impending fate of Rose—"Farewell, farewell, my mountain life." So well, too, with such genuine taste and feeling does Mr. Perren give this, that to have to sing it twice is a matter of course. That the new work may prove a real success is to be wished, for certainly the directors of the "English Opera Company (Limited)" have shown no lack of spirit and liberality since the commencement of their enterprise.—*The Times, December 5, 1864.*

Mr. Hatton holds a high place among our English musicians of the time, and this work is worthy of his reputation. His experience and skill in writing for the voice are apparent in every scene. In the airs, concerted pieces, and choruses, the singers are never embarrassed by those unvocal phrases or harsh instrumental intervals so prevalent in music of the modern German school. Mr. Hatton has diligently studied and formed his style upon the most classical models—the works of the great masters of a past age. With the music of Mozart and Beethoven he is especially conversant; and the fruits of his studies are apparent, not only in the clearness, expression, and vocal character of his melodies, but in the purity and richness of his instrumentation. Some of the airs are not only beautiful but quite appropriate, such as Rose's "Gentle flower, canst thou tell?" and "O blessed sleep!" which are not only delightful on the stage, but will be equally so in the concert-hall or the drawing-room. But it is in the concerted music that Mr. Hatton's strength chiefly lies. His trios, quartets, and choruses are uniformly admirable; and the magnificent *finale* to the second act, so masterly in construction, so rich in harmony, and so full of dramatic effect, is not unworthy of the name of Mozart himself.—*Illustrated London News, December 3, 1864.*

After so many failures and quasi-failures in the efforts of native musical genius, it is pleasant to record and to acquiesce in the favourable verdict pronounced on Mr. Hatton's new work produced by the Royal English Opera Company on Saturday last. *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, contains some of the best dramatic music from the pen of an Englishman that we have heard during recent years. Although Mr. Hatton has not achieved the *desideratum* of a thoroughly English style, his opera displays so much refined taste, earnest endeavour and technical skill, that it deserves a hearty welcome after the loose scrambling productions which have of late cast ridicule on the very name of English Opera. Mr. Hatton's music will, doubtless, prove as attractive to the public as it will certainly add to the reputation of a composer already held in high estimation, although comparatively untried in dramatic music of any pretensions. Mr. Hatton's opera is a work of greater promise than any similar recent English production; and the fault will rest with himself if he does not make his present deserved success a starting point for a creditable career as a dramatic composer.—*London Review*, December 3, 1864.

Our general impression is simply this, that Mr. Hatton is a musician of rare gifts and acquirements; that he owns a strong and legitimate sympathy with the great works of the masters whose art he follows, and possesses, moreover, a command over technical means, the resources without which not even the simplest thought can be artistically expressed, which many more gifted composers cannot lay just claim to. With all our knowledge of, and love for, the best of the best which all countries have hitherto produced, we own that a great many pieces in "Love's Ransom" pleased us very much, and that its author is entitled to rank with the ablest whom modern musical England, with all its foreign learning, native inspiration, almost hopeless ambition, and heart-sickening war with ignorance and prejudice, has shown to the world.—*Morning Post.*

The Royal English Opera authorities have presented another new work from the pen of a native composer. Mr. J. L. Hatton's new opera, in three acts, called *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, produced last Saturday, met with a reception more than ordinarily enthusiastic, even for a first night's audience. The overture was encored by acclamation; and no less than four numbers in the first act were redemanded in a forcible manner admitting of no denial. We cannot, on the present occasion, speak so much in detail as we hope to do, but by his latest production, Mr. Hatton will, no doubt, establish himself still more emphatically in the estimation of connoisseurs as an earnest, genial, and thoughtful composer, whose talents are an honor alike to himself and the country of his birth. We do not imagine this an opera which will become as popular among the masses as many of its predecessors, and this proposition is, rather than not, complimentary to the composer; for no one knows better than Mr. Hatton himself, that the musical works which have been of late years most widely known have also been, in numerous instances, the most worthless of their class.—*Era*, December 4, 1864.

Mr. Hatton's new opera of *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, produced here with very great success, is certainly one of the most charming works that have been given for many years. Mr. J. L. Hatton has long been known as an accomplished musician, and has previously produced with considerable success an opera at Vienna; and great have been the anticipations of his new opera in musical circles, the singers engaged in it having spoken everywhere as to its many beauties of melody and rich musician-like scoring. It is very pleasant to find that there are English composers equal to any of the foreign writers, and still more so to find that the new Opera Company are willing to bring them forward; and anything more creditable to their taste, judgment, and liberality than Mr. Hatton's new opera it is difficult to imagine. Light, sparkling, and smooth-flowing, it is every way adapted to popularity; it never seems to drag a weary length, but flows in one continuous stream of charming airs and concerted pieces, and abounds in those salient *morceaux* that become in time the staple commodity of the musicseller and organ-grinder; the last, indeed, being the highest popularity a composer can obtain, as it is a natural and true test of public opinion, and unforced by a noisy and vulgar *claque*. The most salient features of the opera are the overture, a ballad for Rose, "Gentle flower, canst thou tell," Stephen's song, "Free as the mountain air," Theresa's ballad, "My own, my native vale," an *andante* movement from Rose's *scena* ("Kind Heaven, hear my humble prayer"), the *finale* to the second act, in which occurs some exceedingly melodic passages, and a very elegant duet for the lovers, "Alas! they say that time is fleet."—*News of the World*, December 4, 1864.

The production of an opera by Mr. J. L. Hatton was an event that was sure to attract a large audience; it was not surprising, therefore, that *Rose; or Love's Ransom*, brought together one of the largest houses of the season. There is, perhaps, no English composer who is better known in the drawing-rooms of England and by our modern musical community in general, than Mr. J. L. Hatton. He has composed many of the finest and most popular ballads of the present day. Those who had any knowledge of the previous compositions of Mr. Hatton would naturally expect that he would display all the wonderful powers of ballet writing by giving some "taking" melodies,—he has, moreover, shown that he is as great a master of the powers of the various instruments in the orchestra, and can furnish them with music equally as well as for the voice. The opera abounds with intricate passages, which display the thorough knowledge of a composer of the highest power. The instrumentation is of the most elaborate character, demonstrating that the composer is a complete master of his art, and showing that it was not because he could not write operas that we have had only two from his pen. There was great excitement in the theatre on the first night, encores following in quick succession, and the heartiness of the applause was more like an ovation to an old favourite, than the critical opinion of a musical audience, nine-tenths of whom were "well up" in music, and capable of appreciating the new work. The popular composer, however, seemed to possess the sympathies and good wishes of the whole house. The opera was an unmistakeable success, and we have seldom seen greater enthusiasm displayed by everybody than on this occasion.—*Weekly Times*, December 4, 1864.

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When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again?
The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me *she* made
The sweetness of the year;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.
A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said;
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Great was the crowding to see and hear Herr Niemann during an engagement he fulfilled lately at the Royal Operahouse, an engagement limited to three performances. Large numbers of his admirers were turned from the doors unable to obtain admission, and the thalers must have rattled into the Treasurer's strong box at a most satisfactory rate. The three operas selected by Herr Niemann were *Tannhäuser*, *Cortez*, and *Le Prophète*. In the last opera, Madlle. Lucca appeared to great advantage as Bertha, and Madlle. De Ahna made an excellent Fides. There was a report that Herr Niemann would shortly pay us another visit, but it now appears that this is as destitute of any foundation as are the little winged and chubby-faced cherubs whom we sometimes see on ancient tombstones, and more frequently in old churches. The exigencies of the Opera at Hanover render it impossible for Herr Niemann to procure leave of absence again for some time to come. Another representative of John of Leyden, whom we have heard recently, is a certain Herr Ellinger. He was engaged by the management to appear in several operas, but after his performance in *Le Prophète* his name was not to be found in the bills. I do not think it difficult to guess what was the opinion of his powers entertained by the management. I base this assertion upon one fact, simple perhaps, but, to my mind, peculiarly conclusive. He has packed up his trunks and returned to delight the lovers of German opera at Rotterdam. By the way, speaking of *Le Prophète* reminds me of something very sad. Herr Ander, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, whose John of Leyden was one of his best parts, has gone out of his mind. He had obtained unlimited leave of absence, in the hope that his health, which, latterly, had been very bad, might be restored. His best friends, however, entertained grave doubts about his recovery, and those doubts are now more than verified. I pity the poor fellow from the bottom of my heart, but I cannot agree with the majority of musical critics of Germany, and go into ecstacies about his voice, or allow myself to become a prey to despair because we shall hear it no more. I never thought much of it. Herr Ander, the man, has my warmest sympathy, and no one, unless it be a relation or an intimate friend, can feel more acutely the terrible calamity which has befallen him; but for Herr Ander, the artist, I cannot say I grieve much. A sort of fatality seems to be attached to the Vienna Opera. It is not very long since Staudigl, another great favorite, died in a lunatic asylum. I am afraid it is hoping against hope, still let us trust that poor Ander may yet recover his reason and be restored to the intercourse of his friends.

A quasi novelty at the Royal Operahouse has been the revival of Mendelssohn's "piece with songs," Teutonicè: "Liederspiel" —*Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, but, judging from the result, this production of the great master's is not destined permanently to maintain its place in the repertory. The persons entrusted with the custody of Mendelssohn's papers after his death were naturally desirous of giving the world the benefit of the treasures confided to them. *Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde* was, consequently, produced, in 1851, first at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, and then at the Royal Operahouse. But it did not draw. The *libretto* had been written for a particular purpose: it had reference to, and was meant to celebrate the "silver wedding" of Mendelssohn's father and mother; it had never been intended for the public, and, as might have been expected, proved, when presented to the latter, much too slight. The music, also, was more adapted for a drawing-room than for a stage. Moreover, Mendelssohn himself never designed his work for the public at large, and, therefore, did not scruple to use many of the motives in it for other productions. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we cannot feel very much surprised that the revival is far from a decided success. With the exception of the overture, the trio, and Liesbeth's last song, nothing seemed to produce much impression on the audience. It is true that the artists engaged were far from being up to the mark either in their acting or singing. They got through their parts somehow, and that is about all that can be said.

The other operas produced since I last wrote have been *Das Mädchen von Elizondo*; *Fidelio*; *Don Juan*; *Die Zauberflöte*; *Margarethe*, otherwise, *Faust*; *Die Capuletti und Montecchi*; *Fra Diavolo*; *Il Trovatore*; *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; *Oberon*; *Figaro's Hochzeit*; *Robert le Diable*; *La Muette de Portici*; and *Le Lac des Fées*. The mode in which they were performed was that to which we are accustomed here; neither better nor worse, and, therefore, some people would imagine, perhaps, it calls for no especial notice. If they did imagine anything of the sort, such worthy individuals would make an egregious blunder, a fact which I shall endeavor to demonstrate to the best of my humble abilities, as far, at least, as the limited period in which I must conclude my letter, so that it may not be too late for this evening's post, will allow me to avail myself of them, *i.e.*, the humble abilities aforesaid.

As a general rule, the performances at the Royal Operahouse are tame and languishing; they are deficient in "go." This arises, in my opinion, from the system of engaging the artists for life, or as long, at any rate, as they are supposed able to sing, and of pensioning them off when their voices are used up. Such a system may be very agreeable to the artists, whose means of existence are thus secured, but I question whether it conduces to the interest of art. As long as Madlle. Süsstimme or Herr Notenkopf is striving to obtain a life-long engagement, with a pension backed to it, as I have before explained, either here or at any other Court Theatre—for the system is not confined to Berlin, but prevails throughout the length and breadth of Germany—both, of course, do their utmost to please the public. But directly they succeed in being enrolled as permanent members of a company, vocal fixtures, as it were, in a theatre, they begin to grow apathetic, and go to the theatre in about the same spirit a clerk goes every day to his office. Their profession is changed into a mere money-gaining pursuit with a great deal too much of the mill-horse principle in it. There may be some who preserve their enthusiasm longer than others, but even they grow listless in time, and fall under the common law. There is another drawback attending the system. When an artist is engaged for life, or as long as he can sing, and entitled to a pension when he retires, managers and Intendants are too apt to keep him on the active list long after he has ceased to possess a note in his gullet, simply that they may not have to engage some one else in his place, and have another pension to pay. This is false policy, even in a pecuniary sense, because it keeps people out of the theatre, so that not only does art suffer by the plan now pursued, but the treasury is frequently empty when it otherwise might be full. That I am not overstating the evils of the present order of things any dispassionate person acquainted with the annals of the Operahouse here during the last ten years can testify. I could name several glaring instances of artists long past service being retained for the reason I have mentioned, as well as on other grounds equally or more objectionable, but, being actuated by a desire to further the interest of art and not by a wish to hurt the feelings of individuals, I refrain, and, for the present, at least, drop the subject, though I reserve the right of returning to it at some future period, should I seefit to do so. I suppose what I have said will not please my friend Dr. H———, the London correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, but I cannot help that. By the way, the worthy Doctor is wrong for once in his life. In a letter written by him some short time ago, he expresses his conviction that the "lieber Vale," in other words: myself, would not fail to "pitch into" him: "Ueber mich recht tüchtig zu schimpfen" are the *ipsissima verba*—appropos of Madlle. Lucca's reported return to the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. I can assure the Doctor, I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall confine myself—being of an enquiring turn of mind—to ask him what he means by the English finale: "Well, Let him be, I can stand it," with which he winds up his letter. What "Well, Let him be" signifies, I am at a loss to understand. "Let him be" What? Blessed—or the other thing? Is that it? Perhaps Dr. H——— will enlighten me on this point in his next communication.

There has been no dearth of concerts. The Brothers Müller, the most celebrated stringed-quartet in Germany, have given a series—or Cyclus, to adopt the favourite Berlin term—of three concerts. The principal compositions selected by them for performance were Beethoven's Quartet in F minor; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, Op. 12; Haydn's Quartet in D major; Beethoven's so-called Harp Quartet in C major; and Schubert's D minor Quartet. A

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goodly array in sober truth! I am sorry to say that I was unable to attend any of the above concerts, but I console myself with the hope of hearing this "band of brothers" at no very distant period, for it is their intention, I have been informed, to give a second series. A friend of mine who did hear them, says that they are greatly improved in the delicacy of their play since they last visited the Prussian capital, but he adds that they are now and then somewhat deficient in vigour. Two works unknown to the Berlin public were performed at the second Sinfonie-Soirée of the Royal "Capelle." They were an overture, by Herr Louis Schlottmann, to *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Faust*, "a picture of character," by Herr Rubinstein. The overture is not without merit, but does not contain enough of that quality ever to become a classical work. Just as "Quædam bestiolæ unum tantum diem vivunt," there are many musical compositions, which, though not absolutely failures, disappear from the concert-programmes nearly as soon as they have found their way into them. This is, if I mistake not, the fate reserved for Herr Louis Schlottmann's overture to *Romeo and Juliet*. I liked Herr Anton Rubinstein's "picture of character" still less. It is dull, heavy, and monotonous. Not even the Russian composer's warmest admirers—at least, not such of them as I know—are very ecstatic in their commendations of it.—A very interesting concert was the first one given by two young artists, Herren Hellmich and Werkenthin, in the large room of the Englisches Haus. It began with a Sonata, in D minor, by Herr Niels W. Gade, for Piano and Violin, played *con amore* by the concert-givers and vehemently applauded, though not more than it deserved, by their patrons. Herr Hellmich executed very satisfactorily an Andante and Scherzo by David, and Ernst's "*Othello* Fantasia," proving himself a very excellent, if not exactly first-rate, violinist. Herr Werkenthin's contributions consisted of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, and Dr. Franz Liszt's Polonaise in E major. Herr Werkenthin did not make much impression in the Sonata, probably because it was a trifle beyond the comprehension of the audience, but he was rewarded with unmistakable signs of approbation for the mode in which he rendered the Polonaise. The gentlemen were assisted by a young lady, Madlle. H. Hausen, who sang the rondo of Sextus from Mozart's *Titus*, and also, Schubert's "Ungeduld" and "Horch die Lechr;" She evidently had a great many friends in the room, and they did not display too great an amount of judgement in their indiscriminate applause. Such applause does any artist, especially a young one, more harm than good.—There are still several other concerts which I would willingly mention, but I must reserve them for my next letter, as this one has already extended to a tolerable length.

Before concluding, I must find room for two or three miscellaneous items of chit-chat. I suppose you are aware that Herr Anton Rubinstein is engaged in the composition of another opera. The title of the latter is *Roswitha*. Who "Roswitha" is, or what "Roswitha" is, I have not the least idea. When I know, I will not fail to let you participate in my knowledge.—Herr Adolf Stahlknecht composed a Funeral Cantata upon the death of the late King of Bavaria. The present King in return, has presented the composer with the Golden Medal for Art and Science. Herr A. S. better take care. If he does not mind what he is about, he will be having some order or other conferred upon him, like poor Herr von Hülsen, who have just received the Stanislaus Order, Second Class, with the Star, from his Imperial Majesty of Russia.

VALE.

PANTAGRUELIOME.—No. 1.

The clock of St. Clement Danes was just striking 7 P.M.,—the hour at which the patrons of the Edinburgh Castle are of the fewest, for then have the consumers of the joint eaten their dinners, while the devourers of the kidneys, the sausages, and the Welsh rarebits, have not commenced their suppers, neither have the fogies, who talk politics over gin (or brandy, or whisky) and water yet arrived—when John, the waiter, who had just been snatching a few moments of repose, as an *entr'acte* in the midst of his useful and virtuous labors, was suddenly startled by a very loud voice, which, issuing from one of the boxes, cried out:—

"My Johannes, thou shalt bring me an Apician, or rather let me say a Trimalchonian repast."

"We don't keep it," said John, rubbing his eyes, being on an isthmus, as it were, between the actual coffee-room and the Arcadian grove, which had been the scene of his dream.

"Hear me to the end," continued the loud voice, becoming considerably louder; "*Respice finem*, as Solon would have said had he talked Latin."

"Which he didn't," interposed John; "he would have said τελος ἰδε

"Thankye, my Johannes," proceeded the voice, "though we are both of us getting rather beside our purpose. Thou wilt bring me a score of sausages, delicately and partially browned, not so as to inclose the unctuous interior in a thick cortex."

"*In medio tutissimus ibis*," suggested John.

"Thankye again, my Johannes," said the voice, "I could even say, with Georgius Colmannus Junior, 'Thankye, good sir, I owe you one.'"

"Georgius Colmannus? *Is, nempe qui Johannem Taurum fabulam fecit*," said John.

"Precisely, but that is not the fable I have more immediately in mind. I am thinking of the *inops*, the *pauper*,—the—no, it won't do. The ancient Romans had no gentlemen, though the modern have, therefore are they governed by a pope. Our Latinity failing us, let us therefore say, with the Gaul, '*Le Gentilhomme pauvre*' or with the Iberian '*El hidalgo pobre*,' or with the Teuton"—

"Would it not be shortest cut to say, *Poor Gentleman* right off slick?" enquired John.

"I enter somewhat into thy views, my Johannes" proceeded the voice, "though I object to the 'cut' abominate the 'right off' and find the 'slick' detestable. But to proceed with the order, thou wilt bring nineteen Welsh rarebits, and fifteen kidneys."

Now during the above discussion, John had been content to remain ensconced in his own sanctum, which, as everybody knows, stands to the left hand of one entering the coffee-room. He had been content to consider the voice as an order-giving organ, and cared but little as to the sort of case in which it was enclosed. Nevertheless though he had formed his character on those two well-known Horatian lines:—

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.—

(little heeding by the way, who Numicius was, and suspecting that his name rather encumbered the sentiment, than otherwise)—nevertheless, we say, in spite of John's cultivated idiosyncracy, he felt that a man who could order twenty sausages, nineteen Welsh rarebits, and fifteen kidneys, making altogether fifty-four *objets de consommation*, was not to be seen every day. He therefore emerged from his sanctum, and approaching the box, whence the voice had issued, beheld to his infinite delight the majestic form of Pantagruel.

"*Gratulor tibi felicem reditum*," exclaimed John. You have not been here these four year. (I prefer the singular to the plural in this phrase, as being more racy and idiomatic). If the question be not indecorous, what the devil have you been up to all this long time?"

"The question," answered Pantagruel "is the most indecorous question, both in purport and form, that I ever heard in my life. Nevertheless, my Johannes, thou shalt be enlightened. Since thine eyes last beheld me, I have been sitting in the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre, witnessing the performance of *The King's Butterfly*."

Now by this statement Pantagruel thought to astonish John, but was grievously disappointed, for John having been surprised once in the evening, by the unexpected appearance of Pantagruel, was determined to be surprised no more.

"Ha, indeed," said John, calmly adjusting his white choker.

"Yes," proceeded Pantagruel, "the first act of that exciting drama lasted seven months; then there was an interval of nine months before the curtain rose for the second, which lasted about six months; then I gave up reckoning; but I always knew how the time was getting on, for every first of January I was presented with a new Almanack, fragrant with Rimmel's scent. Thou wilt own my Johannes, that the piece was long."

"Longish," replied John, in the most provokingly, undemonstrative tone.

"D—— thy qualifications," roared Pantagruel; "it was *long*—very long."

"Long and short," said John, "are merely relative terms. A republic that lasted only four years would be deemed a short-lived

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state; an human being that dies at the age of four is not cited as an example of longevity; on the other hand, four years consumed in boiling an egg would be deemed excessive."

"A thousand devils take your relatives and your positives, and plunge them into the abyss of Tartarus," bellowed Pantagruel; "I contend that a play which can't be acted in less than four years is a long play."

"Nay," said a remarkably foggy looking person, who had entered the room some minutes before, "I have seen a play, called the *Winters' Tale*, in which as many as sixteen years are supposed to elapse between two of the acts."

"Supposed be d——d," thundered Pantagruel, crimson with rage.

"Don't you see, sir," explained John, not at all proud of his unexpected ally, "His Majesty is talking not of years that are supposed to elapse, but of years that actually do pass."

"Ah," said the foggy person, "and there is another play called *Janet Pride*,—aye, in the first act, they left a baby at the Magdalen Hospital, and in the course of the piece it had grown up to be a young woman."

"What the devil has that to do with it?"—shouted Pantagruel.

"Don't you see, sir," said John, in his blandest manner, to the foggy person, "the confusion that has arisen in your mind is utterly unworthy of a rational being."

"Then," persisted the foggy person, "there was a baby in the *Duke's Motto*, and another in the *Bohemian Girl*."

Pantagruel was speechless with passion; but John, with undiminished courtesy, went on—"Sir, the man who cannot distinguish between a real year and a supposed year should rather associate with vegetables than with human creatures."

"Another piece," proceeded the foggy person;

But Pantagruel could stand no more. Taking from his pocket his large platina snuff-box, he quickly opened the lid; then seizing the foggy person by the nape of the neck, he thrust him into the box, which, after smartly closing the lid, he returned to his pocket.

"*Optimè factum!*" cried John, rubbing his hands.

"Yes," said Pantagruel, "that was a closing argument—a *closing* argument." But John, not admiring the pun, affected not to hear the remark.

In the meanwhile Pantagruel had been served, and had now commenced eating his meal, taking his sausages one by one, at single mouthfuls, when Epistemon stalked into the room, and broke out in this fashion—

Ah Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.
When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my life away.

"Not so bad," observed Pantagruel, approvingly. Epistemon went on:—

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

"Better still," said Pantagruel; "but I don't want to hear any more."

"I utter those lines," said Epistemon, "which you perceive are impromptu,"——

"Can't say I do," said John.

"I utter those lines," continued Epistemon, "because yesterday evening I was at an abode of delight called the New Royalty Theatre, and have become enamoured of the lady who played Snowdrop in Mr. Burnand's extravaganza of that name. There is a flash and at the same time a persuasiveness in her glance that is very remarkable; and when she danced among the assassins who threatened to take her life, there was a certain movement of her foot that suggested to me she had something of a divine nature."

"Nor was thy reasoning unsound," said Pantagruel, "for it is said of Venus, "*vera incessu patuit dea.*"

"True," replied Epistemon, "and this very lady is the Venus in another extravaganza called *Ixion*. Deeply smitten with her beauty I gave vent to the just-recited verses, wherein I call her Chloris because her name is Nelly Burton, and pretend to have known her from a baby, because I first saw her a few weeks ago."

At this juncture bounce into the room came Panurge, having taken a harlequin's leap through the glass door, and alighted on the shoulders of Epistemon, where he sat, like the Old Man of the Sea, on the head of Sinbad.

"Lying old humbug," cried Panurge, "the verses are by Sir Charles Sedley."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Judas Maccabæus has promptly succeeded to *St. Paul*, with another performance conferring high credit on this splendidly organized and commendably self-denying institution. The disappointment occasioned by the continued indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, who in the great parts of Handel's Biblical lyric dramas (as well as in his sacred oratorios—the *Messiah* and *Israel*), more particularly *Samson* and *Judas*, stands alone, was severe; but as it was duly posted up that he could not appear, no one had a right to complain, and no complaint was heard. Fortunate that so able a substitute for Mr. Reeves should be at hand as Mr. Wilbye Cooper, whose comparative want of physical power, when tested by such a trying ordeal as the martial outburst, "Sound an alarm," is made up for in a large measure by a thorough artistic training and uniformly true conception of the Handelian text—as was advantageously shown in "How vain is man," an air which, though of an opposite character, is, while less physically exacting, no less difficult to execute fluently than its companion to declaim with befitting energy and spirit. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, upon whom devolved the most important share of the soprano part, is becoming more and more proficient in oratorio; especially in the oratorio of Handel and Haydn. Her execution of "From mighty kings" (to cite a single instance) could hardly be surpassed in combined finish and brilliancy. "Pious orgies," the first air of the Israelitish woman, is precisely suited to the gentle, unobtrusive style of singing for which Miss Banks, second soprano on the present occasion, is admired; and probably no living artist could so entirely enter into the spirit of the contralto music, or give the air, "Father of Heaven," with such true devotional feeling and exquisite refinement as Madame Sainton-Dolby, whose appearance in the orchestra before the commencement of the second part was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause. The second tenor was Mr. Montem Smith, invariably careful and correct; the bass, Mr. Weiss, who, well versed in all the oratorios of Handel, has fairly earned the reputation he enjoys as a master of the sacred style. On the whole, indeed, the solo singing left very little to be wished.

A general word of praise for the admirable execution of the choruses must suffice. Some of these—instance, "Hear us, O Lord," at the end of Part I. (which must, one would imagine, have been in Mendelssohn's thoughts when composing "How great are the depths," in *St. Paul*), "Fallen is the foe," at the beginning, and "We never will bow down," at the end of Part II., are among the most solemn and magnificent, some—instance "For Sion lamentation make" and "Ah wretched Israel"—among the most pathetic, and some—for example, "Tune your harp," and the familiar "See the conquering hero comes"—among the most jubilant ever produced by Handel, in his moments of highest inspiration; and were there no solo airs, duets, &c, *Judas Maccabæus*, on the strength of its choruses alone, would be imperishable. "See the conquering hero" (by the way, not originally in *Judas*, but in *Joshua*) was, as usual, encored and repeated.

The band was irreproachable, and every one was glad to see M. Sainton this time take his place at the head of the first fiddles. Mr. Costa conducted with even more than his accustomed vigor; and once more the splendours of the "Jewish oratorio," as it used to be called—although, like Gluck's opera, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, brought out the same year, it was written to commemorate the famous battle of Culloden—impressed themselves irresistibly and indelibly on the ear and mind of one of those vast assemblies for whose accommodation, alas! Exeter Hall—that discredit to the biggest, wealthiest, most populous and by no means least musical capital city in the world—is the only available building.

The first "Christmas performance" of the *Messiah* was to take place yesterday evening.

BRIGHTON.—The Choral Union Society, on Monday evening, gave a very excellent concert. Mr. Edward de Paris was pianist, and judging from the warm reception that greeted him he must be a great favorite with the "Brightelmstonians." Mr. de Paris performed some *Lieder ohne Worte*, and was honored at the conclusion with long and loud applause. A *fantasia* (on Scotch airs) exhibited the talent of Mr. de Paris as a composer in a no less favorable light. The choir acquitted themselves satisfactorily in all the pieces entrusted to them. Mr. W. Devin was the accompanyist.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Another English version of an Italian opera has been added to the repertory. *Il Trovatore* was never played so effectively by a company of English singers; and *The Gipsy's Vengeance* has been honored by a reception even more flattering than that awarded to the *Sonnambulist*. Both Mdlle. Martorelle, the new soprano, and Mr. Charles Adams, the new tenor, are better fitted in Verdi's opera than in Bellini's. Among other good qualities with which Mr. Adams (Manrico) appears to be gifted are self-denial and willingness to profit by experience. The ready exercise of these enabled him to avoid certain shoals and quicksands that imperilled the success of his first performance, and thus to render his second in most instances irreproachable. With such genuine feeling, indeed, does he sing the expressive address to Leonora (in Italian "Ah si ben mio"), and with such spirited declamation its fiery pendent ("Di quella pira"), that there is no necessity whatever for him to aim at extraordinary physical displays, the inadequate accomplishment of which ill compensates for the sacrifice of purity and taste. What comes naturally enough from Signor Tamberlik, and with less artistic calculation from Herr Wachtel, is quite out of the sphere of Mr. Adams. Let him rather take for model Signor Mario, who, wisely eschewing all such vain attempts, sings "Ah si ben mio," not merely as the composer conceived it, but in other respects as perfectly as could be imagined. In the last scene—the death scene of the self-poisoned Leonora, which contains some of the most touching and beautiful music Signor Verdi has written—the acting of Mr. Adams is as manly and impassioned as his singing is good. Here the English Manrico finds a worthy partner in the English Leonora. By her impersonation of this new character, from first to last, Mdlle. Martorelle has more than confirmed the favorable impression created by her Amina. Leonora exhibits the possession of a talent which in her Amina was only half revealed. Her acting is graceful and attractive, always marked by intelligence, and in the more trying situations—such as the scene where Leonora hears the voice of her lover from his prison in the tower, the subsequent interview with the Count di Luna, and the scene of the death already mentioned—reaches a high standard of dramatic expression. The music, too, as we have hinted, suits her better than that of Amina, and thus her performance is from either point of view satisfactory. In the "Miserere," the little change she makes in the received version to which Mdlle. Titiens and others have accustomed us, and which may or may not be the strict original, in no way deteriorates the effect, and the whole is so well delivered by herself and Mr. Adams, that the encore it elicits may be pronounced no less genuine than unanimous. In short Mdlle. Martorelle's new essay is a legitimate success. Madame Fanny Huddart (to whom the part was previously familiar) is a careful and thoroughly effective Azucena; Mr. Alberto Lawrence—whose romance ("Il balen," &c.) as a matter of course has to be repeated, although it might be sung with more refinement—a Count of vigorous demonstrativeness. Even the subordinate characters of Ferrando and Ruyz are efficiently represented by Messrs. Aynsley Cooke and Charles Lyall; and, what with Mr. Gye's decorations, the *mise en scène* of Mr. Augustus Harris, the dancing of Mdlles. Duchateau and Bonfanti in the *divertissement* (the music to which must *not* be attributed to Verdi), and the general excellence of the chorus and orchestral accompaniments, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, the performance of *Il Trovatore* at the Royal English Opera is well worth witnessing. The overture too, which precedes the opera—Weber's quaint and characteristic prelude to the gipsy drama of *Preciosa*—is in itself an attraction to amateurs.

Mr. Benedict's graceful operetta, *The Bride of Song*, continues to act as a charming "*lever de rideau*" on the evenings devoted to Mr. Hatton's new opera—which last by the way has had to submit to some curtailments, hardly attributable to the composer himself, seeing that they include some of the most carefully written parts of the music, and among the rest Rose's air "O blessed sleep." As the audience, however, seem as pleased as ever with "Gentle flower" (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington); Jacques's contemplative soliloquy, "The years roll on" (Mr. Weiss); and Stephen's "adieu" to home and to love, "Farewell, farewell, my mountain home" (Mr. Perren)—each of which they insist upon hearing twice, besides applauding other things—Mr. Hatton may feel consoled.

Il Trovatore, followed by the third act of *Masaniello*, has been given three times during the present week; *The Bride of Song*, with *Rose, or Love's Ransom* once; and *Helvellyn* once—from which it may be gathered that foreign adaptations are found more attractive than native originals. Nevertheless operettas by Messrs. Frederick Clay (who, though an amateur, has shown himself a pretty good musician) and Frank Mori, with operas by Messrs. Henry Leslie and George Osborne, are accepted. M. Gounod's comic work, *Le Médecin Malgrè Lui*, adapted for the English stage by Mr. C. L. Kenney, which was to have been produced before Christmas, is wisely, we think, postponed till after "boxing night," and this foreign adaptation is to be immediately followed by another (by the same adaptor)—M. Félicien David's *Lalla Rookh*, so favorably regarded at the Paris Opéra Comique. Should these prove successful, it is to be feared the promised English works will at the end be driven into a corner. Meanwhile the directors of the "English Opera Company (Limited)" may justly be complimented on their enterprise and spirit.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

The customary annual concert of the above institution did not take place during the season for reasons which have not transpired. Although waiting until the very close of the year, it is gratifying to find that the friends of the society, or the committee of management, have exerted themselves to good purpose, and that the cause of benevolence has not suffered. The concert given on Tuesday night at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, was a thorough success. The room was crowded, and the performance of almost unvarying excellence. Although wanting in the essential element of a grand concert, an orchestra, the programme included some instrumental chamber pieces of the highest importance, foremost of which was Beethoven's Trio in E flat (Op. 70), for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, admirably played by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Ludwig Straus, and Mr. Daubert. The performance was received with prolonged cheers. Herr Ludwig Straus is a violinist of the first order, and the solo introduced by him in the course of the evening, Ernst's "Papageno," showed him no less expert a manipulator in the brilliant school than a profound exponent of the classic. We are glad to find that Herr Straus is engaged at the first Monday Popular Concerts, which recommence on the 16th of January. Another instrumental performance entitled to mention was Robert Schumann's "*Theme and Variations*" for two pianofortes, executed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Mr. W. G. Cusins. The last-named gentleman, too, deserves notice for his performance of Thalberg's *Mose in Egitto*, which was loudly applauded. Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), the eminent harpist, played Parish Alvars' "*Imitazione del Mandolino*" with excellent effect.

The vocal music seemed in a special degree to afford pleasure. Mdlle. Liebhart obtained an enthusiastic encore in Beviguani's new Guards' Waltz, "Perche non vieni ancora," which she sang with great brilliancy, and substituted Arditi's "Bacio," which was equally well received. Another success for Mdlle. Liebhart was Abt's song, "The Cuckoo," written expressly for her, and also encored, but in this case the compliment was merely acknowledged. In a very opposite style of singing, Mdlle. Enequist, the Swedish vocalist, was to be commended for her delivery of "Bel raggio" from *Semiramide*, a performance which went far to prove that the lady would distinguish herself on the stage. Madame Sainton-Dolby introduced a new song by Herr Meyer Lutz, called "The Carrier Dove," a clever composition, sung to perfection and loudly applauded, and encored though not repeated. Encores were also awarded to Mr. Winn in Arditi's "Stirrup Cup," and to the Orpheus Glee Union in Becker's part song, "The Little Church"—exquisitely sung. The other singers were Miss Eliza Hughes and Mr. Allan Irving.

CHELTENHAM.—Miss Rose Brinsmead, from London, has been giving some performances of pianoforte music daily at Messrs. Hall and Co.'s New Rooms on the Promenade, before numerous and fashionable audiences. The fair pianist has also been playing duets for piano and harmonium with M. Mathias von Holst. The Philharmonic Society's concert last week was well attended. M. von Holst conducted, and the whole performance went off with *éclat*. Mr. Kennedy, accompanied by Mr. Land, announces for a morning and evening performance of his "Scottish Entertainment" at Messrs. Hall and Co.'s New Rooms.

BRADFORD.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. G. B. Allen's *Harvest Home* seems to produce as genuine an effect on an audience in a manufacturing town as on a bucolic population, to whose sympathies it would be supposed to appeal more directly. After performances in various parts of England and Scotland, invariably attended with good results, it has found its way to the Bradford Festival Choir. At their second concert this season, held in St. George's Hall, *Harvest Home* occupied the second part of the programme and proved a great attraction. The solos which pleased most were "Young Lubin of the Vale," for tenor, and "The Man of the Mill," for bass, which last was encored and repeated. The part-song, "The Autumn Sun," was effectively sung by the choir; and, in short, the whole work was given with care and thoroughly appreciated by a very large audience. Miss Virginia Gabriel's *Dreamland* has also been lately given at Bradford by the Musical Union, to whom credit is due for bringing forward new works of merit.

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A CONCERT AT FLORENCE,

(From a Correspondent).

FLORENCE, *Dec. 7.*

A grand vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Palazzo Rinuccini, on Thursday last, in aid of the poor who suffered by the recent inundations, and was attended by a crowded and brilliant company of the Florentine aristocracy and the principal foreign residents in the city. The Marchesa Maria Piccolomini, whose name and charming talent the opera-going public of England have certainly not forgotten, and Madame Albertini Baucarde, an English lady, whose singing is also remembered by the audiences of Her Majesty's Theatre, and who has now become Italian by marriage, generously contributed their valuable services to the cause of charity, and were greatly applauded and admired. But you will be glad to hear that the highest vocal honours of the evening were attained by a young fellow-countryman of ours, who some two years since resigned an appointment in the Civil Service to seek his fortune on the lyric stage. The profession of the stage, and of the lyric stage more particularly, is one of many blanks, and of a few prizes "beyond the dreams of avarice." It may be said of that road to fame and fortune that it is a steep and sudden ascent; a road through brakes and thorns and wildernesses of neglect and obscurity to an eminence crowned with flowers and radiant with celebrity and success. But a durable success in this career, as in all others, is not to be achieved without a sustained effort of resistance to temptations, of painstaking ambition, labour, and self-denial, of which the world before the curtain, who only see the success, know nothing. It is hit or miss; and for a young English gentleman of good education and position in society to miss the highest place, is to fall to the lowest. Mr. Tom Hohler has been handsomely endowed by Nature; he has good looks, a tall and manly figure, a frank and easy bearing, and last not least, a pure tenor voice, of a rich and rare quality, that reminds you of Mario in his prime, and sometimes even of Rubini; a voice at once virile and tender, sweet, resonant, full. It is not a "robust" voice, I am happy to say—(robust voices are as common here as costermongers in Tottenham-court-road) —though strong enough, under good training to fill the largest theatre; but a graceful, flexible, suave, *spontaneous* voice—a voice for which a Mozart or a Rossini might have written before the present "robust" generation of tenors bawled themselves to pieces in revolutionary shouts and squalls. Mr. Hohler has, it seems, been studying uninterruptedly for several months under the venerable Romani, and his method of delivering the voice from the chest, of taking breath, of graduating the transition from the lower to the higher part of the register, his exquisite *smorzando*, betray sufficiently the discipline of that celebrated master. His singing of Donizetti's lovely air, "In terra ci divisero," fairly surprised an audience by no means uncritical or facile; it was rapturously redemanded, and the singer was twice called for and enthusiastically applauded.

In the duet "Sulla Tomba" from *Lucia* (in the first part of the concert), which he sang with an American lady, he had already come and conquered; but in the solo in the second part his triumph was complete; and the young English tenor was all the "rage."

Now, will Mr. Hohler be satisfied with his early laurels? Let us hope not; he has all the world before him; youth, energy, intelligence; let us hope that he will accept these first honours as an incentive to modest and sincere perseverance in the study of his art, and to the patient cultivation and improvement of his rare natural advantages. In the present lamentable dearth, not so much of good voices as of highly cultivated and intelligent singers, I have thought it worth while (from no mere impulse of national vanity or any purpose of vulgar puffery) to record the appearance of a new English tenor who is actually *studying* his art, and who not only has a fine voice but knows how to use it. What qualifications or dispositions Mr. Hohler possesses as a dramatic artist I have not heard; he has, it seems, performed in private operatic theatricals in London; but "that's not much." Six feet and upwards are perhaps something too much for a tenor who was to make love to prima donnas (soprani are almost always short, as contralti are almost always fat) of four feet four or five; but this difficulty is not insuperable; and such a voice, with such a style and (I may add) such a start, should be worth a California to our young fellow-countryman. Mr. Hohler, I hear, is to make his *début* at Venice this Christmas. *Macte novâ virtute!*

—o—

HAMBURGH.—Mad. Clara Schumann has been playing here.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S performance on Saturday morning at St. James's Hall was attended by upwards of 600 children from the various Metropolitan Charity Schools. St. George's, Hanover Square, sent 200; The Hanover Branch, 250; St. Peter's National (Belgravia), 162; and Parmities Charity, Bethnel Green, 25—together 635. All the children were evidently delighted with the Professor and his clever daughter.

MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I told you in my last that *La Traviata* had taken the place of *Isabella d'Arragona*, and it still keeps its place in the bills of the Regio Theatre "Canobbiana." But, as usual, the theatre has had to be closed many nights on account of the indisposition of the principal artists. As I told you, on the second night of its performance it was given *minus* the baritone music, owing to the indisposition of Signor Cologni. For two or three nights a baritone was found to supply his place, but as soon as he recovered and sang one night, the Violetta, Mdlle. Elvira Demi, was taken ill, and the theatre remained closed several nights. In the meantime Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan* has been brought forward, but has not been successful. In fact, on the first night it was quite a *fiasco*, on the second only a little better; so it was withdrawn in favor of *La Traviata*. The latter opera seems to receive a large amount of patronage from the Milanese public, as the theatre is crowded to overflowing on the nights of its representation. Mdlle. Demi as Violetta appears to great advantage. Her interpretation of the music is charming, and her acting that of a true artist. It is by far the most successful character she has essayed in Milan. Mdlle. Demi is a great favorite here, and made her reputation principally by her performance in this opera, which she sang first at the Carcano last winter. The Alfredo is Signor Vicentelli, a painstaking tenor, and a really good artist. Another point in his favor is that *he* is never indisposed, therefore is invaluable to managers. He was engaged vice Antonio resigned, and will appear in Gentili's opera, *Werther*.

Among other operas for the carnival at La Scala, *L'Ebrea* (*La Juive*) by Halévy is announced, as is also M. Gounod's *Faust*. Two new operas are mentioned.

The "Carcano," after undergoing redecorations (which, by the way, it was very sadly in need of), will open about the middle of November with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in which Mdlle. Siebs will play the page Oscar, Signora Ponti dell' Armi, Amalia, Signor Ponti dell' Armi, Riccardo, and Signor Baraldi, Renato. I had almost forgotten Madame Lemaire (an old London acquaintance), who will be the Ulrica. Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* will also be revived; and a new opera, written expressly for this theatre, will be given in the course of the season.

At the "Teatro Re" Signor Rossi still attracts large audiences to witness his very striking performances of Hamlet and Othello, and also his performance in a new and successful piece, written expressly for him, entitled *Un Vizio di Educazione*. His season finishes to-morrow, and the theatre will be occupied by a Roman Dramatic Company under the direction of the actor, Signor Belotti. The Teatro Radigonda is occupied by a wizard and the "ghost;" and the Theatres Fossati, Stadera, and Nuovo Re are in full swing. Also the Teatro Gerolamo, where you have a most amusing marionette performance. Weather very unsettled, and for the last twelve days incessant rain. ARGUS.

Borga di Porta Vinezia, Milan, Oct. 31.

[Although dated anterior to the letter which appeared in our last, this communication from our Milan correspondent will be found of sufficient interest to justify its insertion.—ED. *M. W.*]

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CHELSEA.—Mrs. John Macfarren's second evening at the pianoforte in the Vestry Hall, King's Road, came off brilliantly on the 18th ult. and her interpretation of certain masterpieces of the great pianoforte writers was listened to with marked appreciation by an audience crowded to excess. The vocal pieces with which these were diversified were entrusted to Miss Marian Walsh, who was encored in "The beating of my own heart," and in Mrs. John Macfarren's ballad, "One Year." The fair pianist was greeted with unlimited applause throughout the evening, and called upon to repeat Brissac's "Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock" and "The babbling brook," but accepted the compliment in the former instance only.

ETON.—On Tuesday evening members of Eton College Musical Society (with sanction of head master) gave concert at Mathematical School, placed at disposal by Rev. S. Hawtrey. Conductor, Mr. J. Foster. Room crowded with large audience, among whom many college masters and scholars. Programme, comprising choice selections sacred and secular, commenced with chorale "Sleepers awake" (*St. Paul*)—Mendelssohn. This was followed by solo "Let people praise thee," by Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, and chorus. Mr. Gambier sang solo "Jerusalem thou that killest," &c., Mendelssohn, and duet "Lord is man of war," Handel, was executed by Mr. Parry, and Hon. S. G. Lyttelton. Some of secular music was good, part song "Orpheus with lute" (Macfarren), solo (pianoforte) from *Sonnambula* (Leybach), by Mr. Gosselin, song "Che faro" (Glück), by Hon. E. H. Primrose, marking attention and care which had bestowed preparation. Concert closed with National Anthem.—T. DUFF SHORT.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The knowledge having been acquired, in an early period of the history of musical discovery, that intervals were capable of addition and subtraction, the mathematicians of the period undertook to search for some particular interval, as *a common measure*,* in terms of, or in the multiples, or the aliquote parts of whose dimensions they might accurately express the magnitudes of all the other intervals; and Aristoxenus (who was a contemporary with Alexander the Great) flattered himself in thinking that the $\frac{1}{72}$nd part of the octave might be thus used;—but it happened about half a century afterwards, when the nature of musical ratios, and the properties of numbers had been further inquired into, to be demonstrated by Euclid, that in mathematical strictness, neither the octave (having the ratio $\frac{1}{2}$), the major fifth ($\frac{2}{3}$), the minor fourth ($\frac{3}{4}$), or the difference of these last ($\frac{8}{9}$, called the major tone), could be applied as such common measure; for that no two of these ratios, respectively, could possibly have any *exact* common measure between them; they being ratios, *prime* to each other, or incommensurate. This circumstance seems, through a very long period to have deterred mathematicians from the attempt at discovering some other aliquote part of the octave than $\frac{1}{72}$nd, which might approach much nearer the truth than Aristoxenus had come to, and near enough to it in all the useful cases, for answering the ends of practically measuring or defining the different intervals of the scale.

After the invention of logarithms, toward the latter end of the 17th century, Nicholas Mercator† happily discovered (as Dr. William Holder tells us in his *Treatise on Harmony*—printed in 1731—page 79) that the $\frac{1}{100}$th part of the octave, which he denominated an *artificial comma*, might be considered as a common measure of all the intervals larger than a comma; but this was not proving to a sufficient degree of exactness for the practical representing and calculating of temperaments; it was perhaps for this reason, as well as for connecting the common logarithms the more evidently with the intervals of the scale, that M. Sauveur, in the Memoirs of the Paris Academy for 1701, proposed to divide the octave into 301 equal parts, which he called *Eptamerides*, but the aliquote parts and multiples of which, for want of their possessing even so much of agreement and consistency as the smaller numbers of Mercator when applied extensively in the addition and subtraction of the larger intervals, has occasioned these Eptamerides not to come into use.

Thus the subject stood until 1807, when Mr. John Farey, sen., re-discovered the numbers of Mercator (who never published his mode of deriving them) and showed how they are naturally produced. He discovered also, by the same process, a far more accurate set of numbers, or *artificial commas* as he denominated them, the mode of discovering which he set forth at the time in the *Philosophical Magazine*, and since then he has enlarged concerning them in the articles *Common Measure*, *Farey's Notation of Musical Intervals*, and others in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, shewing therein that these artificial commas are quite of sufficient accuracy for the purposes of defining and calculating temperaments of the scale, and for expressing tempered systems in every case which can occur in practice. The octave here is supposed to be divided into 612 equal parts; one of these is taken to be the common measure of all the other intervals, and is marked with the Greek *sigma*, or capital S. I am, Sir, Otto Beard.

SHALL I, asks a correspondent writing from Rotterdam to the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, give you an account of the state of musical matters in Holland? Shall I inform you whether the reputation that country enjoys of being the fosterer and admirer of German classical music is founded upon fact? Whether its cultivation of music is true and genuine and has permeated the masses? And what means there are of introducing to the public the works of our great masters? My present letter will be an attempt to give you, *in nuce*, answers to these questions, for I have been making a tour round the whole of this water-laved kingdom and thus gained an insight into its musical institutions, public and private. It is an undoubted fact that the cultivation of good, and consequently German, music is in the ascendant. With the sole exception of the Hague, which, by the way, has nothing of the national type about it, but is marked by the usual features of the residence of a Court, we everywhere find not only German Opera represented upon the stage, but in Concert Rooms and private saloons, also, we meet with programmes containing, as a rule, to our delight, the names of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer. To pay, however, the proper respect to truth, I must tell you that Wagner, too, is honored here, and that the easy-going Dutchmen are determined not to be behind us Germans in the philanthropic acceptance even of those eminent persons who declare themselves as appertaining to the future, and, *ergo*, not to us. Amsterdam and Rotterdam possess German operatic companies. They dispatch their disciples to Utrecht and Leyden, and this Dutch Quadrilateral is thus the chief seat of the musical Muse. I cannot refrain from stating that the impression produced upon me nearly everywhere in the two charming emporiums of commerce above mentioned, was that the followers of the creed of the Old Testament, a class very numerously represented here, are the persons who give the principal impulse to the cultivation of music,

* See the article, *Common Measure* of Musical Intervals, in Dr. Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," which article is understood to have been written by Mr. John Farey, sen., whose son is better known than his father, as an artist and writer on mechanical subjects in this and other Cyclopedias now publishing.

† Not the mathematician who effected so great an improvement in nautical charts (whose name was *Gerard* Mercator), but one who lived more than a century later, although Mr. Farey, in Dr. Brewster's Cyclopedia, has fallen into the mistake of confounding these two persons.

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and thus do a good work, partly from an inborn love of art, and partly from an inclination to play the *rôle* of Mecœnases. In consequence of the affinity of race between the German and the Netherlander, and of the permanent German theatres, the attention of the people is directed to German music, and the question mooted above, as to whether classicism has penetrated the masses, may be answered in this wise: Good German music at present attracts and delights the lower classes as well as the upper. With regard now to the absolute performance, and the resources necessary thereto, the various bands, among whom there a great many Germans, are, on the whole, very good, and the concerts which take place in Amsterdam and Rotterdam can bear comparison with those given in any of the capitals of Europe. In the two cities mentioned the most celebrated artists are engaged regardless of expense, and, in conjunction with the local talent, seconded by well-selected programmes, give really admirable entertainments. I cannot, unfortunately, report in equally favorable terms of German opera. In Amsterdam especially we were surprised, or rather horrified, at seeing our heroes so shamefully treated. For instance, the performance of *Don Juan* was, from beginning to end, a perfect libel on that work. When we consulted the bill, to discover who were the persons who had taken part in this caricature, we found names which, had they not been printed in German letters, and had a kind of German sound about them, we should have expected to meet with in China rather than on our own native soil. When such a wretched state of affairs is the rule, we are not to be satisfied by hearing an artist like Tichatscheck. His failing powers still afford, it is true, evidence of his being a master, but he alone is not capable of averting the universal shipwreck. That such a state of things does not exert exactly a beneficial effect upon musical progress in Amsterdam may easily be imagined; but, for the honor of the inhabitants, I must add that it is everywhere deeply regretted, and fervent hopes are sustained of something better in future. Affairs wear quite another aspect in Rotterdam, where we found a good German company under the energetic and excellent direction of Herr Behr, who is well-known in Germany. We saw *Faust*. The choruses and the band were admirable. Mephisto was sustained in a masterly fashion, both as regards the acting and the singing, by Herr Behr himself. We were delighted at the good sense displayed by him in this very difficult part; he carefully presented us with the delicately ironical side in the demon's character, and avoided anything approaching triviality, a quality unfortunately rendered very prominent by so many artists. His fine acting was supported by a full and sympathetic voice. Madlle. Weyringer, for whose benefit the performances were given on the occasion of our visit, pleased us exceedingly as Gretchen, for, though she does not possess particularly eminent vocal powers, what voice she has she manages very judiciously, and, in the purely lyrico-idyllic situations, succeeded in enlisting all our sympathies. Siebel was sung by Herr Schneider, whom we found to be a sensible actor and singer. If I speak last of all of Faust, sung, *sit venia verbo*, by Herr Ellinger, I do so in order that I may not spoil until the very last moment the effect of an otherwise pleasing picture. Herr Ellinger was recently in Berlin, so pray excuse anything in the way of criticism on him.* We have heard, also, a splendid concert here, but of that I will speak in my next letter.

—o—

Herr Joseph Joachim, the celebrated violinist, was engaged at the third concert given recently by the Gurzenich Society at Cologne, and performed Spohr's concerto, No. 6. His marvellous execution and majestic style were duly appreciated and his performance altogether created great enthusiasm.

* It will be found, on reference to our Berlin letter in the present number, that Vale also alludes to the same Herr Ellinger.—Ed. *M. W.*

ROORES AT HAMBURGH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

The Opera here (at Hamburgh), Schleswig-Holstein, notwithstanding, has become the sole talk of the town. Go where you will, address whom you will, Titiens and Murska, Murska and Titiens only, are the subjects of conversation. They have taken the town by storm, established themselves as Queens, and rule with despotic power. A stranger visiting Hamburg would imagine that we were a town of songsters; that such an institution as commerce had no existence; that tallow, hides, corn, hard, soft, and other wares were unknown and uncared for. During the last four weeks we have "talked opera," and convinced ourselves that we were *amateurs* and even *connoisseurs* of music in all branches, from the composition to the carrying of desks and instruments. We flatter ourselves we are very difficult to please. It may be so. I will not say we are not. However that may be, we acknowledge the power of music, especially when interpreted by such magnificent artists as Teresa Titiens and Ilma von Murska.

One great advantage these artists possess lies in the fact that you may like them both. You do not admire Titiens one bit the less because you appreciate Murska. Their repertories and styles are so widely different that their joint efforts help to produce a brilliant partnership, instead of unseemly squabbles, as is usual amongst rival "stars." They are Queens both—each in her dominion. Since I last wrote to you we have been treated to Mozart's glorious opera, *Die Zauberflöte*. This work, beloved by the *Hamburge Publikane*, is rarely given in consequence of the difficulty of finding a singer capable of realizing Mozart's idea of that exceptional and difficult character, Astriaffamente, "Queen of Night."

After the triumphs accorded to Ilma von Murska in the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and the Queen in the *Huguenots*, a general desire was expressed that *Die Zauberflöte* should be presented; first, as a real musical treat, thrown in, promiscuously as it were, amongst the "music of the future;" and, secondly, as *derniere epreuve* of the extraordinary powers of Mdlle. Murska. That the performances of *Die Zauberflöte* have proved eminently successful for the manager, the crowded state of the theatre is sufficient proof. That they have firmly established Mdlle. Murska as first *coloratur-sanjerin* of Germany is unanimously admitted by the public. Every space in the reserved seats has been secured for the last two representations.

I understand that Mdlle. von Murska will leave Hamburg for Vienna at the commencement of next week.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* is announced for representation next week—Leonora by Mdlle. Titiens. I wish I were Florestan. I would cheerfully wear the faded dress and endure the inevitable humiliations of lower-dungeon existence for such a Leonora as Teresa Titiens. To get me out, *bien entendu*, she is Schroeder Devrient resuscitated, with a certain womanly tenderness and charm that Schroeder Devrient, with all her magnificent qualities, did *not* possess. I did not see the Leonora of Sophie Cruvelli, but I *did* see Shroeder and Malibran, and I place Titiens before either of them.

Groker Roores.

Hamburgl.—Lowe-Hoff—Dec. 10.

—o—

Signor Sivori, the eminent Italian violinist, has left Trieste and arrived at Venice. His first concert in the latter town attracted a large public, who warmly greeted him. On the second of December Signori Sivori gave a second concert, and announced a grand *soirée* for the following Wednesday in the Theatre Apollo. The great violinist was to leave the day after, in order to return to Trieste, to assist at Pencana's benefit, and to give a farewell concert.

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MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE following rules, approved by the Committee, on the 9th of November, were submitted for confirmation at the meeting on the 23rd :—

I. Musical students, between the ages of 14 and 21, being natives of, or domiciled in, Great Britain and Ireland, are eligible for election as Mendelssohn scholars.

II. The qualifications of the candidates must be decided talent for music, and the exhibition of a certain amount of proficiency either in the instrumental or vocal branch of the art. Precedence will be given to talent for composition over every other qualification.

III. The scholars are elected (after competition) by the majority of the committee present, for the period of one year, subject to renewal. No person, however, can hold the scholarship for more than three years.

IV. The education of the scholar will be carried on, either in this country or abroad, under the control of the committee, and the expenses borne by the funds of the foundation.

V. During the first year that the successful candidate shall hold the scholarship, he shall not be required to study abroad.

VI. Pecuniary aid, beyond the educational expenses, may be afforded to the scholars, at the discretion of the committee.

VII. At ordinary meetings of the committee, three shall form a quorum; but no election or re-election shall take place unless at least five members are present.

The Mendelssohn Scholarships were founded, in honor of the memory of Mendelssohn, for the education of musical students of both sexes. Mr. Cipriani Potter has succeeded Sir George Smart as chairman of the committee. Mr. Lindsay Sloper occupies the post of secretary, in lieu of the late Mr. Charles Klingemann.

—o—

THE C C C CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are announced to appear at the Polygraphic Hall on "Boxing night."

HERR JEAN BECKER, the well-known violinist, is undertaking a *tournée* through Switzerland. He is expected to arrive in Paris shortly for the purpose of giving a series of concerts.

EXETER HALL.—The Christmas performance of the *Messiah* will be given by the National Choral Society on Wednesday next. Miss Louisa Pyne, whose success in *Elijah* on Wednesday last was so complete, has been engaged by the National Choral Society for next Wednesday's performance of the *Messiah*, and for the *Creation*, which will shortly follow.

BIRKENHEAD.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The second concert of the Wirral Philharmonic Society took place at the Music-hall on Wednesday, the 30th, the attendance being large and fashionable. The artists were Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Bossi, from Her Majesty's Theatre (vocalists). The most remarkable feature of the evening was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor for pianoforte with orchestra, executed with marvellous brilliancy and spirit by Mad. Goddard, the refinement and charm of whose style, to my thinking, place her apart from all other pianists I have heard. She was well supported by the band, and the whole performance was a rare treat for the Birkenhead amateurs. At the end Madame Goddard was called and received with a volley of applause. Her second display was Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, in its way no less extraordinary, and creating no less lively a sensation. The audience, however inclined, could not well "encore" the concerto, but they took their revenge after the *fantasia*, when the fair young pianist returned to the instrument and gave Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," again delighting her hearers beyond measure. The band played the overtures to *Don Giovanni*, *Egmont* and *Le Cheval de Bronze*, besides the *larghetto* from Beethoven's Symphony in D; the chorus sang the "Market chorus" from *Masaniello*, and the madrigal "Corin for Cleora dying," from Mr. Wallace's *Love's Triumph*. Mdlle. Sinico gave the cavatina, "Ah! fors'e lui," from *Traviata* (encored), and Arditi's valse, "L'Ardita;" Signor Bossi "Non piu andrai" (encored), and the "Beer Song" from *Marta*; the two joining voices in "La ci darem" and "Dunque io son." Mr. Samuel Percival conducted. The concert was one of the most successful the Wirral Philharmonic Society have held in the course of four seasons.

PARIS.

From our own Correspondent.

The death of M. Mocquard will be lamented not only in his official capacity as member of the imperial household, but to a certain extent will be felt as a loss to Literature and the Fine Arts. M. Mocquard was a worshipper of the Muses. He wrote a romance called *Jessie* and supplied certain periodicals from time to time with essays and critical discourses. He was also the author of several dramatic pieces in conjunction with MM. D'Ennery and Victor Séjour. Moreover he reckoned Rossini and Auber among his friends, was intimately acquainted with M. Emile Perrin, took especial interest in the affairs of the Grand Opéra, and was always ready to use his influence with his imperial master on behalf of the theatres. For these reasons, as well as because he was greatly loved and esteemed in private life, M. Mocquard's death will be universally regretted.

The *reprise* of *Moïse* at the Opéra has been made much more of than the event warranted. In the first place it can hardly be called a "*reprise*" at all, seeing that *Moïse* was revived last January and was played off and on throughout the season. In the second place despite what the friends of the theatre affirm, the performance is nothing particular and the singers are unsuited in the music. Why Mdlle. Marie Battu—for whose especial *rentrée*, it would seem, Rossini's magnificent opera has been reproduced, *Credat Judæus*—is glorified by the whole press, I cannot make out. At the Royal Italian Opera, London, Mdlle. Battu holds a secondary place, and, from what I can make out, she affords much satisfaction. But here she is made a *lionne*, and is dubbed a "great artist." She sings indeed very neatly, has a pleasing voice and good looks—*voila tout*. Her fluency serves her in the music of Anaï, or Anaïde, and in the air of the last act, "Quelle horrible destinée," she deserved all the applause she obtained the other evening. If M. Faure could sing the florid music he would be admirable as Pharaon. He looks the character well, acts becomingly and takes infinite pains with the performance. To those, however, who know Rossini's music, M. Faure's singing cannot afford complete satisfaction. M. Obin in his singing masters the music of Moïse better than M. Faure that of Pharaon, it being less florid; but does not make so powerful an impression on his audience. M. Warot, as the tenor, is altogether incompetent. Mdlle. de Taisy pleased much in the character of Sinaïde. I attended the performance of *Moïse* a few nights after I had heard *Roland à Roncevaux*. What a contrast! Darkness and Light are not more widely separated than these two works—one all labor, the other all inspiration. I have nothing new to say of the *Africaine*, except that the rehearsals are about to be transferred from the concert-room to the stage. This means nothing more than that the rehearsals will be given with full band.

Signor Naudin has taken leave of the Italian opera. He sang for the last time this season in the *Traviata*. *Linda di Chamouni* will be brought out shortly with Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Madame de Meric-Lablache, Signors Brignoli, Delle-Sedie, Scalese and Antonucci. Many who take an interest in the Italiens are of opinion that the theatre could be managed better than it is. Indeed, for my own part, I think M. Bagier by no means turns his company to the best account. Mr. Lumley, or Mr. Gye, would, I am certain, make the performances more attractive and would give greater satisfaction to all classes of the patrons of the theatre. M. Bagier talks of doing great things bye and bye. In the meanwhile the subscribers and the public have to be satisfied with used-up pieces and indifferent artists, and the representations throw out a glow on the nights only when Mdlle. Adelina Patti performs. I do not think this state of affairs can last long.

Two new one-act operas were produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique the same night—Thursday, the 8th instant. The name of the first is *Les Bégaiements d'Amour*, words by MM. Deulin and de Najac, music by M. Albert Grisar; the second is called *Le Cousin Babylas*, words by M. Emile Caspars, music by M. Henri Caspars. The wit of the former consists in bringing together two persons who are afflicted with stammering; the last is a piece of buffoonery out of all description. There is merit in the music of both; but that of M. Grisar is far superior. The principal characters in the *Bégaiements d'Amour* are sustained by Madame Faure-Lefebvre and M. Fromant; and those in *Le Cousin Babylas* by MM. Fromant, Wartel and Gerpré and Mdlle. Albrecht. In my next I shall be

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able to render you an account of the new *Mireille* about which every musical person has something to say in the way of speculation. A new opera in two acts is in rehearsal at this theatre entitled *Le Roi Candaule*, the verses by M. Michel Carré, the music by M. Eugène Diaz de la Pena, a young man not more than twenty-five years of age, son of the celebrated painter of that name.

The new hall destined for the series of concerts on a grand scale, organised by M. Félicien David, is nearly completed. It is situated in the rue Richer and will occupy the actual place of the *Magazin des Colonnes d'Hercule*. The interior of the hall, in point of shape, is something similar, I am told, to that of your Exeter Hall—no recommendation, I need scarcely say. The concerts are expected to commence about the middle of February. The prospectus announces a thousand seats at the charge of one franc, five hundred at two francs, with a row of stalls and reserved places at three, four and five francs. The specialty of these concerts will consist in there being no regular, or "titular," chef-d'orchestre; each composer will have to conduct *en personne* his own works. I hear that one of the first novelties to be produced is an unpublished mass by Liszt, the partition of which is in the possession of Prince Poniatowski. I also learn that Messrs. Benedict and Costa—*your* Benedict and Costa—have sent compositions to M. Félicien David.

The programme of the eighth concert of popular classical music, given on Sunday last, the 11th, was as follows:

Symphony in E flat, No. 53 – Haydn; Overture to *Leonora*, No. 3 (Op. 72)—Beethoven; Concerto for the violin in B minor, No. 24—Viotti; Symphony in A minor—Mendelssohn.

M. Levassor, after having visited nearly every town in Europe, has returned to Paris, and, stuffed with his universal triumphs, commenced his facetious entertainments forthwith. He gave a "*grande soirée bouffe*," with costumes, yesterday, at the Salle Herz, transformed *en théâtre* for the occasion, and was assisted by Mdlle. Teisseire. M. Levassor has brought with him from London a new creation called *Sir Bull Bull*, a very extraordinary carricature of an Englishman, which seems to hit the Parisian fancies to a T. The entertainment otherwise is very funny.

Paris, Dec. 14. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

NICE.—Madame Duprez-Vandenheuvel is singing in the *Sonnambula*, at the Italian Opera, with great success.

SIGNOR SALVI, director of the Imperial Opera, has returned to Vienna, and has engaged the baritone Herr Eghard, from Gratz, for the next season.

A HINT TO MANAGERS.—In consequence of the immense success of the drama *La Liberté des Théâtres* at the Palais-Royal, the directors, MM. Cogniard and Noriac, have increased the salary of the players in the orchestra by one third.

MADRID.—The Italian troupe here are affording every possible satisfaction. The revival of *Don Pasquale*, with Mdlle. Vitali, Signors Corsi, Gassier and Zucchini, has proved a triumphant success. Mdlle. Vitali's Norina is spoken of in rapturous terms by the Madreléne journals, more particularly *Il Pueblo*, *La Democracia*, and *Il Criterio*.

LISBON.—Mdlle. Volpini and Signor Moginin, have created a furor in *Marta*. The lady seems to have enchanted all eyes as well as all ears, and the gentleman is proclaimed without hesitation a tenor "without a rival." "Never at the San Carlos," writes one of the local journals, "has the air, 'Ove son io, lo sento' been sung as we have heard it to-day. The public has rendered justice to the illustrious tenor in applauding him with enthusiasm. In the duo in the second act with Mdlle. Volpini, the great artist obtained unanimous and prolonged bravos."

BARCELONA.—*Norma* has been produced at the Teatro Lyceo with Madame Lafon Rossi, Signors Morini and Bouché. The prima donna was somewhat indisposed, but nevertheless created a powerful sensation as the Druid priestess. Signor Morini is a great favourite at Barcelona, and has a fine voice and a great deal of talent. The other members of the company are Madame Pozzi-Braganti, Signors Bignardi (tenor), Colonnese, and Mr. Santley. A new opera, by Signor Bottesini, the celebrated double-bass player and director of the orchestra at the Lyceo, is announced under the name of *Marion Delorme*.

Muttoniana.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has once more retraced his steps. The Pope is well and obstinate. Mr. Ap'M. has declined a pressing invitation to Compiegne, chiefly because his Imperial inviters are immediately returning to Paris, and, lastly, because of his (Ap'M.'s) urgent duties as Public Instructor Chastener and Purifier at home.

Mr. Ap'M. salutes his readers, and seeing he has nobody to thank, thanks nobody—not even Drs. Shoe and Wind for taking French leave, in his (Ap'M.'s) absence, whereby *Muttoniana* was ejected from two, if not three (Mr. Ap'M. thinks two), issues.

From one of the inmost rabbit-holes of his secretary Mr. Ap'M. has pulled out the underneath:—

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

SIR,

I am instructed by the DIRECTORS OF THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY (LIMITED), *to inform you that they have had the gratification of placing your name on the free list for self and friends.*

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

J. RUSSELL.

Royal English Opera, Dec. 1, 1864.

Mr. Ap'Mutton would have preferred self and enemy, having more friends than the theatre could accommodate on ten evenings, and only one enemy—himself (easy to accommodate because spare-legged). Moreover, he (Ap'M.) invariably takes a box for the season, wherever music is going on, reserving the box for self and enemy when a good opera (say *Helvellyn*) is announced, bestowing it on some of his friends when an indifferent (say *Rose*); uniformly, as matter of punctilio, attending first performances, and lending at least one night's ear to every new work—a simple earing being enough for him (Ap'M.) to reach a conclusion.

The envelope, by the way, had evidently been blown open by Dr. Wind; but as it was not superscribed, "private," he (Wind) may have blown it open in the suppositional exercitation of his duties, as editor *pro tem.* of *Muttoniana*.

TO DR. TAYLOR SHOE.

SIR,—Can you instruct me as to the precise day on which Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was produced. You would also oblige by adding the precise month. The precise year is no object. Herr von Bismarck has made a bet about it with the King. Yours obediently (when does Mr. Ap'Mutton return?) A. LONGEARS.

Schloss Esel—Dec. 14.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is not apprised as to what may be the conditions of Dr. Shoe; but his (Ap'M.'s) conditions are never to answer questions deciding wagers, without a preciput. Nevertheless, for once in a way, and to oblige his facetious friend Herr von Bismarck, Mr. Ap'M. will break rule. *Judas Maccabæus* (or *Macchabæus*) was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st;—that was the "precise day." "The precise month" was April. So that the "Jewish Oratorio" came out on Fools'-day—the day on which (as Mr. Ap'M. believes) Mr. A. Longears came out and was born. Mr. Ap'M. presided at the first thirty performances, occasionally with his royal friend Wales (Prince Frederick), occasionally with Cumberland (the Duke, his brother), to whom he (Ap'M.) had confided a plan for ousting the Pretender, which plan was put in act by him (Cumberland) at the Battle of Culloden. This was in the year 1746; and the year following saw the birth of *Judas*. Mr. Ap'M. adds so much, not for the information of Von Bismarck, but to satisfy his own (Ap'M.'s) sense of completeness. Mr. Ap'M. remembers on one occasion twitting Dr. Thomas Morrel about his (Morrel's) book, which greatly diverted Georg Friedrich Händel, the famous composer of the oratorio now in consideration, besides of many other musicks. On the evening of the day of the twitting, Mr. Ap'M. attended the first performance of Gluck's opera, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, at the King's Theatre, then

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under the management of Lord Middlesex, by whom he (Ap'M.), was invited, after the performance, to supper, to meet Gluck, who just turned thirty, ate with appetite, drank without stint, and talked freely about himself and others, but chiefly himself. It was to Mr. Ap'M. that Handel made the famous remark about Gluck's no knowledge of counterpoint; and he (Ap'M.) remembers well Piccini (or Piccinni) thirty years later, at Paris, making a similar observation. This was at a supper at the Palace, to which Piccinni (or Piccini), as well as Gluck and others, were invited by the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, on the 19th April, 1774, the very same night on which *Iphigénie in Aulide* was brought out. Gluck had just turned 60; and Mr. Ap'M. remembers well that the Dauphine overhearing the remark of Piccini (or Piccinni), just turned 46, complained of it (in an undertone) to him (Ap'M.), accompanying her plaint with an ineffable smile, at the same time informing Mr. Ap'M. that she (the Dauphine), while at Vienna, had been his (Gluck's) pupil; at which he (Ap'M.), being a fast ally of Piccinni's (or Piccini's) as well as a fast friend of Gluck's, and at that instant dazzled with the beauty and melted by the graciousness of the adorable Dauphine, smiled grimly.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has cut out the following, from a report of the Nineteenth Ordinary General Meeting of the Crystal Palace Company, at which he (Ap'M.) had been invited to fill the Chair, but on account of other business couldn't—which accounts for the Chair being occupied, at his (Ap'M.'s) suggestion, by his very capable friend, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, Mr. Thomas N. Farquhar, a worthy burgess and substantial president. "The following" alluded to by Mr. Ap'M. is as follows, and was noted by Mr. Ap'M. in his commonplace, as

A Puncher for Music.

"Mr. Puncher observed, in regard to the expenditure, he thought many of the specialties might be curtailed. For instance, was it necessary to go to the expense they did for music; and whilst on that subject, he wished to mention that a report had gone forth that the conductor of the last Handel Festival had been paid 500*l.*, and also a present of 200*l.*, but he did not say that was true, although he should wish to hear from the chairman. If such was the case he could but say that those were the specialties which caused the small dividends (hear, hear). He did not believe they could have better directors, but he did think many matters might be curtailed."

Curtail a specialty (?)—pay a present (?)—curtail a matter (?). Pass!—But what should be done with Puncher? The concerts at the C. P. are, in Mr. Ap'M.'s esteem, its most admirable feature; and he who would deprive his very eager little friend, Auguste Manns, of any of his (Manns') resources is not only in his (Ap'M.'s) view an enemy of music but an enemy more or less copperheaded of the C. P. Had Mr. Ap'M. been in the Chair he would have solicited Puncher to put his hands in his pockets and sit down. Where was George Grove? Mr. Ap'M. would suggest that instead of being diminished, the resources of Auguste should be increased—say by some dozen more strings. There is nothing Mr. Ap'M. more deeply affects than the earing of a symphony at the C. P. on Saturday. To him (Ap'M.) the C. P. symphony

"makes Saturday the sweetest of the week"—

—just as his (Ap'M.'s) old friend, Leigh Hunt's, *Indicator* made Wednesday, to his (Ap'M.'s) other old friend, Charles Lamb (Elia). Away with Puncher! Happily the actual Chairman had something to say about the Handel Festival, which to Puncher was as good as a punch. That something Mr. Ap'M. would quote, if only in justice to his friend, Michael Costa:—

"With regard to the festival and Mr. Costa, he did not feel it was desirable to go into details, but he could assure them there was no foundation for the report alluded to; but if it was thought that all the conductor had to do was to walk into the orchestra and wave his baton they were very much mistaken, for he had weeks of labor (hear, hear)."

What, Mr. Ap'M. would ask, is Herr Manns to do, what Mr. Costa—when the one shall have to get up his (Mr. Ap'M's) Symphony in G flat minor (written, for the sake of a peculiar sonority, in flats), and the other his (Ap'M.'s) oratorio of *Methuselah?* The Ap'Mutton Festival must sooner or later be a living fact; it is already in the womb of time. The midwife *shall* be Mr. Costa, as he (Ap'M.) never conducts his own works. Let Puncher take that to heart.

A Protest from Punch.

Dear Ap'Mutton,—Your deputies, Shoe and Wind, have by no means paid me that attention which you led me to hope. Several things I have sent them have not appeared. I cannot remember having offended either of those gentlemen. Indeed, Horace Mayhew and the Editor of *Lloyds*—

("Who is not reckoned A 1 at Lloyds")—

told me that "though Wind was occasionally boisterous Shoe was as quiet a fellow and as plodding as ever came to foot." However, I am glad you have left that silly old Pope, and walked back to your sheep—among whom not the least docile and confiding is your ancient friend, *Punch Office*, 85 *Fleet Street, Dec.* 14. Punch.

P.S.—I had forgotten the immediate purpose of my addressing you. My current issue contains what I think an admirable hit at Donato of the Leg, which is not by Tom Taylor, nor by Shirley Brooks, nor by One-who-pays Silver, nor by Percival Leigh, nor by the late Gilbert A'Beckett, nor by the present Lord Chief Justice, but which I should much like to see perpetuated in *Muttoniana*. I enclose it.

Mr. Ap'Mutton finds the "hit" striking, and has real gratification in complying with Mr. Punch's wish. Let the "hit" make its own mark:—

"Go it ye Cripples!

"The foot-lights at Covent Garden are to see a one-legged dancer, engaged by the English *Hopera* Company. A perfect step of the Directors?"

The italicised "H" (not italicised by Mr. Ap'M.) is good; and so is the "step" of the Directors. Nevertheless to finish up the epigram, Mr. Ap'M. would have added—"who will jump with joy if it succeeds." Thus we should have a "hop," "step," and a "jump." Such is Mr. Ap'M.'s inward sense of completeness, that he has taken the liberty of suggesting the above for Mr. Punch's consideration, should he (*Punch*) contemplate repeating the "hit" in his next issue.—Preciput.

Mr. Job Pinchpaunch presents his respectful greetments to the learned Editor of *Muttoniana* and having waged three to two that Professor Sterndale Bennett was born at Cambridge with Dr. Slime both Mr. Pinchpaunch and Dr. Slime have agreed to refer the decision to the learned Editor of *Muttoniana* to whom our combined apologies. *Short Commons, Hungerford, Dec.* 15.

How the fiend could Professor Bennett be born at Cambridge with Dr. Slime? Mr. Ap'Mutton, moreover, objects to decide the wager without preciput. Preciput—preciput—preciput! Sans preciput, henceforward, *nil*.

Owain Ap'Mutton.

King and Beard, Blackchapel, Dec. 16.

The late Meyerbeer.—Some statements have gone the round of the journals, at home and abroad, that M. Georges Kastner, at the personal desire of the late composer, was to write his biography. It is quite true that M. Kastner has commenced his work, which will be in several volumes, but will not be out for years; but it is quite untrue that he had Meyerbeer's authority in any way. M. Kastner will have no access to any document beyond those which are open to any biographer. The first English record of Meyerbeer's career will be from the pen of Mr. Gruneisen, who was present at the opening representations in Paris of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, the *Etoile du Nord*, and the *Pardon de Ploermel* (*Dinorah*), and whose long intimacy with the departed genius will enable him to present a biography highly interesting in original matter.—*The Queen.*

Leeds.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—On Wednesday, the second of a series of orchestral concerts, arranged by a number of amateurs, was given in the Town Hall, and attracted a large audience. The band numbered fifty-five performers, selected from Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool. These were placed under the experienced management of Dr. Spark, to whom the town is indebted for the finest orchestral performance since the Festival of 1858. Beethoven's symphony in D was played with a precision and finish rarely heard out of London; and never, in the experience of musicians, has so much attention been paid to a great instrumental work by a Leeds audience as on this occasion. The sign is a cheering one, and must be exceedingly gratifying to those devoted amateurs whose time and money have been generously given to bring about such a result. Mendelssohn's overture, "Melusine," received admirable treatment from the band, every member of which seemed perfectly at home and safe under the commanding *bâton* of Dr. Spark. The theme with variations from Beethoven's Septuor, tested the individual abilities of Messrs. G. Haddock, Baetens, T. Haddock, Wand, Gladney, Grunier, and Walters, and so admirably did each perform, that an *encore* was demanded. Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. W. H. Cummings were the vocalists, and two more finished singers the committee could not find. Mr. Henry Smart's charming duet from the *Brids of Dunkerron* ("Hark, those spirit voices") was warmly encored. The third concert is announced for January 11th, 1865.

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FISH ON THE BEACH.

Another visit from the "Lady of the Keys!" and another "Recital"! Mr. Fish is in good luck. He returned to the Sole and Mackerel just in time. Had he been late he would never have forgiven himself; or rather, he would never have forgiven Messrs. R. Potts and Co. for not telegraphing him to Cirencester, where he had gone to look at a steeple, and whence he intended proceeding to Tadcaster, on a visit to Dishley (Esq.) Peters. Fortunately it turned out that D. Peters had suddenly been convoked; and so the visit was postponed.

Mr. Fish came back to Brighton, by morning mail, on Saturday the 10th. No sooner arrived, than Jeremiah Board, the cheerful head-waiter, with placid smile and sly wink (as who should say—"I know I've got a surprise for him"), put subjoined on the lunch-table:—

ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

Second Pianoforte Recital,

Saturday, December 10th, 1864,

THREE O'CLOCK.

Vocalist,

MADLLE. ELENA ANGELE.

PART I.

Sonata in F major, "Ne plus ultra" (Op. 41)..	*Woelfl.*
Ballad—"My love is an olden Story".....	*A. Schlesser.*
Lieder ohne Worte ("Songs without Words,")	*Mendelssohn.*
Cavatina—"Di tanti palpiti".....	*Rossini.*
Three Musical Sketches—"The Lake, the Mill-stream, and the Fountain".....	*W. Sterndale Bennett.*

PART II.

Grand Sonata in G major (Op. 31, No. 1.)	*Beethoven.*
Song—"Ship Boy's Letter".....	*V. Gabriel.*
Prelude and Scherzo—(A due voci)	*W. Vincent Wallace.*
Song—"Oh! would I were a village girl".....	*Rendegger.*
Fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Mireille"	*Lindsay Sloper.*

Pianoforte,

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

Stalls, numbered and reserved, 5s. Unreserved Seats, 3s.

To pull out his purse, place half a sovereign in the open palm (it was already open instinctively, as if aware of what was coming) of Jeremiah Board, and tell him to purchase two stalls, was the work of half a second. An eye-twinkle could not have occupied less time. Mr. Fish was determined this once to take Mrs. Fish, who herself plays (with) one of Bach's fugues—the *Fuga alla Tarantella*, which Mr. Fish purchased at Duncan Davison's, 244, Regent Street.*

Mr. Fish was charmed with the whole programme. How could he be otherwise? The delicious *Sketches* of Sterndale Bennett were as welcome as, recently, at Greenwich, and the playing as young and fresh and sparkling. The *fantasia* by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, on the pastoral melodies of *Mireille*, is certainly a hit. Mr. Fish found it even better at Brighton than at Greenwich, and could not help likening the gentle Arabella—as the passages came, now gliding now rippling, from her plastic fingers—to Watteau's prettiest *bergère* in his prettiest woodland *tableau*, with a golden-toned Broadwood, instead of a lute or a pipe, for her diversion and that of the bye-sitters. The whole of Woelfl's sonata was given this time; at which Mr. Fish was glad, remembering that the first movement is the best. And how those endless scales of double-notes were played!—with what unerring sureness!—and yet what giddy speed! The variations on "Life let us cherish" were as effective as ever, the one with arpeggios (in the minor), best of all. The mournful tones of an Æolian harp, when the night-wind sweeps its strings, and the cadence rises and falls at fits, is the only thing to which the effect of this variation, as breathed by Arabella Goddard, can be compared. The *Lieder* from Mendelssohn were admirably selected. The first was the plaintive romance in A minor, from Book I—the wail of a forlorn maiden (always recalling to Mr. Fish the delicate stanzas of Shelley—

"A widow bird sat mourning for her mate,
All on a willow tree")—

—one of the most beautiful of all; the second was the one in E major, from Book 3, an innocent melody floating on the bosom of a gentle and never-ceasing *arpeggio*—delicious from end to end; the third was the one in A, from Book 1—a vigorous, bright and healthful strain, reminding Mr. Fish always of the chase, the forest and the open sky. To each of these musical idylls was imparted the true poetic character. Of the perfect mechanical execution it would be superfluous to speak. Vincent Wallace's two pieces are god-sends in these times of flimsy production. Mr. Fish hardly knows which to prefer—the prelude or its companion. Both are transparently clear; both show that Wallace has been solacing his spirit in the ardent contemplation of Bach; both are little "gems." Arabella played them *con amore* Mr. Fish hopes that Vincent Wallace's earnest eye may glance at this brief record; he (Fish) being sure that it will console him (Wallace) to know how much delight his music gave to all who heard it.

The Imperial composition, and the Imperial performance, of the day was the sonata of Beethoven—a whole world of imagination. About this masterpiece Mr. Fish dares utter no word. Enough that the sonata and its fair interpretess, who took the great old master under her wing with loving tenderness, were alike appreciated. At the end Madame Goddard was rapturously called back.

A third "Recital" is promised in February. *Bravissimo!*

Sole and Mackerel—December 14. COVENTRY FISH.

HERR ANDER.—The report that the favorite tenor of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, had lost his senses is unfortunately confirmed. Herr Ander has been taken to a *Maison de Santé*.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS leaves London for Berlin on Monday, and sings the part of Manrico (*Trovatore*) in the German language at the Royal Opera House on Thursday.

EDINBURGH.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. Halle's first pianoforte "recital" took place on Saturday afternoon in the Music Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Sonata, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3—Beethoven; Suite Francaise, in G—S. Bach; Serenata, "La notte é placida"—Pedrotti; Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1.—Mendelssohn. PART II.—Grand Sonata, in D minor, Op. 49, —Weber; Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 142, No. 2—Moment Musical, in F minor—Schubert; "La Chasse," Study in E flat—Heller; Canzone, "L'Orfanello"—Arditi; "Cradle Song," in G flat—Henselt; Mazurkas, in B flat and C major—Chopin.

Mr Halle's concerts are now regularly looked forward to as among the chief yearly musical events of Edinburgh. The accomplished pianist was listened to with marked attention throughout, and the applause was unusually loud and prolonged for an audience in which the fair sex so largely preponderated. Mr Arthur Edmunds, who was the vocalist, continues to exhibit the same promise of future excellence as he did on his *début* last year. He possesses a tenor voice of fine quality, great compass and flexibility, and his three songs—one given in answer to an encore—were highly appreciated. Mr. J. V. Bridgeman played the accompaniments in his usually unexceptionable manner.

FINIS DEMOLIT OPUS.—On Tuesday the complete demolition of the grand entrance of the Great Exhibition Building in the Cromwell-road was accomplished by the Royal Engineers and Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Knocker. There were present—General Sir J. Burgoyne, Lord Mountcharles, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Charles Forbes, Colonel Chapman, Deputy Adjutant General of Royal Engineers, Captain Fowke, &c., with a larger crowd of spectators than on any previous occasion. The grand entrance was a structure consisting of three arches, of between 5000 and 6000 tons of masonry, 150 feet in length by 63 in height. There were 110 charges, or chambers, containing a total force of 181b. of gunpowder, for the purpose of displacing at one *coup de main* and discharge this formidable mass. At half-past eleven the bugle sounded, and the three batteries were fired, and almost instantaneously the structure crumbled down amid the cheering of the spectators, falling within the enclosure and scattering the bricks or *débris* in the adjoining road, or near the neighbouring houses in the Cromwell-road. The *débris* will be removed to-day, and the entire space cleared and railed in, until it is determined what form the new museum on its site is to assume.

* Christmas is approaching. A barrel of oysters would not be despised. "Oyster for Oyster," ("Austria for Austria.") Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. have heard of the saw.

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MR. MANTALINI IN HYSTERICS.

(*From Punch.*)

And has it come to this? We have lived to be attacked by *Mr. Mantalini*. Even the man-milliner's gentle soul has been aroused against us. "The little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," barked at *King Lear*, he said, but what a very little dog whines against *Mr. Punch*. If it were not rather a vulgar little dog, we should say it was the tiny one which the Prince in the fairy tale had to find for his Papa.

Mr. Mantalini (as the other milliners know), when wearied of turning the mangle, looked out for other occupation, and ultimately became editor of *Le Follet*. We knew this, but never told, and we have been very kind to him, for the sake of many merry memories. But we regret to say, that "Alfred" has turned naughty, and scolds us demnably. He is a very naughty Alfred, for he sets out with such a declaration that he wishes to imitate another Alfred, now extinct, who presided over "a thousand worlds peopled with millions of little opera-dancers." What would *Madame Mantalini* say to that?

Alfred is very spiteful, and much as we like him, we must a-k *Madame Mantalini* to give him ever so little a rap with a stay-bone on his little knuckles, for spoiling so pretty a paper as *Le Follet* with this wilful, wayward writing:—

"*Punch* used to be demnably funny, and his pippetty-poppetty pokes made one laugh like—like demnation. But what a demed falling off. None but a very low and ungenteel mind could have found anything rude in what proceeded from our angel of a little gold pen, and perfumed ink (oh, so nice, dem it), when we were writing a little tickley-wickley article about our patronesses, the adorned and enchanting ladies of fashion. The rude beast—he shall be horsewhipped till he cries out demnably. Our first will not prove to be our last word with *Punch*, though such low company gives us a headache, as if fifty thousand bonnet boxes had tumbled down upon our head at once."

Now, Alfred, this is very unkind. When have we been so cruel and wicked, dear fellow, as to accuse you of meaning anything at all? And why will you, abandoning your own sweet manner, break out in the manner of the other and extinct Alfred, whose effort in the satirical line, as you say, caused *Mr. Punch* to leave him thenceforth and for ever in his own cesspool. You are very smart, we allow. Your little onslaught is exactly in the usual gentlemanly style in which *Mr. Punch* is abused. But then, most other people, Alfred, who launch these epigrams have reasons for it. *Mr. Punch* has either refused their rubbish, or castigated their folly, or done them a kindness, or in some way justified their spite. But for you, *Mantalini*, dear, he has never had anything but the prettiest compliments—sugar-plum critiques—rosewater crackers. There is a compliment in the very article you are pettish about, pet, if you could only understand it. What has gone wrong with the poppet of *Le Follet?* Has it been eating too many mince-pies for luck before Christmas? That is sad, but Madame must give it some gruel. We cannot be angry with our Alfred, but he is a demnation goosey-gander.

MADRID.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Madlle. Grossi has appeared at the Opera here with complete success. The part selected for her *début* was Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Maddlle. Grossi's magnificent voice and good singing were fully appreciated and applauded with enthusiasm by a crowded house. The Lucrezia was Madame Penco, a legitimate artist in the fullest sense, but hardly in her sphere in a part so essentially dramatic. The part of Gennaro was well sustained by Signor Niccolini; that of the Duke by Signor Selva. Madame Spezia and her husband Signor Aldighieri are engaged and will appear in a few days. Signor Mario has arrived here from Paris in company with M. Bagier, director of the Italian Opera at Paris, and M. Alary. *Faust* will be produced forthwith, with Signor Mario as Faust, and Madame De Lagrange as Marguerite.

MADAME VOLPINI.—The *Presse Théatrale* of Paris has received the following telegram from Lisbon, announcing the success of Madame Volpini in the opera of *Semiramide*:—"Hier, *Semiramide;* Madame Volpini, fanatisme, couronnes, bouquets. Applaudissements enthousiastes, rappels et ovations."

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GUIDI (Florence).—Introduction à un nouveau Système D'Harmonie par Abramo Basevi.

LONSDALE, "The parting hour," song by E. A. SYDENHAM.

ANDREWS (of Manchester), "The Earth is the Lord's," verse anthem by R. ANDREWS.

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Robin (a Mysterious Youth, who poaches and encroaches, who is *A one*, and turns out *two B*, but who he is doesn't signify for the present).....Miss FURTADO.
Good Temper (the Genius of Jollity, welcome at all seasons, but more particularly at the present one).....Miss ELEANOR BUFTON
(who has kindly undertaken to play the part).
The Demon Sulks (the foe to all cheerful folks, and the special enemy of Robin).....Mr. J. ANDERSON.
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Princess Peppermintdrop (Daughter of King Roaryborealis, who doesn't bear any resemblance to the Lion).....Miss COTTRELL.
Fairies had in for a night'un, Demons to make a Demon-stration, Guards, Huntsmen, Imps, Attendants, Tag Rag, Bob Tail.
Periwig (of the period) and the celebrated Hat-band of Brothers, combined with Supernumerary Force of Auxiliaries too numerous to mention or even guess at,

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"Give me to drink." The *vulgar demon* and the *low spirits*. A letter and a double *rap*. Good Temper *puts in* an appearance and the Demon is *put out*. The Compact! *Should Robin never lose his temper till his marriage all persecution is to cease.*

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How the game is too *high* for Robin, who being able to bring nothing down, cannot be considered a Robin *good fellow*, and who pouches everything—including the eggs, and who performs a marvellous feat by actually making an *egg-sit*. How the King *comes on* and *goes on*, and who talks of *pudding* his finger into a *pie*, but who is interrupted in his request *for beef* by Robin's calling out *for bear*. How Robin says he is single and the King sees double, and how the poucher is carried away *with* the Princess, who is carried away *by* the poucher, leaving the King, like Lord Ullin, "lamenting," and how he is pricked by the demons and doesn't see the point though he feels it, and how his "eyes are made the fools o' the other senses" in a manner which

MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED.

UMBRAGEOUS SOLITUDE.

How Flunkebus finds the "sweets of office" are occasionally a little *bitter*, especially when lion cubs have cut most of their teeth. How the Demon finds his tail would be all the better for a trifling cur-tailment, and he cuts it, rapidly followed by Leo, who hangs on him like a fast friend.

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MARCH OF THE UNICORN GUARDS,
FAIRY ELVES, AND THE
SMALLEST DRUMMER IN THE WORLD!

How Robin besieges the Princess's heart and the King besieges Robin's Palace—How Step and Fetchit "speak, yet nothing say," and how in the ticklish moment the Princess comes to the scratch, and how she tenders her tender heart to Robin—How the King discovers Robin to be his nephew whom he has defrauded, and, not knowing what to do, falls back upon the legend of the Nursery, declares he will beat him ALL AROUND THE TOWN!

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Great fall (out) in Bread—The rival Bakers, between whom there is no loaf lost—"Bread-ren be friends"—Terrific meeting between the *Huncle* and their *Heir!*—"Whig torry or death!"

Tremendous (Flour) Mill between the Unicorn Pet and the Lion Bully.

Resulting in the seizure of Robin by the Executive, and his being manacled from head to foot, to the delight of the Demon Sulks, who imagines that he must have lost his temper by this time and who is engaged at finding he was

Never Better Tempered in his Life.

How the King has the will to destroy the *will*, but how good temper seizes the *will* according to his *won't*. How Robin promises no more about it if the King will give his consent to the *match*, which is immediately struck. Robin is *de-lighted* and the *demon* disgusted at seeing *dem-on* such friendly terms, descends not only to low abuse but to regions even lower, and Good Temper having but one thing further to do, does it, by changing the scene to the joyous and unparalled TRANSFORMATION scene entitled,

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OR,

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O! that this too solid flesh would melt—
Thaw, and resolve itself into dew.

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3. Minuetto allegretto. 4. Allegretto.
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This Quartett was composed about 1791, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, and played at his Musical Soirées by the Schuppanzigh party.

ARIA, "Bel Raggio," Miss LOUISA PYNE, ... Rossini.
ROMANCE, "Le Vallon," Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, ... Gounod.
TRIO in D minor, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello . . . . Mendelssohn.
1. Molto allegro agitato. 2. Andante con moto.
3. Scherzo. 4. Allegro assai appassionato.
Mr. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT, Mons. SAINTON, and Signor PEZZE.

IRISH MELODY, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."
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ARIA, "In questa tomba," Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, ... Beethoven.
SOLO, Pianoforte, "Return of Spring," Mr. J. F. BARNETT, . . . J. F. Barnett.
DUETTS { "Now for him I love so truly," . . . . . Spohr.
{ "Greeting" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
Miss LOUISA PYNE, and Madame SAINTON-DOLBY.

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1. Allegro. 2. Allegretto vivace e scherzando.
3. Adagio molto e mesto. 4. Allegro—Thème Russe.
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MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," composed by HENRY SMART, at Egham, Jan. 4.

MLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN will play at Mr. HOWARD GLOVER'S Grand Morning Concert, Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, Jan. 9, and at the Beaumont Institution on the evening of the same day.

MADLLE. GEORGI AND MADLLE. CONSTANCE GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Opera, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. J. G. PATEY will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE" at the Crystal Palace, This Day, December 31.

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CHRISTMAS WAITS.

(*Concluded from Page* 818).

Either Steele or Addison (to whom the paper has also been attributed) says, in *The Tatler* of Sept. 9, 1710 :—

"As the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation, who does not make love with the town-music. The Waits often help him through his courtship, and my friend Banister has told me he was proffered 500*l.* by a young fellow to play but one winter under the window of a lady that was a great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses' hearts as people tame hawks and eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they are fallen into it."

The "Hunt's up" or "Good morrow" was especially expected by the fair one on her birthday, and the custom is not altogether obsolete, though the name seems to have been forgotten. When our present Princess Royal came of age, she was greeted with music from the royal band under her window in the morning, but the court newsman invented a new *French* name for it—"a Matinale!" In Davenant's *Unfortunate Lovers*, Rampiro says :—

"The fiddlers do
So often waken me with their grating gridirons,
And *Good Morrows*, I cannot sleep for them,"

but this was the Christmas greeting preparatory to a demand upon his purse.

"Past three o'clock, and a cold frosty morning.
Past three o'clock, *good morrow, Masters all*,"

is a pretty air of the London Waits of the time of Charles II., which is included with other wait-tunes; such as the "Fa, la, la," by Jer. Savile, Chester Waits, and Colchester Waits in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. To these several more specimens of their composition might have been added, such as *Worksop Waits*, *Warrington Waits*, *York Waits*, *Bristol Waits*, &c.; but the only names of wait-composers that have descended to us are those of John Ravenscroft, who was one of the waits of the Tower Hamlets, and who wrote many hornpipe tunes; and, more eminent far, Thomas Farmer, a London Wait, and composer of many excellent songs, among which may be particularised that lovely air to Tom Durfey's words, "She rose and let me in" (beginning "The night her blackest sables wore"), which has been claimed as Scotch; and which, according to Dr. Beattie, made the tears start from Mrs. Siddons' eyes when he played it to her on the violoncello. Tate wrote an elegy on Farmer's death, and Purcell composed the music.

Each ward of the city of London had formerly its company of waits—perhaps six or eight in number, for, on Charles II.'s restoration, he was entertained with music from a band of eight at Crutched Friars, six at Aldgate, and six at Leadenhall Street—and beyond its boundaries were those of Finsbury, of Southwark, of Blackfriars, and of Westminster. They made their watching duties as light to themselves as possible, but still they did watch. By an order of the Common Council of Newcastle, Nov. 4, 1646, the waits were *commanded* to go about morning and evening "according to ancient custom;" and an order from the same authority, in 1675, enjoined their going about the town in the winter season. (Brand's *Hist. of Newcastle*, ii. 354.) The quotation from Burton's Diary in 1656, which a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, D. M. Stevens, adduced, proves that in London also the waits were then thought to be "a great preservation of men's houses in the night;" and to have been so, they must still have continued their nocturnal perambulations." Let us now turn to a humorous description of them in their winter clothing, by Ned Ward in *The London Spy*:—

"At last bolted out from the corner of a street, with an *ignis fatuus* dancing before them, a parcel of strange hobgoblins, covered with long frieze rugs and blankets, hooped round with leather girdles from their cruppers to their shoulders, and their noddles buttoned up into caps of martial figure, like a Knight Errant at tilt and tournament, with his wooden head locked in an iron helmet, one, armed, as I thought, with a lusty faggot-bat, and the rest with strange wooden weapons in their hands in the shape of clyster-pipes, but as long almost as speaking-trumpets. Of a sudden they clapped them to their mouths, and made such a frightful yelling that I thought *he* would have been dissolving, and the terrible sound of the last trumpet to be within an inch of my ears . . . . . 'Why, what,' says he, 'don't you love musick? These are the topping tooters of the town; and have gowns, silver chains, and salaries for playing *Lilli-borlero* to my Lord Mayor's horse through the city."
—Part II. 4th edition, 1719, p. 35.

The following description is much of the same kind, but describes the York Waits at the beginning of the last century. I copy two lines into one to save space in printing :—

"In a winter's morning, long before the dawning,
Ere the cock did crow, or stars their light withdraw,
Wak'd by a hornpipe pretty, play'd along York city.
By th' help of o'er-night's bottle, Damon made this ditty.
In a winter's night, by moon or lanthorn light,
Through hail, rain, frost, or snow, their rounds the music go:
Clad each in frieze or blanket (for either heav'n be thanked),
Lined with wine a quart, or ale a double tankard.
Burglars scud away, and bar-guests dare not stay;
Of claret snoring sots dream, o'er their pipes and pots,
Till their helpmates wake 'em, hoping music'll make 'em
Find out pleasant Cliff, that plays the Rigadoon.
Candles, four in the pound, lead up the jolly Round,
While Cornet shrill i' th' middle marches, and merry fiddle;
Curtal with deep hum, hum, cries out we come, we come;
Theorbo loudly answers, 'Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum.'
But, their fingers frost-nipt, so many notes are o'erslipt,
That you'd take sometimes the Waits for Minster chimes;
And then to hear their musick, would make both me and you sick;
And much more, too, to hear a roopy fiddler call,
With voice as Moll would cry: 'Come, shrimps or cockles buy.'
'Past three! fair frosty morn! Good morrow, my masters all.'"

And now as to the constitution of the Company of Waits, and the privileges accorded to them by corporations in the last century. A book which formerly belonged to the waits of Norwich, supplies the following extracts :—

"The Company of Musicians, or Waits of the City of Norwich, November 22nd, being St. Cecilia's Day, A.D. 1714, the following persons were chosen officers, viz. Thomas Laws, *Headman*; Isaac Laws and Samuel Suffield, *Wardens*; John Baker and William Barrow, *Searchers*."

This was the entire Court, and they interchanged the offices year by year, so as to exclude others. As to the privileges conferred on them by the Corporation of Norwich, we find that, on the 28th November, 1733, at a Court of Mayoralty, it was ordered :—

"That for the future no person or persons be permitted, or do play in the streets upon any musical instrument, to any person or persons within this city or *county* (unless it be the Company of Musicians belonging to the city), without the license of the Mayor of the said city. This order not to extend to any person or persons that shall be sent for to any private or public house, for the diversion of any person or persons of such private family, or at any such public house: so as such person or persons do not presume to play at any irregular hours."

This order of the Mayoralty was confirmed in the following year, and it seems to have remained in force till 1790. On the 14th of January, 1791, "at a meeting of the Company of Waits, or Musicians, *being discharged from the Corporation duty*, we four, whose names are here underwritten, do agree to form ourselves into a Company, *calling ourselves* City Music, for the undermentioned business, viz. Playing [to the Mayor elect, Aldermen, Sheriffs," &c. But the old waits had also claimed an exclusive right for out-door music at weddings, and of "playing to persons of quality to welcome them to town." The night watching of the city had till then been kept up from Michaelmas to Christmas, but it seems to have been paid for only by gratuities, the collection of which occupied much time; for a member must have been absent "four days" from the collecting, or four days from "the survey," before he was fined. The fine for being drunk and incapable, or being absent on a watch night, was severe—10*s.*! The headman also suffered the penalty of 1*s.* every time that he omitted to wear his chain round his neck while on business.

And now adieu to the waits. I have already gone beyond my proposed limit, and leave the derivation of the word to others. The views of Roger North and John Cleland upon it are already in your columns, and the glossaries will supply the rest. If the professed waits of to-day would discontinue their brass instruments and revert to the soft pipes which could be heard by those who were lying awake, and yet not disturb sleepers, few would object to them. Music so heard is rather agreeable in the night than otherwise. Even if they would awake us at fitting time with "Adeste, fideles" on the Christmas morning few would object. I heard that hymn from them last Christmas morning, and claim the indulgence of your readers to say a parting word upon it. The name of "The Portuguese Hymn" was first given to it by one of the noble directors of the Ancient Concerts, who had heard it at the Portuguese Roman Catholic Chapel. It was composed by John Reading, author of the Winchester song "Dulce domum," who had a fancy for composing music to Latin words.

30, *Upper Harley Street*. WILLIAM CHAPPELL.

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MUSIC IN FRANKFORT.*

Anyone who had been absent from Frankfort for ten years would find a striking difference between musical matters then and now. The theatre, it is true, occupies the same, or rather, perhaps, a lower position than it did ten years since. The reason is that, despite the establishment of free trade in everything else, aught like rivalry is prohibited as far as the theatre is concerned, and three or four patrons render this institution completely subservient to their own amusement. But a great change has been observable in concert-music during the last five or six years. The smaller concerts, such as saloon and virtuoso concerts, are becoming more and more rare; the public flock in crowds to the grand oratorio and symphony concerts. As the little concerts die out, so also does little music disappear from the symphony concerts, and in the way of grand music, people are demanding more and more the best historical creations. Up to the present time, we have had no virtuoso concert worth mentioning; the Frankfort artists who used formerly, at the very commencement of the season, to announce a series of quartets, trios, &c., now make no sign. On the other hand, the rush to the Symphony Concerts is so great than at the "Museum," though the large hall contains more than 1200 numbered seats, over two hundred persons were refused subscription tickets, that is to say, were obliged to renounce nearly all hope of attending the concerts, because, for instance, at the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the crush was so great to the two remaining galleries, which together contain only from four to five hundred persons, that several hundreds were turned from the doors. For the benefit of those who were thus disappointed, as well as of the inhabitants of the environs, there was another performance of the Symphony. Again, the Symphony Concerts are beginning to be really symphonetic. The air, the song, the little bit of pianoforte-strumming, and the exhibitions of cadence-fiddling are receding more and more into the background, and making room for cantatas, choral compositions, overtures, and other important pieces. How this selection works is evident from the continually increasing attendance of the public, and the pleasure they take in the performances.

The greater interest evinced in pieces of importance, and in more powerful ideas, is to be explained by the change in political sentiment. The people have no longer any taste for the petty, ambiguous policy of diplomatists, but care only for great events in the career of nations. The same is the case in art. This is the reason why a taste for grand music has been manifested more especially since 1859 and 1860, when the great national struggle began in Italy; the "Schützenfest" in 1862, and the Schleswig-Holstein movement of 1863 strengthened this feeling more and more. For the sharper critical spirit now pervading them, our concert-public are, on the other hand, indebted to a man who, ever since the year 1850, exerted himself with indefatigable consistency to impart a critical education not only to his own immediate pupils but to those, also, who attended his concerts. It was Friedrich Wilhelm Rühl who first freed his pupils from following one certain model, from belief in authorities, and from false sentimentality, by his theory, which comprehended everything valuable technically and intellectually; by his thorough analysis of works of art; and by his development of character. In addition to his own regular pupils, he had always from one to two hundred members in his Oratorio Association. These persons carried the spirit of criticism among the general public with a fiery zeal which led to the most violent party conflicts. The performances at his Oratorio-Concerts, however, produced so grand an impression that the public were convinced against their own will, and applied the sounding-rod of criticism to musical patchwork. Rühl has not reaped the reward of his labours; he was so prosecuted by envy, ill-nature, and intrigue on the part of the whole race of hack musicians, who found themselves surpassed to such an extent in everything, that he resolved to exchange Frankfort for Mayence, the Liedertafel of which place had sent him a most flattering invitation to join them. Another now conducts his Association, but both in that and the other Associations, as well as among the public, there still exists that critical spirit he was the first to introduce.

We will now speak of the various concerts in detail. The Museum has, up to the present time, given three. At the first we had Schubert's Symphony in C major; Beethoven's Concerto in G major; at the third, Weber's Overture to *Rübezahl;* and, in addition, airs by Handel and Rossini, and two or three pianoforte pieces by Stephen Heller. Schubert's Symphony is noble and dignified in its plan, and, therefore, produces, on the whole, a grand impression. Looked at in detail, the forms are frequently too small, not short in a Beethovenian sense, but narrow. Beethoven's forms are short, but the motives proceed in one direction; by continuation they may be endlessly lengthened, while sharp contrasts may be produced by an opposite course. Schubert's motives are complete in themselves, because they contain a double movement, or movement and repose (as, for instance, the middle group in the Allegro.) Not all the skill for modulation in the world can make anything great out of them. Schubert repeats them, moreover, innumerable times, and commits the error—in place of the coda, which should correspond with the first motive—of at once bringing the development of this second motive into the fresh portion of his production and of beginning the second portion with a fresh development of the same motive. Even if we leave out of consideration the deal of petty hopping about, this is illogical, for the development should not begin until the fundamental idea has been expressed in all its bearings, and the excited imagination is revelling in reminiscences of it.—Herr Hallé, the well-known pianist, resident in Manchester, played Beethoven's Concerto in G major. His manual dexterity is perfect, and his style full of mind and life, both as regards the view taken of the composition as a whole, and the working-out of the details. Two or three interpolated cadences, however, caused us to doubt his critical intelligence.—Madlle. Busk, from Baltimore, sang the airs. She possesses very fair talent and a good voice, but the latter is still in the course of artistic development.

The second concert presented us with Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The Cecilia Association took part in the performance of the "Walpurgisnacht." This cantata is, probably, one of Mendelsshon's most original works; in freshness and natural truthfulness it far surpasses his *Elijah* and *St. Paul.* The Cecilia Association rendered it with great animation, though they did not succeed in producing the powerfully demoniacal impression that Rühl used to make with it. The Ninth Symphony is so immense a work that a gigantic mind and extraordinary resources are needed to execute it in perfection. Herr Müller, the conductor of the Museum, is a man of a fervent, tender, and kindly disposition. When feelings of this description have to be pourtrayed, he is unrivalled. But he does not sieze the strong contrasts of life with sufficient vigour and roughness to make himself altogether master of them. The first movement appeared, in consequence, rather mournfully elegiacal than powerful; the lament was soft and gentle, but not prophetically indignant. The second movement was flowing and graceful, instead of rough and sturdy. The result was that in the third movement people did not feel that need of rest, which a profoundly exciting struggle presupposes. It was not till the fourth movement that we had the proper fiery energy; but the impression produced by the joy did not carry the audience away, because they had not really and seriously taken part in the combat. Despite all this, though, the Symphony made a grand impression; the public were so enthusiastic about it that it formed the staple of conversation for some days afterwards. Herr Carl Grün spoke publicly of the work in the Handelsacademie and in Offenbach. At the latter place he excited such enthusiasm, that crowds of musical amateurs came over to the second performance.

At the third concert, we had a "Suite" (No. 2, in E minor), by Franz Lachner; a Violin-Concerto, by Mendelssohn; Overture, Scherzo and Finale, by R. Schumann; a "Chaconne," by Bach; and the overture to *Alfonso und Estrella*, by F. Schumann. Lachner, we all know, published a first "Suite" in D minor, two years ago; critics pronounced a tolerably unanimous verdict upon it. Though Court journalists at Munich pretended to be in such ecstacies as not to be contented with twenty-four variations on a movement, but to desire some two or three dozen additional ones, people in Frankfort had more than sufficient with only six. Meanwhile, Herr Lachner wrote a second "Suite."* It seems as if

* From the Vienna *Recensionen.*

* Played for the first time in Vienna, and with decided success on the 27th November.

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R. Wagner's words concerning the Ninth Symphony ("it is the last Symphony in the historical development of art, and everything after it is nothing more than imitation") were so branded on Lachner's soul that he did not dare to write another Symphony. He returns, therefore, to the old forms of Handel and Bach. Instead, however, of studying the nature of dances, which, though unknown even to the composers, constituted the foundation on which these forms were based, he copies the forms themselves. These he presents to us with all the old-fashioned attributes and stiff pathos of former days, but in the garb of brilliant modern instrumentation. It is just as though we were to see Albrecht Dürer's wood-engravings painted up with all the dazzling technical brilliancy of a painter of the present day. Modern instrumentation not unfrequently carries off Lachner's imagination to the modern ball-room, and, when it does, a lovely mixture of old-fashioned and modern dance-rhythms is presented to us in the most charming manner. We are acquainted with only one pendant to these "Suites" and that is the "Hausmusik" of Riehl (the historian of civilization). The "Suite" was executed with all the delicacy and attention that could possibly be bestowed upon a new work; none of its attractions remained concealed. The public, excited by the execution of the dance melodies, many of which are exceedingly pretty, indulged in frequent applause. Mendelssohn's Concerto and Bach's "Chaconne" were played by Herr Lauterbach of Dresden. This gentleman is distinguished for a smooth, delicate tone, but he is deficient both in inspiration and in conscious delineation of character.

But enough, and more than enough for to-day. I will send you an account of Rühl's Association and the Cecilia Association the next time I write.

DES ETRENNES POUR WALLACE.

Paris, Dec. 6.

Au concert Pasdeloup, ce n'etait pas l'ouverture de *Fidelio* en *mi* majeur de Beethoven, ni la symphonie de Mozart, encore nouvelle cependant pour ces séances, ni le *Largo* d'Haydn, ni le *Septuor* de Beethoven, tous morceaux parfaitement choisis, qui nous avaient attiré de préférence. Tous ces maîtres, nous les avons entendus des milliers de fois au Conservatoire et chez Pasdeloup lui même, et, grâce au système en usage dans ces sociétés, nous sommes appelé à les entendre bien souvent encore. Nous avions voulu, au contraire, saluer la préface d'une œuvre encore inconnue à Paris et de son auteur, plus inconnu encore, bien que déjà son œuvre soit populaire en Angleterre et en Allemagne. Il s'agit de *Lurline*, opéra en trois actes de W. V. Wallace, qui a été joué plus de cinq cents fois à Londres, et que l'Allemagne a applaudi comme on applaudit l'œuvre d'un véritable maître. C'est donc l'ouverture de *Lurline* (en allemand *Loreley*), que nous sommes allé entendre. Nous tenions à voir l'effet que produirait une œuvre nouvelle, inconnue pour ce public, qui ne connaît guère que la trilogie de Haydn, Mozart et Beethoven. Disons à sa louange et pou faire honneur à son jugement, que, dès les premières mesures, il a compris qu'il était en présence d'un compositeur de science et de goût, possédant les connaissances profondes que donnent des études solides jointes à une imagination féconde, et une grande habileté de main pour ce qui touche aux détails de l'orchestration. Dans cette cuverture on sent un artiste maître de ses ressources, alliant dans une juste mesure l'élément mélodique aux combinaisons de l'orchestre, dont il accouple avec un art infini les différentes sonorités. Les dessins, les imitations, malgré leur abondance, ne jettent jamais aucune confusion dans l'ensemble instrumental; au contraire, tout cela se meut et s'enchaîne avec clarté, et quand arrivent les grands effets des masses, ils ressortent d'autant mieux qu'ils ont été ménagés avec beaucoup d'art au moyen de contrastes préparés avec une grande intelligence de la fracture symphonique.

Pour ceux qui voudraient savoir dans quelle catégorie de compositeurs on pourrait placer Wallace, nous dirons qu'il nous paraît procéder de Rossini par son abondance mélodique, le tour suave et brillant de ses périodes chantantes, et que, par son habile accouplement des timbres, il rappelle tout à fait la manière si noble et si poétique de Weber. Et cependant il ne faudrait pas croire voir en Wallace un froid imitateur de ces maîtres; son style et son faire sont bien à lui. Plus heureux que beaucoup d'autres musiciens qui, du reste, ne connaissent guère les œuvres des auteurs étrangers, nous avons vu et étudié plus d'une fois les opéras de Wallace, et notamment *Lurline ou la Fille du Rhin*, dont on a entendu chez Pasdeloup l'ouverture, et nous croyons pouvoir affirmer sans craindre d'être démenti que cette partition a la valeur de la *Favorite* et de *la Muette*. Nous pourrions citer tel directeur qui en a entendu en notre présence plusieurs morceaux des plus importants, et qui a regretté de ne pas avoir toute l'initiative nécessaire pour la monter sur son théâtre. Car, à Paris, nous en sommes encore là. La subvention enchaîne encore assez les directeurs qui la reçoivent pour qu'ils soient obligés d'abdiquer leur personnalité et de recevoir le mot d'ordre de certains comités qui s'entendent très bien à tout, excepté à la musique.

Notre espoir est que la liberté des théâtres fasse surgir un jour, chose qui n'a jamais existé qu'à de très rares intervalles, un directeur essentiellement artiste, pouvant apprécier personellement, luimême, la valeur d'une partition, et qui soit en même temps assez libre de ses actes pour la monter sur son théâtre. Quand ce jour sera venu l'opéra de *Lurline* sera un des premiers offerts au public, et on verra si nous avons exagéré en lui donnant l'importance capitale des chefs d'œuvre auxquels nous l'avons comparé. Quoi qu'il en soit, Pasdeloup a bien mérité des amis de la musique en donnant à Wallace une place d'honneur sur son programme, et en le faisant figurer à côté des maîtres pres desquels, à notre avis, il n'est nullement déplacé. C'est en excluant tout parti pris, c'est en allant chercher toutes les œuvres remarquables, sans distinction d'école, qu'il agrandira l'horizon de l'art et qu'il complétera l'éducation du public qui suit si volontiers son drapeau, qu'il le plante dans la salle de Herz ou du Cirque-Napoléon.

C'est précisément parce que Pasdeloup est maître aujourd'hui de son public et que celui-ci le suit avec une confiance aveugle, qu'il doit ne pas lui laisser ignorer tout ce que la musique a produit de beau dans tous les genres. Du reste, Pasdeloup a dû voir combien le public lui savait gré de cette innovation dans son programme. Après l'ouverture de *Loreley*, qui, on doit le dire à la louange des exécutants et de leur habile chef, a été rendue avec une vigueur, une précision et un ensemble des plus remarquables, des bravos chaleureux et renouvelés jusqu'à trois fois de suite, ont éclaté de tous les points de la salle. Nous avons vu l'auteur qui assistait à cette séance avec sa famille, et il était facile de s'apercevoir qu'il était heureux de se voir si bien interprété, et que cet hommage auquel le vrai public seul prenait part, lui causait une émotion des plus vives. Puisse la France artistique se montrer toujours ainsi hospitalière envers les maîtres qui ont parfois usé leur vie dans la méditation et le travail, pour leur offrir des œuvres grandes et belles! Que notre patrie soit toujours le noble foyer des arts, la métropole de la civilisation et du progrès! C'est notre jugement et notre goût qui, en consacrant les œuvres vraiment artistiques et en dispensant le succès, ont engagé Donizetti, Spontini, Rossini et Meyerbeer à nous offrir leurs plus beaux chefs-d'œuvre, et à devenir en quelque sorte citoyens de notre pays. C'est ainsi qu'un jour Wallace, Balfe, Bénédict, etc., viendront à leur tour doter nos scènes de leurs œuvres inspirées et leur léguerent des trésors lyriques à ajouter à ceux qui ont déjà fait leur gloire et leur fortune.

SYLVAIN SAINT-ETIENNE.

FLORENCE.—Signor Guidi has just published the score and band-parts of Pacini's Symphony in D minor. The work is divided into four parts: "Hell," "Purgatory," "Paradise," and Dante's "Return to Earth." Giraldoni is engaged for the next Carnival season at the Pergola.

ROME.—Such was the eagerness of the public to hear *Les Huguenots*, that, on the morning of the day of the first performance, not a ticket was to be procured. Though the title was changed into *Renato di Groenwald*, and the *libretto* terribly mutilated and altered, the opera achieved an extraordinary success.—The Pope has bestowed the cross of the Sylvester Order upon Professor Döring of Dresden, in consideration of the services rendered by that gentleman to the cause of sacred music.

BOMBAY.—The family of the Schotts, the well-known music publishers, has just lost one of its members. Adam Schott died here on the 3rd August, after having, for many years, filled the post of bandmaster in various regiments, both in England and the Colonies. His life is full of interest. A son of Bernhard Schott, the founder of the celebrated house at Mayence, he was born in 1791, and received a first-rate musical education. At the age of 15, he played almost every wind instrument, though that on which he particularly excelled himself was the clarinet. During a tour with his master, the celebrated Baermann, through Germany and a part of France, he fairly divided the laurels. In 1822, he founded a branch establishment at Antwerp, and it was from this that the firm of Schott Brothers at Brussells subsequently sprang. His adventurous disposition would not, however, suffer him to remain quiet very long. He went to England, and thence to America and India, giving a number of concerts, and, at last, accepting the situation of bandmaster in an English regiment quartered in India. On his return to England, in 1848, he was appointed bandmaster in one of the Household Regiments. The regular and quiet duties of his post did not, however, agree with the habits he had contracted in India, whither he again returned, and where he died. He wrote a very large number of compositions for military bands, but only a few have been published.

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ARABELLA GODDARD AT BRIGHTON.

(*From the "Brighton Gazette."*)

The second "Recital" by this talented lady took place at the Pavilion, in presence of a brilliant audience. We have recently written at such length on her unequalled performances, that a short notice must now suffice. The selection for the "Recital" was even more interesting than on the former occasion. The first piece was Woelfl's Sonata in F major, *Ne Plus Ultra*. Woelfl was a pianist in the beginning of this century, whose music contained greater intricacies than most of the music of other composers of that period. In his conceit he gave to his Op. 41 the title, "*Ne Plus Ultra*," implying that he out-distanced all competitors in the writing and execution of elaborate difficulties. The piece abounds in thirds, octaves, and shakes for both hands. Unfortunately for the then generation, Madame Arabella Goddard was not living, or the composer would have heard his piece played as he never, certainly from what we have heard, was able to play it himself. This sonata owes its resuscitation to Madame Goddard, Woelfl's music being now but little known. Three of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*—which followed next—were rendered with infinite grace, variety and charm. The great feature of the morning, however, was Beethoven's Sonata in G major, Op. 31, No. 1. It is utterly impossible to convey any idea of the grandeur of this masterly performance. Each movement of this divine work developed fresh qualities in the fair pianist. It was a combination of everything that is charming. If we were to single out a point it would be the *adagio grazioso*, the phrasing of which, in its deep expression, produced an effect not easily forgotten. The audience were roused to the utmost enthusiasm, and insisted on recalling the poetical interpreter of the most imaginative composer the world has known. The "Recital" included three musical sketches, by Sterndale Bennett:—

Andante tranquillo ("The Lake")—E major.
Presto agitato ("The Mill-stream")—E minor.
Presto murmurando ("The Fountain")—B major.

No wonder that a man like Mendelssohn was an ardent admirer of the writings of our great English composer. A delicious, Bach-like prelude and *scherzo* by Wallace, and Lindsay Sloper's new and extremely effective *fantasia* on Gounod's *Mireille* (which is going all round the coast) were played as incomparably as only Madame Goddard could play them.

—o—

IMPROVISING.

Many a young pianist, or would-be pianist without labor and without price, has a certain trick of "improvising," which he mistakes for talent. In any way it is a miserable way merely to *indulge* a talent, which you should be educating. The following was addressed to a New York musical paper:—

Dear Sir,—I study the Piano and have taken a few lessons in harmony. But instead of applying myself to my lessons, I spend much of my time by improvising on the key-board. My teacher grumbles, and says this will do me no good; but I think that it adds greatly to my facility of modulating from one chord into another, that it improves my ear, and also my pianoforte playing. What is your opinion?

Your case (replies the Yankee editor) applies to a large class of young pupils who are ambitious to become artists, but who shrink from the labor it costs to deserve this distinction. It is very easy to chain a few chords together, especially as it is done in most of these cases, without any discrimination and refinement, nay, even without knowledge of a correct progression. We know the astonishing effects which these so-called improvisers obtain, and which mostly consist in giving the melody to the left hand, and letting the right hand rattle over the keys in Arpeggio Passages or Chromatic Runs; but if ever there was anything more sickening and injurious to the real progress of the pupil, it is this practice of satisfying the very cheap and easy "aspirations of the soul." It makes him indolent, empties his mind, and kills the little talent he may possibly have had before it had any chance to develop itself. Even a full grown man of great intellectuality and experience will soon exhaust his stock of ideas, if he would undertake to live exclusively upon the same; how much more must this be the case with a young man in an art which, at least in its first rudiments, offers very little food for intellectuality. It is this which makes the so-called improvising such a dangerous practice. In poetry and literature the smallest attempt at composition anticipates a certain straining of thought and occupation of the mind; but in *musical* composition, at this early stage, where generally such improvising occurs, the pupil has only to know how to handle a few forms, and fill them with whatever may pass his mind, in order to produce a certain effect upon ignorant hearers. Now this constant moving in the same narrow circle is such an enervating proceeding, that we can not wonder to see how soon the person who practices it loses the appreciation of its low and degrading nature, and how soon he becomes really unfit to understand and appreciate anything but his own doings.

You say that it improves your ear. If it does, so much the better; but we have always found that persons in your case have very poor hearing, for the finding of a melody on the keyboard does not facilitate it at all. It would be different if you exclusively cultivated the art of repeating the melodies of others, *constantly trying to give them correctly*, and to learn how to immediately know what tones are wanted for your purpose; but this is a regular task of study, and by the very nature of your improvisations you will shrink from performing it. It is needless to say that your practice will not improve your pianoforte playing; for a trial with any composition by a good master, which does not contain the two or three passages you constantly show off, will soon convince you that you know very little about playing. Five finger Exercises will make you a better performer than all your improvisations. It is for these reasons that we would advise you, and all those who belong to your class, to abandon the practice of which your teacher very justly complains, and to give your whole time—your whole mind, to the teachings which are laid down in the works of the great and good masters who have written for the Pianoforte; and, after having become familiar with them, and, if possible, knowing them by heart, and being also fully conversant with the art of composing—then you may satisfy your "aspirations of the soul" by improvising on your pianoforte, and then, only then, it will really benefit you.

Carlsruhe.—The Grand Duke has conferred the order of the Zähringer Lion upon Herr Franz Kücken.

Munich.—On the 11th inst., Herr Richard Wagner got up a concert in the Theatre Royal, the attractions being the following compositions of his own not previously performed in this capital:—*Faust* Overture; selections from *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*; from *Tristan und Isolde*; from *Die Walküre*; and from *Siegfried*. The concert concluded with the Overture to *Tannhäuser*.

Palermo.—The Municipality having advertised for plans for a new theatre, a great many were sent in. Of these, five were especially good. The author of the first received 25,000 francs; the author of the second, 16,000 francs; the author of the third, 9,000 francs; the author of the fourth, 4,000 francs; and the author of the fifth, 2,000 francs. The theatre is to hold 3,000 persons, and a million and a half of francs are to be expended upon its erection.

Leipsic.—In honor of the birthday of the King of Saxony on the 12th inst., the Conservatory gave a concert at which the following works were performed:—Quartet by Beethoven, in D major, Op. 18, executed by Herren Fröhlich, of Posen; Deeke, of Hanover; Svensden, of Christiana; and Hofman, of Dresden; Air from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, sung by Herr Grebe, of Hildesheim; Romance, by Beethoven, in F major, Op. 50, and "Am Springquell" for Violin, by David, performed by Madlle. Friese, of Elbing; Variations for Pianoforte solo, in E flat major, by Mendelssohn, performed by Herr Kleinmichel, of Hamburgh; Trio for Pianoforte and Stringed Instruments, in B flat major, Op. 97, by Beethoven, played by Madlle. Georgiana Weil, of London, Herren Deeke and Hofman; Aria from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, sung by Madlle. Hedwig Scheuerlein, of Halle; and "Salvum fac Regem," for chorus, composed by Herr Th. Gaugler, of Gempen (Canton of Solothurn).—At the tenth Subscription Concert in the Gewandhaus, the programme included Reinecke's "Belsazar" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht." The solos were taken by Herren Rudalph, from the Royal Opera house, Dresden, Hill, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Gitt, of the Leipsic Stadttheater, and Madlle. Pressler, of Berlin.—The Intendant-General, Herr von Küstner, who died here recently, has bequeathed the whole of his musical and dramaturgical publications to the Stadttheater, as the nucleus of a theatrical library.

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THE LATE REV. ROBERT SARJEANT.

(From the "*Worcestershire Chronicle.*")

It is our painful duty to record, in our obituary of this week, the death of the Rev. Robert Serjeant, M.A., rector of the parish of St. Swithin, in this city, and also of Spetchley, which took place, after a short illness, on Sunday morning last. To the former he was presented in 1842; to the latter in 1845. The rev. gentleman also held for some time a minor canonry of the Cathedral. Mr. Serjeant was the youngest son of Mr. Moses Serjeant, a most respectable glove manufacturer and old citizen, who long carried on business in Sidbury. He was educated at the College School, and afterwards proceeded to Magdalen Hall, Oxford (enjoying one of the Meek scholarships at the disposal of the school), where he completed his education, taking the degree of Master of Arts. The lamented deceased was eminently distinguished by his long and intimate connection with the Worcester Triennial Musical Festivals, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy in this diocese. Of these he was the animating spirit and guiding intelligence, and to their interests he devoted himself with well-directed energy, great self-sacrifice, and unvanquishable zeal. Of six of these musical *réunions*, extending from 1848 to 1863 inclusive, the entire mangement may be said to have rested with Mr. Serjeant. Thereby was cast upon him an amount of work, anxiety, and forethought, of the burden of which very few, except those who have been behind the scenes, can form an adequate conception. The deceased threw himself into the business heart and soul, and grudged no labour or pains to ensure the success of the meetings, for the profit of the charity which they so mainly helped to foster. He was eminently qualified for the task, for he conjoined great skill in music—he occasionally, we believe, indulged in composition—with much experience of the musical world, and with the precision, order, and quick intelligence of an accomplished man of business. The preparations for our musical festivals begin nearly a year beforehand, and from thence to the period when they are fixed to come off, the work to be done gradually becomes more in quantity and more urgent of despatch. It was of the utmost advantage to the Festivals to have the gratuitous services of so able, so ready, and willing a hand, a hand in every respect by nature and by acquirements thoroughly adapted for the task. The great success of our later meetings, in comparison with their predecessors, has chiefly been owing to the voluntary, the judicious, and untiring efforts of the deceased gentleman. Patient, persevering, and courteous, often under circumstances most trying to the nerves, he was enabled to smooth over difficulties and overcome opposition, which would have got the better of any one not possessing his fine tact and command of tempr. At the beginning of the year 1855 a handsome testimonial was presented to the rev. gentleman in acknowledgment of his services in connection with the three previous festivals. The subscriptions for that purpose were limited to a guinea each. Above £160 was realised, with which sum a superb candelabrum and a silver salver were purchased and presented to Mr. Sarjeant at a meeting of the subscribers held on the 6th of January, 1855, a very distinguished company being present, including Earl Beauchamp, the Right Honourable Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart., M.P., Sir O. P. Wakeman, Bart, the Very Rev. the Dean, Mr. Laslett, M.P., Mr. J. S. Pakington, &c. The late Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart., in presenting the testimonial, expressed, in the course of a justly complimentary address, "his own and the subscribers' sense of the invaluable services rendered by the rev. gentleman at the three preceding festivals. They thought that those services deserved such an acknowledgement as the present, well knowing that they involved long-continued exertion, and much fatigue, mental anxiety, and consumption of time. There were many difficult and nice negotiations to be entered into, and in a variety of ways talent, energy, and zeal were required for the task Mr. Sarjeant had so kindly undertaken, and without this it would have been impossible such successful results could have been obtained. They were well assured that Mr. Sargeant had not undertaken this office out of mere love for sacred harmony, however gratifying that might be to him, but with the higher and nobler object of promoting the sacred cause of charity—to swell the narrow resources of the fatherless and the widow. (Loud cheers.)" While upon this subject we must also mention that in getting up a musical performance for any other benevolent or charitable object the late rev. gentleman was always ready to take the most active part, and it was chiefly, if not entirely, owing to him that Mad. Goldschmidt (then Mdlle. Jenny Lind) generously gave her valuable services at a concert held in the College Hall, when the sum of 840*l.* was realised for the Worcester Infirmary. All the arrangements for that concert were made by him, and he exerted himself in every possible way to ensure its being the grand success it was. Mr. Sarjeant, at the time of his death, was chairman of the Worcester Board of Guardians, an office which he had held for many years with great advantage to the conduct of public business in that department, and generally to the working of the Poor-law administration in this city. His agreeable manners, companionable disposition, and the absence of pride or stiffness in his composition, made him very popular in the social circle, and will cause his death to be much regretted. But the Worcester Musical Festivals, upon which for sixteen years he had bestowed such indefatigable labor, and whose interest lay so near his heart, will sustain the greatest loss in Mr. Sarjeant's removal from the scene of his well-regulated activity. The deceased was a magistrate for the county, having been appointed in 1848, and principal surrogate in the Archdeaconry of Worcester.

THE C C C CHRISTY MINSTRELS.—This amusing *troupe* of trans-atlantic-sprung lyric comedians have opened their Christmas campaign at the Polygraphic Hall, and attracted numerous audiences during the holiday week. They are among the best of those followers of the "original minstrels" who have sought public favor, and are quite worthy the patronage of those who need a hearty laugh after the fatigues of business.

NEWBURY (Berks).—Mrs. John Macfarren on Tuesday last gave a second Evening at the Pianoforte in the Mansion House. The hall was well filled, though, in consequence of recent attractions in the town, not crowded to excess as on the occasion of her previous performance. The accomplished pianist roused the sympathies of her entire audience by her impassioned interpretation of Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, and gave unqualified pleasure by her brilliant execution of several highly attractive quotations from Mozart, Hummel, Schubert, Chopin, Thalberg, &c. These were agreeably diversified by vocal pieces, given with admirable effect by Madame Giraldoni. The whole entertainment was cordially received, and the masterly pianoforte playing of Mrs. John Macfarren was greeted with loud and unanimous applause.

GLASGOW—MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—M. Méhul's second pianoforte recitals, yesterday afternoon, in the Queen's Rooms, were well attended, and consisted, as usual, of classical and modern music. The Septet *de Lucie*, by Liszt: the *Airs Russes*, by Thalberg; and *Scenes Carnavalesques* by Schumann, were played to perfection, the wonderful mechanical difficulties of which were executed with an absence of effort which is rare and charming. But in no other piece did M. Méhul please us so much as in Beethoven's "Bagatelles," in which a careful study of the music was joined to an exquisite taste in the performance. His own composition on the Scotch air, "Charlie is my Darling," was received with much applause.—*Daily Mail.*

MANCHESTER SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATION.—The apparent abandonment of the proposed national memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, and the growth of the local fund at their disposal since last year, have induced the Manchester Shakespeare Commemoration Committee to reconsider their scheme for the permanent recognition of the tercentenary in Manchester. Instead of the one scholarship determined upon in April, to be held alternately by the Free Grammar School and the Owen's College, it was yesterday resolved to divide the existing fund (2,060*l.* net) into two equal sums, for the foundation of two or more scholarships for the study of English literature, one to be held by each of the local institutes above named.

DURHAM.—The large hall of the University College, on Saturday evening, presented a gay and animated appearance on the occasion of the concert given by the University Choral Society. The members of the society were assisted by the following members of the cathedral choir:—Messrs. Walker, Price, Whitehead, Brown, and Lambert. The pieces most worthy of notice were "Adelaida," in which Mr. Price's voice told with fine effect. The humorous duet, "Elixir of Love," by Messrs. Price and Lambert, created roars of laughter. Mr. Walker sang "Philis is my only joy" in a very pleasing manner. The song, "Evening breezes," was creditably sung by Mr. Whitehead. The beautiful part song, "Soldiers' love," was encored. Mr. Morris was encored in "The last rose of summer." In "I am a roamer" Mr. David Lambert displayed the great command he has over his voice, united to an excellent and highly cultivated taste. Mendelssohn himself would have been delighted to hear his Pedlar's Song given in such a style. Mr. Lambert was heartily encored. The solo part in "The Miller's Daughter" was taken admirably by a member of the society. After "Mynheer Van Dunck" had been sung, the concert closed with "God Save the Queen." The greatest praise is due to the members of the society for getting up such an entertainment, which was a treat to all the company.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT,

(First Concert of the Seventh Season),

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16, 1865.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. Ludwig Straus, L. Ries, H. Webb and Paque . . . . . *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Vedrai carino"—Miss Louisa Pyne . . . . *Mozart.*

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE—Mr. Renwick . . . . *Adolphe Adam.*

FANTASIA, in C minor, for Pianoforte alone—Herr Pauer . . *Mozart.*

PART II.

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. Pauer and Straus . . . . . *Beethoven.*

SONG, "La biondina in gondoletta"—Miss Louisa Pyne . . *Paer.*

SONG, "The Nightingale"—Mr. Renwick . . . . . *Henry Smart.*

QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello—MM. Pauer, Straus, H. Webb and Paque . *Mendelssohn.*

Conductor - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.] Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by IAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEUIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Six Guineas, (no diminution of price). Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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To Publishers and Composers—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street.*

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

*** The Index and Title Page of Volume 42 of the Musical World will be issued in an early number.

*** In the next number will begin a series of articles, entitled *Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works*, translated from the German of Otto Jahn, by J. V. Bridgeman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Le Follet and Punch.—This question, and the communication referring to it (from the Editor of *Le Follet*), has been forwarded to Mr. Ap'Mutton, to whose especial department it very properly belongs.

An article on the Christmas Pantomimes will appear next week.

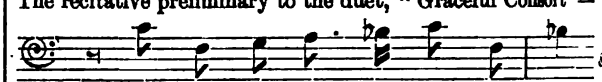
The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

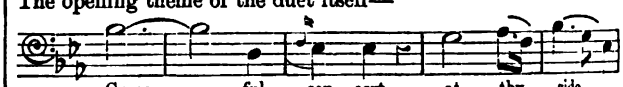
THE career of Mr. Santley, who at home stands already in the foremost rank of his profession, and is now honorably upholding the musical reputation of his own country abroad,* dates no further back than seven years. We mean of course in England, his early studies having been pursued, and his earlier essays made, in Italy.

Charles Santley was born on the 28th February, 1834 (at Liverpool, we believe). During his boyhood he took lessons in music from his father, but with no intention, it would seem, of following it as a profession, inasmuch as he served his time for five years in a commercial house. Shortly after, however, at the age of 21, being his own master, he went to Milan, and for two years devoted himself assiduously to the study of singing, under the guidance of Signor Gaetano Nava, a *maestro di canto* of considerable repute. In the beginning of 1857 he had made sufficient progress to undertake an engagement for the Carnival, at the Theatre in Pavia. Here the beauty of his voice, one of the most legitimate bass-barytones ever heard, found a host of admirers; and his success at Pavia led to the offer of a *cartello* for the regular season at Milan, which was accepted. The more dreaded ordeal of Lombardia was passed by Mr. Santley with equally favorable results. Nevertheless, though propositions now came from all sides, his desire to revisit his native country, after three years' absence, was too strong to allow of his accepting any even of the most advantageous of them. He returned to England in the autumn of the same year.

On the 16th of November, 1857, Mr. Santley made his first appearance before an English public, and created an impression, *a prima udienza*, which is still remembered. The place was St. Martin's Hall (before the fire), the occasion one of Mr. John Hullah's oratorio concerts, the oratorio the *Creation*, the music allotted to the new and unknown singer that of Adam, in Part III. The recitative preliminary to the duet, "Graceful Consort"—



offered the first opportunity of distinction; and of this Mr. Santley took such advantage that his position was at once established. The opening theme of the duet itself—



—a large, well sustained *cantabile* phrase—confirmed his triumph. From that night Mr. Santley has risen step by step, through legitimate means, to the very high place he now occupies. His co-operation at the great London concerts, sacred and secular, as well as at the festivals, the Choral and Philharmonic Societies, &c., in the country, soon became a necessity.

Not satisfied, however, with concert singing, Mr. Santley accepted an engagement, in 1859, with Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, at the Royal English Opera, and made his *début* on the English stage as Hoel, in Meyerbeer's delicious pastoral, *Dinorah*. In the autumn of 1860 he joined the Anglo-Italian company of Mr. E. T. Smith, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and shared with Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves in the memorable success of Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. Henceforward his striking progress as a dramatic singer was constantly remarked, and character after character, whether original English opera or foreign adaptation, showed his gradual and sure advance as an actor. In 1862 he was persuaded by Mr. Gye to represent the Conte di Luna, in *Il Trovatore*, pending the arrival of Signor Graziani, about whom at that time there was litigation between the managements of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Santley played the part twice, and with such success that he was offered an engagement by Mr. Mapleson, for Her Majesty's Theatre, the same year, 1862 (the year of the Great Exhibition). This he accepted. His first character was again the Conte di Luna, and again his reception was as flattering as could

* Mr. Santley's immense success at the Opera in Barcelona was recorded in our last number.

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be wished. From this time, to the great detriment of our composers, Mr. Santley, though he has continued to sing in oratorios and in performances of secular music (such as the "Monday Popular Concerts," &c.,) has abandoned the English operatic stage. His popularity, nevertheless, has steadily increased, and now may fairly be said to have attained its zenith.

At Her Majesty's Theatre Mr. Santley has won his most genuine successes on the Italian stage; and among the most noticeable of his assumptions may be mentioned, *en passant*—the Conte Almaviva (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Valentine (*Faust*), Enrico (*Lucia*), Niccolo de'Lapi, in Signor Schira's opera of that name, Mr. Ford, in Otto Nicolai's *Falstaff*, Alphonso (*Lucrezia Borgia*), and last not least, Pizarro, in *Fidelio*—the music of which last was probably never sung so well before, even by Staudigl himself. But these are only a few parts singled out of a repertory in Italian, German and English, almost unrivalled for variety. A consummate musician, no less than a great singer, any music that lies tolerably within range of his voice comes easy to Mr. Santley; and it is not one of his least valuable qualities that he can give as much effect to small characters — like Plumkett (*Martha*), Nevers (the *Huguenots*), Valentine (*Faust*), and Ourrias (in that other delicious pastoral, the *Mireille* of M. Gounod)—as to characters of the highest importance, and that he takes just as great pains to do them well. His latest "creation," to use the French term, was the barytone part in Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Naaman*, produced at the recent Birmingham Festival, and the London performance of which is delayed, at the composer's express desire, until Mr. Santley's return from Barcelona—in the month of March.

LAVENDER PITT.

HERR ALOYS ANDER, who recently died at Vienna, was born in 1821, and was the son of a schoolmaster of Lieberitz in Moravia. In his youth, he was sent to Vienna, where he obtained the position of an—auditor to the board of magistrates.

Ander possessed a good, pleasing voice, which he did his utmost to cultivate and improve. He joined the Men's Vocal Association, where he speedily distinguished himself in the solo quartet. Wild, then principal stage manager at the Imperial Operahouse, had his attention directed to Ander's talent, and, after having heard him sing a solo in the church of St. Stephen, undertook the whole charge of his artistic education, which progressed so rapidly that Ander was enabled to make his first appearance, as Stradella, as far back as the 22nd of October, 1845. He was perfectly successful, and his immediate engagement was the consequence. The year 1849 found him in the ranks of leading tenors, and when Meyerbeer went to Vienna, at the commencement of 1850,* to superintend the getting-up of his *Prophète* at the Imperial Operahouse, he entrusted Ander with the principal male part, which Ander sustained with great success.

Ander availed himself of the vacation of 1850 to give performances in Northern Germany, where, especially at Hamburgh, he created an unusual *furore* in *Le Prophète*. He was, also, distinguished by his sovereign, who conferred upon him the title of a Chamber-Singer; the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt gave him the Golden Medal for Art and Science, as did also the King of Hanover. The King of Sweden decorated him with the Medal, "*Illis quorum meruere labores*;" a great many Philharmonic Associations elected him an honorary member, and the Vienna Literary Association, "Concordia," did the same. The ladies of Stockholm, where he sang in the summer of 1857, sent him a massive silver laurel wreath.

* This was the year in which Herr Ander was at the Royal Italian Opera in London, where he sang Arnoldo in *Guillaume Tell* and Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

In the winter of 1862-1863, a falling-off was remarked in his powers. This increased very perceptibly, and became more apparent than ever during the performances he gave this year in Leipsic and Darmstadt.

On the 19th September, 1864, Ander appeared for the last time upon the boards of the Imperial Operahouse as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. The painful impression produced by this last evening of his artistic career is too recent and too well-known to render it necessary for us to dwell upon it. A few days afterwards, it was requisite to send him to the watering-place of Wartenberg. The hopes entertained of his recovery proved fallacious. Violent epileptic attacks brought his sufferings to an end in the night of the 11th-12 inst.—Peace be with him!

T. DUFF SHORT.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As I prophesied in my last, Mdlle Patti has had an immense success in *Linda di Chamouni*, and has thereby added a new leaf to her laurel-crown. This opera of Donizetti's is endeared to the Parisian public by recollections of Madame Persiani, Mdlle. Brambilla, Mario, Tamburini and Lablache on its first production in the French capital, and by that of Madame Sontag on her return to the stage after an absence of twenty years. Some of the composer's most melodious music is to be found in *Linda*, one of the two known works written for the Imperial Theatre in Vienna; but he has indicated greater characteristic power in many other of his contributions to the stage, and the comic part of the marquis is a poor attempt at Rossini's vivacious manner. In the music of Linda, however, Donizetti has been eminently successful. The cavatina, "O luce di quest' anima," is original and exquisitely graceful, and the air of the mad scene is full of beauty and meaning. The tenor has some charming "bits," but the music for the bass is not of much worth. In fact, most of the interest, vocal and dramatic, is centred in the heroine, and Linda is certainly one of the most effective of prima donna parts. Why the opera had never previously created any extraordinary sensation I take to be attributable to the fact of the principal character having been almost invariably assigned to a great singer, and not to a great actress. No one, however extreme his admiration for Sontag and Persiani, will be inclined to call one or other of these renowned vocalists a great actress. It always seemed to me that the parts of Linda and Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra* should have belonged rightly to the repertory of one singer, and I could never make out why Grisi had not appeared in Donizetti's opera. In saying that Linda had been assigned to great singers and not great actresses, I was not unaware that Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli had played the part at Her Majesty's Theatre; but, with deference, this was a hasty and unstudied effort of the magnificently-endowed Teutonic prima donna, and, whatever it might eventually have revolved itself into, and whatever grand moments it possessed, was not one of her most striking and powerful efforts. I argue therefrom, that Mdlle. Patti is the first accomplished artist—using the term in its widest and most significant sense—who has yet essayed the character under circumstances favourable to herself, for I *do* think that with all her genius (and she has more than enough to depend on) Adelina Patti gives her whole art as well as her whole soul to every performance, and this may account for her success in every thing she undertakes. After seeing her in Linda I am satisfied she has left nothing undone to give a perfect realization of the character, or to sing the music in her best manner. Of her performance at the Italiens I can hardly venture to express an opinion. My motto is that of Iago, "I am nothing if not critical," and, in offering unqualified eulogy, I fear that you and your readers may set my remarks down as puffs preposterous, although I think that some of the London public, after the last few years' exhibitions, will not be surprised to hear the most exorbitant praises of Adelina Patti. I will, therefore, tender you some quotations from the most respectable and reliable of the Parisian journals, and merely premise that Mdlle Patti's singing and acting in her new character surpasses all her former achievements, and that she has created one of the most genuine successes ever remembered at the *Salle*

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Ventadour. From the pen of M. de Villemessant's thoroughly independent and by no means easily pleased musical critic, and son-in-law, the redoubtable M. Jouvain, in *Le Grand Journal*, we have the following very emphatic and wholly uncompromising eulogy :—

"Ceux et celles qui se trouvaient dimanche dernier au Théâtre-Italien conserveront longtemps le souvenir de cette soirée. On avait affiché la reprise, ou mieux la résurrection de *Linda di Chamouniz*, un opéra de Donizetti qui n'eut jamais grand succès à Paris et qui n'y a pas été chanté depuis une vingtaine d'années. *Linda di Chamouniz*, c'est *la Grâce de Dieu*, resserrée en trois actes, avec la suppression du personnage comique de Chonchon. La soirée du dimanche 18 Décembre marquera dans la carrière artisque de Mlle Adelina Patti. Comme chanteuse, comme tragédienne elle a atteint, ce soir-là, aux cimes les plus élevées de l'art. Elle pourra chanter et jouer aussi bien ; jamais elle ne jouera et ne chantera mieux. Il y a, au deuxième acte, une scène capitale où Linda, maudite par son père, devient subitement folle.. ...Il fallait voir la salle entière trépigner d'enthousiasme et crier d'admiration. On l'a rapellée cinq fois consécutives. Et quand il songe que c'est cette même jeune fille qui, la veille, a joué *l'Elisir*, qui, le lendemain, jouera *Don Pasquale*, l'écrivain renonce à pêcher dans son écritoire des formules admiratives. Si exagérés qu'elles fussent, elles seraient au-dessous de la vérité.

"Avoir vingt-deux ans, être douée d'une beauté pleine de séductions magiques, chanter comme la Sontag et la Malibran, jouer la comédie comme Mlle Mars, et la tragédie comme Rachel, quelle destinée merveilleuse! Mais aussi quelle injustice de la Providence ! En vérité, c'est trop pour une seule personne.

O vous, les heureux de la terre, vous qui pouvez payer quinze francs trois heures de plaisir, assiégez le bureau de location du Théâtre-Italien toutes les fois qu'on annoncera *Linda di Chamouniz*. A côté d'Adelina Patti, vous applaudirez Brignoli, Delle Sedie, Scalese et Mme de Méric-Lablache, parfaite dans le rôle de Pierrotto. O divine influence du génie ! Il n'est pas jusqu'à Antonucci lui-même que n'ait électrisé le voisinage de l'incomparable Adelina ! Ainsi le soleil de juillet fond la neige des Alpes."

I have transcribed the foregoing in the mother tongue, and can conscientiously subscribe to every opinion expressed therein. In corroboration of what M. Jouvain writes, I cite an article from a no less astute and independent authority and one ordinarily no less chary of praise,—namely, *Figaro*, on the same performance :—

"Cette *Linda*, que l'on pouvait croire morte, enterrée, oubliée, la voilà miraculeusement ressuscitée et rajeunie ; elle a juste l'âge, le charme, le passion et la vogue d'Adelina Patti. Le public dans son enthousiasme—et ce mot a bien ici toute sa valeur—n'a peut-être pas toujours distingué entre l'œuvre et l'interprète ; les mélodies de Donizetti, en voltigeant sur les lèvres de la cantatrice de vingt ans, ne lui ont semblé ni moins jeunes, ni moins fraîches que cette voix exceptionnellement douée, qui sait garder dans les sourires de la comédie et dans les émotions du drame son inaltérable limpidité.

Le troisième acte de la *Traviata* avait révelé, dans les boutades dramatiques de ce charmant enfant gâté, des qualités de comédienne passionnée que ne laissaient soupçonner ni les espièglerie de Rosine, ni la malice de Norina. La scène de la folie, au deuxième acte de Linda, a éclairé d'une lumière plus vive encore cette face si imprévue du talent de la virtuose. La paysanne séduite, en apprenant la nouvelle de l'abandon et du mariage de Carlo, pousse un cri, auquel succède un sourire, navrant d'incredulité sur ces mots : *Non è vero*...qui est l'expression la plus déchirante d'une grande douleur. Impossible d'allier, avec plus de force et de charme, à la folie le sentiment du désespoir et le souvenir de l'amour. Après cette scène, le public, ivre d'enthousiasme, debout et traduisant par un seul cri formidable l'émotion de quinze cents poitrines, a fait relever le rideau jusqu'à trois fois pour saluer la petite Patti, devenue, dans une soirée, la plus grande comédienne de Paris !

Les spectateurs étaient si heureux, qu'ils n'ont pas voulu s'apercevoir que, Delle Sedie excepté, dont le rôle se borne à une scène de malédiction parlée sur un *trémolo* d'orchestre, l'entourage de la Patti était...mais pourquoi se montrer cruel sans nécessité, même sans justice, puisque, en disant ce qui peut être la vérité, je fausserais une impression générale? Bon prince dans cette soirée de *Linda*, le public a encouragé et applaudi tout le monde ; cela prouvait que s'il y a un mirage pour les yeux, il y en a un aussi pour les oreilles."

Mdlle. Salvioni has at last appeared at the Opéra in the ballet of *La Maschera*, which has been shortened, so it is avouched, purposely, that Rossini's *Comte Ory* should not have to be curtailed as formerly, when it was wont to be made a *lever de rideau* to some three, four, or five act ballet. The authorities now claim for themselves no small praise for having bestowed on Rossini's opera greater attention and having treated it with greater reverence than *La Maschera*. Whatever the cause the public reaps a double benefit. *Le Comte Ory*—a veritable masterpiece of comic writing—is presented without abbreviations, and a three act ballet, too long by two acts, is shorn of one of its three divisions. I need not tell the reader of the *Musical World* who Mdlle. Salvioni is. The visitors to the Royal Italian Opera cannot have forgotten the graceful and attractive Fenella of two or three seasons past. It is curious that none of the Parisian journals which I have seen mention Mdlle. Salvioni's having been in London. Could they have purposely overlooked the fact? or was it not of the slightest consequence in their estimation? The new dancer has made a genuine success, but the judges (who, *entre nous*, are particularly innocent of the true graces and poetical meaning of the terpsichorean art) have not made up their minds as to whether they will allow her to take her place in the constellation with Taglioni, Fanny Elsler, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, Rosati (all Italians, by the way, excepting Elsler). In the mean time, while the judges are striving to arrive at a conclusion, the public, who visit the Opéra, are enchanted with the new *danseuse*, and applaud her without stint or hesitation. Mdlle. Salvioni in reality has made a great hit, as she was bound to do with her rare accomplishments and interesting appearance.

To-night, the first representation of the *Capitaine Henriot* is announced at the Opéra-Comique. It is, I believe, after all the delays, certain to come off. You shall have a full account next week.

With the exception that a new tenor, young and full of promise, by name Huet, has made his first appearance at the Théâtre-Lyrique as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, I do not think that any thing more than what I have related above has taken place worth my telling, or your hearing.

As my customary finale I send you the programme of the last popular concert of classical music (the second of the second series) given yesterday :—

Overture to *Ruy Blas*—Mendelssohn; Symphony in D major (No 2) —Beethoven; Adagio, from Quatuor (No. 36), for stringed instruments —Haydn ; Invitation à la Valse (arranged for the Orchestra by Hector Berlioz)—C. M. von Weber; Solo for the Flute—Pratten; Overture to the *Flying Dutchman*—Richard Wagner.

Paris, Dec. 26. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

—o—

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—An operetta in one act, entitled *Punchinello*, the libretto by Mr. H. Farnie, music by Mr. Levey, composer of *Fanchette*, was produced at this theatre on Wednesday evening with decided success. The principal parts were played by Misses Susan Galton and Cottrell, Messrs Swift, George Honey, and J. Rouse. Particulars in our next.

THE FIRST performance of the Psalms 109 and 112, and a "Magnificat," composed by Signor Roberti, will take place with full orchestra and chorus, on Sunday evening, January 1st, at St. John's Church, Islington.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON has announced the last week of his popular "Magical Séances," at St. James's Hall. The success of the professor has been immense. The "World of Magic" has been given 130 times, and has attracted upwards of 250,000 visitors. This appears incredible, but it is true; we have the professor's word for it.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Miss Julia Woolf, the well-known pianist, gave a concert at the above Rooms on Wednesday evening, assisted by Misses Louisa Pyne, Susan Pyne, Amelia Benson, Ransford, Messrs. Elliott Galer and Wallworth, as vocalists, and Madame Pratten (guitar), Herr Pollitzer (violin), Mr. Pratten (flute), and Mr. Levy (cornet), instrumentalists. Miss Woolf's most ambitious effort was in Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, in F major, which she played with Herr Pollitzer; but decidedly her greatest success was a fantasia written by the pianist on "Auld lang Syne." The plaudits, no doubt, were meant as a compliment to the composer as well as the performer. Miss Woolf's other performances were Bucher and Benedict's "Pot-pouri" for flute and piano, played with Mr. Pratten, and two attractive bagatelles, "The Flowing Tide" and "Tarantella," of her own composition, for piano solus. Miss Woolf also supplied a new ballad, "Yes, thou art changed," which, sung by Miss Susan Pyne, seemed to please universally. Further, two solos on the guitar by Madame Pratten and a solo on the flute by Mr. Pratten were highly effective performances and loudly applauded. Of the vocal contributions we may mention that Miss Louisa Pyne sang "Bel raggio" and "The power of love," both with great effect, the latter, however, being more to the taste of the audience; Miss Ransford gave "Il Bacio" with much brilliancy; and Mr. Elliott Galer was very successful in Ascher's popular ballad "Alice, where art thou?" In addition the bolero duet from *The Crown Diamonds* was perfectly sung by Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne and cheered to the echo, and the same ladies, joined by Miss Ransford, gave Balfe's trio "Vorrei parlar," with equal success. Mr. Sydney Naylor conducted.

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Muttoniana.

The Editor of the *Musical World* has beseeched Mr. Ap'Mutton to take into rumination the rights and merits of a controversy now pending, and which he (Ap'M.) would designate as FOLLY *v.* PUNCH. The Editor of the *M. W.* has forwarded to the King and Beard the documents expletive, which Mr. Ap'M. having duly weighed finds duly wanting. He, nevertheless, consents to the perpetuation of the first and briefest of them in *Muttoniana*:—

LE FOLLET *v.* PUNCH.

Audi alteram partem!

You have found space for Mr. Punch's rejoinder; in ordinary fairness you should give a corner to the remarks which elicited it.

8, *Argyll Place, Regent Street. Dec. 28th.* 1864.

Mr. Ap'Mutton would fain either crush a toothful, in amity, or break a spindle, in open field, with the elderly spinstress who edites *Le Follet*. Which shall it be? He (Ap'M.) is unashamed to avow that the article, "*Mr. Mantalini in Hysterics*," which appeared in a recent issue of the *London Chavirari* was his own; and that he composed it at the urgent desire of Mr. Punch, who modestly declared that a literary rix with an aged female could be waged with more sportful, and as it were tricksome, irony by Mr. Ap'M. than by him (Punch). Though it did not require Punch's argument to convince him of this, he (Mr. Ap'M.) feigned unconviction; but ultimately yielding ground, he agreed to tickle *Le Follet* in such a manner as not to hurt it. On seeing his article in print he (Ap'M.) was so much pleased with it (the article), and found it so humorsome—in Chorleian phrase, so "whimsy"—that to reproduce it for the edification of the countless readers of *Muttoniana* "flashed like an inspiration on his vacant"—no, not vacant—"brain." The Editor of the *M. W.* on the other hand, affected the article so intensely that he begged it might be inserted in the body of the issue—to which Mr. Ap'M. assented. Moreover, Mr. Ap'M. having reproduced "*Mr. Mantalini in Hysterics*," because it was humorsome and therefore diverting, is, by pure force of logic, propelled to decline reproducing the article in *Le Follet*, to which it was a retort. The Editrix of *Le Follet* differs from Sir John Falstaff (and from Mr. Ap'Mutton) in thus much—that not only is she *not* "witty in herself, but the cause of wit in others"—especially in Mr. Ap'M. He (Ap'M.) *must* amuse his readers; and "*Mr. Mantalini in Hysterics*" did amuse them, while the other certainly wouldn't amuse them. Otherwise Mr. Ap'M. might have reproduced it with considerable dissatisfaction. Mr. Ap'M. cares not a wisp for what may be the *matter*, where may be the *kernel*, or whose may be the *right* of a controversy. If he finds a smart attack and a dull retort, he straightway "impinges" (as Dr. Shoe has it) the smart attack and holes the retort; and *vice versâ*—if *vice versâ*, *vice versâ*. In the instance under hand it was *vice versâ*. Being sempiternal and superhuman, Mr. Ap'M. cannot be supposed to enter spiritually into the bodily disputes of mortals.

Should not the foregoing explanation be deemed conclusive by the Editrix of *Le Follet*, Mr. Ap'M. will transmit her a pair of hose. On the other hand, should she still prove restiff, and point her spindle in his (Ap'M.'s) direction, let her beware. In comparison with Mr. Ap'M., Mr. Punch is but an enemy of lath. But the Editrix will think better ere doing worse, and hold in mind that the fact of Mr. Ap'M. being conscientiously unable to pronounce a frank eulogismus in his father tongue is enough to account for the occlusion of portals previously patulous. The portals of *Muttoniana* are open to all lively as they are hermeticaly sealed to all soporific aspirants. Salon was no goose, although there be solar geese.

ENGEL AT MADRID.

Mynheer Van Praag presents his humble respects to Mr. Ap'Mutton, and encloses an article which he has translated into English:—

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has deigned himself to receive in private audience this day the celebrated pianist, M. Luis Engel, of whom we have already made mention, and on whom the Cross of Isabel the Catholic has been conferred. His Majesty has been pleased with his natural benevolence to converse with him during an interval of twenty minutes, and has honored him to accept the dedication of an organ method which M. Engel brings to light, and to be published in Spanish at one of the principal publishers at Madrid. We know M. Engel has been admired not only in the *salons* of the Baroness Hortega but also of the Prime Minister. He was also invited last Sunday at the Duchess of Sessa having succeeded to call the extraordinary distinguished concurrence and abounded applause. The public can judge at last of the rare ability of M. Engel to the instrument, as well as his poetical perfection, because he announces a concert on next Monday at the Conservatoir, to which we are sure will flock all the *delletantti* of the Court to enable them the opportunity, *unique* in its class as M. Engel has to leave Madrid at the end of this month.

Mr. Ap'Mutton acccpts the translation of Van Praag, which he (Ap'M.) has re-translated into Spanish.

S. M. el rey se ha dignade recibir hoy en audiencia particular al célebre pianista M. Louis Engel, á quien ya, segun anunciamos oportunamente, se habia conferido la cruz de Isabel la Católica. S. M. ha acogido con su natural benevolencia á M. Engel, conversando con el durante veinte minutos, y se ha dignado aceptar la dedicatoria de un método de órgano espresivo que M. Engel va à dar á la estampa en "idioma español" en casa de uno de los primeros editores de Madrid. Sabemos que M. Engel, que se ha hecho hecho admirar lo mismo en los elegantes salones de la baronesa de Hortega que en los del señor ministro de la Gobernacion, fué invitado el domingo último por la señora duquesa de Sessa, habiendo conseguido llamar estraordinariamente la atencion á la distingui la concurrencia, que le colmó de aplausos. El público, por flu, podrá juzgar en breve de la rara habilidad de M. Engel en el instrumento que tan á la perfeccion posee, porque se anuncia un concierto para el lunes próximo en el Conservatorio, al cual estamos seguros acudirán todos los *dellettanti* que la corte encierra, aprovechando esta ocasion, única en su clase, puesto que M. Engel deba partir de Madrid á fines del corriente mes.

The following treats of a still graver matter:—

ENGLISH ARTISTS AND GERMAN COMPOSERS.

SIR,—Sad misgivings as to the probable fate of this letter overwhelm me whilst writing it, and a humiliating presentiment that it will figure on a cheesemonger's counter instead of in the *Musical World*, prevents me from doing myself justice; however, when you hear that I am merely asking, like Mrs. Old, "for information," and that I have selected *you* because the insertion of that last conundrum in *Muttoniana* proves you to be wholly free from both pride and prejudice, perhaps you will think it worth while to give some attention to the following queries.

How is it that the English soloists in the Crystal Palace band are so sedulously kept in the background, while the German performer on the clarionet is so prominently brought forward? During the last three months I have visited the Palace ten times, and on each occasion I have heard a solo on the clarionet. I happen to like that instrument much, and am quite ready to do full justice to Mr. Pape's ability, but even supposing him to hold the same high rank among musicians that the partridge does among birds, still "*toujours perdrix*" is not found to answer.

Why do we never hear a solo on the flute from Mr. Wells, on the oboe from Mr. Crozier, and on the euphonium from Mr. Phasey? These three Englishmen (especially the first, second, and third) rank high in the opinion of judges, and yet somehow or other visitors to the "People's Palace" have but rarely an opportunity of hearing a solo from either. I speak advisedly when I say that Mr. Wells is called upon to play about once a year and Mr. Phasey about four times, while Mr. Pape's name is seldom excluded from the programmes longer than a fortnight, and I confess that I, with many others, have frequently felt indignant at what looks uncommonly like unjust preference on the part of an otherwise matchable conductor. Without diminishing the number of clarionet solos, might not we hear a solo from some *other* instrument sometimes?

I am now beginning to feel rather frightened, and to wonder whether this letter savours of folly, ignorance and insolence; but the recollection of that conundrum soothes me, and emboldens me to hope that I too may meet with indulgence. Wishing you many happy New Years and better conundrums, I am, Sir, DARTLE OLD.

To OWAIN AP'MUTTON, *Esq.*

Mr. Ap'M. will write to Auguste Manns, speak to George Grove, and expostulate with Robert K. Bowley. What more can Dartle Old anticipate? He (Ap'M.) is nor a hypototamus nor an an earth-horse.

A SHOOT AT SHOOT.

SIR,—Signor Brignoli is the luckiest tenor that ever appeared. He has positively gained the goodwill of your hard-to-please correspondent Mr. M. Shoot. It is really most amusing to note the manner in which Shoot hits out right and left at many of the most celebrated singers of the day. Naudin, Fraschini, Delle-Sedie, Gueymard, Madame De

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Lagrange, Madame Carvalho, Mdlle. Battu and many others come in for no small share of abuse. In the opinion of Shoot not one of the above knows how to sing. Poor Naudin is treated the worst of all. By implication, therefore, Meyerbeer knew nothing at all about the vocal expression of music. In short, there are but two singers whom Shoot will allow to be worth hearing—Patti and Titiens. Poor Shoot—low indeed must be his taste. For what is the truth? Patti can sing but cannot touch the heart, Titiens *would* touch the heart if she could but sing. That multitudes run after both only evidences bad taste on the part of the multitudes. Seriously, though, Mr. Editor, it is such writers as your Mr. Shoot who do more harm than enough to the cause of singing. Single out one or two artists, and all besides are sneered at. This is not just. Granted that Patti is a wonderful singer; Carvalho is equally good in her way. Because Mario (who is now simply awful) and Tamberlik (who has only three notes left) ten years ago sang beautifully, it is no reason why Messrs. Fraschini, Naudin, Nicolini, Gueymard, Tiberini, Niemann, Carrion, Mongini & Co. are to be perpetually sneered at and cried down. I think, Mr. Editor, that, in order to give your readers a correct idea of the Paris operas, it would be a good plan to print side by side with Shoot's shots a translation from some recognized French journal. I believe it would be a profitable plan too. So much for Shoot—now for myself. If Mr. Ap'Mutton will take as much pains to misprint this letter as he did for my last—and if he will add to it some of his amusing (but of course abusing) remarks, I am sure my communication will be converted into a fun-affording dish for your readers. My hide, too, is so tough that I don't mind how hard the blows are. Besides, when a man is so bold as to say that Smith is better than Jones, of course the world, which persists in admiring Jones, will immediately hit him (*i.e.*, the man, not Jones) in the eye, and otherwise crush him for his impertinence.—Your obedient servant, OCCASIONAL (*and in these slack times of course welcome*).

Royal Exchange Buildings.

Mr. Ap'M. has nor time nor temper to deal with so stark a Midas as "Occasional," whose occasionality would be more diverting if to any purport. Let "Occasional" take his Naudin, his Gueymard, his Carrion, and snore like King Cole over the scrapings of his (Cole's) fiddlers three. Mr. Ap'M. will have no such carrion. His (Ap'M.'s) three fiddlers, or rather five fiddlers (Mr. Ap'M. has five in his orchestra), shall still be Mario, Tamberlik, Ronconi, Titiens (or Tietjens), and Adelina Patti. Seriously "Occasional" will get little by this shoot at Shoot. Next year he may look out for a shoot from Montague—an expert shot of his bullets.

Owain Ap'Mutton.

King and Beard, Blackchapel, Dec. 30.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—*Harpocrates*, in *Mythology*, was the son of Isis and Osiris. This is an Egyptian deity, whose distinguishing attribute is, that he is represented with the fore finger of the right hand applied vertically to his mouth, denoting that he is the god of silence. He had innumerable followers, but, singular to say, they were of the class who write an immense deal of nonsense, and, when attacked upon certain facts they had distorted and transposed, fell back under the protecting wing of their favorite god, and remained silent. Such were his ancient devotees, and I am very sorry to say the moderns are not much improved in their principles.

I have given "the author of the 'History of the Harp'" three weeks to reply to queries contained in my last letter; he has not thought it worth while, I suppose, to *correct himself*. Therefore I maintain that I am right and he is left (I mean wrong); and, consequently, leave him to the tender mercies of the *Harpies*, and proceed to the subject of my researches—"The Irish harp."

One of the earliest allusions to the harp in the Irish language occurs in that very ancient mythological fragment in the book of Lecan concerning the *Tuatha-de-Daunaus*: "Music, melody, and *harmony of strings* were their three *harpers*."

The *Tuatha-de-Daunaus* are said in Irish histories to have come from Thrace, and it is worthy of remark that Mr. Ferguson notices the resemblance between the harp of the Thracian Orpheus, as delineated on a monument in the reign of the Emperor Aurelius, and that of the Irish harp on the theca of the Stowe MS. (already mentioned in a previous letter), being the Egyptian harp in its transition state.

It is also worthy of note that in these Irish triads the harp is expressed by a term in the Irish language which identifies it with the Celtic *crotta* in Venantius Fortunatus.

There exist very few of the ancient Irish harps. A very small one, said (upon the authority of Chevalier O'Gorman, a manufacturer of Irish pedigrees, and brother-in-law of the notorious Chevalier D'Eon), to have belonged to the famous Brian Boiromh, King of all Ireland, and still preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

The following history and description of it is extracted from the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—"It is well known to all readers of Irish history that the great monarch King Boiromh was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014.

"He left his son Donagh his harp; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII, but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the 18th century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of MacMahon of Clenagh, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner Mac Namara of Limerick. In 1782, it was presented to the Right Hon. Wm. Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is 52 inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally; the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamental knobs at the sides of this arm are of silver. On the front arm are the arms chased in silver of the O'Brien family, the bloody hand supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf-dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding-boards, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with escutcheons of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding holes have been ornamented, probably, with silver, as they have been the object of theft. This harp has 28 keys and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece or rest is broken off, and the parts round which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist."

The above elaborate description of the harp of the valorous Irish King, whom the Danes mercilessly slew, is also contained in the tenth volume of the fifth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

The Irish harp seems to have had the power to charm the ears of the great English philosopher, Lord Bacon, who does it the honour of mentioning it in his celebrated "Sylva Sylvarum, Century II," p. 38, Sec. 146: "An *Irish harp* hath open Air on both sides of the strings; and it hath the Concave, or Belly, not a long the Strings, but at the end of the Strings. It maketh a more resounding sound than a *Bandora*, *Orpharion*, or *Cittern*, which have likewise *Wire*-strings. I judge the cause to be, for that open Air on both sides helpeth, so that there be a Concave; which is therefore best placed at the end."

The Irish harp underwent improvements at various periods. In the fifteenth century, it was considerably improved by the ingenious Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, who resided in Ireland for some time. "He enclosed the open space between the trunk and upper part (or arm) of this instrument, with little pieces of wood, and closed it up after the manner of a box; and the bored part, or sound-hole, on the right side, which was formerly open, he covered with a lattice-work of wood, as in the clavichord, and then placed a double row of chords on each side."* This innovation is described by Dean Lynch in Latin, which dead language is (with few exceptions, and perhaps only then for purposes of apt quotations) entirely unknown to modern musicians.

In "Evelyn's Journal," published in the seventeenth century, the following interesting account appears: "Came to see my old acquaintance, and most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clarke, after his travels; such music before or since did I never hear, that instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but in my judgment far superior to the lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings."

In the elegant lines written in the Dargle, County Wicklow, by Mr. Preston, that poet takes occasion to exhibit it in "its true light the base policy of Elizabeth."

The persecuted bards (who were also harpers) are represented as seeking an asylum amid the romantic scenery of that charming locality:—

"For here, in old heroic times,
The minstrel walk'd his lofty rhymes;
He tun'd his *harp*, he bade them flow,
Attemper'd to the streams below.
When England would a land enthral,
She doomed the masses' sons to fall,
Lest Virtue's hand should string the lyre,
And feed with song the patriot's fire.
Lo! Cambria's bards her fury feel;
See, Erin mourns the bloody steel;
To such a scene, to such a shade,
Condemn'd, proscrib'd, the poet's stray'd.
The warrior rais'd his buckler high,
To shade the son of harmony;
And while he sung with skill profound,
A grove of lances bristled round."

* Walker.

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From this period dates the decline of the bardic order, and of the Irish harp and harpers.

They were now obliged to practice the charms of their art in solitude, or to seek the more humble and hospitable roof,

"And tun'd to please a peasant's ear,
The *harp* a King had loved to hear."

Tempus fugit. Yours faithfully, A. J. P.

Belgravia, December 20th, 1864.

THE KIRK ATTUNED.

SIR,—You will be glad (if not sorry) to hear that on Sunday, in the Tron parish church, Glasgow, instrumental music was introduced at all the diets of worship in the regular services of the congregation. The movement which has led to this important innovation originated, we believe, with the congregation, a generous member of which, Mr. Brown, 2, Nicholson-street, presented the session with a handsome organ harmonium. The proposal once mooted, the steps necessary for the accomplishment of the object were carried out in the quietest and most harmonious manner, and without any instigation on the part of the minister or session. With a view to ascertain the opinion of the members they were visited at their own houses, those who could not be readily reached in this way being requested to leave thei rnames and addresses, with the words "for" or "against," in the plate as they entered the church. The result was that out of a congregation numbering nearly 1400 only 89 signified their dissent. In the services of yesterday the harmonium—played by Mr. Gleadhill—was employed to accompany the psalmody. The instrument which the congregation have been fortunate to obtain free of expense is said to be one of the only three of the kind yet manufactured—a second being used at the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, in Paris, where it has attracted much attention. In addition to the harmonium the singing was assisted by a small choir recently formed, and which is intended to be continued and augmented. The course followed by the Tron congregation in this matter will be hailed by intelligent members of the Church of Scotland as a step in the right direction. They are the second congregation of Presbyterians in Scotland, and the first in Glasgow, who have ventured to introduce instrumental music into their worship. In a week or two the new church at Anderston, of which Mr. Lang is to be minister, will be opened with an organ; and the propriety of carrying out a movement similar to that just accomplished in the Tron, is engaging the attention of other Established congregations in the west end—I am, Sir, yours,

The Pill Box, near Dumbarton. LODOMY CALOMY.

NO ENCORES OR APPLAUSES.

SIR,—I observe that the Newcastle Choral Union, in announcing their performance of *Samson* for Wednesday the 30th inst., have requested that encores and applauses be not indulged in. I can assure you, from frequent observations made by parties during these and other performances, that this request will meet with very general approval. These demonstrations from the gallery are too frequently taken up by a number of young men who ought to know better in other parts of the hall; and whilst the performers are doing their very utmost to do justice to the pieces and themselves, that they should be so stupidly and ignorantly interrupted only exhibits a want of taste and due and interested appreciation of their labours, and does "seriously interfere" with the correct performance of the piece. I have another serious objection; those frequent encores unduly lengthen the performance, which, from the liberal programme, is sufficiently long. I would, therefore, suggest that the doors open at seven and commence at half-past seven; for whilst we are endeavouring to induce the people to attend rational places of amusement, we should be particularly careful that they should close so as not to endanger our youth on the street at an untimely hour, and thus run a risk of bringing them in contact with the prowling evil disposed characters of our town.

Dec. 14. Yours &c., BROWN BUD BEAMISH.

—o—

BARNARD CASTLE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave a performance of *Judas Maccabæus* in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening week. The soloists were Miss Whitham, Miss Welford, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. Lambert. Mr. Ainsworth was leader, Mr. Mortimer, organist, and Mr. Raper, conductor. Miss Whitham's best effort was in "From mighty kings." Miss Welford, who has a beautiful voice, sang "O Liberty" and "Father of heaven," with much taste and skill. Mr. Whitehead was successful in the tenor music. The rich quality of Mr. Lambert's bass voice was effectively heard in "Arm, arm ye brave," and "The Lord worketh wonders," both of which were much applauded. The choruses were finely sung. Mr. Raper conducted with his usual tact and ability, and to his training may be attributable the excellence of the choral portion of the evening's performance.

MANCHESTER.

(*From our Stockport Correspondent.*)

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.—*Dec.* 22.

The *Messiah* was performed at Charles Hallé's eighth concert. The principal vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. L. Thomas, with full band and chorus numbering upwards of 300 performers. The hall was crowded in every department by an appreciative audience. The *Messiah* is the king of oratorios. Like the character it so beautifully illustrates, it speaks as no oratorio ever yet spoke; it is the voice of God pouring divine melody into the heart of man, to soothe the troubled mind, and to breathe new hopes that exalt the soul and fill the heart with gladness. The echo never sleeps in the ears of those who listen to the sublime harmonies. The most pathetic strains thrill every emotion within us, as though "this muddy vesture of decay" (our bodies) was a harp played upon by the melodious winds, set in motion by the Spirit of Handel, and thus penetrating the inmost chamber of our imaginations. Indeed, they purify the cells of our hearts from all that is evil and fill us with holy thoughts. By their influence the soul is wafted through the immensity of space above us. Truly, the body is on earth but the spirit is in heaven, for our emotions are linked with Handel, who leads us on through yon cærulean plain, and fixes us in a position where our imaginations can clearly trace the way that leads into Jehovah's Temple, where praise, adoration, hallelujahs and anthems are continually rising to Him that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever, On this sublime eminence we fancy the grand council of heaven, so graphically depicted by the imagination of our poet Milton, when the Son of God first promised to take the sins of mankind upon Himself in order to restore fallen man to the kingdom of heaven. In this sublime conception of Handel's we can picture to our minds the myriad of holy angels celebrating the happy event with acclamations of praise; cherubim and seraphim lead the choirs, for all the hosts of heaven are gathered together, rejoicing in their Creator's triumph over sin and the devil. Handel's *Messiah* is emblematical of our Saviour's glorification on the plains of heaven; it is a musical poem that interprets as far as we can comprehend in this life an emblem of the grand festival of angels held in the Holy of Holies, where they worship Omnipotence and laud Jehovah with holy songs of joy given out by the cherubic hosts and responded to by the heavenly choirs, until one majestic blaze of melodious harmony rolls through the courts of heaven, advancing and receding like the waves of the sea.

Louisa Pyne is a Handelian singer of the very first order; her name will most undoubtedly take a place in musical history by the side of her sisters in song—Clara Novello, Jenny Lind, and Teresa Tietjens. She declaimed the recitatives which follow that heavenly tune, the "Pastoral Symphony," with sweetness of voice that captivates and enchants. In the exhilarating joy of "Rejoice greatly" she identified her feelings with Handel's, for she appeared as though she was inspired; we felt her power, we breathed as she breathed, strain after strain rolled on with the most delightful effects; our souls enjoyed a happiness which may be pronounced angelical; an exultant joyfulness pervaded as though we were, for the moment, in Paradise. She achieved a decided success by her singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," a success that will immortalise her renown as an oratorio singer. The effect Miss Pyne produced in this "song of songs" will never be erased from a large portion of her hearers; all the beauties of this sublime air she expressed with consummate taste, pathos, and fervour, steeped as it is with the spirit of Christain faith, for each strain is tinted with anticipation of future bliss, enkindling a flame of admiration in our souls, which enables us to feel the truth it asserts: "It is the voice of Alpha and Omega, giving consolation to the redeemed fixing their thoughts on brighter worlds above."

Miss Palmer has established her reputation in these districts as a contralto vocalist possessing the highest ability as an interpreter of sacred music. Her admirable singing elicited enthusiastic applause, especially in the most pathetic air in the oratorio, "He was despised," in which Handel fathomed the very depth of human sorrow, for our bosoms swell as though we were giving vent to intense grief. Her singing of "O Thou that tellest" and "He shall feed His flock" wafted an odour of gladness and exhalations of comfort that cheered the hearts of most present. It would be folly to attempt to laud Mr. Sims Reeves' perfect style of singing in the columns of the *Musical World*; his abilities are better known to your readers than I am able to describe. It sufficeth to say that his singing of "Comfort ye my people" impresses his hearers with a divine consolation which indeed comforts the soul; "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see" he gave with an expression of sorrow that makes the heart lament; the energy, fervour, and spirit he infuses in "Thou shalt break them" raises our feelings to a summit where we can hold communion with Handel. We admire the composer's power; we feel his thoughts take root in our minds; we feel our heart strings vibrate with grand emotions, which make an indelible impression on musical souls. Mr. L. Thomas sang the bass airs with masterly skill, gaining loud applause.

The choruses were admirably given, indeed they were perfection; both voices and instruments contributed their part nobly in this most excellent performance of the immortal *Messiah*; their efficiency speaks volumes, and proclaims Charles Hallé to be one of the great conductors of the present time.

I wish you a merry Christmas from my heart.

I am yours truly, T. B. B.

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CASSEL.—Herr Reiss, the Ducal *Capellmeister*, has been suspended.

ALEXANDRIA.—The Zizania Theatre is to open with *Robert le Diable*.

MILAN.—Signor Lamperti, at present the most renowned singing-master in Italy, has been made a Knight of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus.

MADRID.—Tamberlik and Mad. Nantier-Didiée are engaged to sing in *Le Prophète* next season. According to report, they are to receive 200,000 francs.

DARMSTADT.—A handsome monument has been erected to the late *Capellmeister*, Herr Schindelmeisser. It consists of a medallion of his head, carved in Carrara marble, and set in a large block of stone. It was solemnly uncovered in the presence of a large number of the deceased musician's friends, on the 6th inst.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The *Barbiere*, with Madame Nantier-Didiée as Rosina, Signor Everardi, Figaro, Signor Fioravanti, Doctor Bartolo, Signor Angelini, Basilio, and Signor Calzolari, Count Almaviva, has proved one of the great hits of the season. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, too, with Mdlle. Fioretti, Signors Giuglini and Graziani, has achieved a triumphant success.

ARRAS.—A French journal has the following:—"The famous instrumentalist who has done so much, in his foreign travels, for the propagation of M. Sax's instruments, M. Ali-Ben-Sou-Alle, has played for the first time at Arras, his native town. He produced such an effect that he was compelled to repeat the greater part of his performances." (Prodigious!—D. PETERS.)

VIENNA.—The exterior of the new Imperial Theatre is just completed, and the best artists to be obtained are engaged for the execution of the interior works. In the grand vestibule will be placed statues of Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn and Schubert, and in the saloon busts of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Weber, Cimarosa, Auber, Cherubini, Spohr, Donizetti, Bellini, Wagner, Nicolai and Verdi. It is the intention of the directors to inaugurate the new theatre with Meyerbeer's *Africaine*.

BARCELONA.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Miss Emily Georgi—I beg pardon, Señorita Doña Emilia Georgi—the *contralto*, has made her appearance at the theatre here, as Maffio Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, with what success may be gathered from the following notice in the principal Barcelona journal:—

"Anoche se ejecutó en el Gran Teatro del Liceo la inspirada ópera del malogrado Donizetti, *Lucrezia Borgia*, en la que se encargó del personaje de Orsini la nueva y jóven contralto señorita doña Emilia Georgi. A pesar del reciente recuerdo de la señora Dory, la que se presentaba por primera vez á pisar el escenario, salió bastante airosa de su cometido.—Esta señorita posee una voz estensa y de agradable timbre, y canta con buen estilo, por lo que auguramos que despues de adquirida alguna práctica ocupará un distinguido lugar entre los aplaudidos artistas del mundo musical.—Felicitamos á la nueva *débutante*, la que el público aplaudió al final del *brindis* que cantó en el tercer acto."

Doña Georgi's next part was Maddalena, in which her success was no less decided. Señorita Doña Constanzzia Georgi, the *soprano*, will shortly make her *début*.

ARDITI'S TIC-TAC.—A "proof copy" (writes the *Presse Théatrale*) of one of Signor Arditi's latest compositions is now the subject of disputation amongst music publishers in Paris. The well-known publisher, M. Ricordi, of Milan, having bought the right of publishing "L'Orologgio" for the continent, has sent a "proof copy" and the right of publication to Paris for sale. The popularity of Signor Arditi, and the profits realized by "Il Bacio," cause a brisk demand for all Signor Arditi's compositions. A large sum has been offered for this last, but we have not heard who is the purchaser. Report says Mr. Flaxland, who was so fortunate with "Il Bacio."

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—There was a performance of the *Messiah* at cheap prices on Christmas Eve at this Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss Anna Hiles, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Aynsley Cook. The Hall was crowded, and the people very attentive. Miss Hiles sang throughout exceedingly well, and the fine contralto voice of Miss Emma Heywood was heard to great advantage in "He was despised." Mr. Coates and Mr. Cook both sang very well. Mr. Sidney Naylor ably presided at the organ.

BRIGHTON.—Mrs. W. Devin's "Invitation" Concert on Monday, the 19th inst., was very successful. Meyerbeer's celebrated "Wedding March" (*Quatrieme Marche aux Flambeaux*), arranged as a pianoforte duet (by E. Wolff), and played in concert by eight of her pupils (the parts doubled of course), on four pianofortes, produced a great effect. There were several vocal pieces, by Miss Chate, Miss E. Devin, and Mr. R. Devin (encored in the "Village Blacksmith;") M. Gounod's "Meditation" on a prelude by Bach was well given, the parts for violin and harmonium being sustained by Mr. Stern and Mrs. Roe. The concert afforded satisfaction to all present. The Davenport Brothers, Mr. Thurton's "Odd Folks," and General Tom Thumb have been exhibiting during the week.

WINDSOR.—The Choral Society began their 24th season the week before last, at the Town Hall, with Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*. Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Barnby were the principal singers. The band was led by Mr. Day, and among the orchestral performers were Messrs. Horatio Chipp, Rendle, Giermann, Bambridge, Lester, Corden, Marriott, Wheeler, Branson and Burgiss. Dr. Elvey directed the performance.

LEICESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Messrs. Nicholson's third concert was given on Monday evening, on which occasion the *Messiah* was performed, the principal vocalists being Miss Helena Walker, Miss Clowes, Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Sims Reeves. The band and chorus (which included Mr. Nicholson's well-drilled Philharmonic Society) consisted of 200 performers, Mr. Alfred Nicholson conducting. The large Music Hall was crowded to suffocation, and hundreds went away unable to procure admission. The performance was excellent in every respect. Mr. Reeves was never in better voice, and never sang with more vigor and supreme taste.

LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday, the usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society took place before an immense audience. The soloists were Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Madame Rudersdorff was very successful in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Madame Baxter's singing of "Take his yoke upon you" and "He was despised" was excellent. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was warmly received, nothwithstanding his recent illness, sang admirably, and received the usual encore after "Thou shalt break them." The set of solos descriptive of the passion of our Lord was as usual sung with thoroughly religious feeling. Mr. Thomas was suffering from cold, but still produced a fine effect here and there by his noble voice and artistic reading. The chorus has never given a more successful performance of the *Messiah*. "For unto us a child is born" earned the usual encore; but other choruses went quite as well, as, for instance, "Hallelujah." The band was very efficient. Mr. Harper was invaluable in the trumpet part. Mr. Hirst, too, gave great help by his organ accompaniment. Mr. Herrmann conducted.—The third of the present series of Classical Chamber Concerts was given on Tuesday, before the usual select audience. The programme was as follows:—PART I.—Quartet, op. 45, No. 2, in E minor—Spohr; Two violins, tenor, and violoncello; Sonata, op. 58, in D—Mendelssohn; Pianoforte and violoncello; Romance (by desire)—in E for the violin—(first Concerto). PART II.—Quartet, op. 18, No. 4, in C minor—Beethoven; Two violins, viola, and violoncello; Solo pianoforte; Nocturne pastorale—John Field; Scherzo, in E minor, op. 16, No. 2—Mendelssohn; Barcarole, op. 60—Thalberg; Quintet (by desire) op. 44, in E flat—Schumann; Pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello. The players were, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and C. A. Seymour (violin); Bernhardt (tenor); Vieuxtemps (violoncello); and Ernst Pauer (pianoforte). The performance gave great satisfaction. Herr Pauer was encored in his pianoforte fantasia, and played his own "Cascade."

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